



D. Proctor

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THOMAS TROTTER.

Though I have not at my command such biographical facts as might lend special interest to a rapid sketch, I cannot decline the request of the Editor of the *McMASTER MONTHLY* to contribute a somewhat brief text to accompany the portrait of Thomas Trotter.

I recall but two families among the Baptists of Canada which have each given three sons to our Canadian Baptist ministry. In one, the sons were alumni of Acadia; in the other, of McMaster. Of these latter, one brother is the pastor of the Baptist church at Victoria, British Columbia; another, of the Baptist church at Peterboro, Ontario; and the third Thomas Trotter, is now the pastor of the historic Baptist church at Wolfville, Nova Scotia,—the seat of Acadia University. This recital suggests the wideness of the field in which the work of our Baptist educational institutions of Ontario is already felt, and the oneness of sympathy and realized fellowship of our Canadian Baptists.

Mr. Trotter is chiefly the product of our Canadian life and institutions. When but a lad, he, with his family, came from England to Toronto. Early deprived by death of his father, he found himself in that wonderful school of gracious discipline,—a member of a large family ardently devoted to a beloved mother

begirt with manifold cares. A dutiful and affectionate son and brother, sharing bravely to the full the responsibilities which it was the increasing joy of his heart sympathetically to discharge, Mr. Trotter, doubtless ere he was aware of it, developed a firm, manly, frank, self-reliant, and sympathetic life. Subsequent training and experience enriched these qualities, and gave to them that balance and wise control which are so conspicuous in his personality. His school life at Woodstock allied him with Christian forces and interests to which he readily responded. To one of his quick responsiveness of spirit, it could not be that the earnestness of Christian purpose and loftiness of Christian aims embodied in Dr. Fyfe and Professor Wells, and in many worthy young lives engaged in study with him, should fail to quicken into generous impulse and life latent energies of heart and mind, and turn them into channels of noble service. A course in Arts at Toronto University was a natural result by way of will and process in further self-equipment. The personality of a teacher like Dr. Young stimulated him to patient and painstaking scholarship, and widened the horizon of thought. Then came his theological course at McMaster, from which he was graduated in 1885. The uniform testimony of his teachers is that Mr. Trotter was an earnest man and an able student, capable of entering with purposeful effort and zest into whatever subjects were before him, and of shaping results to the ends of practical service. During his protracted course of preparation, he was earnestly engaged during vacations in preaching on Home Mission fields. While a student of Toronto University, he preached one summer as far east as Shelburne County, Nova Scotia; and in August of that year made the long journey to Wolfville to hear Dr. Lorimer (then, as now, of Tremont Temple, Boston), and to be present at the annual Convention held there. It was then I first met him.

On graduation from McMaster, Mr. Trotter became the pastor of Woodstock church, one of the mother churches of this province. When I was pressed into the duties of the Principalship of Woodstock College, I found myself in close official and personal relations with him. He was the efficient Secretary to the Board of Trustees. The interests of the college were dear to him, and teachers and students could always reckon upon his

helpful sympathy. No pastor of Woodstock church was ever more beloved, or loved his people more. It was never my privilege to sit under a pastor whose ministrations I more highly prized. I was much impressed with his unflinching exegetical instinct which enabled him to discover the truth of the Divine Word; while his warm spirit and fine imagination ministered that truth convincingly to the hearts of his hearers. Prayer, song, the reading of the Scriptures are meaningful and vital to him. In his relations to men the progress of moral and social reforms are of concern, but he regards them chiefly as the kindly fruitage of the publication of the gospel, essential alike to the time-life and the life eternal. He is ever ready to bear his part in all forms of coöperative service to these high ends.

As was well known to many at the time, I accepted the Principalship of Woodstock College solely because I deemed it possible that by so doing a way might in God's providence be opened by which the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec might become permanently possessed of a Christian college, and ultimately, as I ventured to hope, of a Christian University. The precedent conditions which I secured in this behalf, and which involved a charter revision, found a lodgment in none of the hearts of our Baptist ministers so quickly, or took such depth of root, as in that of Thomas Trotter's. The significance of a positively Christian University, with the Bible as an open text in every course of study, struck home to his heart. While some worthy brethren were unable to see what the denomination had to do with providing the higher education, and others characterized the proposed Christian University under Baptist control, as "a sort of Sunday-school University," which could not command the confidence either of students or of the public, Mr. Trotter coöperated, in all ways, and on all occasions, with those who were laboring to shape results to the gracious ends which have now been achieved.

In October, 1887, within less than a month after the sudden removal by death of Senator McMaster, the annual meeting of the Convention took place in Toronto. The Charter Committee made a full report of its efforts, and presented to the Convention the charter of McMaster University, as it had passed the Legislative Assembly. The Will of Senator McMaster was also laid

before the Convention, with its magnificent bequest in behalf of a Christian University, for its acceptance. On that occasion, Mr. Trotter preached the educational sermon, from Rom. xiv : 8, 9. His theme was "The Lordship of Christ in the Higher Education." The clearness of his convictions and the fervor of his spirit may be gathered from the following utterances in that historic hour :

Thank God, the ideal may be actualized. We are no longer trammelled with inability. The means have been placed within our reach. It is the hour of supreme opportunity. To enthrone Christ in the realm of learning and intellect, this is the honor to which we are invited. It may need courage to leave the beaten track and enter this highway which the Lord has opened up. But brethren, the centuries are before us; and as He points to us the purpose of His cross and tomb, God grant we may rally at His call, and pressing along His highway, plant His standard where, through perhaps centuries of years, His name shall be the Name above every name, and multitudes shall be blessed in Him. To reach this ideal is the thought that lies behind that Charter recently obtained from the Legislature of the Province. I find in that charter every feature which I have sketched of the institution to be desired. The world-spirit may misunderstand and sometimes even sneer at its provisions, but depend upon it, it counts for something with the Lord of Glory that His Name and His Truth have been given their place, and that the institution projected is to be, in the fullest sense, a Christian University.

During the discussions of the Convention on the acceptance of the Trust contemplated by Senator McMaster's Will, Mr. Trotter moved the following resolution :

Resolved—That the Convention affirm its judgment that McMaster University should be organized and developed as an independent school of learning.

Educational decisions were not reached by the Convention during its meeting; but at the special Convention held at Guelph in the following March, the above resolution, with the addition of the word "permanently" before "independent," was carried by an overwhelming vote.

Loss of health compelled Mr. Trotter to seek rest for nearly two years. On resuming active duties he entered upon the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, in 1889. In

the organization of the University, however, there was a general concensus of opinion that his services should be secured for the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. The carrying out of this decision was a severe strain on Bloor Street Church, into whose affections his life had entered with exceptional fervor and strength. I need not speak of his careful and laborious discharge of the duties of his professoriate. Students and Professors felt the fine enthusiasm which clothed him as with a garment. A good scholar, a good teacher, a good preacher, a good man! He is all these. He has head power, heart power, soul power. Life lives in him, and has its richest expression in a warm and biblical preaching, luminous with the gospel of the Son of Man who is the Son of God. He is a safe and wise man, quick with interpretative sympathy, loyal and true, incapable of betraying a trust, and delighting in open and manly thinking and living. As the recent head of the University, it may be permitted to me to say that no member of the Faculty responded more quickly and continuously to considerations involving the welfare of every side and phase of our complex organism than did Mr. Trotter. Nor was he quicker to perceive than willing to do. That he should, on resigning his chair last spring to enter upon the duties of the pastorate at Wolfville, have the satisfaction of knowing that he retired from an institution, which, for its age and scope, is unique among the Universities of Canada in the elaborations of its courses and deft adjustment of educational means to ends, must in all justice be counted to his credit, as well as to the credit of those whom he left behind. His retirement was a sore loss to McMaster; but it is some consolation to know that it was a great gain to Acadia.

On the re-assembling of the University Faculty in October last, an appreciative minute was made, which, as it has not been mentioned or recorded in the MONTHLY, I here record:

Resolved—That we place on record our personal esteem for Professor Trotter, and our appreciation of the excellent service he has rendered during the past five years. His genial manner and unfailing courtesy made him a very delightful companion; whilst his clear views and sound judgment, his fine candor and genuine manliness rendered him a most useful member of the Faculty. We admired the hearty and conscientious interest which he took in every department, and in the general life of

the University. Of his work as Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology we have heard only words of praise. It was marked by painstaking thoroughness and a contagious enthusiasm that made his lectures a delight as well as a profit to the students. He enjoyed in a large measure the esteem, confidence and affection, not only of professors and students, but also of our people generally. Now that in obedience, as he believes, to the will of God, he has re-entered the work for which his heart always yearned, our prayer is that the Holy Spirit may crown with large blessing his pastorate in Wolfville—a pastorate for which he is eminently fitted.

On the 4th of September last, Mr. Trotter actively entered upon what has already proved to be one of the most influential and happy labors of his life. I was at the time resting at Partridge Island, on the opposite shore of the Basin of Minas, some thirty miles from the scene of his new duties, and where I spent my undergraduate life. With the memory of the past ten years of educational life and struggle in my heart, during almost all of which time Mr. Trotter had, in one aspect or another, been a companion-in-arms, I sent my heart in prayerful wish and welcome to him across the Basin, in words whose final numbers, I doubt not, expressed the fervent wish of every worthy reader of this sketch:—

TO T. T.

Sometimes the tide upon this beauteous shore,
 With stealthy foot creeps silent to its goal,
 Whelming in darksome death a trusting soul ;
 Sometimes it moves with menacing rout and roar,
 As who should venture through its open door
 Must taste its vexing power to exact its toll ;
 Most oft in smiles it brims its waiting bowl
 And lavishes its love yet more and more.

O friend in sun and storm, by day, by night,
 Whose heart has known the tides of human life,
 And felt their weal or woe of destiny ;
 Take thou my prayer that on thy sail a light
 Fall sweet—His own Love's light for thee and wife—
 As turns thy prow to meet a smiling sea.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE HEPATICA.

Hail, first of the spring,
Pearly, sky-tinted thing,
Touched with pencil of Him
Who rollest the year!
Lo! thy aureole rim
No painter may limn—
Vision thou hast, and no fear!

Fair child of the light,
What fixes thy sight?
Wide open thy roll
From the seal of the clod,
And thy heaven-writ scroll
Glows, beautiful soul,
With the shining of God!

Thou look'st into heaven
As surely as Stephen,
So steadfast thy will is!
And from earth's ingle-nook
Seest Christ of the lilies
And daffadowndillies,
And catchest His look.

And a portion is mine,
Rapt gazer divine,
From thy countenance given—
Angel bliss in thy face!
I've looked into heaven
As surely as Stephen,
From out of my place!

THEODORE H. RAND.

In Massey's Magazine for April, 1896.

IS THE BAPTIST POSITION IN REFERENCE TO THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION CONSISTENT ?

In view of the position taken by the Baptists in Convention in May last and of a more recent expression of opinion in regard to the Manitoba School question, the moment seems opportune to examine carefully such position and see whether it is consistent with those principles for which Baptists have in the past so strongly contended. If we shall find it does not accord with true Baptist belief, we ought at once and forever to cease expressing opinions and passing resolutions concerning State policy, and confine our work as Baptists within its legitimate sphere. For if our position is not a logical one and does not accord with our principles, we do ourselves a great injustice, and injure the good name of "Baptist." We hinder the growth of "the Kingdom of God." We have besides to bear an additional odium: not only of having violated our principles but also of having injured the very movements our actions and resolutions were intended to promote. The observations and arguments which I shall make will not, however, be directed to all those subjects upon which the Baptists in conventions and in churches have seen proper to pass, but will be confined to the relation of the Church to the State, with especial reference to the attitude of the Baptists to the Manitoba School question as indicated in resolutions that have been passed as purporting to represent Baptist opinion and conviction.

Now it must be admitted that the Baptists more than the members of any other religious denomination should be especially careful of the position they take on any matter with which *prima facie* the State has a right to deal, inasmuch as they (the Baptists) have always been so strong in contending for the principle of complete separation of the functions of the State from those of the Church and *vice versa*.

The history of the Baptists in the past has shown indeed, that (with very few exceptions) they have acted consistently with their belief. With those who have less clearly defined views on this matter a *faux pas* might be excusable, but the Baptists have no excuse to offer; for their contention for such a principle

implies surely that they know what the principle is. If they do know what the separation of Church and State really means, there should be no difficulty in determining when they are in the one or the other realm, when they have left the sphere of the one and entered that of the other, and if they do not know, their position is censurable; for they have been sailing under false colours, contending for a principle and assuming they knew when they did not know what it was.

I venture to assert that there is no principle which has been so much heralded abroad and none more imperfectly understood than this one. We have heard so much of it, we have been fed on it so often, that it has almost been set up as a part of our religious faith. It has been spoken of as if it were a part and parcel of the inheritance of every Baptist, as if it were a principle belonging wholly, solely and exclusively to the Baptists and that none other could have the same. As if there were something in the name Baptist which carried with it a belief in the aforesaid principle.

Now as a matter of fact the principle can be logically arrived at by any one. It has no *especial* connection with Baptist belief. It does not grow out of one's relation to any church. It is a position which grows out of the very nature and existence of a church. Not something which a church or a member of such church believes, but what a church is. The principle of separation of Church and State is one which lies in the very nature of things. The Church has one sphere, the State has another sphere. With the true sphere of the one the other has nothing to do. It is not concerned with it.

Again, I think a good deal of confusion has been caused by the use of the words "State" and "Church," when we wished to assert a principle in which we believed. What we have often wished to assert is that the citizens acting through the State or through State power should not pass or endeavour to pass laws affecting individual liberty of conscience, and that the individuals banded together into a Church should not endeavour to force their religious belief upon the citizens of a State. When the citizens endeavour to legislate in the realm of conscience, they generally do wrong, and when religious belief is sought to be forced upon citizens there is equally a wrong done. Who is to

decide where the realm of conscience begins and ends will be shown later on.

It must, however, be borne in mind in discussing the separation of Church and State, that there are certain duties and obligations which the individuals composing a Church owe to the State, and certain other or correlative duties and obligations which the citizens acting in the name of the State owe to members composing a Church. There is a certain union which must always exist between the Church and the State, inasmuch as in the one individual there is both a member of a Church and a member of the State. The duty of a Christian in reference to the State is set forth by Paul in the 13th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. This chapter might well be very carefully studied, to see whether we sometimes do not push our Church ideas too far into the realm of the State. In some cases it is clearly seen what falls within the sphere of the one or of the other. In other cases it would appear a difficult matter to determine with accuracy just where the border line of the one begins and that of the other ends. If our ideas were logical and consistent, I think such difficulty would be found to be apparent rather than real, and that the difficulty has been caused, or at least enhanced, by the hazy views we have held of this important principle. In other words, if our position is a proper one, it will be found that the ability to distinguish between the things pertaining to the Church and those to the State will be made easy.

In order then to show more clearly what I conceive to be an improper position of the Baptists, let me call attention to the nature and constitution of a Baptist church. It is necessary for us sometimes to retrace our footsteps, to see whether we have not wandered from those foundation principles upon which the Baptists in the past have been so proud to stand. In these days when combination, unification, and organization on grand and broad bases seem to be the order of the day, when we have almost begun to frown down upon individual effort, when nothing is thought to be accomplished unless through committees larger organizations, when Christian work runs largely into broad platitudes of moral teaching, it is necessary to consider whether we too have not caught this spirit of the age. If

we have, let us not justify ourselves, if for no other reason than that the New Testament furnishes us with no such precedents. I think all Baptists would be willing to follow the lead of the late Dr. Armitage, and what he has to say with reference to a church is as follows:—"In the apostolic age the church was a local body and each church was entirely independent of every other church. It follows then that the New Testament nowhere speaks of the 'Universal' Catholic or 'Invisible' church as indicating a merely ideal existence separate from a real and local body. There can be no distinction between the church and the members who compose the church. Such a generalization is a mere ideality incapable of organization under laws, doctrines, ordinances and discipline." Further testimony on the same line can be easily found; let me, however, merely refer to Dr. Carson's words:—"As to a visible, universal church it exists nowhere but in the ideas of polemical writers and the absurd distinctions of scholastic divinity." These words should be carefully weighed and considered, for I believe they will be admitted by all correctly to set forth those views that Baptists hold regarding the constitution of a church. And especially should they be considered by those who are ever ready to bring forward on every occasion resolutions of all kinds, with the object that the pronouncement of the Baptist body should be had thereon. If I am right in assuming that these men correctly set forth Baptist principles, then there can be no universal expression of opinion of the Baptists on any question. There is no Baptist church through which Baptist opinion can be voiced. What then becomes of the resolutions and protests passed by the Baptists in convention? Whose are they? They are not resolutions of "the Baptist church." There is none. They are not those of a Baptist church. They can be nothing more than the expression of opinion of some persons of the Baptist persuasion who are gathered together in convention, and no church can be responsible for them, for their framers have no status. I do not think it would be so bad if those who moved and passed resolutions should recognize that they did not speak for the Baptists. The evil lies in the fact that they believe they do voice Baptist opinion and conviction, and in addition, that they are quite within the sphere of the church when they pass resolutions

memorializing the State to do this or do that, to carry out this or that reform, as being the proper thing to do, as being forsooth in accord with Baptist belief. Even supposing it were possible to express the opinion of "the Baptist Church" in the way indicated, there would still remain open the broad debatable ground of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of passing upon these questions at all, and the grave charge is laid against us that in so doing we violate our principles. If there is a liability to err in this way, we ought not to pass upon these questions at all. There is no doubt that, in regard to the Manitoba School question, the State has an undoubted right to act. It does not need to justify its jurisdiction in that behalf. It clearly has it. But can the same be said of any church? Can it justify its jurisdiction? It is necessary that it first should do so. It cannot be granted that it has any jurisdiction whatsoever. And then it is necessary to make a long and laborious argument to show that the church has any part or parcel in this matter, and in the end will it not be found that it has no right to interfere or protest? It has touched a matter with which it has nothing to do. I repeat then, that if there are such unsurmountable difficulties in the way of establishing that we have *any* jurisdiction at all, we ought by all means to cease passing such resolutions.

Now let me refer more particularly to that which concerns the wisdom of passing resolutions upon those subjects with which the State has clearly a right to deal, and especially as shown in some recent opinions to which Baptists have given expression. A short time ago we witnessed the unhappy spectacle of a high dignitary of the Catholic church telling a member of Parliament of the attitude of his church toward the Manitoba School question. We were somewhat startled at this. We thought we saw in it the power of the church brought into the realm of the State. We thought in fact it was a violation of a principle by which we believed we were prepared unhesitatingly to condemn such action. We feared for our liberties and the independence of Parliament. We should have resisted such aggression to our utmost power. But suddenly our arm was paralyzed, we could see things only in a hazy manner. Our voices were silenced. We found to our amazement that our own denomination would do the thing we were wont to condemn

Such action was justified in several letters in "The Canadian Baptist." The very leaders of our denomination were the foremost in anxiously endeavouring to show the members of the House of Commons and of the Senate that if one church would act in one way the Baptists, at least, would act in another. Thus they who demanded complete separation of Church and State, in the very same breath violated the principle. They said by their conduct, "we want the State not to interfere in that which concerns the Church only, but when we wish we will tell and show and effectively compel the State to do what we wish." It may be that some can draw nice subtle distinctions to justify their actions, and show that when a member of a religious body writes a letter to a member of Parliament stating the attitude his church will take towards a question, there is a violation of the principle of separation of Church and State: but that when many members of a church shall pass a resolution, showing the attitude of that church to the same question and transmit copies to the House of Commons and the Senate, there is no violation of such principle, their action is perfectly justifiable. I believe both are equally culpable. It was said, however, that this was a favorable opportunity to show to the world what the Baptist principles are; that we should not let such an occasion pass for making ourselves known. As if we had received a commission to propagate Baptist principles. As if the world were in need of knowing any other commission than the great one of "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Now, why have we wished to place ourselves on record on the Manitoba School question at all? What have been our reasons for passing resolutions on this subject? Is it that we are anxious to place on record our disapproval of the provisions of the Remedial Bill, and the methods adopted by the Dominion Parliament in forcing this Bill upon a free and sovereign people? Here the question is one which concerns us as citizens and not as members of a Baptist church. It is a question of political expediency with which no church, and least of all a Baptist church, has anything to do. Besides, it may be urged, as the Dominion Government do urge, that they have a right to pass this Bill to remedy what has been found to be a grievance of the

Catholic minority, and to this proposition we all must consent. The Dominion Government are quite within their rights when they pass this Bill. We may not agree with them as to whether an occasion has arisen for the exercise of that undoubted right. Yet once granted that the right exists, then the question falls, and we have no right as Baptists to interfere with what may be termed the inexpediency of such a course. So also with regard to the Provisions of this Bill. If we, as I have said, object to the Provisions of the Bill, it must be on the ground of political expediency and it must be by us as citizens, not as Baptists. This Bill may be very badly framed, but if the Dominion Parliament have the right, as they undoubtedly have, to pass this measure, we cannot object to the Bill passing; for our actions would say that we believe that these men who have a right to pass a measure, and who sincerely wish to carry out the constitution should refuse to do so, even though the constitution be thereby violated, because forsooth it transgresses upon some supposed Baptist principle. Who will justify such a reason as this for opposing the Bill? There must be some other reason than why Baptists seek to prevent the passage of this Bill. Is it this, that if this Bill becomes a law and is enforced by the Dominion Parliament, the Baptist principle of the complete separation of Church and State will be violated?

Let me examine this assertion and see whether we, as Baptists, have anything over which to raise our hands in protest; to see whether our reasons for interference with what the State considers to be its duty to carry out are just and fair. Supposing the Remedial Bill becomes law, a system of Separate Schools in Manitoba will be the result. That is, the same thing will obtain in Manitoba that has for twenty-five years obtained in Ontario, and with what result? Are we in any way interfered with? Are our rights as Baptists trampled upon? Have any rights of conscience been violated? Are not we allowed to worship God in any way we choose? Is there anything whatsoever for which we, as Baptists, can condemn our Catholic fellow citizens except it be that they have and we have not Separate Schools?

But some say we object, because, we say, the State has no right to grant State money to assist any Church in propagating

its peculiar tenets, and we object to our Baptist money going in support of any such church. This, I believe, is the strongest argument that the Baptists use and therefore should be examined most carefully. Let me examine the last clause, "that our Baptist money goes in support of separate schools!" I think this is clearly a fallacious statement; for the State does not attempt to, and does not, raise any money from any Church. It looks at citizenship as distinct and separate from membership of a church; levies taxes on all its citizens for the purposes of the State, and they pay taxes as citizens of the State. Because we happen to belong to the Baptist or Catholic church, we do not pay Baptist or Catholic taxes. I think this is clear. Now then, the State says, we want to raise a certain amount of money from our citizens and we will levy accordingly. It needs so much for schools and it levies upon all citizens, and in its discretion assigns it to the Separate and Public Schools in the proportion it deems advisable. Surely Baptist money does not support Separate Schools. It is the State's, the citizens', money.

Finally, let me ask who is to determine the functions of the State, both what it is and what it ought to be? Whose ideas are to prevail, the citizen's or the churchman's? Surely there can be no difficulty in deciding that it is the citizen's and his alone. And why? Because from the very nature of things a State could not otherwise exist. For what the Baptist says is not within the realm of conscience, the Catholic as stoutly affirms is within the realm of conscience, is within the realm of the Catholic church, and the State should not interfere. For example, the Catholic (and many a Protestant) says: we do not believe in "Godless" schools for our children; we believe the schools should provide religious instruction for our children and you violate our conscience if you banish religious instruction from our schools and allow our children to grow up under "Godless" teachers. The Baptist says we believe in schools in which there is no religious instruction; that should only be taught at home and by the parents, and when you compel me to support schools in which there is religious teaching you violate my conscience. Now who is to decide between these? Who is to say how far the rights of conscience shall be observed or violated? Who and what? Without doubt the citizens and the State. If

necessary the State will in some cases have to disregard or violate the rights of conscience, or what are sometimes considered the rights of conscience. The State cannot exist unless in some cases it does do this. But the point is simply this: it is the citizens' privilege, right and duty to decide in *all* cases how far the rights of conscience shall or shall not be observed. We have just had a very good instance, and one strikingly pertinent to this point, in a case recently before the Courts, where three "Seventh Day Adventists" were fined for working on the Sabbath contrary to the Lord's Day Act. Their justification was that they considered they would be guilty of sin if they were idle on that day and did not work. They would violate their conscientious belief if they did not act in this manner. Is the State not to determine whether it will allow such conscientious scruples to prevail or whether or not it will recognize Sunday as different from other days of the week? Surely there can be no argument on this point. The State must in some cases override the conscientious scruples of some. It ought always to be very careful in so doing. But the point is, the State has the right to determine; and so I think it will be found that other arguments which have been urged qualifying the action of the Baptists are not sound.

Let me now resume the position I have endeavoured to establish. I have tried to show:

1st. That the principle of separation of Church and State is not necessarily a Baptist position, but grows from a recognition of the fact that one is concerned with temporal, the other with spiritual, things.

2nd. That from the very nature and constitution of a "Baptist Church", there can be no universal expression of opinion of the Baptists.

3rd. That in any case with which the citizens have *prima facie* the right to legislate, the Baptist body should be careful in passing upon it.

4th. That in regard to the Manitoba Schools, citizens acting through the State have an undoubted right to deal, and there appears to be no good reason for Baptist interference.

5th. That it is the right of the State to say how far it will or will not recognize what sometimes appears to be within the realm of conscience.

W. A. LAMPORT.

PATIENCE.

What is patience? sweet and quaintly
Came the answer thus to me
From a little Scottish lassie,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

Deepest wisdom in this meaning,
Sweet as music may it be!
Ever in thy heart thus singing,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

When with clouds the sky is darkened,
And the sun thou canst not see;
Falter not, thy Father knoweth,—
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

When the path of life is toilsome,
And thy steps drag heavily;
Forward press, thy God is guiding,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

When the heart grows faint with watching
For the ships so long at sea;
Trust them in the Master's keeping,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

Patience is the Queen of workers,
Hinder not her work with thee!
Perfect its imperial beauty,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

Patience then, my fellow pilgrim,
Till the blessed face we see
Of the Christ, our living Pattern,
"Dinna weary, bide awee!"

M. D. S

Students' Quarter.

AN IDEAL HOME.

"Home is the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Montgomery.

The home of the Palmers stands just where the winding Arno river crowds the Elton turnpike against the southern spur of Wildwood mountain, about a mile from the city of Barton, in the Province of Ontario. The plain, square-built, stone house looks through the park-like clump of shapely elms and maples down over the valley toward the eastern sun. Away to the south on both sides of the river, as far as the eye can reach, field follows field like the blocks of an immense chess-board. Toward the north, rising in easy slopes and levels, the mountain wears her primal dress still unmarred by human hand. Behind the house the valley gradually rises higher and higher till it ends in a sheltered glen in the bosom of the mountain, where nature in wondering pause before her own handiwork had let fall the grace of Eden's bowers.

The immediate surroundings of the house were beautiful from the absence of that prim mathematical regularity and exactness which is, for some inconceivable reason, called artistic and beautiful. Everywhere nature had been the master artist, and man her willing and teachable co-worker. In some places her too bountiful hand had been stayed, her wanton luxuriance checked; in others her more feeble efforts had been encouraged, and her fainting offspring cherished.

The wild ivy and the grape were not divorced from the elms to which nature had wed them. The hepatica and the trillium still loved the sun-kissed knoll, and the fragrance of the violet and the dog-rose still breathed from the margin of the rippling brook which washed the same channel as when its waters mirrored the thirsty deer. The painted orchids too and eglantine had forgotten to flee to the wilds at man's approach. Side by side with these children of the forest, grew the choicest products of the florist's art. The commonalty and the nobility

of the flower race were here united in their mission of adding grace and beauty to the earth, delighting the eye, and refining the nature of man, and lifting his thoughts to Him who "so clothed the grass of the field."

The songbird had not given place to the quarrelsome sparrow, and the oriole's "bottle" still swung on the slender branch. The squirrel ran unharmed from tree to tree, and saucily chattered his right of domain.

The Palmers had no golden piles from the top of which they could presume to look in scorn upon their neighbors, but hearts, content and at peace with all the world, gave them greater wealth than all the glittering stores of Cræsus. Their farm furnished them an income which must be wisely used, and they had learned life's best lessons at the smallest cost. Wealth had never taught them that weak self-indulgence which leads to the worship of gold, and the contempt for all that is truest, noblest, best, in the discipline of life. A limited income had impressed the lessons of thrift and self-dependence. They had learnt to measure life and its realities by a truer standard than the gold dollar.

The furnishing of the large airy rooms told of comfort, but not luxury or wasteful wealth. Use rather than ornament had been the motto of those whose judgment had given each room its appointments, and the very apparent utility of every article gave the impression that elegance can never be separated from tasteful utility.

The library, though small, was selected with good judgment, and was composed of the standard poets, biographies, histories, and fiction in plain strong bindings, not too good to be used every day. Two or three shelves were devoted to the children. Here were found such works as would introduce the young mind to the best literature and at the same time give it a view of life, not as a fairy land of ease but as a reality which calls for the best and truest activities of mind and body. There were attractive biographies of the world's truly great men, easy histories, selections from the poets, wholesome travels, elevating fiction and elementary science and natural history. A few of the best periodicals furnished reading for spare moments, but by judicious care the parents directed the intellectual appetites of the family

toward the stronger and more wholesome foods afforded by the library, rather than to the unsubstantial knickknacks and fragmentary literature of magazines.

The great value of music as an educator, and its power as a factor in character-building, were clearly recognized, and due provision was made for the study of both vocal and instrumental music.

Though their fortunes would not allow them to decorate their homes with costly paintings and statuary, the pictures and paintings on the walls showed a cultivated taste and a true appreciation of art. The older girls had already gained by their studies of art an intellectual relish for the artistic, and a keen insight into that which lies behind the painter's canvas and the sculptor's block—the soul of the artist speaking through brush and chisel. They had learnt to see in a picture more than a mere harmonious blending of purposeless colors; they read the thought for whose expression words were hopelessly impotent—the thought which in its struggle for utterance drives the painter to his canvas and the sculptor to his marble.

From earliest childhood, both by precept and example, the members of the family were taught that life has its duties and its services. Each day has its part in the moulding of thought, the direction of activities, the suppression of wrong tendencies.

The spirit of Christ was the supreme rule of life. His example was the standard of conduct. The highest delight of all seemed to be to serve one another, and in these kindly efforts to bear one another's burdens they learnt to bear their own.

The gulf which so often divides the interests and delights of parents from those of their children was bridged in a hundred ways. After the day's duties were done, the evening hours were spent around the fireside. The parents would direct and encourage the studies and reading of the children, and the often difficult paths of learning were paved for their feet. School-books to them became a delight because they saw in them the key to the great kingdom of knowledge to whose gates they had been led and of whose shining fields they were day by day getting clearer glimpses. Each, as far as possible, contributed a part toward the evening's joys. The story of some gallant knight, the history of a famous deed of heroism, the recital of

poetic gems, the study of some Bible character ; music, games or songs, filled up the evening hours. Often the young people from the neighboring farms were called in to share the pleasures of their winter evenings, and they, too, caught the spirit of the home, and learnt to collect a rich revenue from what had before been idle hours.

Then round the family altar with hearts attuned and sacred joy they sing their praise to Him who has perfected praise out of the mouths of babes." They read the Holy Word and are taught to take its precepts "as a lamp unto their feet," and to hide its counsels in their hearts that they may not transgress the laws of God. Then kneeling to their Heavenly Father, in simple earnest childlike trust they confess the failings of the day, thank him for his bounties, and seek his grace and guidance.

Winter and summer bring their outdoor pleasures for all. The snow-covered hills attract happy coasting parties ; a merry sleigh-ride in the keen winter air, over the crisp creaking snow, is a delight unmeasured.

The Canadian frosts throw their icy mantle over the winding river, and away upon its glistening surface, the skaters shod with their ringing steel glide like the fitting swallows, above its summer waters. Away they speed, down the valley and into the forest depths, where the pendent boughs with their sparkling winter jewels make a dim arcade through the echoing solitudes.

In the summer, boating and fishing were among the many pleasures. But the chief outdoor delights of both parents and children were gardening, and rambling in the forests and up the mountain slopes, making friends of shrubs and flowers, trees and ferns, studying the habits of birds and animals, making natural history collections and revelling in nature's numberless unfoldings of the handiwork of God. No modest flower could hide its blush in twilight dell, but they would know its opening hour. There was no bird of so retiring habit, but its nesting time and place were known. The fox's den, the beaver's dome, the squirrel's retreat were known not as the haunts of enemies but as the homes of nature's children who "divide her care."

From homes like this comes the full vigorous manhood of our land ; a manhood not simply of bodily vigor but of mental,

moral and spiritual worth, fashioned after the ideal manhood of Jesus. Such homes are the fountains from which all true national life and worth must spring, for true patriotism is but fraternal love with a national horizon.

R. D. GEORGE, '97.

THE VOICES OF THE DEEP.

The ocean in silent slumber lay,
 The sun burned low in the west;
 What did the heaving waters say?
 What is their endless quest?
 Said a stripling, buoyant with glowing health:
 "They surely whisper to me
 Of the wells of love and the mines of wealth
 As deep as the soundless sea."

A strong man stood by the rock-bound shore,
 The billows were dashing high,
 As the waters writhe and the wild winds roar
 And wildly the sea-gulls cry:
 "Ah me!" he said, "What a scene is here
 Of the toilful pangs of life,
 The wrathful tones of the surging mere
 Are pæans of woe and strife."

An old man sat by the quiet shore
 And gazed far over the deep,
 The storm-king rides on the storm no more
 The moving tide is neap;
 "The battle of life is o'er," he said,
 "The evening hour has come,
 When the glory glows in the evening red
 The Pilot will take me home."

O. G. LANGFORD, '95.

A YARN.

Well, I say! I want to know! What kind of country are we in, anyway?

To enter into the general question why a Yankee always wants to know,—of course it was a Yankee asked this question—is not the present purpose. This particular Yankee certainly had a right to know, and a good purpose in knowing. The particular part of country we were in was not very prepossessing certainly, as far as present appearances went. Our position was not an enviable one either. We were snow-bound—on a train, several miles from a station. There were seven of us. First, a knight of the road, one of that class of men you meet everywhere. A farmer who was on his way home from town made the second member of the party. The third was an architect, evidently with high ideals. The fourth a lumberman, a-well-to-do business man, intelligent, and one who had seen a good deal of life. The fifth member was a lecturer. He had hours ago given up all thought of delivering his lecture on that special occasion. The Yankee made the sixth. He was of the down east type, a business man evidently. The seventh, as you will no doubt have guessed, was myself. Of him I shall say no more.

We were *not* seated in orthodox style in the smoking room of a Pullman. There were various reasons for this; chief and most important of which was that being on a local train there was none. On that account we were seated around the heater in an ordinary "first-class" Grand Trunk day coach. Inside we were comfortable enough. It was warm and light, but as I said, outside the conditions were far from cheerful. The wind was blowing wildly. The low humming vibration of the wires along the track made a dismal accompaniment for the spectre-like motions of the drifting snow. Above us towered the black outlines of a high hill, almost a mountain, rising so precipitously that the snow had no place to cling. Below was a dark forest of pine, which, blown upon by the wind added its melancholy song to that of the wires. Before or behind we could not see. There were no works but those of nature in sight. As far as appearances went there was no human habitation near.

"Well, I say! I want to know? What kind of country are we in, anyway?"

The question somewhat startled us. We, like stolid sons of John Bull, had been keeping silence through the long tedious battle with the snow, and when snow had conquered the result was not a surprise. For that reason we kept silence, knowing that there was nothing better to be done than to wait for the snow-plow. This question, however, aroused us. It was put as a challenge, not in form indeed, but in tone. An ordinary question would not have aroused us from silence, but the implied challenge awoke every one of us. Evidently, with the exception of the questioner, all were Canadians.

"It's a pretty good country, I tell you," replied one.

"Well, it doesn't look very much like it just now."

"That I will grant; but that is because we are placed by the weather in an uncomfortable position."

"I don't see how that affects it."

"It does, however. On a clear day the view from this very position is magnificent. We are situated on the edge of a series of ridges of which this is the highest and last. From the top of this you may look back upon a country rocky but well wooded. Here and there streams cut their way. The valleys are very beautiful. On our front is a rolling country. We have here within a few miles the beauties of mountain and lowland."

"That may all be, but what is it all good for?"

"I wish I owned that pine down the hill here," responded the lumberman. "If it does not suit you as landscape, very little trouble will convert it into money."

"And that valley," interrupted the farmer, "is one of the richest farming countries you will find anywhere. Why! it is all clear, no broken land for miles, dotted all over with the substantial buildings of well-to-do farmers."

"Yes, but that's only half. I don't see much use for this hill here and the rocks beyond."

"Wait until you get around the corner of this hill and you will see," replied the architect. "The stone of which it consists has furnished the material for some of the finest buildings in Ontario."

"Well that is surprising. I never was in Canada before,

and I had always heard it was a wilderness, with a few people left here and there to take care of it."

It is needless to say that a smile went round the party. We thought of Canada as being anything but a wilderness.

"How did you get this far into Ontario without seeing anything of it, anyway?"

"Came in the night."

"That accounts for it. You will have a different opinion of it before you have been in it very long."

"Have you got any towns, anyway?"

"Yes," responded the commercial man, "we have, they are good business places too. Of course our Canadian cities cannot compare in size with some of the American cities, but for their population the business they do compares favorably with those of any other country. They have this advantage, also, that the foundations of trade are solid. What is known as mushroom growth is heard of but little. We Canadians are quite like the English in this way. We do not regard a business as a business until it is solvent."

"But why don't you go ahead then?"

"Well there are various reasons for that," said the lecturer. "Some contend that the present political policy is the cause. This may or may not be the reason. At all events, I believe with a well known politician, 'we have, without doubt, one of the finest countries in the world.'"

"Yes," said the lumberman, "I believe that is true. Lots of people, along with our friend here, don't believe it, and why? Just because they don't know. Now I was surprised myself. I was called away a year ago on a business trip up through our northern districts. Before this I had no idea of Ontario's natural resources. The natural wealth seems unlimited. Take, for instance, timber—thousands of square miles of it untouched. We have little idea either of the mineral wealth. Nearly all the minerals of value are found in paying quantities. There is any amount of farming land up there too. The Ontario Government has, I believe, lately started an Experimental Station in that district."

"This is true also," added the architect, "of every province in the Dominion; down by the sea, in Quebec, the North-west,

and away out by the coast. The natural resources seem boundless."

"Now I've two sons in the North-west," said the farmer, "and I was out there a while ago to see them. Such a country I never saw before. The harvest was just being gathered. It seemed to me that if the land was all settled up it would raise enough to feed the whole of North America."

"The prairies are a wonderful sight," continued the lecturer. "In places there is not a tree to be seen and it seems as if you were out at sea. You may travel from Winnipeg west to the Rockies with prairie scenery all the way; but when the Rockies are once reached all is changed. You have then all the glory and solid massive grandeur of mountain scenery. European scenery, though far-famed, does not surpass this. 'Mass upon mass their summits pierce the sky.'"

"Yes the Rockies are a rare sight, but we have scenery nearer home."

"Niagara Falls aren't bad," interjected the Yankee.

"No, they are not. On the contrary, they are one of the most wonderful sights eye can see," returned the architect, "but they are partly yours, so I did not refer to them especially. Take for instance the St. Lawrence scenery. Commencing at the Thousand Islands—from there clear to the Gulf the beauties of nature are enchanting."

"Were you ever on the Saguenay?" asked the lumberman.

"No, never."

"Well you have something yet to see. I am a rather prosaic mortal myself, but when we steamed up that gorge into Ha Ha Bay I felt that I could write an epic."

"Some of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen," continued the commercial man, "have been down by the sea in the Maritime Provinces. They simply baffle description."

"Well, to my thinking," added the farmer, "there is nothing more pleasing to the eye than the rich rolling farming country of Ontario, watered by streams, dotted with small lakes, and here and there a village with its cluster of houses and its church spires."

"These natural advantages are all right in their way," said the Yankee," but I've been born and brought up in a town, and

I care more about men and cities than about natural advantages. After what you've told me, I'll admit you have been well provided for, but what good are natural advantages if you hav'nt men and cities?"

"The proper study of mankind is man," quoted the lecturer

"We were talking of cities and trade just now, I believe, weren't we?" said the commercial man, "and some one of you switched off. I'll admit that our trade isn't what it might be, and I predict that it isn't what it will be."

"Talking about cities," said the architect, "I don't know where in a new country you will find more variety. It is doubtless a result of our national history. Take Quebec for instance. You might suppose you had dropped into some corner of France, while in Winnipeg everything is new."

"We have some fine institutions in these cities too," added the lecturer. "You, my friend, will speak of them from an architectural standpoint."

"Yes, we have some fine buildings. Take for instance the Dominion Parliament Buildings, and many of our other structures I could name. Canadians are certainly lovers of fine architecture.

"I was much interested," interrupted the commercial man, "in listening to the praises of some American tourists in Toronto last summer. They were completely delighted with the city, praising its streets, its parks, its residences, its public institutions to an extent which I, a Canadian, would not have risked my reputation upon, if abroad, even although I know it all to be true."

"Canadians are well educated too," remarked the lecturer. "As I heard a prominent man remark the other day, 'in Canada any one may obtain an education practically without money and without price.'"

"That's a broad statement," replied the architect, "but I believe it is true. The public school system is a very complete one, and the higher education is well looked after. The work done is well done, and the Canadian has no need to be ashamed of his educational advantages. If he is ashamed, it can only be because he had not availed himself of the offered privileges, and even a case of that is somewhat rare."

"Well you seem to have a pretty fair country," half admitted the Yankee, "but why don't you join with the United States?"

"Ah," replied the lecturer, "we think too much of our country to do that. We are Canadians, and loyal to our flag. We prize that flag and honor it. 'Canada for the Canadians,' is not merely a party cry to us. It means every thing to every son of Canada. We have a country of lakes and rivers, of woods and forests, mountains and valleys, fields and mines. There is wealth for the farmer, and the miner, the hunter and the fisherman, the woodsman and the mechanic. We have beautiful cities containing great institutions. Our legislation is administered by men who have the good of the country at heart. Our schools are located everywhere. They are taught by teachers who are qualified for the most thorough work. Ours is a land where men may worship as they will, where any attempt to interfere with a man's religion is frowned and hissed upon, a country where God is worshipped as the Giver of all. What more could a nation desire? If every Canadian is true to himself, his inheritance and his flag, we shall be a great nation."

"You said you were a lecturer, did you not?" enquired the Yankee.

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that a part of the lecture you couldn't deliver to-night?"

The humming wires and the howling wind finally had their effect. Somnus has power even under such conditions. This was all I heard of the conversation. At all events, just as the sky was getting grey I awoke with a jerk. The snow-plow had got through to us, and soon we were enjoying ourselves in a country hotel of the old type. Our Yankee friend in his own style was having "something hot." I do not know whether it was this latter or the conversation that called forth the remark, but between sips he was heard to say, "Well, this isn't a bad country, after all."

WALLACE P. COHOE, '96.

COMMENT ON HAMLET, ACT I, SCENE III.

ROOM IN POLONIUS'S HOUSE.

In this scene a new family is introduced, consisting of three ; father, son, and daughter ; Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia ; affording fruitful sources of comparison with Hamlet's deceased sire, Hamlet himself, and Gertrude.

As to its bearing on the plot, the scene is, in any case, inserted with taste and judgment. Some intervening action is necessary between the appearances of the Ghost in Scenes Two and Four respectively, else the effect would be monotonous and displeasing. We know, furthermore, at the conclusion of this scene, several important factors in the development of the play, which were, some unrecognizable, some not manifest, previously. Briefly, Laertes leaves for France ; Laertes is loving and high-spirited ; Hamlet loves Ophelia ; Ophelia loves Hamlet ; Polonius is henceforth to be considered ; the elements of his character ; Laertes and Polonius oppose the loves of Hamlet and Ophelia.

With regard to artistic qualities, and evidence affirmative of family failings, we propose to touch upon these as we proceed with the synopsis.

Laertes, on the eve of his departure for France, undertakes to admonish his sister against the importunity of Hamlet ; to play the monitor, lovingly, no doubt, yet, perchance, with undue assumption of innate superiority :

" For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more."

Ophelia replies with semi-acquiescence :—

" No more but so ?"

" Think it no more,"

answers Laertes, ' for Hamlet has not yet attained to soundness of judgment and obduracy of will. He may, indeed, love you truly, but he is not his own master, being a prince of the royal blood. The disposition of his life is in other hands than his. So

be careful, my sister!' Then follows the climax of his expression, which, though it displays much of the sententious proverbialism we find in Polonius later on, is nevertheless apt and apposite:

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon."

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent."

Gently Ophelia replies. She appreciates the fraternal advice; but, with an indefinite desire to tender 'tit for tat'; she retorts, yet gravely and demurely,

"good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede,"

'Let him that thinketh he standeth,' brother Laertes, 'take heed lest he fall.'

Laertes grows impatient; he has no relish for what he deems a most unjust suggestion. Though he loves Ophelia dearly; surely, surely, 'tis half-unbearable. He almost suspects that

'Her wit is more than man, tho' her innocence a child.'

But the possible crisis is averted; harmony is restored; the imp Doubt makes a hurried exit, for,—

"Enter Polonius."

In the nick of time! "Marry, well bethought!" What could be better?

"Enter Polonius."

Instantly Laertes changes the subject, and remarks upon the happy omen which the repetition of farewells must prove. Polonius exhorts him to hasten abroad; ransacks his memory; discovers some 'gen' aphorisms; brings them forth; polishes,

mixes, jumbles them into a sort of tessellated pavement whereon to enact the moralities; and concludes with a self-satisfied, condescending smirk of dismissal. Laertes departs, but flings 'the last word' at Ophelia, bidding her remember his advice.

Polonius surmises secrets. Ah!

"What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?"

'He spoke with me concerning Hamlet,' says Ophelia. 'Good,' cries Polonius, 'I, too, have heard of you and Hamlet,—what means it, eh?' Dutifully Ophelia declares Hamlet's affection; dutifully, yet with maidenly reluctance. Polonius pooh-poohs such absurdity. 'Come, tell me *your* mind,' says he, 'surely you don't believe his vapourings.' You do not know? Come, come, then, you must know he's false; he's light of heart and head. Speak never more to him. Think not aught good of him. Take care. Obey!'

How filial and sad and solemn it is,—that answering utterance of Ophelia's; the submission of a pure soul, unable to satisfy its yearning, to fling aside the clogs of weariness and perplexity; ground down by fate, harshly, remorselessly, into the 'stale, flat, unprofitable' world:—

"I shall obey, my lord."

HAMFRITH.

P E A C E.

The moonbeams fall aslant the lake
 And fling soft shadows from the cliffs,
 The blossoms now in dreamland, take
 Long draughts of dew on thirsty lips,
 The soft winds whisper 'mong the leaves
 Love's long low tale in shady bowers,
 And on the lake and land he breathes
 His passing spell, while night's calm hours
 Bid beat in nature's breast the tranquil pulse of peace.

Softly the falling waters flow
 Their joyous lives they babble forth,
 And in the moonlight, beam aglow
 As from a glorious inward birth—
 And o'er my life there rests a calm
 Peaceful, like music's soft sweet sound
 Hushing the waves, that roll alarm
 Around my bark. My soul has found
 And loves, the breathing, pulsing, angel form of Peace.

I. G. MATTHEWS, '97.

ELIZABETHAN CATCHES.

I.

Bees buzzing overhead,
 Dreamily I lie,
 Idly and dreamily,
 A lazy fellow I!
 Flowers their perfume shed
 Sweet is my clover-bed,
 While by bright Fancy led,
 Dreamily I lie,
 Idly and dreamily,
 A lazy fellow I!

II.

Life and Death,
 Deceit, despair,
 So shall the varlets vary;
 A stifling breath
 Cuts off our care,—
 Now by 'r Lady Mary,
 Life, Death,
 Everywhere,
 Must take us all unwary!

C. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE recommend all readers of the MONTHLY to peruse attentively Mr. Lamport's article in the present number. The writer has thought out his subject carefully, and presents with great force some views of the relations of citizen and church member which are well worth consideration. It is well to look at all sides of this question, to see ourselves as others see us, and thereby to avoid assuming positions that are not tenable, or claiming as peculiarly ours principles that are far more widely active than we are wont to believe.

As student, pastor and professor, Thomas Trotter has been long and closely identified with our educational work, and no name is held in higher esteem within our walls, or awakens more pleasing memories than his. Dr. Rand sets a high value on the part which Mr. Trotter has contributed to the realization of the gratifying position which McMaster holds among Toronto Universities to-day, an estimate which we feel sure all friends of the University will heartily approve. Though no longer a member of our Faculty, Mr. Trotter is still closely connected with University work, and long may his life and strength be spared to wield that influence for moral good in which few are so powerful as he.

THE indebtedness of the University to Dr. Gifford for his able and inspiring sermon before the Fyfe Missionary Society was increased by his address before the students on the following morning in the College chapel. The address was a fitting supplement to the sermon, and served to enforce its truths. In the sermon he expounded the doctrine of Christian stewardship ; in his address he showed how the steward would be paid according to the quality of the service performed. The moral universe was so constructed that every reaping would be according to the sowing, whether of the flesh unto corruption, or of the Spirit unto eternal life. The spirit of unselfishness lay at the heart of the kingdom of Jesus Christ—constituted the very essence of acceptable service for Him. It was of the very nature of the Christian religion that those who gave the most of it away to others had the most of it left for themselves. Those who acted on the principle of saving their lives would lose them, while those who lost them in self-denying effort for the spiritual good of their fellows, would find them again on earth reproduced in the lives whom they had thus saved, and finally glorified in heaven. Dr. Gifford's pithy, antithetical sentences will linger in the memory of the students, and the important truths which these sentences enshrined, in all their hearts.

CHAON ORR, by Mrs. Eva Rose York, is an attractive little volume of rather more than a hundred pages. It takes the form of a novel, though the author in her preface disclaims any attempt at producing a novel. All the same, young and old alike will find here a very interesting story. The spirit of poetry throws its charm over the style, so that it abounds in striking sentences and descriptive passages of great beauty. The main purpose of the book, however, is not to furnish us with a few hours' entertainment. It is more serious than that, and seeks to aid the reader in dealing with life's greatest questions by tracing the "development of the real life of Chaon Orr." Where can true rest and highest freedom be found? What is life's true centre? What the place of strength and courage, of intellectual culture, of poetry and art and music? These are the questions that confront young Orr. His early experiences, at home, college days with their entanglement in false views of life, the finding at last of a "blissful centre" in which his heart might rest, and the later adjustment of other things to that, are sketched sympathetically, and reveals a good deal of insight, careful analysis, and a high degree of literary skill. The book will bear, may almost demand, re-reading: for it is perhaps, too highly condensed. The transitions are abrupt, and seem at times unnatural; the language occasionally strikes one as extravagant—indicating feelings that the situation does not seem to warrant; and the discussions are not as clear and satisfying to the average reader as a fuller treatment might make them. The nature of the argument too is poetic rather than severely logical, and so will repay a second reading if one is to have the same assurance of the soundness of the reasoning that he has of the soundness of the conclusion. That conclusion is that only in Jesus, the Saviour, can the soul find safe rest, and that the knowledge of Him is the key to the truest appreciation and use of all that is beautiful in nature and life, in literature and art. We believe that this book will have a very useful mission in the world. In that hope we cordially commend it to our readers.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

CORNELL offers a course in the Russian language and literature.

IAN MACLAREN (Rev. John Watson) has been lecturing at Yale.

BROWN is the only college in America which offers a course in Dutch.

THERE was sold in one year in the college town of New Haven, 25,000,000 cigarettes.

THE Faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college papers to count for English in the regular course.

THE *University of Michigan Daily* is authority for the statement that the degree of A.B. will be required for entrance to the Medical Department in a few years.

SEVERAL of our exchanges have printed excellent pictures of their Editorial Staff, Foot ball Team, and the *Transylvanian* has in addition excellent pictures of the presidents of its four Literary Societies.

The Echo wishes to place Olivet on the list of those colleges which appreciate the value of work on college publications. A year's work is accepted for a year of rhetorical work.—*Ex.*

THE women of Cornell University have decided to form a rowing crew. The Faculty are in favor of the movement, and Mr. Courtney, the Cornell coach, is to instruct them in rowing.

A letter by Miss A. L. Dicklow, Ph. M., appears in a late number of the *Ottawa Campus*. The writer, in a chatty conversational style, describes Canada and Toronto in general, and Moulton College life in particular.

KINDLY notices of our MONTHLY have appeared in many of our valued exchanges. Notably *Manitoba College Monthly*, *McGill Fortnightly*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Student*, *Delphic University Monthly*, *Sunbeam* and others.

A MUSICAL combine has been effected of the great Choral Union of the Western Universities. The intention is to render the oratorios of the great masters in the town and cities where the colleges are located in succession, producing one oratorio or two each college year.

Queen's University Journal is uniformly good, the typography is of the best, the matter dignified and worthy of careful reading. A recent

number contained an excellent portrait of the late Rev. D. J. McDonnell, with an appreciative memoir.

It is evident that an agricultural college student produced the following: "When you talk about there being a better state than Ohio, every potato winks his eye, every cabbage shakes its head, every beet gets red in the face, every onion feels stronger, every oat field is shocked, rye strokes its beard, corn pricks up its ears, and every foot of ground kicks."—*College Days*.

THE late H. A. Massey, of Toronto, has made the following bequests to educational institutions:—Mount Allison College, \$100,000; Victoria College, \$200,000; Wesley College, \$100,000; Wesleyan Theological College, \$50,000; the American University, Washington, \$50,000; Alma Ladies' College, \$10,000; Stanstead Wesley College, \$10,000.

PROF. HENRY A. ROWLAND, of Johns Hopkins University, after nearly a year's labor, has obtained successful results from a remarkable invention for transmitting telegrams written upon a typewriter at the place of sending and reproduced in typewritten form at the receiving part of the invention. Prof. Rowland, with his new machine, can send over the same wire five or six different messages at the same time in one direction.—*Yale News*.

WE live, not for the final scene of life, but for the whole course of living. Life, as a life, never can be wholly right unless it is begun right. "If you miss the first buttonhole you will not succeed in buttoning up your coat," says Goethe. Things may even up at the end, but it will not be without an ugly buckle in the cloth somewhere. Nor is it enough to have begun right. Any button in the row may make the trouble. A right is a life of right living all the way through.

HOPE is a duty. Despair is a sin. There is a bright side and a dark side to life itself, and to every event in life. We can choose our point of view, it is not forced upon us. We can resolutely look toward the light, or away from it. There is no cheer in gloom; there is no gloom in cheer. Our duty toward God, toward others, and toward ourselves, demands that we should always recognize and be grateful for the light that is, and thus honor God, help others, and be glad ourselves.—*S. S. Times*.

OF all the popular American airs, the favorites of Edouard Remenyi, the great violinist, are "Suane River" and "Dixey." It recently came to the notice of Mr. Remenyi that the author of "Dixey," Mr. Dan Emmett, was living in poverty in an obscure town in Ohio. The fact so touched the heart of the genial genius, that he immediately set about raising a fund for relief, and started it himself with a contribution of \$50. That a man who could compose "Dixey" should live in poverty in enlightened America is something unaccountable.

IT is a matter of regret that the University never has had enough spirit to give a Greek play, and has let this honor stay in the west with several institutions of a quarter her size in point of numbers. The Latin play, "The Menaechmi," which was given here a few years ago was a great success, and there is plenty of ability to accomplish the greater task of presenting a comedy or tragedy in the original Greek. Prof. D'Ooge witnessed the *Antigone* of Sophocles, at Toronto two years ago and would undoubtedly give the benefit of his support and experience to the project. The sophomore classes in Greek are now larger than ever before and there is an excellent chance for '98 to show its spirit and scholarship in this affair.—*University of Michigan Daily.*

IN reading the accounts of the desperate efforts of the American and Australian prize fighters to get at each other, we wonder if these columns of blow and bluster are demanded or relished by newspaper readers. Both of these gentlemen have given a half dozen "ultimatums" couched in language made extremely disgusting and nauseating by a prolific use of personal pronouns and a generous indulgence in the common vernacular of braggadocios. It is extremely doubtful if the intelligent reader be interested in such. When Mr. John Sullivan, in a half drunken condition, arises at a banquet in New York and delivers himself of a "speech" bristling with complimentary references to his own prowess and heaping abuse upon his fellow-craftsmen, it may be seriously questioned whether or not the American public cares anything about such maudlin expressions. While it is doubtless true that the newspapers are led to publish much that is really objectionable because it is demanded by the public, yet we believe that the average newspaper reader would prefer not to have such rubbish as we have mentioned constantly thrust upon his notice. We can easily get along without it.

A DEADLY blow has been struck at Mohammedanism in India by the translation of the Koran into simple, idiomatic Urdu, the language of the common people of a large part of Northern India. Mohammed forbade the translation of his book, and his superstitious followers have believed it could not be put into any language except Arabic, the language in which it was written. The translation into Urdu is the work of an able Mohammedan convert to Christianity, and it has caused consternation to the defenders of Islam. The power of Islam has been that its Book existed only in Arabic, which few in India understand, or in ambiguous paraphrases. Now that it is in form to be read by the common people there is a panic in the camp of Islam. Two Mohammedan copyists engaged on the translation have abandoned Islam in disgust. "The Word of God! it is not even the word of a decent man," they said. This indicates a most encouraging break in the solid ranks of Mohammedanism.—*Albert College Times.*

THE American school at Athens, which has been so instrumental in helping on the exploration and excavation of Greek remains in Greece and thereabouts, has received permission from the Greek government to excavate and explore the Isthmus of Corinth, says the *Pennsylvanian.*

This is a most important concession and one of great moment at this time, for the Isthmus of Corinth and the site of the ancient city of that name have never been excavated. This region, therefore, promises to be a most fruitful field of research. The point which renders it exceptionally promising is the fact that the site of the city of Corinth is now a flat plain with no buildings of any kind about; not as in too many cases the site of some new town or city, rendering excavation almost impossible or only at great cost. So those in charge have every facility to aid them in their search, for Corinth presents a chance of finding remains the equals of any yet discovered. This city, for years one of the leading powers in Greece, was the trade centre and mart for all land traffic between Northern Greece and the Peloponnesus. Here, too, were held the famous Pythian games, which drew together people from all Greece, who contributed each their part to make the city wealthy and beautiful. Corinth was also a great center of art, and held within its walls many masterpieces of sculpture and architecture. It is true that many of these works were destroyed or taken away to Rome by Mummius when he sacked the city in the second century, B.C., but many must have escaped him, and these are now within the grasp of American explorers. If all goes well the result of their work should prove of incalculable value and throw new light on many points of Greek art and history now dark.

THE improvements which W. H. Soulby has lately added to the microphone, or "sound magnifier," make it one of the most marvellous mechanical contrivances of the age. The special construction of this instrument is of no particular interest to any one except experts, but what is told of its wonderful powers as a magnifier of sounds will entertain young and old, as well as the scientific and unscientific readers of "Notes for the Curious." After the instrument had been completed with the exception of a few finishing touches, Soulby found it absolutely necessary to keep the door of his workshop tightly closed, so as to admit no sounds from the outside, otherwise the inarticulate rumblings given off by the "ejector" would have become unbearable. Even with closed doors the cap had to be kept constantly in place on the receiver to keep the instrument from sending forth a roar, which previous investigation had proved to be a combination of sounds produced by watch beats, breathing, the hum of flies, etc. A fly walking across the receiver of the instrument made a sound equal to a horse crossing a bridge, and when Mr. Soulby laid his arm across the box the blood rushing in his veins gave forth a sound which much resembled that made by the pump of a large steam engine. The playing of a piano in a house across the street was, when ejected from Soulby's machine, like the roar of an avalanche, and the washing of dishes in the kitchen of a house across the alley made a sound which the inventor says was a "burden to his soul." When anyone entered the room, walked about, coughed, touched the table or door handles, the shriek which issued from the ejector was most painful to hear. Hundreds of uses have been suggested for the microphone, the most practical being those of blood circulation and lung test.

A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL.

A young lady sings in our choir
 Whose hair is the color of phoir,
 But her charm is unique,
 She has such a fair chique
 It is really a charm to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
 She gives me a beautiful smaisle,
 And of all her beaux
 I am certain she sheaux
 She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
 Low-cut at the front and the bacque
 And a lovely hoquet
 Worn in such a cute wnet
 As only a few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows to antique,
 In marriage her hand I shall sique ;
 If she's not a coquette
 Which I'd greatly regruette,
 She shall share my six dollar a wique.

THE *Independent*, of New York ; *Sunday-School Times*, of Philadelphia ; and *Massey's Magazine* will publish poems by Mr. G. H. Clarke, '95. THE *Ram's Horn* has accepted a short story from Mr. S. R. Tarr, '95.

THE *Owl* has said a good many cross words since the Manitoba school question was mooted. It is not at all strange that the *Owl* cannot agree with everything expressed in the exchanges. Catholics do not seem to be able to distinguish between things that differ. It is surely not necessary to make every question a religious one, and yet it would seem that our Catholic exchange can see in every sentence uttered by a Protestant, whether it be scientific, historic or political, some secret intrigue, or some covert criticism of the HOLY ROMAN CHURCH. The following admirable reply to one of these growls is clipped from *Queen's College Journal*.—"Our grave friend the *Owl* was very cross last week and apparently very sleepy too. After reading into our report of Prof. Marshall's address on Galileo, something which was not there, he ruffled up his feathers and gave our whole institution a severed rubbing. If our irate friend will consult his history, he will find that in the time of Galileo the church did believe in the Ptolemaic theory, and if that implies a fault, though we fail to see that it does, history, and not our respected professor, is to be blamed for the reproach. The church, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, has ever been slow to admit the claims of advancing science, and even to-day certain scientific theories are mooted questions with the church. We thank our friend the *Owl* for his solicitude for our Roman Catholic

students, than whom there are no more loyal sons of Queen's. But the solicitude is uncalled for. These men will let us know when their religion has been insulted or the tenets of their church misrepresented. But they are not looking out as is the Owl—from its watch-tower—for fancied insults, and being reasonable men, they do not object to the statement of a plain historical fact nearly three centuries old, nor do they take it as a reflection upon the church which they love and revere as devotedly as do their brethren of Ottawa College. The 'many such instances' are, no doubt, of a piece with the one that has called forth this hooting of our nocturnal friend. As for the attack upon our Principal, no comment is necessary. It must be merely the moulting season with this *rara avis*, which is, after all, one of our most valued exchanges."

AN old Varsity boy writes a most interesting letter regarding Stanford University. It is so racy we cannot forbear clipping a paragraph or two:—"Here we are, in the middle of February. I suppose you are all, by this time, getting slightly tired of frost and snow, and longing occasionally for the bursting buds, the robins, and the young grass of triumphant spring. How odd it is to think of you trudging to and fro between library and lecture rooms, muffled to the ears and 'hustling' along to keep circulation up. With the exception of a couple of weeks' rain, we have been enjoying the most splendid weather ever since I reached here on Sept. 9th. I wish you all could have a peep at the green fields, the leafy trees, the cloudless skies, the flowers, fruits, and birds of the Santa Clara Valley. Only twice since last March have I seen snow: first, as I came through the Rocky Mountains over the C.P.R.; and again when a light mantle of 'the beautiful' wrapped for a day or two the rugged sides of Mount Hamilton, on which stands the Lick Observatory, plainly visible, though some forty miles to the eastward of Palo Alto.

"When this reaches you, the *Conversazione* will be a thing of the past, and only the election contests in the various societies and the swift approaching 'exams.' will remain to cheer the uneventful way. It seems hard to realize that I shall have no long-drawn agony in May this year. Here, there are no finals; every Stanford student already has the majority of his examinations over and done with. It is marvellous that the old system should still exist in Toronto and other Canadian universities. The fact that it does, proves the conservatism and long-suffering of our people, for it has long ago been condemned root and branch by the most advanced educationists; and truly it has many evils. Another thing hard for me to realize is that I shall see nothing this year corresponding in the smallest degree to the great annual election contest of Toronto. If our beloved old university has one institution peculiarly and entirely its own, it is the Literary Society election. Whenever I describe that feature of our life to the fellows here, they listen in open-mouthed wonderment; but afterwards, upon mature reflection, invariably set me down as a would-be rival of Baron Munchausen. They cannot understand it at all. They want to know what our parties fight about. But I, like Peterkin's grandfather, can only shake my head and say: 'It was a famous victory.'"

COLLEGE NEWS.

W. P. COHOE, '96, R. D. GEORGE, '97
 J. F. VICHERT, '97, MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98
Editors.

THE UNIVERSITY.

THE Library received nearly 300 books during March. Dr. Newman was the chief donor.

THERE is said to be *circum-stantial* evidence that one of our men was out for a walk the other night.

EVERYONE was pleased to welcome Mr. G. N. Simmons, '96, back again well and strong after his recent illness.

MESSRS. A. R. Park, Th. '98, and D. B. Harkness, '97, have had to give up work for the present on account of illness.

We are much pleased to learn that Dr. Rand is to deliver the Oration at the Encœnia of New Brunswick on the 28th of May.

GENTLEMEN desiring the new silent ring attachment on their bicycles should not fail to call on Mr. McKechnie.

MR. W. P. SPOTTS has the sympathy of the school in the sore bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his mother in Victoria, B.C.

MANY of our students were visibly affected the other day on hearing the strains of "Sweet Bye and Bye" from a street organ playing outside the Examination Hall.

SAID one metaphysician to another: "If you want an adequate idea of eternity, come to my boarding house and hear for one night my landlady's daughter play the piano."

THE "Argosy," laden with a rich and varied cargo, gathered from many sources, under the direction of Messrs. H. W. Newman, '99, and W. B. Teakles, '98, furnished an abundance of amusement, pleasure and instruction for the closing meeting of the Tennysonian Society.

THE students were very happy to entertain Dr. Neff, of the Neff College of Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa., at tea one evening this month. After tea Dr. Neff was kind enough to talk to us on the subject, "Education and Everyday Oratory." Dr. Neff managed this subject in a very interesting and instructive manner. All present were very

much delighted that they had availed themselves of this opportunity. We can assure Dr. Neff of a warm welcome when he again visits McMaster.

THE closing meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, April 3rd. The Society under the able presidency of Mr. J. J. McNeill, '96, has had a very successful term, and the president and officers deserve congratulations for the success which has attended their efforts. The chief interest of the last meeting centered in the reading of the "Student" by its efficient editor-in-chief, Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97. Needless to say it was brimful of bright jokes, articles containing more or less sense, and effective local hits, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed by the members present.

AN open meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on Friday evening, March 20th. Resolved—"That the so-called balance of power is the best means for maintaining and promoting peace and justice among the European powers," was the subject in hand for debate, and after able discussion on both sides was decided in favour of the affirmative. Messrs. R. D. George, '97, and J. C. McFarlane, '99, upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. L. Brown, '96, and F. J. Scott, the negative. The readings by Miss Jessie Dryden and Mr. W. J. Thorold, B.A., were well received, as was evinced by the hearty encores. The musical part of the programme consisted of an instrumental selection by Miss V. Kirk, of Moulton College, a song by Mr. McAlpine, B.A., and selections by the University Orchestra and Glee Club. Mr. C. J. Holman, M.A., one of the Board of Governors, kindly acted as Judge of the debate.

THE Philosophical Club, under the Presidency of Prof. Ten Broeke, has had a very interesting and profitable session. The president has taken great pains to make all the meetings a success, and he has accomplished his purpose. The problems in the philosophical world which have been brought before the Club and discussed have been both interesting and instructive. The meetings have been well attended both by professors and students, and although the last to find its place among the numerous clubs of this institution, it is one of the largest and most thriving.

THE Camelot Club held its last meeting for this college year on Saturday, April 11th. Dr. Rand, the Honorary President, gave us a very interesting hour in reading and talking about poetry. Many of his beautiful poems of various types were read and commented upon, much to the delight and profit of all present. Dr. Rand's reading of poetry and stimulating lectures are always peculiarly interesting to all lovers of English song and the Camelot Club during the past session has been peculiarly favored by his presence and help. An earnest and hearty vote of thanks was moved by Mr. G. H. Clarke, '95, and seconded by J. C. Sycamore, '96. Our meetings from month to month have been very interesting and helpful, our last meeting certainly was a very fitting climax, and the hour will not soon be forgotten.

DEEP earnestness of spirit characterized the closing meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society held on Tuesday, March 31st. The addresses were full of practical, helpful suggestions for the summer's work on the Mission fields. The morning session began at 10 o'clock with a devotional service conducted by Vice-President Reeve. During the business meeting which followed an interesting letter full of bright hopes was read from Missionary H. Stillwell. Missionary Laflamme then gave a most instructive address on the work in India. After giving a few statistics showing the great number of young men who have never heard of the Christ, the present rapid increase in population and the vast number of the gods (330,000,000), Bro. Laflamme gave us a bird's-eye view of the Akidu field, and related the various incidents of an inquiry meeting. This account gave a more vivid conception of the work and, spite of difficulties, inspired us with a longing to be working where the need is so great. City Missionary Hall, by special request of the Society, then spoke on "Personal work among Roman Catholics." From his varied experience Bro. Hall related many touching and thrilling incidents connected with the conversion of many who had been won by the simple telling of the Gospel story in love and in the power of the Spirit. Many of the students will do better work this summer for these helpful words. The President, Professor Farmer, took charge of the afternoon session. After an earnest devotional service, Bro. F. L. Fowke, of Oshawa, gave a stirring practical address on "The Business Man and Christian Work." Many earnest suggestions were given as to the way in which wide-awake pastors might avail themselves of the wealth, talent, and executive ability of the business members of the church. Bro. Fowke has laid the society under deep obligation for his manly and instructive words. Pastor Eaton of the Bloor street Church followed with an address on "Spiritual Quickening." The subject was dealt with under the headings of a Gospel of (1) Largeness, (2) Life, (3) Love. In enlarging on the last heading Bro. Eaton emphasized the necessity of being filled with the Spirit of Love in all the largeness revealed in the word and obtained by secret prayer and communion. Then indeed should we be spirit-quickened and our lives made fruitful. Bro. McEwen then closed these most earnest meetings by commending the students to the care of the loving Father, for the summer months.

On Sunday evening, April 12th, in Bloor St. Baptist church, Rev. O. P. Gifford preached the annual sermon of the Fyfe Missionary Society. The subject of the sermon was "Stewardship," taken from 1 Pet. iv. 10: "As good stewards of the manifest grace of God." This Oriental term, which has no parallel in Western languages, was aptly and humorously illustrated by the office and work of Abraham's servant Eliezer. Out of the stewardship of the Old Testament came the idea of the New—absolute ownership.

The Christian belongs absolutely to God. When the speaker was touched by the finger of God, he began to speak in the prayer meeting. The deacons said, "You ought to study for the ministry. These talents belong to God." But no one had said, when he was a clerk in a warehouse, "Your money belongs to God." God made *men*, not ministers.

It is an infamous doctrine, that a man has anything, when he himself belongs to God.

Absolute ownership involves control of—

(1) Time, (2) Talent, (3) Acquisition, (4) Communion with God, (5) Service for God.

As well might the violinist in the orchestra tell the leader, "This instrument is mine, I will use it or not, as I please,"—as for a business man to break the harmony of Christ's church by hugging his wealth.

How few know their *Time* belongs to God !

When the speaker's father was a boy, a neighbor came to his grandfather and offered him a position in which he might be fitted in time for great usefulness. "No" was the reply: "his time is mine till he is twenty-one"; and thus a life was wrecked on the reef of his father's selfishness. But a Christian never comes of age.

When Lazarus was raised from the dead, no doubt he regarded the years that followed as sacred. But what of the years before his resurrection? And when we step down to the black water and dip our finger into its tide, and are recalled, how real life becomes !

Mr. Gifford preached in College St. Baptist church on the morning of the same day, giving a strong and helpful exposition of "Comforter" John xiv. 16. The sermon consisted of a series of well selected illustrations, showing that the Scriptural meaning of "comfort" is strengthen.

On Monday morning, after chapel service, our Chancellor, in a happy speech, introduced Mr. Gifford as One Peculiarly Gifted.

Mr. Gifford, in response, gave a brief address, based upon the parable of the Unjust Steward. Selfishness and sacrifice, he said, are the two possible centres of every man's life. It does not pay to be selfish, *e.g.*, *Æsop's Fables*—Fox and Stork Dining—Monkey and Roasted Chestnuts. Selfishness is the thing Christ came to destroy.

" Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

MOULTON COLLEGE.

OWING to ill-health, Miss Spowers Graham was unable to finish her year's work, so left for her home in Lindsay on Friday last.

WE were pleased to have a short visit from one of the '95 graduates, Miss Carrie Fisher, who came down to attend the Paderewski Concert.

WE residents of Moulton have been pursuing our usual routine in life, only relieved now and then by occasional and much-welcomed events. At the thought of approaching examinations, our faces become lengthened, and we no longer care for the gaities of life, but our burdened minds are kept from despondency by the anticipation of our well-earned reward—the holidays.

ON Friday evening, April 10th, the class of '99 provided the entire programme for the Heliconian Society. Several musical numbers and a very amusing dialogue were given, and the final number, the "Sunflower Chorus," was entirely beyond criticism. The audience was quite delighted with the manner in which the programme was rendered, and we have great hopes for the future of our youngest class.

As a substitute for the regular open Heliconian meeting, which has usually taken place after the Easter holidays, the Faculty, this year, gave the students of the College a reception. During the evening a number of musical selections and two or three short recitations were given. This social manner of passing the time was an agreeable change from the ordinary formal literary, and all the students enjoyed the entertainment exceedingly.

It was with extreme pleasure and benefit that we listened to the famous pianist, Paderewski, on April 9th. It is quite unnecessary to speak at length of his great genius and wonderful execution. The papers and magazines of the day have already almost exhausted the musical vocabulary in endeavoring to do him justice. Suffice it to say that he aroused even in the minds of the least sympathetic of his hearers, every emotion which true music is capable of expressing, and surpassed our highest expectations.

ON Friday and Saturday afternoons, May 1st and 2nd, our Studio was opened for the inspection of the work done by the art-students during the term. It was thronged with visitors, who passed many favorable comments on the work displayed. Besides flower-studies in oil and water-color, and work from the antique, some clever pen-and-ink sketches and some remarkably good modelling in clay were exhibited. Mrs. Dignam is to be congratulated on the way in which she inspires her pupils, and Moulton is fortunate in having a teacher who is able to arouse such enthusiasm among them, and who has such a high conception of the educative value of art.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

AT the last meeting of the Judson Missionary Society, Rev. Dr. Dadson addressed us with his usual force and freshness, on the subject, "The Oratory of Jesus," "Never Man Spake like this Man."

FRIDAY morning, April 17, brought us the pleasure of Rev. R. G. Boville's presence at our chapel service. In a few happy remarks he won the interest and applause of all. Nor was it with less pleasure that we followed him on a camel ride to Mount Sinai, and along the route travelled by the emigrant Israelites. This trip was made vivid and instructive by the aid of lime-light views, charming description and many personal incidents.

ON April 21st a very enthusiastic meeting of the bicycle riders was held for the purpose of organizing a club for the term. It was decided to call our club the Woodstock College Bicycle Club, having for its badge streamers of red, white and college colors, and the time for runs, Monday and Thursday evenings. The following officers were then elected: Hon. Pres., Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace; Pres., W. R. Smith, B.A.; Vice-Pres., F. C. Elliott; Sec.-Treas., H. A. Smith; Captain, E. E. Howell; Lieutenant, W. Grant.

THE members of the First Baptist Church were fortunate in securing Dr. Thomas, of Jarvis St. Church, to preach at their anniversary services which were held on Sunday, 19th inst. We were all greatly delighted and withal profited by the sermons, which were full of fresh and original thought. And this being clothed in most elegant language spoken with force and eloquence, made the Dr.'s visit one that shall be long remembered by those who availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing him. On the following Monday evening the Dr. delivered his popular lecture on "Living in a Hurry." The points made, and driven home by interesting and witty stories, by way of illustration, did not fail to make the hour spent with the lecturer a most enjoyable one. We shall always hail with delight a visit from this popular divine.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Our gymnasium has found a new use. The boys have lately devoted it to the game of basket-ball, which to Feller Institute is a new and exceedingly popular game. The students are quite enthusiastic in their devotion to it.

The religious interest in the school that we mentioned last month, has been bearing fruit. The spiritual life of the school has been much quickened. About twenty students have professed conversion, while last Sunday evening our pastor had the joy of baptizing seven. Of these six were students of the school.

The Society of Intellectual Culture, having had such a successful Dickens Evening last month, determined to try the same plan for a French programme, devoted to Victor Hugo. The ladies worked hard and success crowned their labors. The amount of reading and composition to be done, in order to make such a programme interesting and instructive, must surely result in great good to the students that do it. At the same time our interest in these authors is increased. We assure the ladies that their efforts in this direction are heartily appreciated.

OF our two rival papers, "The Monitor" and "La Vérité," which for the last two years have been so bitterly assailing one another, each

has at last accomplished its object, viz. : the other's destruction. Both fought bravely, and we congratulate them upon their success ; may they now rest in peace ! From their ruins, however, Wm. Cotton has succeeded in resurrecting an independent publication called "The Rising Bell," whose editor we often see around with pencil and note-book soliciting information. We wish the new paper a better fate than its predecessors have had.

"La Grippe" has been busy at Feller Institute again. Being free from it so long during the winter we thought it had forgotten us. We were mistaken. It was only waiting for a favorable opportunity of attack. This was found just before exams., when one after another of the students felt its grasp. Nor were its effects felt by students alone. Teachers were not passed by. In one instance all the lady teachers were in its hold at once. We are glad to say that all the teachers have recovered, and that only one student, who had a very severe, attack is still confined to his room. The doctor says this one also will soon be around again.

The Final Examinations for the Winter Term have come and gone, with the usual successes and failures. Some of the students who have been so happy and light-hearted all the year are now mourning over the fact that they did not settle down to work soon enough. Others who have more soberly wrestled with the difficulties of every day are now rejoicing over the victories won. Four of our boys we expect to go to McMaster University next year. One will take the Arts Course in McGill, and another will probably be found studying Medicine at Laval. After a little further study, during the Spring Term, we expect these to be prepared to enter upon their respective Courses.

On April 2nd our closing exercises for the school year were held in Feller Institute. Owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads, and the stormy weather, very few visitors were present. A good programme of music and recitations was provided, which, with the reading of the marks obtained in examinations, made the day pass very pleasantly. In the evening a good many of the students left for home for the Easter vacation. We still have another term of seven weeks before the end of the school year. During the Spring Term we expect to have about fifty students left with us. Many others would remain, but are compelled by financial circumstances to leave now, in order that they may earn enough money to enable them to come back again next winter.

The annual meeting of the Students' Societ, of Feller Institute took place on Feb. 27th. There were present nearly all our missionary pastors, and a larger number of old students than usual. We were very pleased to have so many missionaries with us at one time. The Wednesday evening prayer-meeting was taken charge of almost entirely by the pastor, so that it amounted almost to a missionary conference, which was a change thoroughly enjoyed by all. Thursday morning the

pastors spent in discussing plans and suggestions for future work. Some important changes in the work were suggested which no doubt will be adopted in due time. In the afternoon came the business meeting of the Student Society. The President, Mr. Leonard Therrien, occupied the chair. The Society showed improvement in several directions, but especially in its finances. A desire to bind the old students more closely to the Alma Mater being felt, the Society voted money for the purchase of a printing-press, with which to publish monthly reports and items of interest, to be distributed among the members of the Society. In the evening a good miscellaneous programme was provided by the school. A paper by Rev. Mr. Roux, a former Principal of Feller Institute, occupied a prominent place on the programme. This meeting was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings of old students that we have ever had. Our accommodation was taxed to its utmost. It was truly an encouraging sight to see so many French Baptists crowding our halls. The efforts of the past have not been fruitless, May we not hope, now that the work is well established, that progress will be much more rapid?