



Sincerely Yours
Adam B. Wash

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ADAM BURWASH.

The eastern portion of Ontario has given to the Baptist ministry some of its ablest and best men. The mention of the names of J. McLaurin, R. S. McArthur, D. A. McGregor, J. L. Campbell, and Adam Burwash, is proof sufficient of this fact. Some of them are still occupying important positions, and are doing heroic service for the Master. Others after "serving their generation by the will of God, have fallen on sleep," but their work and influence abide, uplifting and blessing lives, and shall continue so to do until the last redeemed soul shall pass into the presence of the Lord, and bow with them in blissful adoration before the throne.

The last named of these devoted servants of the Most High, was born in East Hawkesbury, Prescott County, April 3rd, 1852. He came of a godly ancestry. There is still in the family a ring, which was owned by one of his ancestors in the sixteenth century, and on the inside of which is engraved the following—"We live in love and fear the Lord." Mr. Burwash's father was a man of deep, unostentatious piety. He died some years ago, exclaiming, "How can I fear when I have such a great High Priest." His mother was a deeply pious woman. She was a prayerful and diligent student of the Word of God. The Bible

was her constant companion. She was much beloved by all her neighbors. She prayed and worked for the salvation of Roman Catholics, many of whom lived near her home. Many of them attended her funeral, and mingled their tears with those of Protestants over her grave. It was largely owing to her teaching and example, that her son became so interested in the salvation of Romanists, and it was one of the happiest days in her life, when she learned that he had resigned the pastorate of an English Baptist church, to give himself fully to French evangelization in connection with the Grande Ligne Board.

At the time of Mr. Burwash's birth, and for a number of years afterwards, his parents were members of the Methodist church, and prayerfully and diligently sought to bring their children up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." From a boy the subject of this sketch was thoughtful and studious. It was his great ambition to secure a thorough education. As soon as circumstances permitted he left home to attend the Vankleek Hill Grammar School. While there he was converted at the age of sixteen, and joined the Methodist church. He at once gave himself unreservedly to Christian work among his ungodly companions and friends. He loved to study the Bible, for the upbuilding of his character and for the better fitting of himself for dealing with unsaved souls. This study of the Word led him to the conclusion that immersion and immersion only, was Scriptural baptism. To break away from early associations was no easy matter, but being always thoroughly conscientious and fearless he decided to be immersed. Accordingly he went to Rev. W. K. Anderson, who had been instrumental under God in leading him to accept the Saviour, and made known his views, and was by him baptized and received into the fellowship of the Breadalbane church. Through his labors his parents also soon afterwards became members of a Baptist church.

Immediately after his change of views he decided to give himself to the work of the Gospel ministry, and began the study of the French language. He gave two full college years to it, one at Grande Ligne, the other at McGill University, Montreal. About this time his health failed from overstudy, and he left college to preach to the English and French in the Ottawa Valley, especially at Papineauville, and at Dalesville. Regaining

his health he went to Woodstock, and spent three years in the study of theology. Leaving Woodstock, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Eaton, in the Eastern Townships, where he labored successfully, beloved by all, for nearly four years. In August, 1880, he was united in marriage to Miss Cecilia Dockstader Burwash, who was throughout the remainder of his life a thoroughly devoted helpmeet in every way. She entered heartily into all his plans, and much of his success as a student and missionary is due to her inspiration and example.

While laboring at Eaton, he felt the need of a better training for his work. Hence he resigned the oversight of the church to attend Toronto University. Here he took the full Arts course, taking honors in Mental and Moral Philosophy, and two prizes and a scholarship in Oriental Languages. While prosecuting his studies at the University, and afterwards, he served the Dominionville church, as pastor, for about four years. It was indeed a period of great blessing to this church and to the cause at Maxwell. There was a revival of spiritual life, and a marked growth in the knowledge of the Scriptures, followed by a greater consecration to Christ, and more loyalty to the truth. He left Dominionville, at the earnest solicitation of friends in Quebec, to accept the pastorate of the newly reorganized and struggling cause in the city of Sherbrooke. He labored there for nearly four years, endearing himself to all associated with him in Christian work.

It was largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Fulton, who was at that time pastor of Grace Church in Montreal, that Mr. Burwash left Sherbrooke to give himself fully to missionary work among the benighted Romanists in the Province of Quebec, thousands of whom were as ignorant of the way of salvation as the heathen in India. Prior to this he used to give what time he could spare from the regular work of the pastorate of an English speaking church, to evangelistic efforts among the French on the fields upon which he labored. He now felt that the call had come to him to give up the regular work of the pastorate and enter fully into pioneer missionary effort among the Roman Catholics of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. He at once obeyed the call, and gave himself unreservedly to this important and difficult undertaking, in which he was marvelously successful.

It was mainly through his efforts that the work that has grown to be so fruitful in results at Maskinongé, Sorel, Canaan, Quebec City, and other places, was begun. True, in carrying on the work in these fields he received valuable assistance from other missionaries of the Grande Ligne Board. His work was more in the line of exploration. For this he was preëminently qualified. He was wise, judicious, patient, persevering and fearless. He was always on the alert for an opening to preach the Gospel. Whenever he heard of a parish in revolt, he went as soon as possible, sometimes single-handed and alone, to tell the people of Jesus and His love. At times he came near suffering bodily injury from those he went to benefit. The priests would denounce him from the pulpit, and stir up the people against the "heretic" as they called him, but God cared for His servant, and he suffered no harm. While labouring in the city of Quebec, a mob attacked the *salle* in which he and his co-laborers were conducting services: windows and doors were broken by stones, and had it not been for the timely arrival of help it is hard to say what the results might have been. It was while laboring in that dark and idolatrous city, that he resigned as a missionary of the Grande Ligne Board, owing to differences of opinion that arose between him and members of the Board, concerning methods of work. His resignation was accepted, and he left at once for the United States, to begin work there similar to that in which he was engaged in here. During his stay there he preached to large numbers of French Catholics, who had emigrated from Quebec to labor in the factories in the New England states. God owned and blessed his ministry there, to the salvation of souls, and to the quickening of an interest among the churches visited by him in the work of French evangelization.

As he travelled from place to place there he concluded that great good might be done by holding open air meetings in the great centres for the benefit of Romanists, who would not, for fear of the priests, enter a hall or chapel to hear a Protestant minister preach. After much prayer and consultation with brethren, he resolved to try the experiment. Before doing so, however, he decided to visit his relatives and friends in Canada, and rest for a season in order to be better fitted to carry on this arduous labor. With this end in view he left Somerville, Mass.,

in May, 1896, purposing to return about the first of the following August, to test what he believed to be the best plan for reaching and saving those whose spiritual welfare lay so heavily upon his heart.

During his stay in Canada he was not idle. How could he rest when there were so many of those whom he loved going down to eternal night "without God and without hope in the world?" Toil on he must for their salvation. After visiting the Baptist Convention in Montreal, he preached in Ottawa, Dominionville, Maxwell, Clarence, Canaan, and Rockland. After visiting those places he decided to begin open air meetings in the Ottawa Valley, for the benefit of French Roman Catholics, hoping that he might be instrumental in reaching and interesting some who would not attend services conducted by him in a hall or house of worship. It was in preparation for one of these meetings, to be held on the evening of the Sunday upon which he died, that the fatal stroke came to him. On the Saturday previous, he got up from dinner complaining of the intense heat but otherwise feeling well, and began at once to write upon his sermon, "The Bishops' Mandement *versus* The Good News of the Kingdom." While writing the sentence "Repent ye for the k—the pen dropped from his fingers never to be taken up again by him. He cried for aid. Kind friends ran to his assistance. They found him prostrate and vomiting. A physician was speedily called in. He pronounced it sunstroke. In a short time the patient rallied and appeared to be getting well again. About 2 o'clock on Sunday morning he took a relapse, and began rapidly to sink. A second physician was called for consultation, but before his arrival the spirit of our brother had passed in to behold the King in His beauty. His end was peace. He was willing and ready to depart and be with the Saviour whom he loved and so faithfully served. Death did not come to him like an officer of the law, to open the prison doors and lead him forth to execution, but as God's angel to set the captive free and send the exile home.

The body was taken the next day to the old homestead at East Hawkesbury, and on the following day, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends who had come from far and near, was laid beside those of his parents awaiting the coming of the Lord.

Thus suddenly and unexpectedly closed, in the prime of manhood, the earthly career of one of the most devoted and useful men in the Baptist body. He had rare qualities of head and heart that eminently fitted him for the important sphere to which God had called him, and in which he served to the best of his ability. In his own quiet way he has rendered excellent service to our churches, and has done more than many of us have any idea of to advance their interests. He was a true, loyal, unswerving, uncompromising Baptist, and was not ashamed to let it be known. When one got to know him one would be impressed with his striking personality. Let us fix our attention upon the man, and endeavour to trace some of the distinguishing traits of his character.

In the first place he was preëminently holy. All who knew him were impressed with his likeness to the Saviour, and with the thoroughness and beauty of his religious principles. He lived constantly in fellowship with God. He threw every avenue of his nature open to the incoming and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He was careful to do nothing that would grieve the Divine Guest or drive Him away. Knowing well the danger of neglecting to cultivate one's own spiritual life, in efforts to benefit other men, he paid strict attention to the culture of his soul. That was one of the first considerations with him. He believed that he could be of more service to others if he attended well to the upbuilding of his own character. He longed to become more and more like Jesus so that his life, as well as his words, would recommend Him to the unsaved. One of the last entries in his diary, written a few days before his death, is: "Oh for a more intimate fellowship with Jesus; this is the great need of all missionary workers." Was it not most blessed in this world in which there is so much formality, hypocrisy, worldliness and sin, to come into touch with a man who had so much of Jesus in his composition? Is it any wonder that he was so useful in the Master's vineyard, and so much loved by all who had the privilege of being associated with him in Christian service?

Then he had a purpose in life. It was not that of the miser who lives for gold, or of the worldling who lives for pleasure, or of the craven-hearted professor who lives for popularity or ease. His purpose was preëminently godly, and into the Master's ser-

vice the whole of his life was pressed. He aimed always to glorify God; to exhibit the supremacy of truth; to publish fully and fearlessly the truth as it is in Jesus; to denounce formalism, superstition and error wherever found; to lay bare the lost, helpless, and guilty state of man; and to bring him to his knees in self-abasement before God; to preach Jesus as the only Saviour from sin, and as the only rightful Lord and Master of the life. This was his life purpose, that which held the man in perpetual spell. From this purpose he never swerved; amid doubts, misunderstanding, misrepresentation and abuse, the life never deviated from its God-given purpose. It manifested itself in everything he did and thus made the man mightier than his surroundings. Nothing ever turned him aside or caused him to falter in the path he had intelligently chosen and in which he believed God called him to work. He turned a deaf ear to the clamor of the world's rebellious voices, and braced himself by patient waiting upon God for the overcoming of every obstacle that crossed his path. In doing this he would sometimes have to stand alone, but he believed that principle was better than expediency, and the "well done" of God better than the plaudits of men. Like the great apostle he could say, "this one thing I do," anxious for nothing but the approval of his own conscience and the approbation of his God.

Then he was an ardent lover of the Bible. It was his constant companion. He spent a portion of every day studying it upon his knees. He used to say that no man could be a successful minister of Jesus Christ, no matter what other qualifications he possessed, if he were not a prayerful, diligent and systematic student of the Book of books. He practiced what he believed. This devotional study of the word manifested itself in all his ministry. As a preacher he possessed gifts of exposition that are rare. It was his delight to unfold to the people the beauties of God's word, and get them to feed upon its hidden manna. Hence he was what may be termed a doctrinal preacher. His sermons were thoroughly Biblical. It was his aim to hide behind the Cross, so that it and not the human lifer would be the magnetic power attracting sinful men. He believed that what Ruskin says of the artist is also true of the preacher, "That he has done nothing until he has concealed himself." Sometimes he

would denounce the errors and superstitious mummery of the Catholic church. In this some of his brethren misunderstood him. They thought that his denunciations were harsh and unnecessary. They concluded that more good might have resulted from simply presenting the truth and leaving the errors of Romanism alone. Those who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Burwash, knew well that it caused him no small amount of pain thus to expose the iniquitous system of the hierarchy. They also knew that he loved Catholics as dearly as he did his own life, but hated with all the intensity of his great soul the system that held them in intellectual and spiritual bondage, and robbed them of the priceless blessing that he and others who had accepted the gospel enjoyed. He realized that much rubbish had to be cleared away before those who were hiding behind it would listen to the story of salvation from the power and consequences of sin, through faith in Christ's atoning death. All who are familiar with the methods of Jesus, of Paul, of the Reformers, will agree in saying that he followed well-established precedents in the way he dealt with Romanists. He longed to see them coming out into the light and liberty of God's children. For the accomplishment of this result he had no faith in anything but the fearless exposure of falsehood, and the preaching of the gospel in all its fullness and power. He knew that whenever it was accepted the shackles of Rome would be broken, and the slaves of ignorance and oppression would march forth freedmen of the Lord.

Then he was a man of prayer. He began, continued, and ended everything in prayer. It was his practice to seek guidance from above, before he undertook anything of importance. He lived and moved in an atmosphere of prayer. In the home, on the street, mingling with friends, in the house of worship, or bracing himself for his work, or suffering under the stroke of insult or calumny from those he endeavored to benefit, the grace of supplication was invariably resorted to. The secret of his fortitude, constancy, usefulness and triumph, was born in prayer, where he importunately besought his God. Prayer assimilated him to the nature of Him with whom he communed, and so cast over his soul the gentleness, calmness and meekness of the Saviour. His widow, in a letter to me since his death, says:—

"I have known him to go off by himself for hours with his French Bible, and pour out his soul alone with God, for the salvation of Romanists; and waken so often in the night, and pray in silence. Oh, how he loved to pray in secret." Among the last entries in his diary is the following:—"The Lord is taking care of me and of His own cause. Let me still wait patiently upon Him." He knew from experience the value and potency of prayer. It was this that gave him so much power with men. He reminded me of the sainted D. A. McGregor, of whom he often spoke, and whom he loved unto the end. May their mantles fall upon us, so that, clothed in the garments of the holy departed, like them we may do and die; and when the battle is over, we too shall pass to our coronation, and join with them in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb—

.. We are coming, happy loved ones,
 We shall meet again some day ;
 You have left us in the shadows,
 But they soon will pass away,
 And a summons from the Master,
 Will beckon us to come,
 Where we all shall dwell together,
 In our happy Heavenly home.

O how blest will be the meeting !
 And the greeting—O how sweet !
 All our dear ones re-united,
 We will fall at Jesus' feet,
 And in grateful adoration,
 His praises we will sing,
 When at last we meet—to worship
 In the presence of our King."

W. T. GRAHAM.

Montreal.

NOT DEAD.

In Memoriam: Dr. A. J. Gordon.

They say from the land of the living
Our brother has gone, and is dead:
From a world full of pleasure and beauty,
To a lone land of darkness and dread.

That the home and the loved ones he cherished
Are changed for a cold, silent bed,
Where the music of love, hope or duty,
Never stirs the repose of the dead.

They say that his life work is over,
And, alas! that so soon it should end,
When he had such superior powers,
And the world needed all he could lend.

They say—but how narrowed their vision,
And how blinded by sense is their eye:
To think that a life lived for Jesus,
And linked with His life can e'er die.

Ah, no! through the portals celestial,
A soul from its fetters of clay,
Has leaped at the call of the Master,
To see Him in unfading day.

To serve Him with powers unflagging,
And swifter than birds of the air,
With spirits of sainted made perfect,
And angels resplendently fair.

O, say not their loved work is ended,
Whose hands, feet and voices are still:
Forever the soul of the ages,
Their words, works, and influence thrill.

W. H. PORTER.

IN SHAKESPEARE LAND.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

One day early in July of '95 three of us met at Euston Station. The thirst for green fields and a clear sky was upon us, but something a trifle deeper led us to choose our destination, which, we learned, could be reached within four hours. Our journey once begun, and getting well off from that champion Bedlam, Euston Station, we began to enjoy all things, great and small, odd and conventional, as only three art students "off duty" could enjoy. We were soon flying through the suburbs of London. On the outskirts was a town that caught our attention. This was Bushy, to which was attached a legend, gravely considered by any student of either sex. It was here that the American painter, Herkomer, had his famous Art School, to whose course no individual was enrolled until said individual had pledged his or her word not to marry till the course was completed—(the course covers ten years!) They take art seriously at Bushy!

After this came, intermittently, hills, fields and villages—the bonny English villages!—that set us wondering as to their age, and the possibility of their existence during Shakespeare's time. Was he wont to travel up to "London town" past those same meadows and streams and cottages with the hedge-rows and gorse-bushes "yellow all the year round"? We tried to imagine him in a third class carriage, his smooth, large brow concentrated on under-plots, character development, etc., but we could not, and had to give it up. By-and-by as we neared Stratford the villages grew quainter and quainter, rousing our imaginations as we flashed past them. Sometimes crumbling old churches appeared, closely guarded by trees and ivy, and then vanished, leaving us the fields again, where summer looked its daintiest and sweetest. Then came a tunnel: a sooty, stifling, common tunnel which served to mix still more our conflicting emotions. In excited silence we entered enchanted ground. We came to the last station but one, where we had a moment to wait. The old cobble-stone streets twisting about the village were sparsely peopled, but the old gabled cottages with the wide casements

of round window panes were generously supplied by us with outlaws and disguised noblemen. And the inns were there, with the faded signs still swinging. Yonder might be "The Garter Inn," to whose inclosure we lavishly assigned clowns, fools and knaves, who call with stentorian lungs: "What ho! minion!" to servile attendants, when the great clanking pewter tankards need replenishing—and when the joiose songs are followed with "By my troth a good song!" But here our engine gives a shriek that startles us back to the present and our senses again, and we start for Stratford-on-Avon.

It was three o'clock when the silence was broken by a faint exclamation, "There it is!" and peering out eagerly we descried, lying midway between us and the horizon, a church—the church—with great clusters of old trees pressed to its sides, and at its feet the river like a silver ribbon. Then cottages crept in sight, with the delicious detail of old towns, and the river broadened, and then at last our train pulled up at the funniest little station! We saw very little of it as his mightiness, the engine, placed himself before the platform and we had to scramble out from a somewhat giddy height to a little foot-path which we soon found branched off to a stile, taking a short cut across a field to the main street. Once there, we slackened our pace, the better to take in the scene. How low the grey stone cottages and houses looked, after London, and how clean! Among other peculiarities we noticed that all the chimneys were clustered together in the centre of the roofs, giving an odd effect to the shape of the houses, and that over each doorway was a primitive little "box-garden," better known as a "window-garden" which pleased us very much.

Enquiring our way we arrived at last at Hemley Street, and there to the right of us was Shakespeare's old home. The windows and narrow doorways looked out from the sober-tinted dwelling, as if they had been watching always, and somehow as we stepped up to the threshold we lowered our voices to an undertone. The rooms were almost empty, except for an old arm-chair blackened with age. The low-raftered ceilings caught our eyes, the square windows and the fire-places that yawned in each room, huge fire-places that once gleamed and sung with warmth while, perhaps, the boy William dreamed before them in the

midst of sisters and brothers. A narrow staircase leading to the bed-chamber, seemed fraught with intangible associations. Then that very small room at the head of the stairs, so paltry in size, a very tabernacle of interest for the sake of the little child, born there 333 years ago. Do parents have no premonition of what is being given to them at the birth of a child? Did those parents dream in their greatest dream that it would one day be said of this baby—"He has given to the world grander intellectual brain product than any human being that ever lived."

Another staircase led to the "study," or library—here all vestige of childhood has vanished. This is the abode of a student. Two rooms are thrown into one, the walls lined with strong oaken cases, filled with books. A ponderous table and two chairs to match, (in one of which David Garrick was wont to sit vis-a-vis to the great writer of plays,) sundry letters and documents, written by his hand, a few pictures, and that is all. Very little in all save the "great indefinable presence" which pervaded all things. Ere leaving this room we were shown a window, where, on one of the panes we found the names of W. Scott and T. Carlyle cut in the glass. Descending we came face to face with a window at the foot of the stairs: it opened into a square garden, hedged in with yew, and quite filled in with lilies, tall and white and fragrant, pressing up to the old window and suggesting by their silence his words—"My spirit is thine, the better part of me." And this "better part" how infinitely great it has proved!

SHOTTERY.

So closely is the little hamlet Shottery allied with Shakespeare's home that we must include it in this memory sketch. It was at Shottery that Anne Hathaway lived, the woman with "the sweet face and debonair figure," and it was down these lanes, during the joyous summer holidays, that the ardent youth of eighteen hastened to her home. "Shakespeare a lover, a pleader with his burning words, his ardour, his irresistible impetuosity, his intensity, his vital eloquence, his witchery of playfulness, his vivacity, his power of persuasion." All this and more was he taking to this woman, who accepted it and the man—and well nigh marred his life, the great disparity of their ages, perhaps, rendering impossible a happy union.

After a delicious walk through these same lanes, hemmed in with hawthorn and ivy, we reached Shottery. The cottage made itself known to us from its resemblance to the many pictures we had seen of it. And the scent of the roses clambering over the walls made it real. Entering the wicket gate, we were fascinated by the little wilderness of a garden. More roses, and standing apart, the tall white lilies, twin sisters of the group at Shakespeare's window. To us they seemed emblematical of the love that once hovered about this old garden. We learned that the occupants of the cottage still bore the name of "Hathaway," the old home having been kept in the family for generations. The said family, reduced now to a very old man and woman, the latter nestled into the ingle-nook of the old chimney-place, greeted us with a pleasant smile, and motioned a young woman forward to do the honors. The latter conducted us from "cellar to garret," talking volubly. Here were the "veritable blue china plates," standing on "the veritable dresser," washed and polished many times by Anne's quick hands, the old "settle," the high-backed arm-chair, the oaken table, the sunken stone floor, the faded prints on the wall, the copper kettles and boilers, the low blackened ceiling, the narrow casements of tiny window panes opening inwards: then the tumble-down little stairway leading to Anne's bed-room, where the "four-poster" still stands, a chair, a table, a candle-stick: all of which relic-gatherers would so delight in. After a glance out of the low square window into the garden below—a view that commanded the gate-by-the-way, and how often Anne Hathaway must have thrust her laughing face through the roses in times long since, when a certain step passed beneath—we retraced our steps to the garden. The good-natured caretaker gave us some of the roses, and we hied on our way, for the sun was getting low in the west, and there was one more spot to be visited ere our day was finished.

Our feelings on entering the cemetery recalled somewhat those experienced on first visiting Westminster Abbey. Perhaps the solemnity was less oppressive. It is difficult to describe what we saw there in the evening light, as one impression followed another. The broad lichened walk to the church door was flanked on either side by lines of oaks so ponderous and majestic that one felt awed in their presence. The boughs laced and in-

terlaced over head, until the thick foliage hid every glint of sky, and from around the gnarled mossy trunks one looked to see if gnomes were peering or ghoulish forms fitting. From this mouldy shadow we turned up a nearly effaced by-path, and lo! what a stretch of green lay from our feet to the circling wall yonder. The green of centuries of moss was there, deep and velvety. Where the sun touched it glowed like an emerald. The graves had yielded their forms to the pressure of time, but the leaning head-stones, strewn over the green carpet, told by their mute allegiance where the dead were sleeping: stones so weather-beaten and wrinkled that epitaph and date were obliterated, like the memory of the dead. Here too were roses, abundant roses, lying with their red petals pressed to the moss or clinging to the old stones. Here too were lilies, waiting like white spirits among the sleepers, recalling Ruskin's delicate fancy, that the souls of the dead blossom into flower over their graves.

We left this beautiful place reluctantly, to enter the gloomy church, where his tomb lay cherished close within the altar rails. The lettering was scarcely discernible, yet the stone slab was strewn with flowers. Gaining the street once more, we paused an instant to listen, for just outside this "garden of sleep" we heard the cool lapping of the river, as it ran softly by the outer wall singing a ceaseless lullaby as it passed on, curving in silver links through the fields. Around us were the old world gardens. Against the red west loomed the church, and yonder lay the quaint old town. Where that hush dwells there is not silence but a brooding presence, and once more his words came to us—

"My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

FLORENCE CARLYLE.

Woodstock.

AFTER TRIAL.

“And so they lead me back and I am led,
Strange, stubborn noises dart about my head,
Lights flash and blind.

“And now their words are locked
Away from me,—by echoes I am mocked,
By silence chid, by men and women hated,
By God—no word from Him! by conscience vindicated.

“Short shrift, O God, and naught of hope they spared
This poor, foul convict that the people stared
Upon with horror. Yea, and he is lost
If Thou wilt hear him not,—for say accost
Your advocate, he spurns you all the while,
‘*Vultures come nigh no life!*’ is in his smile:
The judge rebukes you that you are not still:
The jury scowl and note the evil will
That turns your actions. Defiled, defiled, defiled:
Is in your soul.

‘Why should a man be wild
And anxious in a court where all are just?
The wretch shall have his justice. Only must
A keen eye gaze, examine all his mood
Tearless and bold and stern with hardihood
To hear all ’s meant or uttered—as he could
Not satisfy his heart but justice would
Condemn him—eh? acquit? In truth,—acquit.
Fearing his trial would not be true! Here sit
The jury, there the judge. Can they not tell?
Who better? Man, have never fear of hell
Unless your due. And yet to look at him
He murdered! Friend, too early? This his whim
Of justice must be granted? Must indict,
Address, convict, condemn? Well, thou art right.’

“Thus is the court, O God! and people praise
Their own sweet patience that they do not raise

An instant clamour! are content to wait,—
 It makes a mouse more happy of its fate
 If cats but grip it fast within their claws
 And hold a gentle trial.

“ Now is there pause.
 Heart, bitter, bitter! Christ I cry to Thee
 And from the Heavens Thou wilt answer me
 Who saidst: ‘ Let there be life!’ and thine own breath
 I drank, inhaling;—these: ‘ Let there be death!’
 Framers of us, Thyself hast dwelt within
 And borne the rebel fury-spurring Sin,
 Mocked, scourged and innocent, whose clear voice grew
 To heaven: ‘ Father, these my people do
 They know not what.’ These, such a crime although
 Stained through their souls, lived. Ay, ’t is better so—
 Forgive, forgive! they know not that they lie
 And if it is a dreadful thing to die
 Thee do I thank Who hearest, Who hast heard,—
 With Christ died two and I shall be the third.

“ You startled me. These husks to him that gave:
 ’T is time, O friends, to lead me to the grave.”

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

Chicago.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLEAN, '98, W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98.

EDITORS.

OLD SCOTCH POEMS.

One of the most noted Scotch poets and collectors of ancient works in America to-day is Mr. Andrew Wanless of Detroit. Mr. Wanless was born in the little village of Longformacus, Berwickshire, in the heart of the Sammermoor hills. His father, William, for fifty years the village school-master, was closely related to the celebrated Douglas clan. His mother was a direct descendant of the Grahams, of the north country. At an early age Mr. Wanless went to his father's school, and in addition to the routine books, tried to master Latin. But he loved nature better than he did bookish lore. To him there were more lessons, there was more truth, amongst the hills and the glens, than in all the wisdom of the scholars. It was his delight, therefore, he explains,

"To wander by the murm'ring stream,
To pull the roses fresh and fair,
And learn to dream life's idle dream
And build the castle in the air."

At the age of twelve he was bound for seven years as 'prentice to the book-binding trade. In the interim between work hours, he began writing poems. Concluding his time he went to Edinburgh as a foreman. Mr. Wanless had the honor of binding a number of manuscript copies of Walter Scott's works, and although he considered the occurrence of merely routine importance at the time, lived to see the day that the same manuscripts were sold for \$3,000. He paid a visit to Burns' birthplace and wore such tight shoes that he was in misery all the time. Asked to write a verse in the visitor's book, he penned these humorous lines:

"I've wandered here on crutch and stick
With brother Bill and Master Dick;
I fain would scrawl a line of verse
But deil a word can I rehearse!
My heart and soul are out of tune,
I'll drown mysel' in river Doon."

But he did not act on the rash threat and lived to come to America in 1851. Toronto claimed his residence for a time, then Brantford, Ont., and he finally settled in Detroit, 1860. From that time to the present he has become widely known as a collector of rare books, and as a poet of sufficient reputation among his fellow-countrymen to win the title of the "Burns of America." In 1872 he published his "Poems and Songs," a copy of which was graciously acknowledged by Queen Victoria, in a letter that the poet still possesses. He has also received a letter from Wm. Black, the novelist, who quoted Mr. Wanless' poem, "The Robin," in "Stand Fast Craig Royston." A robin was sent by admirers in Scotland, and the poet wrote :

" I ha'e a bird, a bonnie bird,
 And Robin is its name,
 'Twas sent to me wi' kindly words
 Frae my old Scottish hame,
 And when it cam' unto my hand
 It looked so dull and wae,
 Nae doot it missed the flow'ry glen
 The burnie and the brae.

There's mair than you, my bonnie bird,
 Ha'e crossed the raging main,
 Wha mourn the blythe, the happy days
 They'll never see again.
 Sweet bird ! come sing a sang to me,
 Unmindful o' our ills ;
 And let us think we're once again
 'Mang our ain heather hills.

The joyful hours o' nameless bliss
 O, come ye back to me ;
 My love ! my lost ! again we meet
 Aneath the trysting-tree.
 O, sing to me, my bonnie bird,
 And ilka note o' thine
 Will conjure up the gladsome days—
 The joys o' auld lang syne."

In all, Mr. Wanless has written many hundreds of poems. So high an authority as Crockett's "Minstrelsy of the Merse" gives Mr. Wanless great praise. Crockett quotes from several of the poet's works, showing Wanless' power of picturing Scottish life. "Wanless is always true to old Scotland," says Crockett, as these verses suggest :

“ O let us ne'er forget our hame—
 Auld Scotland's hills and cairns—
 And let us a' whate'er we be,
 Ay strive to be guid bairns,
 And when we meet wi' or age,
 A hairpling owre a rung
 We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
 Wi our auld mither tongue.”

Although Mr. Wanless has 22,000 books in his shop, and loves them all, he has a selected private library of 500 bookish treasures. Could you give the time, he could show rare volumes for a week or longer, nine hours a day. Probably one of the most noted in his collection, is the first edition of Robert Burns', printed 1787. This book was picked up by Mr. Wanless in Ontario many years ago, and is a handsome specimen of the printer's and bookbinder's skill. It contains 250 pages, printed in large type. The book opens with a list of patrons, paid subscribers, who number 2,872, but, the editor adds, the list is incomplete. The publication brought Burns the most money he ever had at one time, \$3000. It was printed just after he had emerged from obscurity, and when, on invitation of the famous literary arbiter, Dr. Blacklock, the plowboy poet had come to Edinburgh to become the social lion of the day. There are very few copies of this edition in the world, at this late date, and it is considered a very great treasure to bookish people.

A rare collection of Jacobite songs and ballads merits attention. Although the Scotch gained from the royal Stuart line nothing but trouble, they also secured the Jacobite lyrics, which cannot be excelled the world o'er. They are written in classical Scotch. In a word, there is no Drumtochty about them. They bring no disgrace upon the “mither tongue.” These lyrics may be classed under three heads: “The Song of Welcome,” “The Song of Victory,” and “The Song of Lament.” The following is a good example of the last mentioned class:—

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

“ Far over yon hills 'mang the heather so green,
 And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
 The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
 She looked at a boat which the breezes had swung
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main :

And aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
 ' Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
 Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again.'
 The moor-cock that crows on the top of Ben-Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan Donald
 Unawed and unhunted the eiry can claim ;
 The Solon can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
 The eagle can roost on his rock of the sea,
 But oh ! there is ane whose sad fate I deplore
 Nor house ha' or hame in h's country has he.
 The conflict is past, our name is no more ;
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me."

The best love lyric in the Scotch language, according to Mr. Wanless, was written by Richard Gall, who was born in the year 1776, and who died in his 25th year. The song is entitled, " My Only Jo and Dearie O."

" Thy check is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O,
 Thy neck is like the siller dew
 Upon the banks sae briery, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e :
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
 It's sangs o' joy fu' cheery, O,
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O.
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Ought o' the care I ha'e to meet,
 That gavs my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinking bonnie, O :
 Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O.
 A't I wad chase thee ower the lea,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 And pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O.

Then I wad dawt thee night and day,
 Nae ither worldly care wad ha'e,
 Until life's stream forgat to play.
 My only jo and dearie, O."

Another very curious song which interested me very much, was a street ballad, entitled "Half-past Ten."

" I'll ne'er forget the time when I courted Jessie Dunn,
 How the hours fled awa' maist afore we had begun :
 Her father's name was John, and like a' godly man,
 His door he barred and lockit up at half-past ten.
 At half-past ten, at half-past ten,
 His door be barred and lockit up at half-past ten.

Ae night how my fond heart gaed duntin' wi' glee,
 When she said she lo'ed naebody better than me :
 We sat in the neuk, and our thoughts ye may depen'
 Were naeways sair concerned about half-past ten.
 At half-past ten,——

Auld John clawed his pow, and then he rose and said—
 ' Wi' sleep I'm fairly dished, I must gang awa' to bed.
 But there's ae thing I maun say afore I toddle bed,
 That our door is barred and lockit up at half-past ten.'
 At half-past ten,——

This hint was enough for a bashfu' lad like me,
 But I caught a bit blink frae my Jessie's black e'e ;
 She gade cannie ben the house, she let naebody ken
 That she stopit the auld clock just afore it struck ten.
 At half-past ten,——

At four in the mornin' the auld guid-man arose,
 And he lighted a spunk, and to the clock he goes :
 ' Losh ! bliss me ! ' he cried ; ' I maun seek the bed-stok,
 I must grope back to bed, for it's no ten o'clock.'
 At half-past ten,——

We courted in the neuk, but the kye began to roar,
 Sae I took aff my shoon, and I made for the door :
 Now Jessie is my wife, and we ha'e bairns like ither folk,
 And now she never needs to stop my guid father's clock.
 At half past ten."——

Mr. Wanless has some rare original matter concerning the song, "Bonnie Annie Laurie." The old version ran thus :

" She is backbit like a peacock,
 She's brestit like a swan ;
 She's jimp aboot the middle,
 And her waist ye weel might span.

Her waist ye weel might span,
 And she has a rolling e'e,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'll lay me doon and dee."

"The authorship of the modern version," said Mr. Wanless, "was, for many years unknown, and I may here state that a warm friendship existed between the Spotswood family and our family. John Spotswood, of Spotswood, was a landed proprietor, and one of his daughters was married to Lord John Scott, of the Scott's of that ilk. A sister of mine, who now resides in Scotland, wrote to me that she had heard it said that Lady John Scott was the authoress of the song in question. On receipt of this information I took it upon me to write to her ladyship." Mr. Wanless has her reply. The letter is truly a friendship's offering, but the following is the most important: "As to Annie Laurie, I composed the tune long ago, to other words, but happening one day at Marchmont,, to meet the old words on Anna Laurie, I thought the tune would suit them. I did not think the second verse well adapted for singing. I therefore altered it and added the third." This is the real history of Annie Laurie.

A specimen of verses written by Mary Queen of Scots is contained in a work of three volumes, published in London in 1795, entitled: "Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons, chiefly of the Present and two Preceding Centuries." The following verses were written by this beautiful but unfortunate Queen, while imprisoned in Fotheringay castle:

"Alas, what am I? And in what estate?
 A wretched corpse bereaved of its heart;
 An empty shadow lost, unfortunate;
 To die is now in life my only part.
 Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,
 In me no taste of grandeur now is found;
 Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,
 Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.
 And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
 Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled
 And every hope of future good is dead,
 'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
 And that this punishment on earth is given
 That my poor soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven."

The last book I wish to call attention to is the "Breeches" Bible. Bible scholars have invented a whole literature to describe the technicalities of their various editions. If some careless or tired printer happened to make a mistake in a word in a text the fact becomes the basis of a new classification of Bibles. So it is with the "Breeches" Bible. Now, Genesis 3: 7, reads: "They sewed fig leaves together and made aprons." Which was printed: "They sewed fig leaves together and made breeches." From a collector's standpoint all this is very rare. This wonderful Bible was printed in 1589, London, by the deputies of Christopher Barker. It is a large quarto, bound in boards, covered with calf skin, curiously embossed. It has leather clasps with quaint catches of brass. The type is old black letters, and the printing is in red and black. Printers who have examined the book assert that it is set with a skill that is a marvel of their handicraft. The spacing of the letters, in particular, is so wonderfully accurate that it almost seems as though the work were done with microscopic measurements. There is added a curious collection of the psalms of David, done in metrical form by Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins. As usual, in those days, the introductory page is very verbose, if not actually idiotic, as follows:

Set forth, and allowed to be sung
in all churches, of all the peo-
ple together before and after morn-
ing and evening prayers as also
before and after sermons and more-
over in private houses for the God-
ly soul's comfort laying apart all
ungodly songs and ballads which
tend only to nourish vice and
corrupt youth.

The "Breeches" Bible is one of the rarest book treasures in the world, and is considered by collectors a prize of the first denomination.

Mr. Wanless is only one of the many book collectors in America. If at any time you should have access to one of these libraries, I would advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity, as you will feel fully repaid for the time spent in examining these curious old books and documents.

KENNETH MCLEOD.

CAPTAIN AND MATE.

Across the sunlit summer sea
 The morning breezes steal;
 "And will you sail as mate?" said he,
 "See, Love is at the wheel!"

"We'll sail away forevermore
 Till twilight stars reveal
 The Port Beyond, the voyage o'er
 And Love still at the wheel."

The sweet south breezes stir the sail,
 Salt ripples bale the keel:—
 "Dost fear my mate?" "Nor fog nor gale,
 While Love is at the wheel!"

Thick mists arise and tempests black
 The shadowy shore conceal;
 The rough winds roar across our track,
 But Love is at the wheel.

Sharp streaks of light'ning slit the sky,
 Our timbers crack and reel:—
 "Captain, canst breast the breakers high?"
 "Ay, Love is at the wheel!"

The light enpurpled turns to dark
 And shades the tossing keel:—
 "What think you, mate?" "My captain, mark,
 Still Love is at the wheel!"

The evening bells are calling clear,
 Dark shadows o'er us steal,
 But oh! the harbor lights are near
 And Love is at the wheel.

Our anchor drops beyond the bar,
 "My captain, let us kneel:
 We glide into the dim afar
 With Love still at the wheel.

A clearer dawn will give the Light,
 The Port Beyond reveal,
 The sea is still, our tossings o'er—
 And Love still at the wheel!"

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

March, 1895.

THE CAPITAL OF PERU.

Within a few years after the discovery of America by Columbus, the Spaniards had a number of small colonies around the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Isthmus of Darien. They crossed this isthmus to the Pacific side, and there founded the city of Panama. From the Indians of this region they learned of a great country to the far south, that was wonderfully rich in gold and other precious metals. They were told that gold was as plentiful there as iron was at home in Spain. Such information fired the gold-thirsty Spaniards with a great ambition to go in search of the land that possessed such treasures. For this purpose an expedition was fitted out, and a man named Francisco Pizarro, who afterwards became the conqueror of the Inca Empire, was selected as leader.

When the expedition was fitted out, and the adventurous Pizarro was given command, a religious service was held for the adventurers, that they might go out with the blessing of the church upon them. For they were not only to search for gold, but they were to carry the Cross to the people, and even force their religion upon the natives, if necessary, by means of the sword. One historian has said: "In the name of the Prince of Peace, they ratified a contract of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects." This first expedition met with many difficulties and dangers, but after a time returned with glowing accounts of what they had seen. Again the expedition went out and saw and learned more of the riches of the south. The natives wondered at the strangers that came among them. They entertained them kindly, and did not try to conceal the richness of their land, but rather had delight in showing them all they possessed. The expedition returned again to the isthmus, and Pizarro visited Spain, where he told of the wealth of the country he had seen. He was graciously received by the royal family, and again sailed for Panama, where an expedition was fitted out for his final voyage to Peru. This voyage was made for the purpose of conquest. The Spaniards had gunpowder, while the Indians had only bows and arrows, and though the invaders suffered many hardships before they subdued the

Incas, yet their sufferings were nothing compared with those they inflicted on the poor Indians, who were struggling in defence of their homes. The Peru of the Incas comprised what is now Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. After many cruelties and much treachery Pizarro subdued the Peruvians, took possession of the city of Cuzco, their capital, and killed the Inca.

After conquering the country and bringing it into subjection to Spain, Pizarro looked about for a suitable place for a new capital and residence for the Peruvian viceroy. This place he found in the valley of the Rimac, about seven miles inland and about 500 feet above sea level. Here he founded the city of Lima, the capital of the present republic of Peru. The name first given to the city was Ciudad de los Reyes (city of the kings) but this was afterwards changed to Lima, which is a corruption of the Indian name Rimac.

Having selected the site he gathered the Indians in from the surrounding country for great distances, and began to build the city. It was first laid out in a triangular shape, with the Rimac as the base. From this river they now receive their water supply. The plan of the city is regular, and the streets cross each other at right angles. In the centre is the large *plaza*, which has the cathedral and archbishop's palace on the east, the President's residence on the north, municipal buildings on the west, and other public buildings on the south. In the centre of the *plaza* is a beautiful garden with a large fountain, and the rest is occupied with trees planted in regular rows. The ground between the trees is paved with cobble stones, instead of being covered with grass, as we would find in a park in a city in North America. This is characteristic of all their *plazas* but why, I have not heard explained. It certainly is not because grass will not grow there. Though the city is in a rainless district, the land for some distance around is irrigated, and grass grows in the fields, but the inhabitants do not seem to think of it as a means for beautifying their parks. Although the city was first of a triangular shape, it has long since grown beyond its first limits, and cannot now be described as of any particular configuration.

The streets are wider than those of many other cities of the south, yet not so wide as those of Toronto, and are all paved

with cobble stones, except about three-fourths of a mile of the principal street, which was paved last summer with square wooden blocks. Over these stones the carts and coaches rumble and rattle in a way that is by no means helpful to the nerves. The street walls of the houses are so joined that each block of the city is practically walled in. The windows are protected by strong iron bars; and the entrances from the streets are closed at night by heavy wooden doors. This style of building is adapted for protection in times of war; and as revolutions are of frequent occurrence in Peru, the people have often found shelter behind those walls and heavy doors.

Some of the buildings are constructed of stone, but because of danger from earthquakes stone is not extensively used for building purposes. Many houses are made of sun-dried bricks, or large blocks of clay; the upper stories being made of a light frame, and the whole plastered over with a clay rough-cast. Near Lima are still to be seen broken walls of buildings erected by the Indians before the conquest. These walls are made of blocks of clay which would soon be washed away in a country where there are heavy rains; but as they are in the rainless region of the coast of Peru they stand for centuries. Where there is no rain everything is covered with dust, and consequently the general appearance of Lima is not attractive.

There are a few public gardens in the city, and all are made somewhat after the style of the central *plaza*. They have trees and flowers, but no grass. The *Exposicion* is a large park well supplied with tropical trees and flowers, many of which are very beautiful. In this park there is a sort of museum containing paintings, Indian relics and curiosities of various kinds; among them a number of Indian mummies that are probably four or five hundred years old. This place was robbed by the Chilians during the war of 1880 with Peru, so that now it is only a poor representative of what it once was.

The cathedral and many of the churches are large and somewhat imposing, but have little external beauty. The cathedral was built by Pizarro more than three centuries ago, and has stood the shocks of many earthquakes. One of these in 1746 killed five thousand people through falling buildings. The university was built in 1576, and is the oldest in America, but its

educational standing compared with those of North America is very low. The city is furnished with a system of horse cars, electric and gas lights, and telephone system. Much more might be said along this line, but the most interesting feature of the city is its people.

The present population of Lima is about 160,000, and is made up of people from many nations. The chief elements are Spanish, Indian, Negro and Chinese. Besides these there are many other elements from Europe and North America. These different races are thoroughly mixed, so that in the streets we find a motley crowd indeed. Parts of London and New York are noted for the medley of humanity they present, but it is doubtful if anything worse can be found in those cities than is seen in Lima. There are also a large number of half-breed Indians and Negroes, called Cholos, and the lower classes generally have so mingled socially that every conceivable mixture of blood is found there. These are found chiefly in the slums and the poorer parts of the city. The Indians and those of mixed blood form the laboring class, and many among them live in abject poverty. The climate being very mild (the average temperature for the year is about 73° Fahrenheit), they do not suffer from inclement weather. But their homes are unclean, and there is wretchedness of every sort. There is smallpox in the city always, and it frequently becomes epidemic, especially among the lower classes. I think it is safe to say that nearly half the natives met on the street are pock-marked. There are also a great number of blind people in the city. These go about the streets, two by two, begging. Besides these there are many more who never come out to beg, because they belong to families who are able to support them, without allowing them to resort to this means of obtaining a livelihood. This blindness is said to be in almost all cases, directly or indirectly, traceable to unclean habits of life.

Among the upper classes the unseemly mixture of blood is not so often met with. Those of the different white nations intermarry, but it is seldom they form such relations with the other races. A large number of the poorer people are never legally married. The only ceremony that is legal in Peru, is that performed by the priests; and they charge such high fees

that the poor are unable to pay them, and two will live together as man and wife so long as it is agreeable to them to do so. Sometimes that is not very long, and they will separate and perhaps each go and live with some one else. There was an attempt made at the last session of Congress to establish civil marriages, but it was unsuccessful.

The Spaniards are a proud people and think much about personal appearance. The style of dress for the gentlemen is much the same as that of our own country; but the usual lady's costume is somewhat different. A few of the more fashionable ones break through the custom of the land and follow the styles of the North. And so we find some wearing puff sleeves, and in other ways trying to keep up with the fashions. But the usual street costume for rich and poor, is a large black mantua (shawl) and a strip of black lace, about six or seven inches wide, and about two feet long, called a mantilla, hung over the head. The poor generally cannot afford this latter, and simply wear the mantua over the head. So many going about in this sable dress, gives the city the appearance of being in mourning. All use cosmetics very freely. Many need them badly enough, if the practice could be defended. But many are beautiful without powder or paint.

All the people are greatly given to amusements. Each year they usually have a three days' celebration of the independence of the republic, when the city is gaily decorated, and processions and amusements of various kinds are the order of the occasion. At such times there is a great deal of drinking, and it is not an uncommon thing to see women staggering in the streets. There men, women and children drink wines or liquors of some sort. Though there is so much drinking, quarreling is seldom seen in the streets. This may be partly due to the great number of policemen. These are all armed with a baton and revolver, and some with a sword. They are all little men, but feel quite large when performing some official duty, and so are always ready to act whenever there is the slightest opportunity. Consequently order is pretty well preserved in the city.

The law permits many things there that are not permitted here. Acts are common on the streets that here would be

counted indecent, and for which a person would be immediately arrested. Sunday is the day for pleasure. The churches are open and those who wish can go to mass in the morning. But the majority think of the day in connection with its pleasure, rather than with its religious privileges. The afternoon is given up to the bull-fight, cock-fights and other sports, and the evening to the theatre. To people here the bull-fight would be a very revolting exhibition, but there it is witnessed with delight by men, women and children of every class.

In Peru, all public worship, except Roman Catholicism, is prohibited by law. Romanism is the state religion, and its evidences are seen everywhere in the capital. Nearly all the women wear the cross and beads, and most of them are very attentive to religious duties. The men as a rule are indifferent to the church, and some of them positively hate the priests. The people are kind in their disposition, but their religion has not taken hold of the inner life, to make them of strong moral character. Their lives are not controlled by high moral principles, and none are found worthy of perfect confidence. Such is the testimony of those who have dealings with them for any length of time.

Lima is in many ways an interesting city. To business men it is not so much so as it once was, for since the war with Chili in 1880 it has been declining commercially. But to the missionary it was never more interesting than it is to-day. The people are more open-minded now than they ever were before, and although the law prohibits public Protestant worship, yet much can be done by personal work. And it is hoped that the power of the Gospel will soon be so felt among the people, that, at least, the moral aspect of the city will be greatly changed, and that Lima which is the capital from which the laws of the land go out, may become a centre from which an influence will radiate that will effect the moral uplifting of the whole republic.

A. B. REEKIE.

Editorial Notes.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers an excellent photograph of the late Rev. Adam Burwash and an appreciative sketch of his life and work from the pen of Pastor Graham of Grace Church, Montreal. Our late Brother Burwash was a strenuous toiler in the cause of French evangelization and all who are interested in that great work—and who is there among Canadian Baptists who is not?—will read with interest Mr. Graham's account of the life and character of one so closely connected with it and so fully devoted to spreading the light of the Gospel among those who are yet in darkness.

IT is with feelings of peculiar sadness that we record the death of Mrs. J. C. Yule, which took place on Saturday, the 6th inst., at the house of a friend at Ingersoll, Ont. Pamela S. Vining Yule, as she was accustomed to sign herself, was one of the most highly gifted and most Christ-like women the Baptist denomination in Canada has ever known. Ever since her earliest connection with our educational work in Woodstock nearly forty years ago, her name has been widely known and greatly beloved among us, as well for her high personal qualities and strong religious influence, as for the many and beautiful things which she has written and which have been read and remembered by thousands of admirers and grateful friends in all parts of our land. An appreciative estimate of Mrs. Yule's life work will be found in the biography by Dr. Dadson, which appeared in *THE MONTHLY* for December, 1894. Remembering the shadow of sorrow which so long darkened that life and the pain and suffering of her last illness, we must rejoice that our sister has gone where it will be far better for her than here below. Still we deeply mourn the loss of one so gifted and so useful, and all the more as we feel that we shall not soon see her like again.

MOST of our readers are doubtless aware of the fact that Professor McKay is away on leave of absence, and that he is spending the year at the University of Cambridge. Letters received from him inform us that both he and Mrs. McKay and children are thoroughly enjoying their life at Cambridge. Few have the rare good fortune to come so closely into touch with the refined and cultured life of England, and not a little of the charm of their stay abroad will be in the delightful social intercourse the University affords. The year at Cambridge will certainly be an inspiration to Professor McKay. Only those who have visited Oxford or Cambridge can form anything like a vivid conception

of the irresistible charm they have for the student. Germany may have great universities where men of marvellous ability and world-wide renown lecture to thousands of students, but none of them can offer that broad and generous culture of our many-sided nature that the two great English seats of learning afford. These latter give social, æsthetic and spiritual culture quite as fully as intellectual, nor are the opportunities for culture confined to the lecture room or study. One would hardly exaggerate in saying that it would be a liberal education in æsthetics to spend a day a week listening to the exquisite antiphonal singing in King's College Chapel, or gazing on the architectural beauties of that "immense and glorious work of fine intelligence" with its

"branching roof

Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

Professor McKay will of course avail himself of all the opportunities for high culture that Cambridge can give, but at the same time his whole energy will be devoted to obtaining the fullest benefit from the able and famous mathematicians of the great university. The better to pursue his work, he has taken advantage of the new regulations and enrolled himself as a regular student of Trinity College. He is thereby enabled to come into close personal touch with Professor Forsyth, perhaps the greatest English-speaking mathematician of the present day. Professor McKay seems to be finding great satisfaction in his work. In his letters to his colleagues at home he speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of the inspiration he is deriving from Professor Forsyth, Sir Robert Ball and the other great men whose lectures he is privileged to attend. The professors and students of McMaster University are exceedingly glad that Professor McKay has been granted this year of respite from the active duties of instruction. Those intimately connected with our University know how willingly he has shared the burdens in connection with the work of its early existence, and how gladly he has devoted his best service in its behalf. We are all glad that he has received this well-merited reward, not only because of our high regard for him and our appreciation of his genial, lovable nature and of his ability as a teacher, but also because of the assurance that the University as a whole will reap a rich benefit from his year's study. He continually speaks of the pleasure with which he anticipates his return to our midst, and we feel sure that he will bring us much of the inspiration that Cambridge is giving him. In the meantime his place

is being ably supplied by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., as Lecturer, and Mr. W. Findlay, B.A., as Fellow. Both of these are graduates of our own University, and are doing work which Professor McKay as their special preceptor and the University as their *Alma Mater* may view with great gratification.

Book Reviews.

AGNOSTICISM AND RELIGION.

This little book consists of three addresses, the first of which is entitled, *Huxley and Scientific Agnosticism*; the second, *Philosophical Agnosticism*; the third, *Spiritual Religion: its Evolution and Essence*.

Scientific Agnosticism is the agnosticism of Huxley. This agnosticism is an attitude of mind rather than a speculative system. Early in Huxley's career, Darwin published the "*Origin of Species*," which became Huxley's guide in his own investigations. But Huxley's work was more than that of a searcher after truth. He would become the champion and advocate of truth. Standing within the circle of scientific leaders, his chief delight was in compelling the public to assent to the results achieved by the scientists. "He was the great apostle of the modern gospel of science. In his temper and mental habit, in his attitude towards what he believed the truth, Huxley was as truly a dogmatist as any of his theological antagonists, though they cursed what he blessed . . . a scientist by profession and achievement, but inwardly a theological iconoclast." p. 12.

Darwin's theory of the origin of species was the explanation of them by natural laws already at work. The only alternative was the belief in the creation of species—and the creation, too, described by the zealous theologians whose opposition was called forth against Darwin and his teachings. Huxley eagerly came forward as the champion of the new science. The battle was waged over three questions: (a) science against revelation; (b) evolution against creation; (c) the ape against Adam. Here was found abundant scope for the exhibition of that mental attitude which Huxley first designated agnosticism.

Let me make clearer what Huxley's attitude was. Atheism could not be inferred from his teaching. "What he attacked was that vener-

able tradition of the process of creation which had been so long accepted as a part of religion itself, and he attacked it for the good and sufficient reason that it was at variance with the facts revealed in the fossiliferous strata of the earth's crust." p. 36. Huxley also applied the Darwinian theory to account for the origin of man, in a work entitled, "Man's Place in Nature." This doctrine of the descent of man from some form of animal life was of much importance in his conflict with an unbelieving public. Thus his advocacy of the theory of the development of species in opposition to the theological doctrine of the instantaneous and separate creation of the species, and his adherence to the descent of man from some form of animal life in opposition to the theological doctrine of man's creation as recorded in Genesis, gained for Huxley and his followers the epithet, scientific agnostic.

Only two points in President Schurman's reply to this agnosticism need be mentioned. The first is that "the notion of creation implies the absolute beginning of existence; the notion of evolution implies gradual and progressive change in that which already exists. . . . Creation is the prerequisite of evolution" which is only a mode of procedure. p. 35. Secondly, in regard to the doctrine of man's origin from some form of animal life, President Schurman replies that there is a conviction even among the most liberal that the Darwinian theory of descent with modifications has been pushed too far. Something like a reaction from earlier Darwinism seems now in force. Just where the lines must be drawn we do not know. Meanwhile, we may busy ourselves with such questions as these: Assuming the truth of Darwinism, "What matters it that you have come from brutishness, if you are come to humanity? . . . I ask not what you are derived from, but what you have arrived at?" You are not what you have come from, but what you have become. p. 40 and 41.

Again, Huxley waged war against the Scriptures as revelation, especially against the miracles of Scripture, holding that they were not in harmony with the teachings of science. He wrote on such subjects as the "Noachian Deluge" and the "Bedevilment of the Gadarene Swine." p. 48. He also regarded miracles as "the fantastic tribute of a pious generation . . . to a transcendent personality."

But we may reply: Even if we were obliged to admit the truth of these arguments against miracles "would not that miracle of miracles still remain—Jesus of Nazareth, the wonder-worker of human history? And would not the purpose of his coming—"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly"—be fulfilled in the revelation He made, not only through His teachings but in His human

life, both of the actual fatherliness of God and the potential divineness of man?" p. 50.

Pass, now, to the second part entitled, Philosophical Agnosticism. There are two branches, the positivistic going back along empirical lines to Comte, and the rationalistic, going back through Mansel and Hamilton to Kant. "The burden of their message is always the incapacity of the human mind to know anything but the phenomena of the sensible world or the contradictions in which it is involved when it attempts to reach Infinite and Absolute Reality." p. 86. One assumes that the knowable is limited to what the senses can apprehend, the other assumes that God, the Infinite and Absolute, can not be known because man knows only the finite and the relative.

In reply, President Schurman shows that knowledge is not limited to what the senses alone can apprehend. There are principles by which the material of sense is fashioned into 'experience.' Nor are we limited to the finite and the relative. "If it is the nature of the Infinite Being to reveal and realize himself in the finite and relative, and if it is the nature of intelligence to apprehend these realities, not separately but together, how, from such a perfect ontological and psychological arrangement for the meeting of the Divine Being and the human mind, can it be inferred that they must remain eternally apart?" p. 116.

We may then be assured that the human mind does know the Divine mind. While we may believe that the agnostic craze is on the decline, both scientific and philosophical agnosticism have united to introduce a new era in which spiritual religion in contrast with a religion of creed and dogma shall prevail.

This brings us to the third part of the book, entitled Spiritual Religion. Religion is a development both in the individual and the race. There are three stages of this development. In the individual they are credulity, doubt, reasoned belief; to which, in the race, correspond the three stages, (a) the religion of cult or ritual, (b) of creed or dogma, and (c) spiritual religion. 136-155.

President Schurman's thought is that religion is a life, constantly developing. He would identify "spiritual religion" with the essence of Christianity in distinction from the doctrines of Christendom. Yet he shows that this spiritual religion may be found, in some measure at least, in the church life of to-day, of which it is destined to take full possession. Let me call attention in closing to certain conclusions of the author which will clear up what he means by spiritual religion—the religion of the future.

(a) Spiritual religion will maintain a social organization, i.e. the

church is not to be discarded but maintained as an essential form of the expression of the spirit life. (b) The religion of spirit does not need a unique or separate sect, i.e. it can work in the existing sects. (c) Spiritual religion will make its home in any of the religious bodies which will recognize it. One remark is made under this head which is full of significance, namely: "The first business of those men" who see beyond dogma to the essential, spiritual life, the so-called advanced members of our churches, is to "understand and sympathize with their brethren who have not yet escaped the bondage of rites and formulæ. One thing they must not do: they must not part company with them." Otherwise, spiritual religion will never possess our churches. p. 169. (d) Spiritual religion will lead to a modification, if not to an abandonment, of the conception of authority in religion, i.e. spiritual religion rests on the free life of the individual in relation to the Father who loves him rather than commands him as a distant, almighty Judge. (e) The religion of Spirit will be not only theistic but Christian, i.e. it will hold that God is known as the divine Personality, and that man and God exist for one another. It will be Christian in the sense of a deeper consciousness of the person of Jesus as the pattern of life.

T.

Here and There.

A. M. OVERHOLT, EDITOR.

THE death of Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow University, has removed one of the best-known University Professors among English-speaking people. His books, some of them by no means easy of mastery, have appealed to almost every class of readers

WE are indebted to the *University of Michigan Daily* for an excellent account of the new library for Princeton. The library is equalled by none in America unless it be the Boston Public Library and the Congressional Library at Washington. Some idea of the enormous capacity of the building, which represents an outlay of about \$600,000, may be gathered from the fact, that there will be thirty-two miles of shelving.

THE *King's College Record*, of Windsor, N. S., is one of the best exchanges that reach us. One new feature, which few college papers have, is a column given to the reviewing of the better magazines and periodicals. The February number contains an excellent article on "Ian MacLaren," but would it not be an excellent thing if we all give "Ian MacLaren" a rest for a while; no less than seven exchanges on our list have eulogised him in the last year.

PROFESSOR Charles G. D. Roberts, formerly occupying the chair of English Literature in King's College, has accepted the position of assistant editor of the *Illustrated American*, a New York weekly. His place has been filled by Mr. A. B. DeMille, M.A., and judging from his poetry, some of which has appeared in the *Independent*, we congratulate the College authorities on their excellent choice.

A WRITER in the March *Longmans* contributes a new story about martinet headmasters. It was related to Mr. Parker by the late Sir Thomas Whichcote, who stated that once in his Eton days he was walking through the Fourth Form Passage when "the Head" met him and stopped. "Boy," said the terrible pedagogue, "what is that book you are carrying?" It proved to be nothing less innocent than a dictionary, but it sufficed not the less for the text of a grim warning. "I thought it was a Bible," was the reply. "Read your Bible, boy, or I'll flog you."

THERE was once a mathematical tutor in one of our great universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry, and considered it all "a lot of unpractical rot." A certain brother tutor was very anxious to convert him to the admiration of fine poetry, and by way of accomplishing this gave him the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read. The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud, thus: "Half a league, half a league, half," then he banged the book down, exclaiming impatiently, "Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so?"—*Tit-Bits*.

MEMORY.

When years have swept across the thread of life,
They leave vibrations sounding in the soul
That are the lingering memories always rife
With magic tints of pleasure or of dole.

Man oft forgets, but only for a time,—
Alike is he to some old master's lute,
That only needs a passion's touch to rime
The thoughts that live with thoughts that have been mute.

J. F. C. in *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

College News.

L. BROWN, B.A. MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98.

W. B. TIGHE, '99.

EDITORS.

WE are pleased to welcome back J. Chapman of '98 (Theology) after a temporary illness from la grippe.

THE students of McMaster are looking forward with interest for the appearance of Dr. Rand's volume of poems which went to the press some time ago.

THE continued illness of the Chancellor's little daughter still robs us of his presence. We are, however, looking forward to, and hoping for his return in the near future.

THE students generally are down to hard work. As exams. are fast approaching there is a growing earnestness manifested on the part of theolog. senior, junior, sophomore, and freshman.

THE finals in the chess tournament are being played off between Messrs. J. A. Grant, '99, I. G. Matthews, '97, E. Armstrong, '00, and T. N. Ritchie, '97.

THE annual Fyfe missionary sermon will be preached in the College Street Baptist Church by the Rev. W. W. Weeks, on Sunday evening, April the 9th.

DR. AND MRS. GOODSPEED entertained a number of the theological students at their home, 330 Brunswick Ave., on the evening of March the 20th. A very pleasant time is reported.

AT the annual meeting of the Student Volunteer City Union, Mr. L. Brown, B.A., was appointed as representative for McMaster University to act on the Executive of the Union for the ensuing year.

ENCOURAGING reports have recently come from Messrs. J. Tiller and G. Murdoch, both of '97. They are hoping to come back in the spring to write off their final exams.

A LARGE number of the students were present at the Union Station on Friday evening the 1st inst., to say farewell to our genial and much respected fellow student A. N. Marshall, B.A., who took train for New York en route to Sidney, Australia. His last letter, written from New York, just before going on board his steamer, reported a pleasant journey. He was looking forward to a pleasant voyage, and we trust that under God's blessing he may be speedily restored to health.

THE Demosthenian Oratorical Society of the University meets fortnightly on Saturday morning. This speaking club is composed of members of the first and second year; the meetings are well attended, and good progress is reported.

THE faculty have been busily engaged on the last few Friday afternoons in listening to and criticising essays of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. Many of the essays read have been of special interest, and some will perhaps appear in our columns in the near future.

THE second match played by McMaster in the inter-collegiate hockey series was with the School of Practical Science, at whose hands our men suffered a defeat. The opposing team played a more scientific and faster game, while our players found it much more difficult playing on a large enclosed rink, being used to a smaller one (Victoria) where they had practised.

THE Camelot Club held their usual monthly meeting on Saturday morning, the 13th inst. A paper was presented by H. Proctor, '99 entitled "Lowell's Sonnets," which was well written and warmly received. Excellent selections from Lowell's poems were read by Messrs. J. C. McFarlane, '99, and J. Cornwall, '00. The monthly literary digest presented by the President I. G. Matthews, '97, was enjoyed by all.

THE lecture delivered on the evening of February 16th, by Mr. J. W. Bengough, in St. George's Hall, under the auspices of the Literary and Scientific Society, was in every sense a great success. There was, besides rare exhibitions of wit, humor and pathos, good sound argument running through his discourse from beginning to end. The excellent cartoons drawn by Mr. Bengough, at different intervals, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening programme.

WE have been pleased to receive visits from G. H. Clarke, M.A., '95, of Hartford, Conn., and D. B. Harkness, of Plattsville, a former member of '97. While renewing old acquaintances in the College and City Mr. Clarke received many congratulations upon his recent appointment on the staff of the organ of the Young People's Union. The best wishes of his old student friends go with him to his work in Chicago.

THE hockey match between McMaster and St. Michael's in the Intercollegiate series, played on Victoria rink, resulted in a signal success for our team. The following represented McMaster: Goal, C. Clarke; Point, P. Baker; Cover Point, A. Imrie; Forwards (centre), R. Simpson; (left), E. Rossier; (inside left), W. B. H. Teakles; (right) Captain J. P. Schutt. The ice was in good condition, the game fast and friendly, resulting in a score of 13 to 3 in favor of McMaster. The playing of Captain Schutt, Rossier and Baker is especially worthy of mention.

THE students of the University were delighted and profited by the sermons and lectures recently delivered by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., pastor of Delaware Ave. Baptist Church, of Buffalo, N. Y. The lecture on Monday evening on "The Problem of Life" has called forth many comments of appreciation, while the sermons were of a most stimulating character. Dr. Gifford has an excellent delivery, a beautiful diction and rare ability for pleasing and profiting his hearers at the same time.

PROF. Farmer delivered a lecture on "A Liberal Education," before the Collegiate Institute, in Brockville, on the evening of Friday, March 12. From the report given in the *Brockville Recorder*, we learn that the lecture was very interesting and highly appreciated. Prof. Farmer in this lecture defined what he considered true education to be, and showed how the theoretical could find a practical test in life with all its broad and inviting avenues for usefulness. Says the *Recorder*, "The lecture was brought to a close by an eloquent and forcible appeal for the study of the classics, which he said developed, strengthened and beautified the mind."

THE Mathematical Society held its closing meeting for this year in Class Room 8, on the 22nd March. The programme consisted of a paper on "Recent Discoveries in Telegraphy," by H. S. Jordan, '00; a paper on "Mathematics as an Aid to Mental Culture," by W. W. Charters, '98, and a paper on "A Liberal Education as an Aid to Mathematical Teachers," by A. M. Overholt, '97. After the programme the election of officers for next year was held and the following were elected:—Hon. President, Prof. McKay; President, A. W. Vining, '98; Vice-President, W. W. Charters, '98; Secretary Treasurer, B. R. Simpson, '99.

THE general Literary and Scientific Society held a very interesting meeting on the evening of the 5th inst., President P. G. Mode, '97, in the chair. The programme opened with an instrumental duet by Misses McLay and Cohoon, which was well received. Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, followed with a reading, which was rendered in his usually admirable style. After Mr. C. Triggerson, '00, had delighted the audience with a vocal solo, Mr. W. Houston, M.A., delivered a very interesting lecture on Tennyson, dwelling especially upon the "Idylls of the King" Mr. Houston advanced some thoughts gained from original resources, and in every way pleased his audience. An instrumental duet by Messrs. Overholt and Roy, brought a very interesting meeting to a close.

THE Faculty and students of McMaster had the pleasure, on _____, of listening to a carefully prepared lecture, by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, on the late George J. Romanes. The lecture was, in brief, a mental and spiritual biography of Romanes. Born at Kingston, Ontario, trained to the doctrines of evangelical Christian faith, and seized of scientific method and spirit in the full

blown development of his remarkable activity in his English home, he became an ardent disciple of Darwin, and finally "a thorough-faced" agnostic. Possessed of one of the keenest analytic minds, dispassionate and impartial, his quest for truth was almost abnormally active,—though it was a quest wholly from the side of the physical and the intellectual. The Christian faith was soon left behind him, and he imagined that he had outgrown it. But as time wore on, and his philosophical spirit hungered for an adequate constructive system, the personal problem emerged with ever-increasing force, and "would not down." Failing health brought him face to face with spiritual truths, and, now by slow stages, now by leaps and bounds, he retraced his steps to the Christian fold, and found peace for his perplexed spirit in the faith of his fathers. Dr. Stewart's sketch was full of pathetic suggestion, and adapted to make eager and gifted souls thoughtful and sober in the presence of this semi-tragic life, so outstanding in the world of recent science and philosophy, and so worthy in its extraordinary pursuit of knowledge. Dr. Rand, on behalf of the students and Faculty, conveyed to Dr. Stewart the warm thanks of all present, and emphasized the truth that the intuitions of the heart could not be disregarded in the quest for bread to sustain the life and satisfy the yearnings of the deathless soul.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the Chapel on Wednesday, February 24th. The usual devotional exercises were led by the President, Dr. Goodspeed. The business of the meeting was then considered, with Mr. McAlpine in the chair. The reports of the Voluntary Workers were particularly pleasing, especially that from Weston Road, where a series of special meetings had been held, Prof. Campbell assisting the students in these series. Some twelve persons had been led to put their trust in Christ as their Saviour. Conversions were also reported from several of the other fields.

Mr. Mellick, Superintendent of Home Missions, for Manitoba and the North-West, gave a very interesting address. After taking a hasty look at the great world field, he described the various phases of the work in the West. He drew attention to the many openings there were for work, if there were only men and means to seize the opportunity. He pointed out the work which was being done among the Scandanavians, Indians, etc., and dwelt upon the immense need for spiritual enlightenment existing among these people. He passed also to British Columbia, and outlined the need in that Province, and urged our responsibilities in this work.

In the afternoon Mr. L. Brown, B.A., gave a splendid review of the progress of missions during the past year. It was pointed out that we had reached a critical hour in the history of missions. There were open doors on every side, and yet there was a great apathy on the part of Christians as to the needs of this work. One important element in the progress of the year's work was the rapid development of the principles of self support. The paper was comprehensive and gave an interesting review of the work and prospects in the various mission fields of the world.

Mr. Craig, our successful missionary at Akidu, India, gave an earnest address on the work out there. He described his own early Christian college experiences and his call to India. He showed that it was not a hard duty, but a glorious privilege to carry the gospel to these dark lands. He told of how God had honored the work of many of the native helpers. He mentioned several instances of the call of natives to the work and their success as preachers. He said that our expenditure on ourselves was out of all proportion to that upon the Lord's work. He urged us to be more zealous for God's honor in spreading his glorious gospel.

AN audience that filled the seating capacity of the Chapel to overflowing assembled on Friday evening, March 19th, to enjoy the last open meeting for the year of the Literary and Scientific Society. The programme presented a decided change from the time-honored custom of making a debate the chief matter of interest. An oratorical contest took its place, and judging from the expressions of approval heard on all sides, the innovation was a decided success. The remembrance of the different speeches, fresh in the mind as they are, tends to produce an editorial eloquence in description that is difficult to restrain. Of the five orations delivered not one fell below the mark of a very considerable degree of excellence, giving evidence at once of good talent and careful preparation.

The first oration was made by Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., who represented Theology. He chose for his subject "Henry Ward Beecher." His short account of the most marked features in the life and character of the great preacher showed a deep sympathy and appreciation, and his description of Mr. Beecher's vigorous denunciations of slavery and his thrilling appeals in behalf of the slaves was one of great vividness.

Mr. E. A. Brownlee, '00, followed with an oration on "The British Flag." The Freshman class have every reason to feel proud of the way in which they were represented, for a more loyal and patriotic speech, we venture to say, has never been heard within the walls of McMaster.

Class '99 was ably represented by Mr. F. J. Scott, who spoke on "Liberty." Mr. Scott had already made a reputation for ability in public speaking and his oration on this occasion fully maintained it. He closed with an apostrophe to Liberty, which in less skillful hands would in all probability have served to lessen, rather than heighten, the good effect already produced upon the audience.

Mr. A. W. Vining was the next speaker. He prefaced his oration by expressing the pleasure it gave him to "draw the sword and fling away the scabbard for '98." And the sword received at his hands a vigorous and dexterous wielding. His subject was "William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham"; certainly a subject full of inspiration for every liberty-loving Englishman, and the speaker did not fail to do it ample justice.

The closing oration was delivered by Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, on "Wilfrid Laurier," in which the Premier's merits were extolled with a grace and eloquence worthy of the Premier himself.

The difficult duty of judge was kindly undertaken by Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., who has never failed on every available opportunity to show his sympathy with the University. The task he had was a difficult one, but he performed it most acceptably, giving his decision in favor of Mr. Vining. Mr. Eaton has a humor quite inimitable and it made his speech not the least pleasing feature of the evening.

The musical part of the programme consisted of two selections by the University Orchestra, a vocal solo by Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., and a chorus by the Glee Club, Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Miss Jessie Dryden, '00, also favored the audience with a delightful rendering of "The Bear Story" by Riley, and responded to an encore with Carleton's "Apple Blossoms."

The orations gave proof that there is abundance of talent in the University for public speaking, and that the officers of the Society feel satisfied that the change from a debate to an oratorical contest was one fully justified.

Much praise is due the President, Mr. P. G. Mode, '97, not only for the great success of this last open meeting, but also for the excellent programmes rendered during his term of office.

GREAT was the astonishment of all, when it was noised about the college halls, that the Tennysonian Society was going to endeavor to prepare a Mock-parliament, within the short intervals of two weeks. But with W. B. Tighe as Premier how could it fail to be a success? As the evening drew near, the enthusiasm of all concerned in the undertaking rose higher. The assembly consisted of Lieutenant-Governor S. E. Grigg; Speaker J. C. McFarlane; Clerk, J. Cornwall; Sergeant-at-arms, J. F. Ingram; Pages, B. R. Simpson and P. Baker; and forty-three members, twenty-two of whom led by W. B. Tighe represented the Liberal Party, thirteen led by W. E. Robertson formed the Opposition; while the remaining eight, with H. C. Newcombe as their leader, upheld the Patron platform. The session opened at 7.15 on Friday evening of March 12th, the chapel being taxed to the utmost capacity to accommodate the spectators. The ladies formed a larger part of the audience than is usual in our meetings. The speech from the throne having been delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor, an enthusiastic debate followed, opened by H. Proctor who moved the address from the throne, which was seconded by J. T. Jones. The leader of the Opposition as was expected, took issue in an able speech with many points in the address, while the Patron leader, in a very bright, witty speech showed himself a true Patron, upholding the government in some points and taking issue with them in others. The address delivered by Hon. C. L. Brown, Provincial Treasurer, certainly deserves high commendation. His jokes were novel and original and were enthusiastically received by all.

Many words of commendation might be said of those who delivered addresses, but we must refrain. Suffice it to say that before the hour of adjournment the Tennysonian society had won the admiration

of those juniors, seniors and theologs. who were before astonished at the audacity of undertaking so great a task in so short an interval of time. Our only regret is that our most worthy president, Mr. D. Bovington, under whose leadership the society is in every way a success, was unable to be present.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

The subject of our monthly lecture was "Socrates, the Man and the Philosopher," and the lecturer, Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, charmed the audience by his vivid picture of the sage, and his account of the services rendered by him to truth and humanity. In fact, so interesting was the lecture, that several of the young ladies have since expressed a new-found desire to study Greek. We consider this result a high tribute to the eloquence of the lecturer.

THE usual monthly missionary meeting was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 9th. The programme was informal in character, consisting of readings of missionary news, and statements of the needs of the work in various departments, varying the customary prayer and song service of our Tuesday evenings. At the close, a collection was made, as usual, and plans were formed for making a special contribution to the India Famine Fund. These were carried into effect a few days later, with good results.

THE following is the programme of the last Heliconian meeting :

Essay	Oliver Wendell Holmes	Miss Cutler.
Piano Solo		Miss Nicholas.
Recitation	Liberty and Union	Miss Emma Campbell.
Song	Lullaby	Miss L. Burke.
Recitation	"The Oysterman"	Miss Ritchie.
Recitation	"The Chambered Nautilus"	Miss Clemens.
Piano Solo		Miss Eckhardt.
Debate—Resolved : that every woman should have a trade or profession.		
Affirmative		Misses Calvin and Spencer.
Negative		Misses Burke and Hoffman.

It was unanimously conceded that this was the best meeting of the year, all the numbers being very well rendered. The chief interest of the evening centered in the debate which was very spirited, and well argued on both sides. Miss Wells, who acted as judge, decided in favor of the affirmative.

THIS month we have had two recitals by the elocution pupils, to which the day girls and their friends were invited. Over twenty girls

took part and their selections were quite varied, long and short, tragic and humorous. One very pleasing feature of these recitals was that the recitations were so well-suited to the pupils who gave them. The girls did both their teacher and themselves great credit, and Miss Trotter certainly deserves to be congratulated:

DURING the past month we have had the pleasure of having our chapel exercises conducted by the Rev. J. Neal, the Rev. Mr. Bishop, and Dr. Welton of McMaster. We always enjoy having our service led by some friend from outside the College, and appreciate the kindness of those who occasionally take time for this out of their busy lives.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, B.A., F. H. PHIPPS, EDITORS.

THE Rev. Mr. Mellick delivered a very interesting address to the students on Manitoba and North-West Missions. His witty sayings, and graphic descriptions of life among the Indians, kept the audience intensely interested from the beginning to the end of his address.

THE monthly examinations have just been written off, and all feel somewhat relieved after having an opportunity of letting off the superfluous knowledge which was almost bursting our craniums. In some cases, judging from the percentage taken, the pressure must have been great, but in others there is, as yet, evidently no danger of an explosion. Those standing first are: in 1st year, E. Davis; 2nd year, W. Pearce; 3rd year, E. Scarlett; 4th year, S. H. Arkell.

THE Baseball club has organized for the coming season. The officers elected were: F. H. Phipps, Captain; E. Zavitz, Secretary-Treasurer, and C. F. Russell, an Eastern League player, as Custodian. The meeting was large, and great interest and enthusiasm were manifested. Everything promises well for a good season, and all anticipate some good games during the coming months. The Rev. Mr. McKay was heard to say that he intended to apply for the position of second base on the team, so it is quite evident that the club lacks no support, and is on the road to success.

THE Rev. Mr. Garside, returned missionary from India and a former student of the College, gave a very instructive lecture in the Chapel room upon the insects and reptiles of that country. The lecture was illustrated by views of the different species mentioned, some of them being rather formidable in appearance. All who heard

of the annoyances caused by some of the insects there, felt thankful that they were inhabitants of Canada, and concluded that our own country shows its superiority over all tropical lands, especially in regard to comfort.

REV. MR. EATON'S LECTURE—On the evening of Friday, the 22nd of January, the monotony of college life was broken by a very pleasing and instructive lecture delivered by Rev. Chas. Eaton of Toronto. The event had been anticipated by the students, who turned out in full force. A large number of friends from the town also, notwithstanding the rather disagreeable weather, determined not to miss the treat, and came to hear the lecture. The subject of the address, "The Reign of the Common People," was treated by the genial pastor in a most instructive and entertaining manner. In opening the lecturer referred to the occasion of his last visit to Woodstock, when his hearers were convulsed with laughter from beginning to end. This time it was his intention to be solemn. In this he was to a certain extent successful, though occasionally he had to give way to the joviality of his nature, and vividly illustrated his points by very humorous anecdotes. He once regretted that he had not been born at a time when his services would have been required in military exploits, or when he would have had a chance to distinguish himself as a politician, but he encouraged the young men in the audience not to despair, for the greatest political questions of the day were yet to be settled. Among these, perhaps the greatest of all was the demand of the common people. The state in which affairs are at present—the rich ruling everything—cannot exist much longer; the voice of the laborer will have to be heard before the important questions of the day are settled. The people of to-day need to be educated. They should read the history of our own age, and thus keep abreast with the times. They should form opinions of their own, and should broaden their views concerning the burning questions of the day, and above all should be led to think of the vast eternity beyond this life. Have not many historical events proved that the laboring class must be recognized? The Reformation, the victory of Wilkes over Parliament, the repeal of the oppressive Corn Laws, discoveries and inventions, all show the importance of the middle class. The speaker finally declared that the secret of the poverty and discontent now existing was due to one thing, viz: waste. He spoke of the waste which takes place in the departmental stores of the Dominion. The loss of capital, manhood, energy and vigor on account of these stores was something enormous. Many a man, trying to earn an honest living, but unable to compete with the low prices of these merchant princes, has been compelled to close his doors, and become bankrupt. These stores monopolize all trade, and by so doing ruin the smaller merchants. It is easy to foresee that this condition of things cannot continue very long, and who knows but that some of the boys of Woodstock College will perpetuate his name forever by having a voice in their settlement. Concluding the lecturer pointed all to the star of hope, the one under whose influence all wrongs may be righted—the Christ of Nazareth. Let all men follow his teachings, and there remains no more to be done. The lecture was closed with the earnest prayer, "God save the People."

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

THROUGH unavoidable circumstances our regular monthly lecture for February, that should have been given by Rev. Donald Grant, of the First Church, Montreal, had to be omitted.

ON March 11th, however, we had the pleasure of a lecture by Rev. J. B. Warnicker, of Point St. Charles' Baptist Church. His subject, "The City Mission Church," was dealt with in a very interesting and instructive way.

THE girls and lady teachers of Feller Institute have been favored again this year by Mr. Roy, of Sabrevois, with a most enjoyable sleigh-ride. It is very seldom that any of the Grande Ligne students have the opportunity of a drive, so that our life becomes somewhat monotonous. Mr. Roy, evidently appreciating this, fitted up two large sleighs, and took the ladies for a drive across the Richelieu River to his own home. Here refreshments were served. After a short time for amusements, they drove back again to school. The beautiful day, good roads, and jovial spirits, made the drive all that could be desired. We hope Mr. Roy will remember us again next year. No doubt the boys would add much to the amusement of the party, if they could go also.

LA GRIPPE has not forgotten to pay very persistent visits to Grande Ligne again this year. For a week or so his afflictions of the students were so severe and so numerous that the work of the school was seriously interfered with. Sometimes nearly a dozen of the students at once would be confined to their rooms. Even the teachers did not escape his heavy hand. However, he has left us at last, and we hope we may not be troubled with his presence again for a number of years.

THE annual meeting of the students, past and present, of Feller Institute was held on Thursday, Feb. 25th, in the College here. The weather was somewhat stormy, but quite a large number of old students braved its fury, in order to show their interest in their Alma Mater, and renew the friendships of the past. The afternoon session was devoted mainly to business of a routine nature. The Society was shown to have made very considerable progress both in numbers and in influence. The finances are in a flourishing condition, and several important suggestions were adopted regarding the expenditure of a part of the funds. Rev. M. B. Parent is succeeded by Mr. E. Norman as President for the present year; Mr. M. Auger becomes 1st Vice-Pres.; Miss S. Piché, 2nd Vice-Pres., Rev. W. S. Bullock, Sec.; Rev. G. N. Massé, Treas.; and Mr. A. E. Massé, Assistant Treas. Letters of sympathy were read from several members unable to be present. An enjoyable programme occupied the evening session, when our Chapel was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the audience. All went away well pleased with the work and enjoyment of the day.