

# McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

*APRIL, 1900.*

---

MR. AND MRS. BATES.

It is usual in writing a biographical sketch to trace the lineage of the subject as far back as possible, especially, in the case of Anglo-Saxons, if the line touches any of the so-called aristocratic families of Britain. The value of heredity in distinguished blood no one will deny; but there is another aristocracy which has affected the destinies of the world more profoundly, which has done more to make Britain what she is to-day than any other. I mean the aristocracy of godliness, the lineage of the sons of God. To be able to trace an ancestry through generations of honest, upright, God-fearing fathers, and intelligent, gentle, pious mothers, is better than to number lords and ladies in the family tree. It has been up out of such a subsoil of godliness that Britain's noblest men and women have ever come. Baptists especially will recall such men as Bunyan and Carey, Fuller and Knibb. John Bates came of just such stock as this. He was born in a very small village in Northamptonshire, went to London and entered into business at twenty-two, was converted two years later, began to preach almost immediately, and at twenty-eight years of age was appointed a missionary to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. There he spent seventeen years, married a wife, reared a young family, and displayed that patience, tact and kindness, which won him an abiding place in the hearts of gentle and simple, of Romanist and Protestant alike. His great activity on behalf of the famishing in Ireland during the

potato famine of 1848-9 brought him into contact with leading American Baptist ministers, and finally led to his removal to America.

In 1850 he and family emigrated thither and settled in Cascade, Iowa. Here he spent fourteen years of incessant labor. At the end of that time he removed to Dundas, and in 1867 to Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.

My purpose is not to write a biography, that has been done already, but simply a character sketch, from which young men of our day may learn some useful lessons. No one can choose to be born of such an ancestry; few can be brought up in such scenes of rural calm and slumberous peace, and fewer still in this day can be born into as few educational advantages as he; but each one who has had such a lineage, who has had such a holy home training, and who is within reach of greater advantages, may stir himself up to make as good use of his exceptionally favorable privileges, as he did of his unusually unfavorable ones. Father Bates, as we loved to call him, had never been to college, or even a good village school, and yet he was a well educated man. It has been my privilege to roam over the large library which he left with his sons at his death, and I never saw one which gave such evidence of persistent, discriminating, thorough and extensive research. His clear, neat, almost microscopic notes are in almost every book; little scraps of paper, old envelopes, the margins of the pages, and the fly leaves are covered with the most apt notes, or the most searching criticisms. The notes scattered in these volumes are a second library, as well as a biography, of themselves. His head, heart and mouth were full of wisdom.

Father Bates was an eloquent man. A kind of eloquence not often heard. It was not the fiery torrent of the Irishman, nor the impassioned flow of the Scotchman, nor yet the rapid vehemence of the American. It was essentially English. It was the easy, flowing, and melodious bubbling up and falling upon the ear, of all kinds of figures of speech, quaint illustrations and happy quotations. He was a well read and a widely read man. He could never be taken off his guard. He was an all-round man. Home missions, French missions, edu-

cation, and foreign missions claimed his sympathies and his purse. Heart and purse were never divided, The farther from his threshold the cause, the dearer it seemed to him. Foreign missions consumed him with a holy flame. He laid himself, his family and his money upon its altar. Wherever the degradation was deepest, wherever the ignorance was densest, and wherever the thralldom of sin was the most galling, thither went his heart and his help. It is impossible to compute his influence upon the Baptist ministry of Canada during his six years pastorate in Woodstock. The purity and simplicity of his style, the breadth and spirituality of his teaching, and the simplicity and cheerful piety of his personal life, were moulding their lives. How the students loved and admired him! Such love and such admiration of such a man were no small education themselves.

Impurity, falsehood, deceit and double dealing shrank before him, as evil beasts shrink away before the morning light.

Mrs. Bates was in all respects the fitting complement to such a character. She belonged to that wonderful Scotch-Irish race to which the world owes so much. The Scotch with the stolidity rubbed off by contact with the vivacious Irish; the dogged tenacity of the one modified by the genial disposition of the other; the undemonstrative hospitality of the Scot tempered by the warmer glow of the Emerald Isle; a people without a home and without a country, and yet filling the world with model homes. Her family was one of good social position in the west of Ireland, and godly withal. Though a woman of exceptional intelligence, ready speech, and clearness of thought, she had that dread of publicity which characterized godly women of the past generation. Home was her rostrum, her castle and her throne. She reigned in the hearts of her husband and children. She survived her husband more than twenty years, and during all that time kept up that intelligent interest in all phases of Christian work, and that large-hearted benevolence which was a peculiar feature of her husband's, as well as of her own, character. No one who had the privilege of an entry into that home could help being struck by the kindly discipline, the reverent regard and the mutual love which characterized it. These two are now united in the land of eternal day.

Their family was their joy while here, and their memorial now that they are gone. Canadian Baptists will not soon forget Principal Bates, nor the two women, who, with their husbands, first led the way into the darkness beyond; nor the cool head, the firm will, the gentle manner and the warm heart of the Chairman of the Foreign Board, and Pastor of the College St. Baptist church, Toronto.

It was a good day for Canada when the Lord sent Father Bates to her shores. It was a good day for all Baptist interests, for home missions, and for education. Who can measure the influence of such a life, such a style of preaching and teaching upon the young ministry of Woodstock College? Who can tell what his consecrated judgment, his fervid eloquence, his munificent gifts and his fervent prayer meant to our foreign missions? The influences of such lives go on widening, multiplying and intensifying through the ages. May all those who read these words become "imitators of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

JOHN McLAURIN.

---

#### EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

Preaching is proclaiming. It is the work of the herald making public proclamation of the edict of our world's Absolute Sovereign—the First and the Last of our universe and our race—of Whom and through Whom and to Whom are all things—God over all, blessed forever.

Accepting this as the genuine character of gospel preaching, it is very plain that the herald who delivers such a proclamation in the name of the Supreme Sovereign of the universe must be conscious that he has received the royal commission to perform such duty. He must be a man specially called, sent forth and sanctioned by God. For any youth to select the gospel ministry, because he and his parents think he possesses the natural qualities adapted to the clerical profession, or because he constitutionally likes the quiet seriousness and dignity of that profession, is an *awful* mistake—is a deplorable

error. While natural adaptability and educational preparation for the Christian ministry are most valuable and desirable, underlying all these there must be the fundamental qualifications that the man has been called of God to be God's messenger. Never let us forget these inspired words, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

Just look at these words:—"And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry." The genuine preacher is an herald authorized by the Divine Monarch, and conscious of his official credentials, he must feel "necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Without this deeply rooted consciousness of possessing the Divine commission, that man who intrudes himself into the ministry because, forsooth, his personal tastes and talents draw him into it, will prove himself a mere pious caterer to popular religious tastes—a theological character seeking popularity and pay.

The true God-commissioned preacher must make his royal Master's proclamation in his royal Master's words. It needs no subtle argument to demonstrate that it is the herald's first duty to repeat and to enforce the *exact phraseology* of the message he bears from the government he represents. In so far as he carelessly or deliberately mistakes or misinterprets that message, he belies his official duty—he acts the traitor. On no subject is holy Scripture more emphatic than on this one point. Who that has read the Bible but has observed how often such language as the following occurs:—"Hear the word of the Lord." "Thus saith the Lord." "To whom the word of the Lord came." "The word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord." "Whosoever I command thee thou shalt speak." "Go speak." "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you." "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully."

Coming to the New Testament, nothing is more solemnly impressive than such statements as these uttered by Jesus Christ:—"The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge

you in the last day." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." "If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." "The word which ye hear is not Mine, but the Father's which sent Me." "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me." "They have kept THY word."

The beloved apostle John opens his gospel with this marvelous statement:—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Jesus Christ is God's WORD embodied in humanity. Could any possible statement more solemnly emphasize the doctrine that the Divine words constitute the Divine gospel; and that the gospel preacher must be the proclaimer of God's word?

Having thus rapidly discussed these three radical points, viz., the preaching office—call and qualification—and work, let us now consider *how* the work is to be done.

THE GENUINE GOSPEL PREACHER IS A TEACHER. The herald must patiently and skilfully explain the meaning of the words of God's proclamation. One indispensable qualification of the preacher-pastor is his being "*apt to teach.*"

In this particular the popular and fashionable preaching of to-day is lamentably deficient.

More than once or twice have I heard the platform orator choose a motto text, *i.e.*, a few syllables from a verse, and skilfully (impiously?) use that as a peg to hang the tapestry and garlands of his own brilliant fancy upon, while the religious audience felt wonderfully entertained! Politics, sociology pantheism, pious and poetic dreams of a luxurious paradise are all hung upon such a peg. Let us not waste time and paper with the elaborate exposure of such clerical pantomimes. Allow me to say frankly that I regard motto sermonising as abominable abuse of sacred words. Every school boy can see that the same orator could find a twelve-month's supply of such matter from the columns of a Saturday city newspaper, or the pages of Charles Dickens. Let the creature go there for his suggestive verbal combinations, and let the Book of God alone. I know experimentally of what I speak. Forty-eight years

ago, when I delivered one of my early pulpit orations, I constructed my text with two disjointed pieces of Scripture—one a fragment of Gibeonite history, the other a fragment of Jeremiah's experience—and thus it ran, "Old cast clouts and rotten rags; old shoes and clouted." Doubtless my audience was astonished and entertained, and I do hope some of them *may* have profited; but of such skilful folly I myself have felt utterly ashamed.

This species of pulpit-trick is not yet extinct. Only a short time ago I listened to a good address which the preacher introduced (and, I suppose, pretended to authorize) by a disconnected fragment of five words selected from a statement made by afflicted Job. These few words certainly corresponded with a few of the sentiments expressed by the ingenious orator, but every intelligent auditor must have felt offended and saddened at the unwarranted elaboration of the text. On retiring from the meeting-house, the thought that dominated my mind was this: Had honest old Job been one of our congregation, he must have been an astonished man!

Much more common—I am happy to say—is the custom of selecting a text—perhaps one verse or one clause—and preaching a sermon suggested by such a fragment of Holy Scripture. For a promiscuous audience, convened for evangelistic purposes, many of whom may never before have sat in the seats and may perhaps never revisit the meeting-house, this textual method is doubtless very well calculated to do good. By this method a few individual seeds of truth may be dropped into the barren soil of the sinner's soul. Only one condition would I impose upon textual preachers, viz, that they attach to the text they choose *its own true original meaning* as that is manifest from the immediate context. This alone can be called honest preaching. If any of your audience, my brother, happens to be so impressed as to go home and read your text in his own Bible, be sure that when he reads it, he shall see that your sermon is in strict harmony with God's own idea expressed in that verse. For pity's sake, do not let that awakened soul discover that your sermon was only your own invention grafted on to inspired truth, but inspired truth itself elaborated and emphasized.

Expository preaching—consecutive and contextual, Sabbath after Sabbath, is *the truer method* of proclaiming God's message, giving the words their proper signification. Divine revelation consists not merely of certain words and sentences, but also of the relation of the sentences one to another. The arrangement—the order of God's word—is the work of divine wisdom, and ought to be regarded with the profoundest respect. The order of thought and the relation of truth which we find in the statements of the Lord Jesus and His inspired apostles are entitled to our reverence and most scrupulous attention. "Preach the word," *as the word stands*, without presuming to alter or reverse or disintegrate the Holy Ghost's arrangement. Honor God, and He will honor you by using you as His mouthpiece.

By adopting this method of preaching and teaching, your regular auditors will become intensely interested. You may not attract a thoughtless crowd, in search of entertainment and amusement, such as cram the pews of many popular conventicles to-day, but you will gather around you serious and honest men and women, who will learn to trust and love their Bible more and more, who carry out into the family circle, the social circle, and their daily business, the power of eternal truth—the principles of the gospel. You will attract, hold and control the masculine understanding—slowly, it may be, but surely and steadily. This, we all see, is what our churches urgently want to-day—MEN—strong, serious, earnest men. Such men never will be attracted and held by modern motto-texts and by the professional legerdemain that can make sentimental ladies and thoughtless girls smile and then weep.

Now comes the important question: What really constitutes Expository Preaching? It is proclaiming God's truth by *exposing* the true meaning of God's own words in *their inspired relation one to another*; it is bringing to the light, and so bringing to the understanding, that inner and radical meaning of the words which is often hidden from the ordinary cursory reader; it is the expounding of one passage by other corresponding passages, and so strengthening the word by its own obvious harmony.

One supreme advantage of consecutive and contextual



expository preaching is this, our thoughtful auditors come prepared by their own prayerful consideration of the text during the week, for the thorough critical consideration of it.

To my mind this is one of the priceless advantages of expository preaching—the pew comes *prepared* to listen to the pulpit—the scholars *prepared* to be taught.

In reviewing my own ministry, extending over forty-nine years, nothing affords me more solid satisfaction than to remember that for years I honestly endeavored to preach expository sermons, verse after verse, sentence after sentence, according to the Holy Spirit's own arrangement of ideas. Thus I have spent five years of Lord's day forenoons in the consecutive expounding of five chapters—chapters of very moderate length, too. During several other long and short periods, I have led my flock through the green pastures of other chapters.

This method of preaching has one immense advantage over every other. It compels the minister to study doctrines he would otherwise shun—shun because they are not in perfect harmony with his preconceived notions, or *may be* repulsive to his congregation, the result of erroneous past teaching. Let any honest man preach through the seventeenth chapter of John or the ninth of Romans, and I cannot easily imagine how he or his hearers will indulge henceforth in the platitudes of Arminianism. Let any man honestly expound the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah for twenty successive Sabbath forenoons, and I shall be speechlessly amazed if ever after he will dare question the doctrine of salvation by substitution. Let any man expound, word by word, the first and second chapters of Genesis (accepting them as God's inspired word, endorsed by Jesus Christ), and I do not believe we will ever hear such a man crowing like a rooster on the dung hill of scientific evolution.

The common effect and result of motto and isolated text preaching is that the people carry away the preacher's eloquence, fanciful inventions and anecdotes, and forget the text altogether. Whereas, the result of sound exegetical exposition is that on the people's minds and hearts the text—the word of God—is deeply impressed and remains a power. See Psalm 19: 7-14, and Psalm 119. "All flesh is grass, the grass withereth, the flower

fadeth, but the *word* of our God shall stand forever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (Isaiah 40: 6-8, and 1 Pet. 1: 25.)

My youthful brethren in the gospel ministry, resolve, I pray you, as honest men to preach and teach God's eternal truth only in the very form that God has given it to you!

Allow me earnestly to urge upon the present ministerial students of McMaster University the deliberate adoption of the solemn resolution that during the entire duration of their future pastorates, they will consecrate the ministry of every Lord's day forenoon to the systematic, consecutive, critical exposition of the New Testament. This will be honestly *preaching the gospel* of Jesus Christ.

If this were done, I am convinced that the coming generation of baptized churches in Canada would become in the almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, evangelizing instruments of tremendous power in the production of an intelligent, stalwart, consecrated and heroic Christianity.

J. DENOVAN.

---

#### A WINTER NIGHT.

Without, the winter wind-dogs howl,  
 Bay at the moon half-capped in cowl  
 Woven of black cloud-stuff, and prowl  
     Around my snow-beleagured doors;

Then madly race across the snow  
 Without paw-mark, so light they go,  
 And leave me to my fireside glow,  
     To yelp around my neighbors' doors.

VOLPE.

## WHITBY ABBEY.

The little town of Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, is a place of great interest. Tourists in large numbers from many lands seek it for its picturesque appearance and historic associations. Much of the picturesqueness is due to the River Esk, which divides the town into two parts—the old and the new. At its mouth on either side rise two massive cliffs. On the west cliff, which constitutes the newer portion of the town, are many handsome houses and hotels overlooking the ever-changing and ever-interesting North Sea. The east cliff is crowned by the Abbey of Whitby, and the quaint parish church of St. Mary. The abbey is the glory of Whitby, and the centre of interest to the student of English history and literature; for here a great council convened, and here lived Caedmon, first of the Christian poets of Britain.

The stately ruins of the Abbey of Whitby are seen for miles around, whether the approach is made by land or sea. From the summit of the parish cliff, which is reached by climbing some hundred and ninety-nine steps, and which the author of "Monks of the West" describes as the finest position occupied by any ecclesiastical edifice in Europe, one may gaze upon the fitful waters of the German Ocean, or follow for miles the dark irregular line of the rock-bound coast; and then turning around may view the wide expanse of moorland, over which at times the wind sweeps with terrific force. It was upon this spot that, in the days of the Northumbrian kings, famous for their patronage of missionaries and their interest in monasteries, the abbey was built by the Abbess Hilda, a woman of royal race, who gathered around her some of the most devoted scholars of the day; and at one time no less than five bishops were under her charge. Nuns as well as monks were admitted by the abbess, who thus ruled over a double monastery.

The Danes, towards the close of the ninth century, destroyed the abbey, which remained a ruin until it was re-built and re-endowed by William de Percy, an ancestor of the great Northumberland family so conspicuous in the annals of Britain. It is said that a certain Reinfried, a former soldier in William

the Conqueror's army, "who was pricked to the heart by the tokens of ruin and desolation he had witnessed at Whitby," urged de Percy to rebuild the Abbey. This same Reinfried afterwards took monastic vows, and became the first prior.

The buildings of this "Westminster of the Northumbrian kings" were cruciform in shape. The style of the architecture is known as Early English, and towards the west end of the abbey merges into what is termed the Decorated. The parts now remaining are the choir, with the north aisle and north transept, and portions of the west front. A line of stones overgrown with grass points out the southern wall. There is a tradition that Robin Hood and Little John practised archery from one of the towers. This tower fell in 1830, on the day before the death of George IV.

It was in this abbey that the great council, summoned by Oswin, the Northumbrian king, in 664, gathered. This synod was convened to settle the fierce controversy which was raging as to the time of keeping Easter. The first missionaries to Northumbria belonged to the Irish and not to the Roman Church. Hence it was that the monks of the Northumbrian monasteries, which were rising in such numbers at this time, looked to Ireland and not to Italy. The Kentish Church, however, was loyal to the Roman see, and Oswin's queen brought with her from Kent a party loyal to Rome. Great energy and enthusiasm was manifested by the queen and her party in their endeavor to bring the Church of Northumbria into obedience to the Roman see, and strife between the two parties was so keen that the king was prevailed upon to summon the above mentioned council, where the future ecclesiastical allegiance to England was decided in favor of Rome. "Trivial in fact," says the historian, "as were the actual points of difference which severed the Roman Church from the Irish, the question to which communion Northumbria should belong, was of immense moment to the after fortunes of England."

But the fact that Caedmon wrote here his song of the creation, the first poem native to English soil, throws the greatest lustre over the abbey. For our knowledge of Caedmon and the story of his becoming a poet, we are dependent upon Bedes'

Ecclesiastical History. There we read that it was the custom at feasts for the guests to sing in turn. Caedmon, conscious of the lack of poetic power, used to leave the banqueting hall before the harp came round to him. One night, when he had thus left and gone to the stables to look after the cattle, as he was by occupation a cowherd, he fell asleep and dreamt. In his dream one approached him, and, greeting him, said, "Caedmon, sing me a song." Then he answered and said, "I am not able to sing; for this reason went I out from the banquet and came hither." Then said the other, "Nevertheless, you must sing." "What shall I sing?" he replied. The other answered, "Sing to me of the creation." When Caedmon awoke the next morning he remembered the lines which he had received in the vision, and being brought before Hilda he repeated them. The abbess believed that he had been divinely inspired, and persuaded him to enter the abbey, where, becoming a monk, he paraphrased the history of the Old and New Testament. Portions of the Scriptures would be read to him, and these he would turn into verse. In his poem we find metrical accounts of the creation of the world, the history of Israel, the book of Daniel, the whole story of the life of Christ, future judgment, purgatory, hell and heaven. "Others after him," says Bede, "tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but from God."

The story of the origin of Caedmon's poem is of the deepest interest to all lovers of the English language. Some modern critics claim that much of the poem is a translation from an old Saxon original; others go so far as to deny that there ever was such a man as Caedmon. However, his name has come down to us through the centuries as that of the first Christian poet of England, and we ought to hold it in the highest estimation.

In the yard of the old parish church, just in front of the Abbey, and facing the ruins, a monument was erected to the poet a few years ago. It stands twenty feet high and is in the form of an Anglian cross, contemporary in design with Northumbrian art; and is hewn out of fine-grained sandstone. The memorial is especially rich in carving most artistic. On the

side facing the Abbey are figures of Christ, David playing a harp, the Abbess Hilda, and lowest of all, Caedmon asleep in the stable with the angelic questioner near him. Underneath the four figures are these words, "To the glory of God and in memory of His servant Caedmon. Fell asleep, hard by, A.D. 680." On the opposite side of the monument are figures of four scholars trained under Hilda. Highest of all is Bosa, then Aetha, Ofson, and the famous John of Beverley. Underneath these is a translation of the first nine lines of Caedmon's Hymn to Creation. Line for line the translation on the memorial runs as follows:

" Now must we praise  
the Guardian of heaven's realm,  
the Creator's might  
and his mind's thought,  
the glorious works of the Father,  
how of every wonder  
he, the Lord eternal,  
laid the foundation.  
He shaped erst  
for the sons of men  
heaven as their roof,  
Holy Creator.  
The middle world he,  
mankind's Guardian,  
eternal Lord,  
afterwards prepared,—  
the earth for men,  
Lord Almighty."

Then beneath the translation is the sentence, "That was the first song Caedmon sang." The other two sides are covered with figures of vines, musical instruments, flowers and doves artistically arranged. They who built this beautiful memorial evidently loved the name and revered the home of him, whom the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, while unveiling the monument, termed "the morning star of English poetry."

But the venerable ruins of the once stately Abbey on the dark cliff above the land-locked harbor of old Whitby seem memorial enough. It is but natural that, as one walks around and among the noble fragments of the elder days of English poetry, there rises before one a list of names: of Tennyson and Wordsworth, Milton and Shakespeare, Chaucer and Caedmon. And not the least illustrious is the last—the poet-monk of the ancient monastery of Streonshalh, now known to the world as Whitby Abbey.

HENRY PROCTER.

*Scarborough, England.*

## A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

The light-clad flames dance on the hearth's bright stage,  
And sing a chorus from the ancient page  
Of forest memories. Ah! Memories  
Of muffled love-sobs when the wanton breeze  
Purloins a virgin kiss from chaste young leaves;—  
Of Queen Earth's spheréd bosom as it heaves  
All motherlike, while on it hang unweaned  
Her mouthing babes, motheréd on milk there gleaned;—  
She o'er them splendors a queen-mother smile,  
As on an heir, who, since a tear-drenched while  
Of hope and waiting, breathes his infant cry  
At last:—of murm'ring brooklets tinkling by  
So like to drownéd bells. (May they not be  
The liquid wedding bells of cloud and sea?)  
Anon, the choir chants dirges of the crash,—  
The maiming crash—of branches as they dash  
Shuddering earthwards. The widowed trees groan;  
The sympathizing winds make airy moan,  
And whispering, promise healing balms to bring  
From perfume-swooning lands of endless Spring.  
The singers' ruddy fans fitfully swing,  
And weirdly whirr, like scarlet birds on wing  
Through the still fragrance of a tropic wood;  
Till, by mine eyes encapped in filmy hood  
Of dreams, I see them not as fans, but birds  
That flash a moment, then melt—as kind words  
Fuse into silence and leave in their room  
A taste of honey,—melt in tranquil gloom,  
But paint a dreamy scarlet on my heart.  
The smouldering embers gently fall apart,  
And shiver. Hush! I hear, my heart believes,  
Those birds' dry rustling steps on unseen leaves.

W. SHERWOOD FOX.

## WONDER.—AN ALLEGORY.

## I.

It is now many years, or it may be centuries, since a very strange child was born upon the earth; his unregistered birth took for its propitious moment that hour of darkness which lies midway between twilight and dawn, when the stars seem very far away. He was the offspring of parents betrothed from their infancy. When he was born, his parents looked into his wistful little face and knew not what they thought; for they said, "Why are his blue eyes so deep and so full of strange shadows, and why does his soul, looking forth from these windows, seem so far away—so very far? He does not belong to us!"

But by-and-by they became more accustomed to the little large-eyed stranger, they became more reconciled to his presence, to his wistful face and quivering lips. Then said they one to another, "What shall we call him?" and his mother bowed her head upon her hands for a long time pondering, and when she looked up she said, "Let us call his name Wonder." Then said his father, "Lest our friends mistake the meaning of his first name, let us call his second name Mystery," and they did so, but when they spoke of him they called him only Wonder.

The name of his father was called Experience and the name of his mother was Reflection. So they three dwelt together. Now it soon appeared that Wonder cared but little for sporting with playmates. He was a quiet child and ever wore the same wistful face of his birth hour. He liked to watch the children playing, but he seldom joined in their frolics, and if ever he did, it was but for a moment, for soon the dreamy wistful look would deepen, and ere the others knew, he would steal away alone. Whither? Why? The children would stop in their play to ask one another "Whither has he gone away?" and they would call aloud, "Wonder! Wonder!" For all the children loved him. Then would he as silently return, but he would never tell from whence. To the questions of the



children he would only answer by a smile—a strange, sad smile, and look far away into the dome of the skies—so far that the tears would creep up into those yearful eyes (people always said he could see farthest through those tears), and sometimes break in little crystal streamlets down his cheeks.

He loved, too, to sit alone in the twilight and count the stars as they crept silently into the silent sky (at least it is silent to us, but the children said the stars sang beautiful songs to him and that sometimes they had heard him trying to hum the music of the stars). But however all this may be, it is certain that he delighted to wander out in the dim, deep woods and listen to the trees talking together, and sometimes they would talk to him also, but only seldom did they speak a language which he could altogether understand.

And then the birds and the flowers had whispered secrets for his ear alone. But the voices of the birds always filled his heart with a great unsatisfied yearning, and the flowers made him glad and sad together. He would say that the rich beautiful rose always grew paler even as he looked upon it, and that the violets, as he turned their modest little faces from the sky, always seemed like frightened children, wanting to nestle their faces in their mother's bosom.

Then he would smile at them and weep over them both together, and people said, "He is well named Wonder! for he is the true child of Experience and Reflection, though he is like unto neither."

But most of all this child called "Wonder" delighted to wander throughout the earth and to go from house to house in every land; and it is said that there is no house in all the world at whose door he has not tapped and by whose window his face has not been seen; and by-and-by it came to pass, that as men and women would meet in the field, or in the market-place, or in the assembly, that they would speak of their meetings with this child called "Wonder," and so often was he met and so many did he meet and so long would he stay with each, that one said of him, "Surely his name, too, is called Legion, for there must be many of him"; this he said, not disrespectfully, but earnestly, for he too had oft looked into the deep, yearning eyes.

Yet another strange thing was this:—People could never agree among themselves as to how great this child was grown. For one would say, "Yea, he is so large." "Nay," said another, "but he is so large." Then would another answer, "Ye both are blind and foolish, for lo, I saw him but this now and behold he is so large," and thus they agreed not concerning him. But though he were large or small, he ever remained a child; abiding many years upon the earth he grew not old, and the sages said, "So long as he abides upon the earth he cannot grow old or die."

## II.

Now it chanced upon a day long since that I beheld how Wonder walked alone by a dark and winding shore; neither could I discern the waters thereof, but I saw how, upon the sands, lay an endless line of white foam. And oft-times, as I watched, would he pause as one in much thought. Then would he place a hand to his ear and strain intently over the shore as if he would hear some voice speaking, and yet again I beheld how, from time to time, he would place some instrument before his eyes and gaze eagerly over the waters. When he had this done he would stretch his hands, as one might lift up holy hands in prayer, away over the waters toward the East.

Then drew I near unto him and stood by him and asked him, saying, "Knowest thou the name of this shore?" And he started as one aroused on a sudden from a dream, and turning his eyes upon me, I beheld how the vision had not yet faded from them, and after the vision rose a look of such wistful yearning as never before had I observed in any eyes. Then remembered he my question and replied, "This shore is called upon earth 'The Shore of Time,' but in Heaven, it is said, it hath another name." Then asked I him, saying, "And whither runs this Shore of Time?" "Would that I could tell thee," he replied, "but only a little space of this shore is dwelt upon, for neither behind nor ahead doth it now support life. Nevertheless it is known that thitherward it endeth in a dim mouldy country full of many pitfalls. Men call these pitfalls by the name 'The Graves of the Past,' and from them do they

dig graven stones which are called 'Rocks of Testimony.' But behold these stones are much decayed and the writing thereupon is much dimmed and hard to read." "And whither," I yet again enquired after a long silence—"whither doth it tend forward?" "Into a dense cloudy land where no life is," said he, "called in the language of earth 'The Home of Future Generations.'"

For the running of many sands he spoke not, and I dared not to break in upon him. Then looking upon me he said, "The sea which thou beholdest to break with a faint murmuring upon this winding strand, lo, it is called 'The Sea of the Unseen,'" and as I beheld I observed how the waters thereof were black as ink, save only where a crest of foam ran up on the shore.

Then in a voice still sad, withal confident, he continuing-said unto me: "That cloud which thou seest to drop as a curtain even near the edge of the waters—that cloud is named in the speech of mortals 'The Curtain of Mysteries,' but I have heard that angels call it 'The Skirts of the Infinite.'"

When he had thus spoken, he took from near his left breast the instrument which before I had beheld him to use, and placing it before his eyes he gazed off as if into the cloud, or beyond The Curtain of Mysteries. And as he gazed, lo, his face grew strangely radiant, and interwoven with the radiance was exceeding peace. Then said I, "What seest thou?" Then handed he me the instrument, saying, "Look thou for thyself," and as I took it from his hand, I observed a name written thereon, and behold the name written thereon was "Faith." Then placed I it to my eyes, as I beheld Wonder to do, and lo, it pierced through the curtain called "The Curtain of Mysteries," but what was then revealed, it hath not been given unto mortal speech to tell, for mortal speech compasseth it not. But when I would give back the instrument, he said unto me, "Keep it, it is thine own."

A. M. E.

**\*THE HISTORIC BASIS OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.**

In writing the *Idylls of the King*, Tennyson has done exactly what Shakespeare did in composing his masterpieces, in much the same spirit, with scarcely less ability and with diviner purpose. It is well known that Shakespeare gathered from many sources the stories of romance and tragedy which form the chief fascination of many of his plays, and with masterful art wove them together, sometimes subtracting from, sometimes supplementing, sometimes leaving them in their native simplicity, but always clothing them with his own magnificent diction, that which has ever since stood out as the great English model of artistic expression.

Lord Tennyson found in the earliest English literature a great mass of historic and legendary material that had been written by and circulated among the early peoples of his beloved England, and with a patience that is truly heroic set himself the worthy task of rescuing from oblivion what of it was worth preserving and sifting out what could be spared without loss. He has brought out of the dim and confused past the ideal conceptions that lay concealed in the grotesque and improbable stories of Britain's ancient bards, he has clothed them in such matchless language that from beginning to end scarcely a flaw can be detected in the "cloth of gold" he has woven, and has rendered a service to English literature that will take first rank among the achievements of all ages.

He has done more. He has united the disconnected, he has harmonized the incongruous, he has glorified the grotesque, he has heightened the central figure into a sublime and perfected ideal; he has breathed into the whole work his own pure and lofty spirit, so that while you are reading an ancient legend you are being inspired by the touch of a noble life and are strengthened by the concealed, quiet power of a great master breathing through the poem.

Tennyson is nothing if not ethical, and it were an impossible task for him to give us the legendary and phantasmic

\*Sources of information: Warton's "History of English Poetry," Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," Dunlop's "History of Fiction," Ritson's "Life of King Arthur."

visions and panorama of the past without at the same time infusing his own ideals and eliminating whatever would be harmful and weakening, tested by the standards of modern thought. This demanded consummate ability, judicial balance based upon wise and well founded principles of truth and beauty, of right and wrong, and we do not find him wanting. His well-known patience, his laborious habits, his numerous revisions, his intense criticism of his own work, made such a task as this one of special delight to him, and well indeed has he requited his own soul in the finished product.

The object of the writer is to give a brief outline of the sources from which he drew and so indicate something of the labor entailed in the task he accomplished. Until his death, very little was known by the general public of the private life of Lord Tennyson. He was always extremely reticent upon personal matters, he lived a life of unwearying research and toil, no field of literature was closed to him, no branch of scientific research uninteresting. "In Memoriam" will stand for ages as the autobiography of a lofty mind and a great soul, bowed down by a great sorrow, seeking to satisfy itself at all the enticing fountains of science and philosophy, and returning unsatisfied to the cool and pleasant waters of his mother's faith and love to drink and rest. This is written simply to show that Tennyson was a most exhaustive student and would surely cover most thoroughly all the ground in any field of research before venturing to write extensively upon it. The fact, therefore, that a vast number of legends and romances is passed by in silence, does not prove anything more than that they are wanting in the qualities necessary to a great poet's purpose, too vulgar, extravagant, extreme or absurd.

The historic facts about King Arthur may soon be told. So much of the story of Arthur as told by the monkish chroniclers and mediæval poets and romancers is even absurdly fictitious, that Arthur himself has long since been regarded by many writers (by Milton among others) as a mythical personage. But there appears to be no sufficient ground for such a conclusion, and the Arthur of history is still separable to a certain extent from the Arthur of romance.

Following the historic traces of his career, it would seem

that Arthur must have been born in the last quarter of the fifth century. He is described as the son of a British prince but the name of his father does not occur in historical records. He began his warlike career about the commencement of the sixth century. Owen and Whittaker, who have drawn largely on their imaginations in picking out a continuous biography of Arthur, make him to have been elected Pendragon or chief ruler of the British; but there is no early evidence of any such election, though he appears at times to have been recognized as their military chief.

The early history of Arthur is placed in the north, and there all his earlier victories were achieved, but after he became the recognized chief of the British, all his exertions were devoted to stopping the progress of the Saxons, led by the active and successful Cerdic, in the south. He was commander-in-chief at the battle of Llongborth, on the authority of Llywarch Hen, a well-known Welsh bard, who fought in that battle and composed an elegy, still extant, on the death of his friend Geraint who fell in it. The same bard tells of other battles which Arthur fought, and then we hear no more of him until the revolt of his nephew, Modred, which led to the fatal battle of Camlan in Cornwall, in 542. Modred was slain, and Arthur, mortally wounded, was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, where he died and was buried. A popular traditional belief was entertained among the Britons that he was not dead, but that he had been carried off to be healed of his wounds in fairy-land and that he would re-appear to avenge his countrymen and reinstate them in the sovereignty of Britain.

The Arthur of romance is a very different person. He is the son of Uther Pendragon, by Igera, wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, who owed his birth to a magical device by which Uther assumed the form of Gorlois. He succeeded to his father when fifteen years old and immediately prosecuted hostilities against the Saxons in the north of England. He defeated them on the banks of the river Douglas, and again under the walls of Lincoln, and compelled them to quit England and abandon their booty as the price of their safety. Breaking this agreement they sailed around the island and landed at Totness in Devon-

shire. Arthur hastened by forced marches to punish this new aggression and routed them with immense slaughter at the great battle of Mount Badon, in which he slew 470 men with his good sword Calibur and with his lance Rou. Again he hastened with all speed to Scotland, to relieve Dumbarton. The following summer he conquered Ireland and Iceland and then returned to Britain, where he spent twelve years in peace, having married Guinevere, the fairest woman in the island.

We need not dwell on his foreign conquests of Norway and Gaul, which occupied ten years more, after which he returned and held a great festival at Caerleon in Monmouthshire, where he was solemnly crowned, a multitude of tributary kings attending him. Not long after the Romans demanded tribute which he resented; collecting a mighty army he passed again into Gaul, defeated the Romans and was preparing to cross the Alps, when he received intelligence of the revolt of Modred, who had allied himself with the Saxons, Scots and Pihits. Arthur gained two victories, one on the coast of Kent and one near Winchester, and forced Modred to flee into Cornwall, where a third engagement, fatal to both, was fought on the river Camlan.

This romantic narrative differs widely from the particulars above related on earlier British authorities. The famous story of the Round Table, with the tournament of the knights, belonged wholly to the later romancers. It is remarkable that in the Armorican tales, from which Geoffrey professed to derive his information, you find more mention of the Pihits and Scots and Irish than of the Saxons, more traces of Arthur's presence in the north than in the south of the island, though the southern districts may be supposed to have been most familiar to the Breton bards. This is also noticeable in the romances founded on the tales of Merlin, Morte Arthur, Vivian, Lancelot and others. The fabulous history of Arthur long retained its popularity in France as well as in England, and was among the earliest books printed in both countries.

From France the Arthurian romances spread also to Spain, Provence, Italy and the Netherlands, and were also re-transplanted into England. It was only towards the end of the

middle ages that these legends made their way through Germany to the Norse and Slavonic peoples, and as early as the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Monmouth—professing to translate from the history of Britain, written in the British tongue and found in Armorica or Brittany, but more probably himself weaving into a kind of connected history the popular tales current in Wales, of which he was a native, and in Armorica—had written the story of King Arthur in Latin prose, but without many of the embellishments it subsequently received from the romancers.

One of the publications that issued from the press of Caxton, 1485, was a collection of stories by Sir Thomas Mallory, either compiled by him in English from various of the later French romances, such as "The Prophecies of Merlin," "The Quest of the Grail," "The Romance of Sir Lancelot," "The History of Sir Tristram," or translated from an already existing compendium.

Most of the story of Merlin is given by Geoffrey of Monmouth. He possessed supernatural power, which he used to perform extraordinary feats. He had a lover or mistress, Vivian, to whom in a moment of weakness (as Samson to Delilah) he imparted his secret. She used it to try her power without having learned the counter-charm, and poor Merlin vanished into a thorn-bush, whence his voice can be heard but his form seen no more. One of Merlin's acts was the institution of a Round Table at Carduel, for King Arthur and fifty of his nobles, with a vacant place for the Holy Grail. It was upon the first of these festal occasions that Gorlois brought his wife Igerne with him to court, and King Arthur fell in love with her, as David with Bathsheba.

The legend of the Holy Grail goes back to the Christian era. An old tradition maintained that Joseph of Arimathea brought the gospel to Britain. Pilate allowed Joseph to take down the body of Jesus from the cross and gave him also *son vaseul*, by which was evidently meant the chalice of His Passion, or the cup used at the Last Supper. Of all the interpretations suggested for the word "grail," or "graal," the only tenable one is "cup." In that cup Joseph collected the precious



blood of his Saviour. He lost it when imprisoned by the Jews, but it was restored to him in his cell by Christ himself. The cup became a test of sin and righteousness in the hand of Joseph. The name "graal," from the low Latin "*cratella*," a cup, was given to it because of its gracious and delightful influence.

The hero Lancelot is described by Walter Map: The substance of Geoffrey's Arthur, Guinevere and Merlin, was used as an introduction to this powerful fiction. Lancelot, while professing to be a devoted follower of King Arthur, carried on a secret and adulterous amour with Guinevere, the king's beautiful queen. The tale, although possessing many unpleasant features, is one of extraordinary interest. Although his love was criminal, Lancelot frequently did severe and bitter penance for his sins. This is probably the strongest and most touching of the Idylls. Many of the unpleasant details of the original legend are removed in Tennyson's beautiful creation, all that is charming and instructive is retained, and as the character is the one which stands in closest relation to the king, it is of absorbing interest.

The work of Sir Thomas Mallory must have been at Tennyson's right hand all through his great work, but it is the opinion of the writer that he followed no one author, but rather selected freely from all that has been written of these fascinating early romances.

O. G. LANGFORD.

---

### A SHORT VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

Early yesterday morning we came to anchor in the Gulf of Tunis. The breaking day disclosed the surroundings. Far in the west and south-west the rough outline of the Atlas Mountains appeared. Nearer, at a distance of from five to twenty miles, a lower range circled around, enclosing the Gulf and an exceedingly flat, low plain containing several bitter lakes of some extent. The uttermost portion of this range, Cape Carthage, rises three hundred feet, forming a rock-faced headland, the site of ancient

Carthage, and crowned now with the Chapel of St. Louis on one eminence, and on another a modern white village. Across one of the lakes, where its waters lave the foot of the hills, Tunis appeared like a bank of snow, bathed in the morning sunlight. Thither we proceeded through a canal. The usual sights of an eastern city greeted us—camels, donkeys, bazaars, minarets, and every style and color of dress. But although this is the oldest city in Africa outside of Egypt, it has brought nothing down to us from antiquity except its history, so we at once obtained a carriage and drove to Carthage, ten miles away.

A long line of ruined masonry, close to the road for nearly the whole distance, marks the course of the Roman aqueduct.

We first alighted at the amphitheatre, some marble columns of which remain, and the floor and lower parts of the wall. The dens where the wild beasts were kept, still yawn grimly upon the arena. Sixteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago to-day the populace thronged these seats to see Perpetua, Felicitas, and their companions torn by the lions. But haughty Carthage is dead and desolate now, while Perpetua lives and her memory is blessed.

Beyond this is a chapel to the memory of that remarkable man, King Louis IX. of France, who died here in a campaign against the Mohammedans. It rests upon the site of the citadel of Punic Carthage. Just by it are several apses of the Temple of Esculapius, which the wife of Asdrubal voluntarily made her funeral pyre, when she saw her husband basely surrender to the Romans. The museum contains many relics of the past, both Pagan and Christian, tablets recording vows, tombstones, urns, sarcophagi, coins, beautiful columns and statuary, and bas-reliefs. The view from this hill commands both land and sea for many miles. Below us, two small basins near the beach mark the position of the ancient commodious harbors, that sheltered both the mercantile and naval fleets of the then "Mistress of the sea"; beyond, the blue waves of the bay dash themselves against steep mountain sides or fleck with their foam the foreground of villages that glisten on the opposite shore; on the other hand is extended the plain where for three milleniums, Tunis, Carthage, and Utica fought their battles.

The dust of a million warriors sleeps here. A great city has been buried a hundred times over in this soil. The stick-plough of yonder Arab turns up the graves of myriads. Who could look on this scene and remember the legend of Dido, the history of Hannibal and Scipio and of the martyrs, the repeated burning and racking of the city, the sacred names of Cyprian, Tertullian and Augustine, and the struggles of Arab and Frank, and not be moved!

Some way down the slope of the hill eastward are the vestiges of Roman cisterns, and near them the floor of the theatre, still having some marble columns *in situ*. Returning to the west side of the citadel, we had a glimpse of the Palace of Dido—built originally by that legendary Queen from Phoenicia, converted by later Carthaginians into a temple, and afterwards rebuilt by the Romans—now a mound of *debris*. Our last visit was to a cathedral of the times before Constantine, interesting because of its age and size, and because it possesses a baptistery in good preservation, the oldest, I believe, extant. It is oblong, with circular ends, where are steps to descend into its depth of three feet—an architectural comment on a much disputed question.

Other piles of ruins are scattered about, but they are of little interest. So we returned along the cactus hedges to Tunis. "*Delenda est Carthago*," cried Cato in the Roman senate. His wish is granted. *Deleta est Carthago*. Punic, Roman, Christian, Muslim Carthage—all are destroyed, and sleep in one mixed heap of desolation.

W. P. REEKIE, '98.

Malta, Mar. 7th, 1900.

## SNOW IN APRIL.

Buds! And snowflakes falling fast!  
Strangest sight since winter past.  
Running sap must cease its flow,  
Held in bounty till the snow  
Making Earth one late last call,  
Bids good-bye until the Fall.  
Came the snow to show the buds,  
While they watched in dreamy hoods,  
How the earth in winter dress  
Looked to those who could not guess  
That its garb of summer green  
Changed to winter's fleecy sheen.  
Now the snowflakes dance about,  
Whirling, twirling in and out.  
Now they fall like feathers strewn  
In a breathless summer noon,  
Now they hurry past in haste  
Giving leaf-buds just a taste  
Of the blinding storms that blow  
Driven full of winter's snow,  
And the leaf-buds nodded free  
Showing forth their ecstasy.  
Then the sun comes bursting forth,  
Bidding snowflakes hurry north.

H. P.

---

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Stephen Philips' new drama entitled, "Paolo and Francesca," is considered by the most capable critics as being one of the most valuable contributions to English literature of the year that has just closed. The fact that the ordinary uncritical class of readers in England became enthusiastic over it, even before the erudite class had published their dictum, is a strong indication that the praise bestowed upon it is not unmerited.

The plot is by no means of the author's creation ; but, just as the plots of many of Shakespeare's plays have been derived from Boccaccio or other like compilers of stories and legends, has been borrowed from an Italian legend of the same title as the drama. Silvio Pellico, the Italian dramatist, has drawn on the same source for his tragedy, "*Francesca da Rimini.*" Briefly, then—for brevity is possible, owing to the simplicity of the plot—let us outline the story of the unhappy Paolo and Francesca.

Giovanni Malatesta, tyrant of Rimini, found that old age was creeping fast upon him. His incessant wars with neighboring tyrants and the intestine feuds of his little state had given him no time to marry or dream of marriage. War and blood had been the subjects of his thoughts and reveries. Now he languished for a calm, and a wife, "to lead him gently down the slant of life." Accordingly, he despatched his brother—his more than brother, bosom friend, sharer of his griefs and joys—Paolo, to Ravenna, to entreat of the tyrant of that city the hand of his daughter Francesca. Paolo was successful in his suit. In great state he led the lovely daughter of Ravenna to her betrothed.

Soon after his return to Rimini and immediately before the marriage ceremonies were to take place, Paolo abruptly declared to his brother his intention of leaving Rimini, as he had urgent need of so doing. As no further reason was given, Giovanni was completely mystified, for heretofore no secrets had ever existed between these brother-friends. His earnest entreaties and pleadings, coupled with the persuasive prayers of Francesca, availed nothing except to stiffen him in his resolve. Yet no departure was ever undertaken more unwillingly than his. Why did he go? What inexplicable barrier of a secret now partially separated the brothers? It was this: Paolo loved Francesca and knew it; Francesca loved him, but knew it not. He feared the results when her love should become conscious; nor would his sense of honor allow him to remain near her any longer.

He left the palace, but journeyed no farther than Rimini. Tortured in spirit, he wandered aimlessly through the town,

struggling with himself to master his love and summon up enough resolution that would carry him far, far away from the object of his affection. In his wandering he chanced upon a chemist's shop. Instinctively he entered; for here, he thought, could be bought an easy end to his wrongful love and the terrible sufferings entailed by it. A few minutes later he rushed out bearing a phial of poison with which he meant to take his life. His resolve, however, was feebler than his love. The thought of abandoning this world without bidding one last farewell to Francesca was unendurable. Almost unconsciously he drifted, so to speak, nearer and nearer the palace, until suddenly he collected his wandering powers of resolution and boldly entered the garden, where he found the object of his love. At the end of several hours, it seemed seconds, they took of one another what was meant to be the last good-bye, and Paolo again departed.

When the report of this secret visit reached the ears of Giovanni, he was surprised in no small degree; for by a strange coincidence he was concealed in the chemist's shop when the poison was purchased by Paolo, and had heard him confess to the owner of the shop his reasons for suicide. So this reported visit, as we have just said, was no small surprise. But, surmising that the many pleasant memories of the visit, and that a suitable opportunity for another, would blot out of Paolo's mind the death-sentence passed against himself, he feigned a journey to a distant state, hid in the palace, and awaited events. His surmise was correct. Paolo's resolution vanished utterly. He again sought to see Francesca. At first she stoutly refused to admit him to her presence; but finally, her refusals growing weaker and weaker, overcome by his pathetic entreaties and her own love for him, consented to see him once more. At this moment Giovanni emerged from concealment, and slew them both wrapped in each other's arms. So loving and beautiful did they look in death, that even their slayer was moved to utter tenderly these words:—

"Unwillingly  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

They looked like children fast asleep.

The foregoing sketch of the frame on which the play is constructed can convey no idea of the poet's treatment of it in the way of elaboration, either of action or of character. It would be both interesting and profitable to trace Mr. Philip's mode of developing the two prominent characteristics of the story—the character of Francesca, and the rupture of the brothers' friendship. Space forbids the consideration of both. Let us take the former.

Fresh from the convent, far from the worry and turmoil of the world, her only cares being to attend to the regular conventual services and "to embroider curiously," Francesca trembled not a little at assuming the management of so large a castle as Giovanni's. The anticipated troubles and sorrows annoyed her.

"What is it to be sad?"

she tenderly asks of Paolo.

"I have wept but on the pages of a book,  
And I have longed for sorrow of my own.  
I am still a child."

Was it not natural for her, ignorant of the world of men, to become enamoured of Paolo, who appeared to her eyes, accustomed to view only the serene faces of the nuns, "as wonderful as a prince from fairy-land"? Besides, her husband was a man well on in years, and sobered by his numerous cares and anxieties, while Paolo was young, gay and of buoyant spirit, having experienced as little adversity as Francesca herself. That "youth goes towards youth" proved itself to be as true then as now.

Are we surprised that the announcement of Paolo's apparently unreasonable departure hurt her keenly? How pathetic her prayer that he remain, when sisterlike she says:

"You are more near my age—you understand!"

How seemingly rough and cruel his non-compliance to her requests! When at last he had gone, her grief became of that intense, yet indefinable and inexpressible kind, that is akin to fear; that seems but the presentiment and forerunner of some

greater grief and calamity soon to burst. She appealed to her maid :

' And yet, Nita, can any tell  
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,  
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?  
Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?  
For it seems to me that softly without hand,  
Surely she touches me! "

Like a lightning flash the thought entered her mind that she loved Paolo—yes, loved her husband's brother. So acute and tender was her conscience that the moment she realized her guilt, she was almost paralyzed with terror, having scarcely known before what wrong was, and distracted by the bitterest remorse, wailed most piteously :

" O, I had not thought !  
" I had not thought ! I have sinned and I am stained ! "

The calm, persistent assurance of her maid that no guilt could yet be attached to her, at length quieted the storm in her heart; but her conscience had received an indelible impress, although the outward effects of grief had disappeared.

When Paolo unexpectedly returned and besought permission to bid her good-bye forever, Francesca unhesitatingly assented to his request, as being the only available means of removing the obstacle to her love for Giovanni; besides, she thought, this would be the last farewell, and a little insistence on her part could make it brief.

But, unhappily, the poor child had over-estimated her strength of will to give a decision against a course that she would naturally pursue at the dictates of mere impulse. Instead of dismissing Paolo firmly, yet gently, as her conscience urged her to do after the mutual fond farewells had been taken, she accorded him permission to remain a little while longer—but a few minutes. They retired to a sequestered nook beneath an arbor in the garden that no one might interrupt their tête-à-tête, which both realized would be all too brief, even without an interruption. By way of entertainment they read aloud by turn the touching story of Lancelot and Guinevere. This tale of unhappy love so strangely parallel to their own, awakened such mutual interest that, unconsciously to both, the minutes



allotted to Paolo expanded into half-hours, and the half-hours into hours. Finally, Francesca became so affected with emotion, and such great floods of tears welled up into her eyes, that, unable to distinguish word from word on the rapidly dimming page, she handed the book to her lover, begging him to resume the story at the point where she had left off.

Without remonstrance, he, her willing servant at all times but especially so now, then continued :

" Now they two were alone, yet could not speak,  
But heard the beating of each other's hearts.  
He knew himself a traitor but to stay,  
Yet could not stir : she pale and yet more pale  
Grew till she could no more, but smiled on him.  
Then when he saw that wishéd smile, he came  
Near to her and still near, and trembled ; then  
Her lips all trembling kissed."

As soon as the reader had uttered the last word, Francesca drooped like a wounded lily towards him, and, covering her tear-stained face with her hands, sobbed, " Ah, Lancelot ! Ah, Lancelot ! " This affectionate scene terminated Paolo's visit.

Stung sorely with remorse, Francesca's conscience gave her no rest after this. She dreaded to be left alone wherever it might be ; the slightest sound by day or night caused her to tremble like an aspen-leaf in a gentle breeze ; unsightly monsters and ghastly apparitions stood before her in her dreams. When her husband unexpectedly announced his intention of leaving her for a few days (this was a feigned departure), she clasped him by the knees and piteously implored him to remain—for her sake. Harshly and coldly he spurned all her entreaties, and ironically commended her to Paolo's faithful protection. No, she dare not do that ! What was the bewildered, frightened girl to do ? Multitudes of wild suggestions came surging one upon another into her mind like waves upon the sea-shore, and, their force being spent, immediately subsided, only to be overwhelmed by those that followed just as impetuously and turbulently as they. After long and confused thought, she chose from this turmoil of suggestions the only one that she deemed feasible ; she would fly to Lucrezia, Giovanni's aged cousin, for sympathy and protection. How heart-melting her entreaty to Lucrezia !

" O ! think of me as of a little child  
That looks into your face and asks your hand."

The older woman, well-versed through long years of mingling with the world in the manifold deceptive forms in which human nature will assert itself, perceived that not the fear of ghosts, of monsters, or of enemies was tormenting Francesca, but fear of her conscience—of herself. Without giving voice to her suspicion, she solemnly warned her never again to have any communication with Paolo, should an invincible desire to repeat the farewell, of which he cherished many pleasant memories, induce him to lay aside all scruples of honor and fraternal affection, and once more return. This note of warning sounded, Lucrezia guarded the young wife from all external causes of anxiety or alarm, as tenderly as a mother watches over her helpless infant in the cradle.

One evening, as Francesca was seated in her boudoir in company with her maid, steps were heard passing and repassing the door for a considerable length of time. A knock sounded; Paolo sought admission to repeat his farewell. His request was flatly refused. Again for many minutes the monotonous pacing up and down, up and down the corridor continued without intermission, until there came another knock upon the door; it was Paolo reiterating his request. Francesca withheld permission to enter this time also, but less frigidly than before. Another knock and another refusal, yet softer than the last. She was steeling her heart to no purpose. The simple word, "Francesca!" uttered softly and beseechingly, was the "open sesame" that Paolo awaited.

He entered the chamber—but did not emerge till borne out lifeless on a litter, wrapped in the loving embrace of the also lifeless Francesca, slain by Giovanni. Such was the tragic finale of a love they both strove hard to avoid.

*"Unwillingly he goes a-wooing. She  
Unwillingly is wooed. Yet shall they woo.  
His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."*

Not only in the general development of character and dramatic touch does Mr. Philips exhibit the master's touch, but also in the long speeches that he puts into the mouths of the various players, where interest has to be maintained and tedium avoided. Although he employs the long speech to a very limited extent, when compared with Shakespeare and the still

more wordy French dramatists, yet several admirable examples could be quoted; space, however, forbids the quotation of more than one. As an extract demonstrating both an excellence peculiar to itself and the general high poetic and moral tone of the drama, the speech of Lucrez'ia, the childless woman, may be cited. Perusing it, one can almost see the speaker's yearning eyes; her hands, now clutching nervously at her robe, now pressed over her heart; her whole body as it sways backwards and forwards under the influence of her excessive emotion. These fervid words were provoked by Giovanni's cool remark that she had been spared much, having had no children to grieve over.

"Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!  
 I am a woman and this very flesh  
 Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,  
 And I implore with vehemence these pains.  
 I know that children wound us, and surprise  
 Even to utter death, till we at last  
 Turn from a face to flowers: but this my heart  
 Was ready for these pangs, and had foreseen.  
 O! but I grudge the mother her last look  
 Upon the coffin'd form—that pang is rich—  
 Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.  
 And all these maimed works and thwarted thoughts,  
 Eternal yearning, answered by the wind,  
 Have dried in me belief and love and fear.  
 I am become a danger and a menace,  
 A wandering fire, a disappointed force,  
 A peril—do you hear, Giovanni?—O!  
 It is such souls as mine that go to swell  
 The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,  
 Or make that human ending to night wind.

To conclude this already too extended sketch, we might briefly note a few of the salient features which have not been touched upon as yet. The progress of the play is very easy to follow, both from the simplicity of the plot and from the fact that very few—only three, to be exact—auxiliary scenes have been introduced; and these have been used so judiciously that they are amply sufficient, not only to divert the attention from the solemn parts, but also to divert to the extent required. Greater or less diversion would be a fault. The diction and sentence construction are notably free from archaisms; hence the frequent difficulty the reader of Shakespeare encounters in the form of recondite words and phrases, is in this play entirely eliminated.

W. SHERWOOD FOX.

## Editorial Notes.

THE writer has received a complimentary copy of "A Short History of Monks and Monasteries," by Alfred Wesley Wishart, sometime Fellow in Church History in the University of Chicago, published by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. (Price \$3.50 net). The work is published in luxurious style and contains a number of fine illustrations. While the author makes no pretence to original research, he has made full and judicious use of the best secondary materials, and has produced a thoroughly interesting and a thoroughly trustworthy monograph on this important subject. While the author deeply sympathizes with all that is best in ancient monastic life, he is too deeply imbued with the modern evangelical spirit to be blind to the fact that the system was based on completely erroneous conceptions of Christianity and its work in the world, and that it led even in the case of its best representatives to the grossest perversions and distortions. The author has been fortunate in selecting a field that has been left comparatively uncultivated; for while there are multitudes of monographs on particular monastic orders and particular aspects of monastic life, there is not, so far as we are aware, any single work that seeks to reveal the origin of Christian monasticism and to set forth all the more important facts in the history of the institution up to the present time. The titles of the several chapters are "Monasticism of the East," "Monasticism in the West: Ante-Benedictine Monks," "The Benedictines," "Reformed and Military Orders," "The Medicant Friars," "The Society of Jesus," "The Fall of the Monasteries," "Causes and Ideals of Monasticism," "The Effects of Monasticism." The last two chapters are particularly thoughtful and judicious. We heartily commend the work to all who wish to obtain a just and connected view of this subject, which is still highly important and full of interest. Since the beginning of the middle ages monasticism has constituted the most important factor in the history of the Roman Catholic church, being responsible for nearly all that is best and nearly all that is worst in the history of that great organization.

---

PRECISELY as we expected, the *University of Ottawa Review* seeks to evade the point of the issue that we raised concerning Roman Catholic truth-speaking. Our offer to furnish an unlimited number of pages of extracts from Roman Catholic works to prove that Roman Catholics

justify prevarication is declined, on the ground that the proposition is an "ambiguous" one. "What extracts," it is asked, "does he consent to furnish? From the proposition, we cannot make out his meaning." We fail to see any ambiguity or obscurity in the proposition, and nothing whatever depends on the editor's knowing the precise sources of the proposed extracts. It is enough, that we should have said that they would be from writers of recognized standing in the Roman Catholic church and from unquestionably authentic editions. What more would the *Review* have?

---

THE American Historical Association offers a prize of \$100, to be called the Justin Windsor Prize, for the encouragement of less well-known writers. It will be awarded for the present year to the best unpublished monographic work based upon original investigation in American History, that shall be submitted on or before October 1st, 1900. The committee will take into consideration not only research and originality, but also clearness of expression, logical arrangement and literary form. The prize will not be awarded unless the work submitted shall be of a high degree of excellence. The successful essay will be published by the American Historical Association. Correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Chas. M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Of course Canadian History is included in American. A large amount of valuable material for research work can doubtless be found in Toronto and Ottawa, to say nothing of Montreal and Quebec. If one or more of McMaster's bright graduates or undergraduates could devote the entire summer to such research work, it would not only furnish invaluable training, but might also result in the acquisition of fame and wealth. The Professor of History will be glad to confer with aspirants.

---

### *Exegetical Notes.*

How are we to understand the phrase "the love of God" in the New Testament? That depends upon where you find it. In John it means our love for God; in Paul, God's love for us. This is regarded as generally true; I regard it as invariably so. Let us look at the passages. In John 5:42 the argument demands the thought, "ye have not love for God." The proof that they have not is shown by the fact that they did not receive Christ who came in God's name. If they had loved God they would have loved and received His Son. But they did not and could not because they loved men's approval more than God's. In 1 John 2:5 "whosoever keepeth His word in him,

verily is love for God perfected." This is in accord, as God's love for him would not be, with what precedes where our knowing Him is evidenced by our keeping His commandments. It is also a reflection of Jesus' own saying, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." This is further supported by the very clear case in the 15th verse where "love for the Father" and "love for the world" are contrasted. Again we have the expression in 1 John 3:17, where our "love for God" is evidenced by practical kindness to our needy brother, and the fact that it is *our* love is made clear by the exhortation that follows: "Let us not love in word, nor with the tongue, but in deed and truth." In 4:12 "His love" should probably also be regarded as our love for Him as shown by our loving one another. The 20th verse below shows that that is John's way of looking at it.

Of course John often speaks of God loving *us*, but what is here maintained is, that that is not what John means when he uses the expression "the love of God." By that he means our love for God; and when he speaks of God's love for *us* he uses other expressions that are perfectly unambiguous.

In Paul, on the other hand, "the love of God" means God's love for *us*. No one can doubt that in Rom. 8:39, (or 8:35, "love of Christ"); the love of v. 37 is undoubtedly the love of vv. 35 and 39. So in 2 Cor. 5:14 "the love of Christ constraineth us" unquestionably means the love He showed when He "died for all." It is the same in Eph. 3:19, "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." In Rom. 5:5 it is still God's love that is meant, as v. 8 clearly shows, though here our sense of that love is prominent.

The one passage in Paul that is often understood otherwise is 2 Thess. 3:5. The old version by its mis-translation of the second part of the verse helps the misunderstanding of the first part. "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patience of Christ" is the Revised. In the A. V., "patient waiting for Christ," necessarily makes  $\chi\rho\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\upsilon$  an objective genitive and makes it more natural to take  $\theta\epsilon\omicron\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\upsilon$  in the same way—"love for God." But this translation is not warranted, and we must accept the Revised "the patience of Christ." The second part of the Apostle's prayer, then, is that their hearts may be directed into "the patience of Christ," i.e., into the patience that Christ showed. This makes it more natural to understand the first part as referring to the love which God showed. What that patient endurance of Christ's is can be seen in Heb. 12:2, "who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross"; and the love that Paul has in mind is evidently the same as that of Rom. 5:5, and the benediction of 2 Cor. 13:13. So that the Apostle's full prayer is that in view of the times of trial that await, they may find their hearts cheered by the inexpressible sense of God's love for them and so be conditioned to endure as Christ did the tribulation that may come.

The only other passages in which the phrase occurs are Luke 11:42 and Jude 21, the former of which clearly means "love for God" as in John, the latter probably the same.

Two remarks may be made in view of these facts.

1 The difference in usage is in keeping with the facts as we know them. It was natural that John, who had enjoyed such special intimacy with Jesus during his earthly life, should speak of his love for Christ. In our own friendships we usually think rather of our own feeling toward our dear ones than of theirs toward us.

On the other hand Paul's experience was unique. While savagely persecuting the disciples of Jesus, he was met and conquered by the merciful Lord, whose love could outlive the persecution of hate. Is it not natural under the circumstances that Paul should think only of Christ's love, or God's love to him.

We might expect Luke to follow Paul. But he is reporting the words of Jesus, and the fact that he uses the phrase in the non-Pauline sense may be an indication of the accuracy with which he reports.

As for Jude, the brother of the Lord, with the memory of that unsullied Love ever fresh within him, would it not be more natural for him to speak, as John does, of his own love for God?

2. Each spoke according to the facts of the case and honestly from the heart. And they had no quarrel about it: Neither should Bro. Smith and Bro. Jones to-day doubt each other's goodness, though one be like Paul and the other like John in this matter, for both sides are true, and gloriously true. Let each rejoice in the other and try to realize both and so broaden in blessedness.

J. H. F.

---

## College News.

### OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

McMASTER men come in for their share of the honors in the awarding of fellowships in Chicago University. H. H. Newman, '98; W. Findlay, '96, and R. D. George, '97, are the fortunate men this year

WE are pleased to learn that Miss Iler, '98, who was ill for some time last term and who has been unable to resume her work on the staff of Moulton College this term, is quite recovered.

SOME months ago the news came to us of the serious illness of Miss Burnette, '97. We are glad now to be able to report that Miss Burnette has been able to return to her home at Greenbank, and that, though not entirely recovered, she is much better. We sincerely hope that a complete restoration to health may speedily take place.

ANDREW IMRIE, '96, is going to India; to many of his friends this is not a surprise for his heart has been turning in that direction for

some time. It costs something for any man to cut himself off from many friends to work in the loneliness of foreign lands. It costs much for a man with the manifest ability of Mr. Imrie. But we expect much from his work in India.

Good reports have come to us of the work of Henry Procter in the old land. We are pleased, however, to learn that he expects to join the McMaster classes next Fall.

M. C. McLEAN, '98, has been laboring since graduation in Crystal, North Dakota. The spirit of McMaster is so Canadian that most of her graduates prefer to become a factor in the upholding of Canadian national life, but occasionally one of our number strays over with the work to the south of us. When such takes place we follow with interest the work that is accomplished. Splendid reports have come to us of the work of Mr. McLean. In fact we understand that he has made such an impression upon the people of the part of North Dakota in which he is stationed that they are wondering if McMaster will send them more of the same quality.

---

#### AROUND THE HALL.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00 ; A. C. WATSON, '01 ;  
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of the Athletic Association, for the purpose of electing officers, was held at 4 o'clock on the 29th. Before the elections began the retiring secretary gave a most encouraging report of the finances of the Society which was received with much enthusiasm. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered him for the creditable and painstaking way in which he had served the Society. As a result of the voting the following officers will have charge of the Athletic Association during the coming year: President, W. E. Robertson; vice president, R. D. McLaurin; secretary-treasurer, E. J. Tarr. The newly-elected president outlined his policy in a few words and the other officers made brief speeches of acceptance.

**TENNYSONIAN.**—At a special meeting of the Tennysonian it was decided to prorogue for a year on account of the action of the Literary Society. Thus an important item in "College News" passes away.

AN interesting lecture on Astronomy, illustrated by stereopticon views, was given by Professor McKay a few evenings ago. Although intended chiefly for the graduating year the lecture was much enjoyed by other students who attended.



FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The regular monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, April 4th. The committee were anxious that the last meeting should be one of the most helpful to the students in view of their summer's work, and secured two practical and experienced men for the occasion in Revs. J. P. McEwen and A. C. Baker, Whitevale. Mr. Baker, in an able and earnest address, urged those who had the gospel ministry in view to think of the high calling of their vocation. It was a high calling inasmuch as it represented God's highest work—they were ambassadors for Christ. They should magnify their office by preaching the Christ of the Scriptures in all His fulness, and claiming for His Kingdom the right of way in all things. Only as this was insisted on could their work and the churches live. Rev. J. P. McEwen in his felicitous manner pointed out the need of a right conception of their work and the need of proper deportment in their work. The work to which they were going claimed not half their time and talents but them all. The interest and claims of the great missionary enterprise should be pressed upon all Christians by them.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The last regular meeting for the year of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, March 23rd. This meeting was a very important one, in that it was the occasion of a general reorganizing of the Society. A committee, previously appointed for the purpose, presented a new constitution for the Society. The old constitution was abolished and after considerable discussion the new one adopted, with a few amendments. The most striking difference between the old and the new order of things is that in the future the Society will meet every week instead of every two weeks, as before. This change is accompanied by a suspension of the meetings of the Tennysonian. It is hoped that under the new constitution the McMaster University Literary Society will become even a more helpful factor in the life and work of the University than it has yet been.

It was a happy thought, the idea of making the five colors of the McMaster plaid the respective class-colors of the different years in Arts and Theology. At a recent meeting of the Literary Society this plan was adopted, so that henceforth green will be the class-color of the Freshies, yellow of the Sophs, red of the Juniors, blue of the Seniors, and white of the Theologs. Thus the plaid or streamers of the plaid colors will be waved for the University as a whole, while each particular color has its own significance. The old difficulty of multiplicity of colors will be avoided, an additional sense of unity will be attached to the University plaid or streamers in all inter-collegiate contests, while on such occasions as demand class spirit rather than college spirit, the distinction by means of these five colors will be very appropriate. This will undoubtedly prove a very unique custom and a pleasant tradition in our college history.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS } MISS EDITH OLIVER.  
          } MISS EDITH MACGREGOR.

THE Moulton drawing-rooms on the evening of March 24th presented a scene of great festivity and mirth, and echoed until the night grew late with the merry chatter and laughter of still merrier girls. Thanks to the graciousness of the third year, the Seniors had put aside their usual stateliness and were enjoying to the full the amusements which their hostesses had provided. The rooms were daintily decorated in the Senior colors, orange and white, and everything looked its best. There were no stops and embarrassing pauses, for the lively hostesses hastened their guests from one amusement to another and finally crowned a successful evening by serving most liberal and dainty refreshments. When the evening was over the Seniors left with all good wishes to the class which will next year step into their places, and feeling that an evening thus spent added one more bright chapter to their last college year.

THE Friday evenings of this term have been more than usually enjoyable. When there has been no lecture or other public entertainment, we have assembled in the cosy sitting-room for a merry evening of music and games, after which dainty refreshments, such as girls delight in, were served.

ON the evening of March 23rd we had a special treat, when Miss Dicklow gave us an interesting little talk. She told us something of the art of printing and illuminating books and afterwards showed us some very old volumes and others made in recent days, which were interesting, both because of their appearance and because they were made altogether by hand. One of these folios was an edition of the Genevan Bible.

WE were pleased to have Chancellor Wallace conduct our chapel exercises recently. Since the Chancellor is at present so busy in the interests of the McMaster Forward Movement, we felt particularly honored. We have also been favored in having Dr. Harris to lead our last prayer meeting and in having Mr. Eaton present in chapel on Wednesday morning.

ACCORDING to the last number of the MONTHLY, Moulton's course of lectures closed with Dr. Tracey's lecture on Hypnotism. It was, therefore, with great surprise as well as pleasure that we learned that Mrs. Savigny, the well-known writer of humane literature, was to speak to us on the subject, "Dogs." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views which greatly increased the enjoyment of the evening.

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { W. B. H. TEAKLES, B.A.  
FRANK BEDDOW.

WE have suffered the loss of one of our teaching staff, Mr. S. R. Tarr, who severed his connection with the school here that he might take a position on the actuary staff of the Canada Life Assurance Company in Toronto. Mr. A. M. Overholt, M.A., has taken his place and has already made himself popular among the students by his genial manner and evident ability as an instructor. A farewell oyster-supper was provided upon the eve of Mr Tarr's departure when the school presented him with Kipling's works complete. Mr. Tarr responded most happily, expressing his gratitude for the gift and the feeling that prompted it, and recounting some amusing experiences that had befallen him in the College. Principal McCrimmon and Mr. D. K. Clark, representing the faculty, spoke warm words in appreciation of Mr. Tarr and his work. Rev. Mr. McKay also gave utterance to feelings of esteem.

THE Revs. Bosworth, John Trotter, Cross and Hartley have visited us and given short addresses at "chapel" during the month.

SINCE our last chronicle of events we have been blessed with times of spiritual refreshing. Special meetings were held in the College chapel, continuing for over a week, and a number of the boys came to decision for Christ. The meetings were directed entirely by the students.

THE College very enthusiastically entered into the general rejoicings over the relief of Ladysmith. The student body took part in the procession which marched through the streets of the town. It was a hard march through deep snow, but we enjoyed it immensely and put the "flourish" on at the end of it all by burning Paul Kruger in effigy!

OUR Annual Concert, held on the 16th inst., was a grand success. The large College dining-room was crowded to the doors and over \$70 was taken from the sale of tickets. The Students' Glee Club opened the programme with "God Save the Queen," following with "Comrades at Arms," a selection well rendered under the leadership of Mr. Ivor A. Thomas, organist of the First Church. Mr. Lorne Williams performed the Mazeppa March and Messrs. King and Coulter contributed a rousing duet, "The Fast Mail Galop." The Misses Murphy proved as usual a great attraction and played and sang most artistically. This excellent quartette of young ladies is an acquisition to any concert, and it is no wonder that they are so eagerly sought after. Their popularity as musicians was easily seen in the unstinted applause that was given to them. Miss Estella Butcher, of Aurora, recited several selections in

excellent style. "The Oracle" was well read by Mr. J. M. Howell and provoked much merriment. We were disappointed at not having the services of Messrs. Bryant and Welch, but their places on the programme were supplied through the kindness of the Misses Murphy and Miss Butcher who graciously consented to give extra numbers. The event of the evening, however, in the eyes of the students at least, was evidently "the play." This was a comedy sketch, entitled "The Top Landing," and represented the adventures of two young men, a dramatic author and an artist, aspirants to fame. The cast of characters was as follows:

Jack Travers	. . . . .	An Artist	. . . . .	F. S. Beddow
Billy Cross	. . . . .	A Dramatic Author	. . . . .	W. C. Riddiford
Timothy Allways	. . . . .	Manager of Criterion Theatre	. . . . .	H. S. Coulter
Mrs. Arabella Thirdfloor	. . . . .		. . . . .	L. Williams
Hetty Heartsease	. . . . .	{ Nieces of	. . . . .	R. Edwards
Rosy Winsome	. . . . .	{ Mrs. Thirdfloor }	. . . . .	R. Reade

The actors seemed to rise to the importance of the occasion and were most heartily applauded throughout. The part of Timothy Allways was admirably played by Mr. Coulter, who kept the house in roars of mirth by his clever acting. Mr. Riddiford, as a dramatic author, was a great success also, and likewise Mr. Beddow who proved himself both a good actor and a clever artist. Messrs. Edwards and Reade did themselves much credit in their first class presentation of a difficult part, while Mr. Lorne Williams was quite a revelation as he suddenly appeared on the stage dressed as a middle-aged woman. His "make-up" was superb and we wished he had a longer part. The entertainment was brought to an end by a striking patriotic tableau called, "We Hold Thee Safe," representing Britannia and the British colours protected by "red coats." Miss Emma Mercer made a very beautiful Britannia. The soldiers were E. Bingham, F. E. Fyle and F. Howard (the College "giants.") Altogether it was a great concert and will rank as one of the best ever given by Woodstock College.

WE as a school took part in the funeral of the late Dr. Dadson, on the 22nd inst., attending the services at the First Baptist Church and afterwards proceeding in order to the cemetery to witness the interment. During the church service Principal McCrimmon told of Dr. Dadson's connection with Woodstock College and spoke in the highest possible terms of him, and the influence he had exerted on the life of the College.

A GREAT gloom recently overshadowed us on account of the unexpected death of one of the boys, Nelson Buchanan, from British Columbia. He was attacked by pneumonia and within four short days the end came. He passed away about 9 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, March 8th. Work was suspended next day although examinations were in progress, and on the Saturday morning we all walked in mournful procession with his body to the C. P. R. station, whence the casket was taken by train to the home of his parents. In the midst

of our grief we can rejoice however to know that Nelson trusted Christ. The sad event naturally made a great impression upon the boys here, and many of us heard in it the voice of God calling upon us to live a truer life. This was, we understand, the first death in the College in twenty-five years.

SINCE the publication of our last "notes" Chancellor Wallace has favored us with a visit. He gave the school a stirring address on the necessity and advantage of cultivating the power to speak in public. We wish he might come oftener.

THE Rev. Dr. Sowerby, of London, Ont., addressed the Judson missionary meeting last month. His subject was, "Laws of Spiritual Health."

ON Friday, April 6th, a joint meeting of the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies marked the closing of their gatherings for the term. Everything went off splendidly. Gerald O'Grady delighted all by his excellent violin playing. Prof. Overholt gave a short but much-appreciated address. "The Maple Leaf" was read by Editor Grigg and showed considerable literary ability, while "The Oracle" maintained its usual high standard. In the musical part of the programme J. McKechnie rendered the "Holy City" in capital style.

SPRING having at last appeared, we are, of course, thinking of sports a good deal. Woodstock has decided to dispense with the old method of running the different clubs and has formed an Athletic Association which will take charge of everything. The school is indebted to Mr. Edgar Tarr, of McMaster, for information in regard to such a formation. The officers and executive are as follows: Hon. President, Principal McCrimmon; President, L. A. Vail; Vice-President, Geo. Stevens; Secy-Treasurer, W. E. Matthews; Jos. Janes, Baseball; Jas. McArthur, Football; F. S. Beddow, Cricket; R. Edwards, Tennis; E. Davis, Lacrosse; H. H. Bingham, Basket-ball. Fourth Year representative, Jas. McArthur; Third Year, J. B. McArthur; Second Year, L. Williams; First Year, R. Nickson; Preparatory, L. Procter.

INTEREST is rapidly spreading in regard to the annual inter-year baseball games. Each year is determined to put up a big fight for the honors.

QUITE a number of boys are interested in cricket. A match with a team from the town is promised for an early date.

## FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR : MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

THE winter term of school at Feller Institute, ended on March 30th, when the closing exercises were held, in the school chapel. The interest centred in the reading of the marks. The results of the examinations were as a whole very gratifying, and gave proof of much good solid work having been done, many of the pupils having obtained high marks in nearly all of their subjects.

The names of those who had shown a marked degree of proficiency in every subject in which they had been examined, composed our Honor Roll, and were as follows :—Albert Baker, Philius Roy, Katherine Brisbin, Alice Vessot, Joseph Cousins, Alfred Des Islets, Rachel Robert, Orville Lemoine, Laurence Hislop, Thomas Ringrose, Alice Massé.

Two special prizes for which the pupils of the Hygiene class had been invited to compete, were awarded to Misses Evelyn Roy and Wilhelmina Schayltz.

Few of the Institute teachers like to give an easy examination paper ; the questions are usually intended for the brighter minds. In our six months' session, we try to cover as much ground as is covered from September to June in the Public Schools. Several of the students who are now, by hard work and close application, mastering Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry and advanced English and French, came here a few years ago as beginners.

ON the 3rd April our spring term began, with numbers much reduced, about half of the boys and quite a number of the girls being unable to devote more than six months out of the twelve to school work.

ON March 18th our pastor had the joy of leading twenty young people into the baptismal water. These all gave evidence of a change of heart. We trust that the public profession of their faith in Christ may be the beginning of a long and useful life spent in His service, for each one of them.

DURING the school year, the girls' "Christian Endeavor Society" has regularly held its weekly prayer meetings. The leaders have been chosen from among the active members and the meetings have been a source of benefit and help to many of the girls. Feeling the urgent need of interesting young people in the cause of missions, we have occasionally substituted a missionary topic in place of the topic assigned, besides taking advantage of the quarterly meetings devoted to that subject. Thus, under the leadership of the different lady teachers, we have learned something about missions in general, the world's need and the work being done ; about the people of India and the progress of Christianity there ; about missions to cold countries ; about

religion in the Congo ; and about the efforts being made to-day on behalf of the negroes of the Southern States of North America. As a beginning in practical home mission work, quite a number of neatly made little garments, and other articles both useful and pretty, have been sent away during the season.

AFTER the close of a term of school, when so many pupils have gone away and so few remain, for the vacation, the building is apt to seem unusually large, and its occupants unusually lonesome. One of our young men evidently foresaw this, and determined that all would have sweet remembrances of at least one afternoon. As a consequence, Monday afternoon found teachers and pupils gathered in the dining-room for the purpose of eating some new sugar, the first of the season. The company all seemed well disposed, so that jokes and laughter were not lacking during the time that the sugar was boiling. After tea, all came to the chapel to play games, which they did with so much enthusiasm and good will, that the evening was a very enjoyable one. So pleasantly was the day passed that all were able to begin the new term's work with light hearts and happy faces.

---

## Here and There.

J. R. COUTTS, EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.—Henry Ives Cobb has already completed plans for most of the buildings of the American University, work upon which will begin in the near future. The institution, located about four miles from the capitol of Washington, will be connected directly with that building by the famous Massachusetts avenue, which will be extended for the purpose. As planned now there will be twenty-three massive buildings of marble and granite located on a well elevated campus of ninety-three acres. A splendid view of the city, the river and the Blue Ridge range can be seen from any point of the grounds. When completed this will be one of the greatest schools in the world.—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

THE frontispiece on the March number of *Vox Wesleyana*, consisting of an extract from Lowell's "Present Crisis," is indeed aptly chosen to express our country's attitude toward the South African conflict :—

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame ;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

RECENT exchanges are directing attention to the growing spirit of professionalism that is seeking to dominate the athletics of American universities. The March number of *The Bulletin* remarks:—"Athletic enthusiasm has gone too far at the University of Chicago, and the faculty has taken important steps to check it. During the recent quarters more than 50% of the students, it is reported, have flunked in their studies. It is feared that an anti-athletic war will be waged soon."

In this connection the words of Yale's new President, Arthur Twining Hadley, are significant. Adverting in his inaugural address to athletics, he said:—"The value of athletic sports when practised in the right spirit, is only equalled by their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. They deserve cordial and enthusiastic support. The time and thought spent upon them, great as it may seem, is justified by their educational influence. But side by side with this support and side of it, we must have unsparing condemnation of the whole spirit of professionalism. If we can enter into athletics for the love of honor, in the broadest sense of the word, unmixed with the love of gain in any sense, we may now and then lose a few students; but we shall grow better, year after year, in all that makes for sound university life." It is a matter for congratulation that our Canadian universities have, as yet, comparatively speaking, not suffered in the least from professional athletics and its concomitant evils.

"I like that man who faces what he must  
With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust,  
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp . . . He alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

—Selected.

BISMARCK once said: "One third of the students in German universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork, and the rest govern Europe.—*Oberlin Review*."

A GOOD WAR STORY.—A nice story comes from a country tobacconist. A shabbily-dressed old woman entered his shop one day, and produced two shillings from her pocket, mostly in halfpence. On being asked what she wanted, she replied that she wished to buy two shillings' worth of the best cigarettes. Then she asked for an envelope and when the proprietor asked to whom he should address it, he was told, to his surprise, "General White, Ladysmith." The old woman had been so struck with the gallant General's actions that she had been saving up her halfpence in order to send him the present she thought he would appreciate most. The old woman's smokes were not without the fire of younger days.