

THE
• WOODSTOCK COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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SCHOLARSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

It is common to speak of the professions of medicine, law and theology as the learned professions. But the first two are in great danger of losing this honor. Look over the names of the graduates of almost any school of medicine or law, and you will see how small is the proportion of the college graduates among them. It is sad that so many boys, fresh from the farm, are rushed through a brief course in some impecunious and ambitious medical college, and are then turned adrift to practise their ignorance on an innocent and unsuspecting community. To a considerable degree this is true also of schools of law; to a smaller degree it is true of schools of theology. At times it would seem that the ministry is to be the only learned profession, in a technical sense in which the term has so long been used. You say, I magnify mine office. The Apostle Paul did so, and I believe in this kind of apostolic succession. I plead for a higher grade of scholarship in all the professions, and this is for good reasons.

There is, first, the unscholarly tendency of necessary professional drudgery. There is an immense amount of this in all forms of professional work. The ideal and the actual in a man's profession differ widely. There is danger that a profession may become simply a trade. In order that a man may make his actual professional life approach his ideal, he must enter it with much general knowledge and special scholarship. We are, as a rule, in too great haste to begin our work. We ought to remember that a man has begun his work when he has begun in earnest to prepare for it. Men want to be in the ministry, for example; they want to be at work, as they say. They forget that opportunities for the

noblest work in sanctified personal culture and in labor for others are about them. They neglect present opportunity in a dreamy hope of great things to come. Never was there greater folly, Christ bided his time. He waited thirty years before performing a miracle. The element of time must enter into all true culture. Mental products must ripen. Soft, liquid, mellow notes can come only from old violins. Boy preachers are seldom men preachers. Undue development is a monstrosity. This haste is a symptom of the times; it is dangerous. It must be resisted. The man who thinks he is a genius, and so does not need to go through the ordinary processes of preparation, is much in need of going through the Solomonic mortar to be brayed. There is danger that he will be braying in some pulpit if he be not brayed in some mortar. Perhaps this man points to Horace Greeley, to Spurgeon, to Moody. But is he quite sure he is a Greeley, a Spurgeon or a Moody? Out of this bumptiousness comes the desire for "soft electives" in the college course. This tendency shows itself in "short cuts" to professional titles and employments; it advertises itself in wild-cat speculations in business; it runs mad in various forms of gambling. If you want pebbles, go out to the street and find them by the handful: but if you want diamonds, you must dig for them. "Options" will not change your pebbles into nature's diamonds.

It is not the business of a college to give training in professional knowledge; that is the work of the professional school. The academy gives instruction in the elements, the college in the principles, and the professional school in the application of education to the practical uses of life. Let the college lay the broad foundation, and on that foundation let the professional superstructure be erected. In that foundation the classics must have the honored place. Say what you will, the students of the arts course and the students of the scientific course in any college are very different classes of men, and the difference is largely in favor of the former. Explain it how you may, the fact remains. The tree of classical knowledge which has borne such glorious fruit all through the centuries, is not now to be cut down by any empirical axe. From that tree we will have to lop off a twig here and there, as the wisdom and experience of our best educators may suggest; but, thank God, the tree will stand. Men talk of science, and

that is right in its place. But why do they limit the word to natural science? Is not the study of language a study of science? Is not the study of history a study of science? Is not the study of mental philosophy a study of science? It is this unseemly haste to enter professional life which leads to this present tampering with the college course. Wait, young men. Bide your time. You owe it to yourselves not to degrade your profession. Rather than make the course shorter I would make it longer. The standard of admission ought to be higher; the course of preparation ought to be longer. It is better for a boy to enter college a year over eighteen than an hour under that age. There should be broad culture in history and in general literature before entering college. But even then is a boy of that age fit to choose a course of study? To ask the question is to answer it. In this whole subject there is a golden mean. Let the boy enter thus well prepared, let two years be given to the studies in the regular course and a certain high standing be attained, then let there be an option—under wise guidance—not of studies, but of courses of studies. After graduation let the professional studies be pursued. After this preparation the drudgery of professional work will not entirely destroy scholarly tastes, and with all this preparation the student will feel that he is only a child playing on the shore while the great ocean of possibility and attainment stretches before him into infinity.

Again, scholarship is necessary in professional life in order that a man may the sooner be master of all the truth which his profession has discovered. This is a worthy ambition; any lower ambition is unworthy of a worthy man. The young painter may not expect to excel Raphael, or the young sculptor to approach Angelo: but their lofty attainments will stimulate the tryers to nobler endeavors. "Young man," said Emerson, "hitch your wagon to a star." Master the last results attained in your profession; stand abreast of its latest discoveries. You owe this to yourself, to your clients, to your patients, to your parishioners. But if you are to have a fair fight with inevitable indolence, with unavoidable drudgery, and with ambitious competitors you must not go into the conflict handicapped with ignorance. You must not be weighted in the race. You must run light, if you would run fast. You will need all you know; you could use ten times

as much as you know. The man who ceases to grow begins to die; not to advance is to retrograde. Many men in various professions died long ago. They have not yet made the discovery, but they are certainly dead, and as unburied corpses they walk about among the living. A man must use his college tools or they will become rusty. To master a profession to-day one must enter it thoroughly equipped. Success to-day is no child's play. He who will win the wreath of victory must run a brave race and he must feel the prick of many a thorn. A man may as well count the cost before he flatters himself with the hope of a certain and speedy triumph in his professional career. Ten out of a hundred may win a respectable success; perhaps five out of a hundred great success. Is a young man quite sure he will be one even of the ten? Can he afford to neglect any aid? How many really great orators have there been in the world? About one in each hundred years. Is a man sure that he is to be one of the chosen few? To step into the front rank a man must have good natural abilities; he must have highly marked attainments, and he must have the only genius worth having—the ability and willingness to do tremendously hard work. I would not discourage any man. I simply say that no man can afford in this day to dispense with a single ounce of power. So prepared, go up, with God's blessing, and take the prizes which your profession offers.

Scholarship, furthermore, is needed in professional life in order that men may pay the debt they owe to their profession. No man has a right to be a drone, a dunce, or even a dwarf, in his profession. No man should submit to be borne along on the current of professional opinion. If the current flows the wrong direction he ought to stem it; if it flows in the right direction he ought to swell it. What right has a man to tax the patience, excite the pity, or merit the contempt of his professional brethren? Some professions are carrying along dead-beats enough to fill an ordinary cemetery if only they could be induced to go to their own place. What can be done with these men? The fault is not in their stars, but in themselves that they are dunces. They would be as dead as they are if called by some other professional name. Lazy men greatly try the patience of God. He has no place—at least no good place—here or hereafter, for thriftless, shiftless hangers-on to the various professions. But it is not enough that a man should

lie down in helpless, hopeless supineness on his profession. He should lift it on his manly shoulders; he should feel his indebtedness to it so much that he would make its indebtedness to him unspeakably great. Think how much Black, one, Kent, Story and Marshall as commentators did for the profession of law! Remember how Webster and many others recognized their obligations and met them in other forms of service to this noble profession! Think what Galen, Harvey, Parker, Sims and Koch in recent times have done for medicine! The influence on theological science of Augustine, Anselm, Calvin, Luther and a hundred more, many in our own day, as commentators, preachers and philanthropists, neither man or angel can estimate. So of earnest workers in the profession of music, painting, sculpture, architecture and many other arts and sciences. Each profession has its heroes and martyrs; each its diademed victors: each its glorified saints. But in order that a man may enlarge the boundary of the known in his profession, he must be able to come up to that boundary. You must know what has been discovered before you can discover new truths. You must stand on the limits of the discovered before you can reach into untravelled realms of thought, and bring therefrom grand truths for other toilers. To do this work you must be equipped with scholarship: you must know the known before you can discover the unknown. Scholarship, then, is necessary that you may pay the debt you owe your profession, yourself and your generation. The time has come for the young men and women of our denomination and of all denominations to make the most thorough preparation which their circumstances permit. We want more man and woman rather than more men and women. Education in its relation to the development of character is a need of the hour. The school of Christ is the noblest university.

R. S. MacArthur

NEW YORK CITY.

UNVEILING OF PORTRAIT OF DR. FYFE.

The Alumni of Woodstock College employed Mr. Charles Hatch to paint a life-sized portrait of Rev. Dr. Fyfe for the College Chapel. The first hour of the evening session of the Convention, Oct, 17th, 1890, was given up to the exercises of the Alumni in the Baptist Chapel, Woodstock, in connection with the unveiling of the portrait. Rev. S. S. Bates, President of the Alumni, presided. The presentation was very appropriately made by James Short McMaster, Esq., and fittingly acknowledged by Principal Huston. The large audience testified its appreciation of the artist's success. Mr. Hatch was called to the platform, and in acknowledging the courtesy of the audience said that it was but once in a lifetime that an artist had the opportunity of painting so noble a head as that of Dr. Fyfe. Rev. John McLaurin delivered the following address on the occasion :

MR. McLAURIN'S ADDRESS.

IN MEMORIAM.

God created man, indeed he created everything; but after all else He paused before He made the being upon whom He conferred His own image and for whose sake He made the worlds. When He made the flowers of the field some of them He made very simple in construction and very plain in coloring; while upon others He seems to have lavished all beauty in coloring, all grace in form and all skill in construction. So in His endowments of men. Some are robust but rude; some graceful but fragile; others are beautiful but weak; while upon a few—alas! how few they seem—He would appear to have emptied heaven's treasury of gifts and graces of mind, and heart and body. Some men stand out upon the platform of their age as kings among men, as gods among mortals.

It is for one of these that to-night we open and enter the sacred shrine of holy and blessed memories, and with muffled footsteps and bated breath draw aside the veil which hides from the too curious eyes of the world without, the face and form, the life and deeds of him whom we call the father of our denomination in

Canada, the late Rev. Robert Alexander Fyfe, D.D. This man whom we all esteemed so highly or loved so tenderly was raised up from among ourselves—a Canadian born—and though the Canadian may not have upon his face the ruddy glow of the dying past, yet around his brow gathers the golden halo of hope for a brighter, mightier future. Robert Fyfe played in our beautiful sunshine till his eyes caught the hue of the beautiful sky whence it came, and his boyish cheek was painted the color of its autumn leaves.

It was no detriment to his future career that Scottish blood ran through his veins; neither that his lot was cast where poverty laid her moulding hand upon a nature calculated to respond to and be profited by its healthiest lessons. A boyhood spent on a Quebec farm of half a century ago, turning up the rugged soil, breathing the clear, cold, crisp air of the St. Lawrence valley, reared in a Christian home where love and discipline in due proportion reigned—a few years in a country school, a few more clerking in a village store, were all fitting this well-knit frame of faultless build, this well-poised massive head, and this heart of warm and generous impulses for the great mission of life. After the grace of God had found him and thoroughly renewed him, and after his personal consecration to the service of his Master, it was part of the divine plan that he should turn his eyes to one of the few Christian schools of learning among the Baptists in America at the time—I refer to that at Hamilton in the State of New York. To reach it, he had, with few dollars in his pocket, to thread many a devious forest path and trudge on foot many a weary mile up the valley of the Ottawa—across through miles of virgin forest to the St. Lawrence and thence by stage or wagon to his destination. Footsore, weary, friendless, an alien in an alien land and almost penniless he faced at *ninety* the great problem of life. If any of the young men here wishes to know the stuff of which the heroes of the past generation were made, let him buy and read the admirable life of Dr. Fyfe, by Prof. J. E. Wells, M.A.

In college we find him at first “giving no great indications of his future usefulness”—and still, Mr. McPhail, his school-mate, said—“Fyfe went to bed an hour earlier and got up an hour later and yet had his lessons as well prepared as any of us.” He is hard up in college; for we see him seated upon a shoemaker’s

bench with lap-stone and hammer and awl, shaping leather he had bought into a pair of shoes—aye shaping his own destiny too—because he is too poor to pay the man who kindly loaned him the tools.

During his vacations we find him back in his loved Canada—in Osgoode, in Beckwith and along the Ottawa river, preaching the glorious old gospel in barns and log houses, because there were neither school houses nor chapels in those days—visiting the scattered families in the day time along with his loved companion McPhail, and preaching the gospel at night to the gathered neighbors—miles and miles, after the hard day's toil was over, those sons and daughters of toil would come, sometimes by the light of the moon, but oftener by that of the cedar torch, to hear the word at their lips. Blessed seasons of refreshing followed upon the footsteps of this pair wherever they went, and the savor of their names is still fresh and sweet on that soil to-day. Though in homespun pants and thread-bare coat, the people hailed his bonny face with joy. He ate their coarse and scanty fare with relish and lay upon their hard beds or perchance rolled himself in a buffalo robe before the ample fireplace for the night. To all his cheery face and ready helpful hand commended the message he bore.

Then, as now, the home missionary had to endure hardness—listen to this: He and McPhail labor night and day in special meetings for three weeks at Beckwith. They close up with a hard day's work on Sunday—Monday morning they start for Osgoode, over 60 miles distant, on horseback—no macadam or gravel roads then—only the winding trail and doubtful blaze—they reach their destination that night—next morning, in the same fashion, they proceed to Ottawa, 25 miles distant, and thence down the Ottawa river. Is it any wonder that he loved the people of Canada and would it not be a greater wonder if they did not love him? Does it still seem strange that he understood them and their needs so well—that even in his later years offers of larger salary and entreaties of friends combined were powerless to tempt him to leave them—that he got nearer and dearer to them than any one else may ever hope to become—that he sympathised with them, and toiled and sacrificed for them till exhausted he dropped into an untimely grave? It cannot be doubtful any longer why they

trusted him and supported him while living, and mourned him when dead. Is it any wonder that the savor of his name still lingers in the Ottawa valley and that the spiritual influences of those early days are still reproducing themselves in that region? —“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Thus passed the youth and early days of him over whose memory we linger lovingly and tenderly to-day.

His was a goodly form to look upon—a king among men. He was not a giant; but he had a pose, a presence, a dignity of mien, and a proportion of physical parts which perfectly satisfied the most critical taste. Some of us can still hear his quick, firm, measured tread along the halls of this dear old building, well nigh thirty years ago.

It may not be expected of me to-day to speak much of his mental endowments, his comprehensive grasp of truth, his metaphysical acuteness, his logical clearness, his versatility, his fertility of resource, his readiness of apprehension and his precision of statement, but we who had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet in yonder class-room cannot so dismiss him. We still feel the glow of the long ago hours as we felt the grip of the master mind upon the theme under discussion. As the great heart swelled and the beautiful eyes sparkled, as he handled some of the mighty problems concerning God or man, or sin or salvation. How the dark became light and the obscure plain, the crooked straight and the intricate simple, and the doubtful sure. How the *cul-de-sac* in theology broadened out into a plain path and the labyrinth in philosophy dissolved into a plain at his touch! He loved to dig deeply and anchor his conclusions to the rock principles of eternal truth, whether scientific or revealed. He taught no limping creed or doubting philosophy, nor had unfaith or misfaith for him that subtle charm which lures away so many of the teachers of the present day. Into the secrets of the divine will he had no desire to penetrate, but the things which are revealed he called his own, and fearlessly he explored them. But when he reached the boundary line of human sensibility, and intellect, and will, he called a halt, and believed where he could neither hear, nor see, nor reason.

He did not keep his heart open for the inspection of the public, neither did his emotions lie on the surface, but he had a heart

large and warm and true and tender: neither the incorrigible, the crooks nor the crank might be aware of it, the scheming, wire-pulling, double-faced sycophants, the sneak, the dead-beat, and the tramp might be sure that he had not, *but* the poor and the needy, the distressed and the oppressed, the forlorn and the wretched, the doubting, penitent, timid soul did and ever found in him a friend who never failed. I feel like apologizing to his memory for saying that he was a gentleman. Of course he was a gentleman, not of fine clothes, supple cane, polite to the rich and rude to the poor style of gentleman, but the gentle man, the man who recognised others' rights and cheerfully greeted them no matter whether they were rich or poor, who detected true worth by instinct and acknowledged himself akin at once, who remembered that his fellows had feeling, sensibilities, tastes and prejudices as well as he, and bore himself accordingly, who was specially deferential to woman, not because she was the weaker vessel, but because he recognized in her those elements of character which soften and refine, which beautify and ennoble the human race, and which when glorified by the gospel make her the beauty and strength as well as the crown and glory of man. He was a gentleman to his dog and cat, to his canary and his horse, to his servant man and his servant maid, and they all loved him.

As the father of our denomination, as the unifier of its heterogeneous elements we recall his memory to-day. He found us Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and Americans, and made us all Canadians. When he began his great work we were divided into half a dozen hostile camps, hard shell, soft shell, and no shell at all Baptists: close and open and halfway between, and east and west, and now from Quebec to Windsor, from Niagara to Port Arthur we are one people. We mention his name again as the founder of our denomination's educational institutions, the champion of its civil rights, the large hearted and enthusiastic supporter and often the founder of its varied societies, the wise counsellor of its distracted churches, the helper and friend of its sorely tried and poorly paid home missionaries among the wilds of our country, the man who while wielding so mighty an influence in the denomination was the poor pastor's friend, with whom he felt he could counsel on equal terms, who though, easily master of the situation never used it to the detriment of those who

differed from him, or to advance unduly the position of his friends. It is true that on some who seemed to him to be contentious, he often came down with heavy hand, but even then, when the captiousness ceased or he was shown to be in the wrong, none forgot or forgave more readily than he. As a disciplinarian he seemed to many of us to be almost perfect. In the days of his manhood's strength it was awe-inspiring when some mean and wanton act of cruelty on the part of some student had roused him, and yet his fine sense of justice, his keen insight into the moral nature, his intense hatred of anything mean, and along with this his quick comprehension of the weaknesses of human nature, and his ready distinction between what was really vicious and what was only mischievous or the exuberance of animal spirit, made his serious mistakes very few indeed. He placed a high ideal before his students and walked up to it himself. He never indulged in questionable stories or coarse jokes. He was as much the gentleman in the poor man's kitchen as in the rich man's parlor. His noble nature scorned the caucus-room or the wire-puller's trade, *sit lux, let there be light*, was the motto of his life as well as of the school he founded. He never sprang any of his schemes upon an unwilling people: but educated them, led them to think and see and feel as he did, and then led them on enthusiastically to victory. He gained the confidence of the people. He retained the confidence of the people because he never abused the confidence of the people.

And now an irresistible impulse calls us back again to this institution the crowning work of his noble life. For when the corner stone of this building was laid the foundation of our denominational life was laid, and into its cavity not only copies of the periodicals of the day and coins of the realm were laid, but also there was laid along with them what no eye but the Master's could see, a noble, devoted, consecrated Christian life.

It did seem a hopeless task, when in 1857 he began to gather together out of the debris of the financial ruin, which that year swept the country, the materials for the construction on College Hill, of a beacon whose benignant rays would, he fondly hoped, attract the eyes of godly young men from Montreal to Windsor. The people were few and poor, and scattered and divided and hopeless. But he faltered not, with wondrous faith in the people

and his own mission, with his hand in his Master's and his eyes on the future he plodded on. And it did become the star of hope to many young men and women. Here they met and mingled in class-room and in hall—they spoke from the same rostrum and prayed together in the same room sacred with a thousand blessed memories. And thank God here hundreds of them found the pearl of great price. Hence they issued at vacation or at the end of their course, their hearts knit together with mutual love and esteem carrying with them the benedictions of peace and good will to the divided churches.

For seven long months in each of eighteen years how he labored, how he prayed—what weighty burdens he bore! From 8.30 in the morning till 4.30 in the evening he sat in the class room. Listen to the list of subjects he handled and handled well—Systematic Theology, Pastoral Theology, Homiletics, New Testament Greek and Exegesis, Hebrew, three classes, Old Testament Exegesis, Harmony of Gospels, Pastoral Epistles, Mental and Moral Science and Butler's Analogy. Besides this, councils, dedications, ordinations, board meetings, conferences, etc., without number, claimed his energies and time. Then during the summer vacation in rail car or steamboat, or carriage, he travelled night and day from one end of the land to the other, preaching, praying, pleading with rich and poor alike, for money. Money to pay teachers' salaries: money to put up new buildings, aye, and money to pay the poor pittance which was paid to him for these arduous toils. Thank God he toiled not alone—a small but noble band stood by him. Some of them are with him in glory, others are still tarrying in this vale of tears, and some of them are with us to-day. Among the former, reverently we mention the names of McMaster and Lloyd, Tucker and Davidson, and *Archibald Burtch*. "*And the last shall be first.*" This is the man who *mortgaged* the roof over his head for Woodstock College. The list of the living is too long to be given here, but we cannot forbear the names of T. James Claxton, of Montreal, and the father of him to whose skillful hand we are indebted for this beautiful work of art, John Hatch, of Woodstock. His memorials, "my boys," as he fondly called them, are in every land. In England, in India, in China, and all over the continent of America. In New York and Brooklyn, in Rochester and Chicago, in Denver and on the Pacific Coast.

Here they are in our Canada to-day by the score, men and women through whom being dead he yet speaketh.

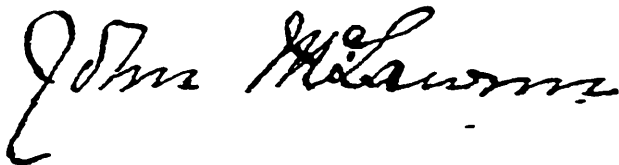
We shall never see his like again. Is that too trite? It is true all the same. God never wastes time in making two men to do the same work. He never made a second Moses. He'll never make another Paul. The value of our meeting to-day will depend largely upon the lessons learned and the inspiration given by the contemplation of such a life.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

Every student in Woodstock College cannot be a Dr. Fyfe, God may not have so richly blessed them in mental or physical endowments as he; but they may be as loyal to their God, their convictions, their conscience, their denomination and to their country as he was. They may be as true to their friends and as just and generous to their enemies; they may place before themselves as high an ideal of truth, of honor and justice; they may be as gentle to the weak, as considerate to the poor, as manly and fearless as he; they may be as self-denying, as uncomplaining and as devoted to their Master as he was; they may not be able to found a college, mould a generation, or give purpose and aim to a whole people, *but they can*

"Departing leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of time."

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John McLean". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the word "WOODSTOCK".

WOODSTOCK.

WHY NOT A GREAT NATIONAL LITERATURE IN
CANADA?

One is surely not venturing too much to say that, whatever the future may reveal, it can scarcely be claimed by the most ardent that Canadians have yet entered upon the full splendors of an epoch-making period in the realm of a native literature. To this the sober thought of even those who would most gladly hail the advent of such a period will, we believe, readily assent. Canadian authorship is but yet in its infancy. To lay claim to anything beyond this would be simply writing down our own ideal of what a national literature ought to be. We shall not be satisfied with anything less than the best.

It cannot be said that the age is one of literary inactivity. Every day tells a different story. The press teems with products of brain. Newspaper, and magazine, and book, all tell the same tale—the best that armies of the world's thinkers in every department of mental activity can produce is eagerly sought for and finds ready expression in the hearing of an audience never so large before.

What share are Canadians contributing to the great out-put? They stand well to the front in oratory of pulpit, bar, and statesmanship. Canadian preachers fill some of the foremost of the great metropolitan pulpits of our own and other lands: the leaders of the bar and in our legislative halls would do no discredit to similar positions in any of the great English-speaking commonwealths: and Canadians have found their way into the professoriates of the leading American universities. But in prose fiction, in essay, and in poetry, we have yet practically to make for ourselves a name: we have yet to produce that which will challenge and extort the lasting admiration of men and which will, by common consent, be deemed worthy to occupy a permanent place among the great English classics of both continents.

It is not to be denied that in poetry some that is beautiful has been written. Really choice expression, faultless versification, and finely poetic thought have characterised not a few poems, not from one, but from several of our poets: and it is difficult to believe that there is not in this reasonable promise of something noble yet to come. But still the enquiry comes again and again, are we, Canadians, almost absolutely undramatic: dare we not attempt

the narration of lofty and inspiring achievement in noble and becoming form: and are there none to sing their country's songs of love and patriotism? Why is it that our Anglo-Saxon kinsmen over sea, and on our own continent have been so widely heard not only in their own but in other tongues, and we of common ancestry, a common inheritance of achievement, and a common language are scarcely heard beyond our own border?

Answer to this enquiry will not here be attempted at length. Some other pen may consider it worthy of consideration in a future issue.

What then, briefly is the outlook for the development of a literature truly worthy and national in its character?

Canada lacks the influences begotten of castle, and hall, and institutions of learning hoary with time; she lacks the influence of village, town and countryside, replete with memories of a thousand years; she lacks the quiet charm of the rich and garden-like landscape; and the ever-abiding presence of those heroic characters whose actions are momentous to humanity at large but to Englishmen in particular. Yet she possesses an honorable though comparatively brief history; hers is an inheritance bounded only by oceans, beautified by lofty mountain, inland sea, mighty river, limitless forest, and over all a glorious sky. Must not all these tend to enrich the national life and to create conditions favorable to poetic sentiment? Let Canadians but take more time to draw nearer to the great heart of a richly-endowed mother and the result will be felt as it is even now in our own *Lake Lyrics* and other poems of nature but felt more intensely and by many lives susceptible to the power of nature. Let the poetry of Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott and every really great poet tell what the influence of such possessions as are already mentioned has to do in furnishing theme and giving inspiration to the poet's song. Looked at thus may we not say that the future is hopeful?

Again, the love of the genuinely poetic is evidently taking root among us. At no period in our history have there been so many, or so sweet singers in our midst as there are now; and if the chords touched have been too few and the strength of poetic flight not long sustained, still there have been chastity of diction and beauty of thought within the limits attempted. Best of all there

have been enthusiasm, and ardor manifest that must kindle like enthusiasm and ardor in others. It is a hopeful thing that poetic art is studied and engaged in by those who love it for its own pure sake.

By no means the least of many agencies now operative, and one that must do much to hasten a distinctively Canadian literary era, is the widespread and affectionate study given to the best productions of the best poets of all time. Thousands of children and youth of Canada are, as at no former period, coming into contact with all that is pure, beautiful and strong in poetry. Let the good work go on. Let the educators of youth realize the possibilities now before them of stimulating an undying love of the richest treasures of thought expressed in faultless terms and our literary future is assured. Whether or not the consequence of this widespread study will be the rise of a new poetical school, one thing is certain, the life of the rising generation will be made richer and humanity at large will be the gainer. No place then for the second-rate work. With faculties and tastes cultivated and refined only the highest authorship will be tolerated.

Among other great causes that bestrived the slumbering activities of the English mind, the love of the New Learning is rightly believed to have had much to do with the shaping of thought in that unparalleled burst of song that will ever continue to be the highest glory of the Elizabethan age. Would that the increasing devotion to the muse of song, so evident among many in our land, might with equal force give character and direction to thought and aspiration! Would that the broadcast sowing of seed in school and college, and seats of higher learning might so train the mind, quicken imagination, and refine the nature that a *genuine age* of literary superiority on Canadian soil might soon be ushered in. An age the products of which might, without fear of the result, be placed side by side with the achievements of other and favored lands.

"But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!"

A. S. M. Keeble

LINES

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE HANGING OF MR. HATCH'S OIL PORTRAIT
OF DR. FYFE IN WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Hang up his picture where the light
Shall fall from dawn to eventide,
And every feature show aright
Of him whose presence is denied ;
'Tis only meet that he, erstwhile
Light-bearer in this classic dome,
In pictured semblance aye should smile
In light serene as one at home.

At home !—and was it not for this
Old College home he prayed and thought ?
Content what others prized to miss
While journeying weak and overwrought ?
Fearless where others feared, and strong
Where weaker souls denied their aid ?
Through wasting pain and suffering long
Till life's last pulse-beat undismayed ?

Hang up his picture !—it shall be
A little while, for those who knew
And honored him, a memory
Of high-souled manhood, staunch and true ;
Of earnest toil and faith serene
Tested and tried, whose fruit to-day
Rip'ning on many a shore is seen,
And glad'ning regions far away.

And unto him who after treads
These halls this pictured face shall be
An inspiration true to deeds
Of high and hallowed ministry,—
A power to move and to impel
Young men to tread the path he trod,
And faithfully, like him, and well,
Spend and be spent for heaven and God.

P. S. V. Y.

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

FRIENDSHIP.

The great cause of man's universal desire for friends is the consciousness that he is a dependent creature. Though complete in organism and structure, he is conscious that as an individual he lacks some things which only his fellows can supply. Therefore he naturally turns to those around him for that which he finds wanting in himself.

I know of no greater felt want among men than that of protection. Through all ages they have realised that they can resist harm much better unitedly than individually. The world over they have recognised the truthfulness of the proverb, "In unity there is strength." So they have banded themselves together into societies for mutual protection. The word "town" itself primarily meant "the fenced place" in the woods where a number of individuals had congregated for mutual protection.

Another felt want that has drawn men together is that of happiness. All want to be happy. And all seem to think that intercourse with others adds to their happiness. And it certainly does. Let a man be ever so wise and great and clever, he certainly cannot be happy if he is willingly an enemy of his fellows. Though such a one live in the crowded city, though he mingle with ten thousand of his fellows daily, he is still a veritable hermit, still he lives alone.

Alone! Woeful word! Suggested by it is the most abject misery and often real horror. From the little child left alone in the dark to the man Robinson Crusoe left alone on his desert Island, there is within the human heart a horror of loneliness. This horror also draws men together into closer and more tender relationships than either of the other two mentioned wants. Loneliness is not solitude. Solitude is often full of peace and serenity, and for these solitude is sought after by many; but loneliness is the awful realization that a man has nothing in common with his fellows. In one of the first enunciated truths

of Scripture we learn that it is not good,—“It is not good for man to be alone” either for his happiness or his needs. Men are conscious of this and in order to avoid this loneliness have recourse to friendship.

Notice now how friendship is formed. It may be formed between two or more persons by something that they have temporarily or permanently in common with each other as a common mode of life, a common danger, desire, thought, purpose, belief. Friendship may be formed by any of these things, but they are no guarantee of its continuance. That is friendship in which two persons each recognise in the other the complement of himself. This may be illustrated by the kaleidoscope. In this interesting instrument no single piece stands alone, but goes with other pieces to make one perfect whole. They fall together into the places where they fit best, and the result is a thing of beauty. So in the great kaleidoscope of life, one nature falls—apparently by accident—into another nature, and the union results in that thing of beauty—friendship. And as the beauty of the figures in the kaleidoscope consists not so much in their form as in the contrasted colors of the several pieces, so the beauty of friendship consists in the fact that natures entirely different in form and color, yet unite so exquisitely.

In no place can this be better observed than in college. Here at the beginning of the year the students come, and, because they are unacquainted, they mix promiscuously with one another. But within two weeks such a classification is made, as is most interesting to the thoughtful observer. Just as naturally as water finds its level, we see one character filling into another, congenial spirits sought and found, companions recognized, and friendships formed. And all this without one word of arrangement from either side. Some great unseen and silent power seems to irresistibly draw some natures together while it repels others.

But volition and caution must be used in the formation of friendship, for this power sometimes forms a union that proves disastrous to all concerned in it. Were I asked how to select a friend I would say, “choose that one whom you believe to be best able to meet your real needs, and to whom you desire to be—and can be—of the greatest real value.”

Were I again asked when to select a friend I would say, “as

soon as you know what friendship is, and can find a life that will fulfil its conditions to you, and to which you can do the same."

Let me state just here what, to me, is a remarkable characteristic of friendship, namely, that it will recognize no superfluities. It completes a life but never supplements it. It gives no unnecessary extras. How we hate the thought that our friend is trying to be more to us than he really is! Friendship will brook no grovelling of one friend with another. Each one must always be himself, nothing more, nothing less—one that will faithfully wound as well as faithfully praise.

Friendship is a sacred thing, involving holy emotions and the more tender traits of human character—a bond of beauty joining souls eternally together.

Notice briefly a few fundamentals involved.

(1) There is love—the most wonderful and sacred of all emotions. There can be no real friendship without this. Primarily a friend is "one that loves," and friendship is the estate of loving. This reveals the secret of the sacredness of friendship. No one recognizing its love nature will dare to trifle with it, but will reverently consider it as the holy thing that it is. We can easily see, then, how entirely different friendship is to that poor abused thing popularly called by the same name. Love is friendship's foundation—its chief corner stone, without which no structure that is called by friendship's name, however beautiful and solid it may appear, can long stand, for it is built upon the shifting sands of mere fascination, or sentiment, or caprice, and will collapse before the first cyclone of selfishness, ill-temper, or even petulance.

(2) Friendship then must also involve permanency. Love is eternal; so is friendship. A real friend is a friend forever. Again, see how strongly this contrasts friendship with that miserable subterfuge which is popularly called friendship, but which is nothing more than acquaintance. This involves neither love nor permanency. But friendship cannot be formed to-day and broken to-morrow. Were this contrast more fully recognized we should probably be more careful about whom we called friends.

(3) It also involves a desire to *help* one's friend. This is best explained by the old proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Or, to give it another meaning, a friend whose friendship flows

out in deeds of love and kindness is truly a friend. So then a friend is a helper, and friendship unites two persons as willing helpers each to the other.

I will only mention some other things that are involved in friendship.

(4) There is *tenderness*, a necessary attendant upon love.

(5) There is *unselfishness*, without which there can be no friendship.

(6) There is a delicate *sensitiveness* for the honor and feeling of our friend; a sensitiveness that will prompt us to protect the former, and to hurt the latter as little as possible.

Who can estimate the value of friendship? Who sum up all its benefits and power? None but an infinite mind, for they are infinite. Yet it is delightful to measure friendship as much as we can in order to appreciate and revere it more.

Without friendship we should indeed be lonely souls. It satisfies our longing for sympathy, for love. If we are in poverty and need, friendship sends us help; if we are laid low with physical pain, friendship nurses us; if we writhe in mental anguish, from whatever cause—doubt, sin, failure—friendship saves us from deep despair or perhaps worse; if success attends our path and we are inclined to be exalted above measure, friendship whispers in our ear. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

And what more shall I say? Simply this: Friendship is one of the perfect boons that cometh down from Him "in whom is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning," and as such should be hallowed and cherished by us, as all gifts from such a Giver should be hallowed and cherished.

E. Seldon.

CHINA—HER SPIRITUAL NEEDS AND CLAIMS.

Let us first look at a few statistics. The area of your beloved Dominion is, roughly speaking, 3,500,000 square miles, inhabited by a population of 5,250,000, while China, with an area only one-seventh greater (4,000,000 square miles), has a population variously estimated between 300 and 381 millions—if we say 350 I believe we shall be quite within the bounds of fact. Now, try to

form some conception of the meaning of these numbers. Suppose a given point past which the Chinese might file at the rate of one per second without cessation, day or night, and more than eleven years would be required for the last man in this stupendous procession to pass. Sydney Smith says "that for impressing an audience the only figure of speech that is worth a farthing is the figure of repetition." Again, therefore, take your Bible, and carefully count, not the chapters or the verses, but the letters, from the beginning of the Book of Genesis to the "amen" of Revelation, and when you have accomplished the task go over it again, and again, and again—ten times, twenty times, forty times—nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women and children of this old and wondrous empire. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour, 33,000 will pass to-day forever beyond our reach. Despatch your missionary to-morrow and nearly a million of immortal souls for whom Christ died will have passed to their final account before he can reach their shores, without taking into consideration the fact that he has yet to acquire their language. Whether such facts touch us or not I think this ought to move our heart. It is enough to make an angel weep. Again: in '81 the population of Ontario was two and a-half millions. Allow the increase in nine years to have been 750,000 we have, say, a population of three millions (the area being 125,000). To shepherd this multitude there are at least 3,000 clergymen and pastors (I have not exact statistics before me, but believe this to be a low estimate), besides missionaries, evangelists, Sunday school teachers and general workers. This will give, as you can see at a glance, one minister to each 1,000 of population, whereas in China, with her 350,000,000, the 700 missionaries now in the field will have nearly 500,000 people in each parish. This statement is fallacious since it would be a human impossibility for one to reach that number, even were it possible to apportion the population evenly. What then, you say, is the actual state of affairs? Four or five of the sea-board provinces are fairly (I use the word in a *very* modified sense—200 missionaries to 36½ millions) well supplied with missionaries, while the fifteen immense inland provinces have a total of about

500 between them, to say nothing of the still more distant Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria, and N. W. dependencies with their twenty millions. Bearing in mind these facts you will not wonder that a friend of mine, whose scanty allowance permitted him to secure only a hurried two years medical training, was gladly hailed by a small body of faithful men and women in the westerly province of Yun-nan, whose nearest medical adviser was a thousand miles distant. The thought that grows upon us as we think upon these things is the immensity of the subject, the intensity of the need, and the lack of knowledge where to begin to cause others to think as they should upon this subject. Remember that while the foregoing is true of China—India, with 250 millions, and Africa, with 300 millions, Siam, Japan and the Islands of the Sea, South America and the Pacific Isles, have not been even alluded to. We have, all told, not more than 7000 missionaries in the foreign field. As we ponder these things, we are forcibly reminded of the prophecy of Isaian, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death upon them hath the light shined—Christ says, "ye are the light of the world," *blessed privilege! awful responsibility!* The light we have borne to the people in darkness is as a single strand of cotton and a few drops of oil, and at its best but a feeble glimmer in the darkness of the heathen night. Think not that I disparage the God-honored noble few that have laid their lives upon His altar. God forbid! But what are 7,000 to the 30 millions of nominal Christians? A *great* light truly. You may say what has all this to do with me? That sounds like one of old who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Oh that that line of Heber's hymn may rather be our response:

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny."

Again, a very noteworthy fact in our blessed Lord's life is His reiteration of the truth that He came *not* to do His *own will* but His Father's. There is no *different* rule of life for us. The prayer of Moses was, "Show me now *thy way*;" of Paul, "What wilt *thou* have me to do?" Our example is therefore, as thou (the Father) hast sent me into the world *even so* have I also sent them into the world

Our commission—*go ye* (not send someone else) into *all* the world and preach *the gospel* (there is but one) to *every* creature. Would that I could only express as that godly man Mr. Spurgeon did the meaning of this charge. He firmly believes in Sydney Smith's axiom—and said, *go! go! go!* We have gone Lord and have preached in all the suburbs of London. *Go! go! go!* It is done as thou hast said Lord, we have reached the coast and held a service on the sands. *Go! go! go!* We go Lord and have preached in Africa. *Go! go! go!* China, India, the Islands of the sea have heard Thy word. *Go! go! go! to every creature—and preach the gospel! preach the gospel! preach the gospel! not amuse the people or split hairs on doctrinal points but to preach the gospel to every creature! to black and white or bond and free, on the burning sands of Africa, in far-off China or Malay, beside the Ganges or on the snow clad steppe.* Some may plead the needlessness of missionary effort upon the ground of a "larger hope," so called, which takes for granted the salvation of the heathen by other means than "the *alone way*." If this premise be true then I grant you 'twere better to leave them in ignorance than to place God's plan before them that they should refuse. But reconcile if you can Romans I. and Paul's conclusion, "So that they are without excuse" with this fallacious hope, and should your logic find some means for accomplishing that end still bear in mind Christ's imperative command to all ages of followers, "*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*" I wish to ask a question ere closing this paper. I presume in our reading we have all at some time or other come face to face with Christ's command regarding the sending forth of laborers. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest. Let us apply this test very personally—Have I obeyed this command? I doubt not that the united answer will unresistingly be—yes—it certainly ought so to be. Then ask—am I not perhaps asking for another what I am unwilling to ask for myself, *i. e.*, that God would thrust me forth—if this be the case I would ask, how dare you? in God's name how dare you? First be obedient yourself, asking God's will concerning yourself, and then will your cry be acceptable before Him. Again, are we not too prone to choose our own way and ask God to bless that rather than pray, Show me Thy way. The "blessing"

attends only those who walk as the Master directs. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The *need* of China is *beyond compare*, the *claims* of China are *indisputable*, the *calls* of China, like the Macedonian cry "Come over and help us," are frequent and repeated, the *doors* in China are many and open wide. May the Lord help us to respond to His cry, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Here am I, send me—send me for His name's sake.

E. M.

EDITORIAL.

THE NEED OF EDUCATED MINISTERS.

One of the most pitiable signs of the time is that described in the eloquent paper by Dr. McArthur which we give in this issue. There can be no doubt that power and joy are brought to a minister of the gospel by a course of thorough and honest preparation. John Ruskin in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" dwells on the necessity of the most rigid truth, entirely free from deception, in the construction of buildings, especially those intended for the use of churches, deeming it better to build a plain edifice with the concealed parts constructed of the same material as those exposed to view, rather than to go to expense of time and money on ornamentation of the visible portions and at the same time to use inferior material for the hidden interiors. We believe that a minister of Jesus Christ should be essentially honest. Now if he lack preparation he must either publicly admit it and so injure his usefulness or he must endeavor by superficial and hasty reading to make a fair show of things in order to fulfil the apostolic requirement of being of good repute from without. We trust that Dr. McArthur's words will inspire every young man looking toward the ministry of preaching to thorough, accurate, honest preparation. And joined to this trust is the hope that throughout our churches there will be an intense sympathy manifesting itself in ready assistance, financial and otherwise, with young men struggling amid great discouragements to show themselves workmen that need not be ashamed.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

"What is easily gained is lightly valued." So runs the old adage, and there is a mine of truth in the statement. A well conducted school means intense energy on the part of the teachers, joined to great sympathy, "eternal vigilance" and unwavering firmness. To all these there have to be added on the part of the students faith in the earnestness, integrity and good judgment of the faculty and a determination to assist in every regard. The need of a combination such as this renders perfect discipline well nigh impossible. What cannot be entirely gained may yet be striven after. There come times, when after continuous long-suffering and faithful remonstrance, mercy ceases to be a virtue and prompt, decisive, energetic dealing alone can do the work required. Suspension from school is always a thing to be deplored, but often not so deplorable as would be the permission to remain at the expense of good order and the fitness of the student body. A college which claims to be Christian must see to it that Christian influences not only prevail, but prevail strongly. Whenever Woodstock College ceases to be Christian in motive and influence, then, and immediately then its *raison d'être* has also ceased. To keep the influence of the school pure, manly and elevating, sentimental feeling must be cast to the winds and things dealt with in a manner dictated by a firmness inspired by the responsibility of doing God's will.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

One of the most suitable articles we have seen on McMaster University appears in the "Varsity" of Oct. 28th. Evidently the writer has taken a fair and unprejudiced view of the infant university of the Baptist denomination. There has been a good deal of nonsense written on this subject by persons who, it would seem, do not understand the matter.

It never was the intention of the late Senator McMaster to form a university which should be a rival to Toronto, neither is it the aim or hope, or expectation of the Baptist denomination, but we believe there is an educational work for the Baptists to do, the late Senator thought so and we believe God thought so and hence the existence of McMaster University to-day.

There are undisputed advantages to be derived from the commingling of so large a class of students as are in attendance upon our state universities, but there are also many disadvantages which cannot be ignored, "The more men the merrier," but it is not always "the more the better," and quality is surely of more importance than quantity in the realm of good influences and character building.

Baptists have always believed they have a *raison d'être* and moreover that they have a great responsibility resting upon them. Each succeeding decade has seen the great Christian bodies one by one adopting the principles for which we have *always* contended, and our work is not yet done. We need men of strong will, clear brain, clean heart and with unswerving loyalty to our principles—many such men. We also want a school of our own ideal to train such men. And such a school we now have, where the principles our fathers fought for and bought with their blood may be taught in their purity: where *full* light may shine, where *thorough* exegesis of God's word shall be taken as the ground of all belief and the only true standard of ethics.

Suppose the attendance is small—will not the student be more influenced by the teacher than if the number were large? Cannot the individuality of the man be more fully developed, studied, planned for and wrought upon where there are few than where are many?

Over thirty years ago Woodstock College was founded, built and has since been governed *in the spirit of Christ*. For many years a work has been done here of incalculable importance not only educationally but spiritually: the honorable Senator recognized this and readily laid the immense fortune at the feet of the Baptist denomination in order that *in the same spirit* we might carry on this work with greater power and efficiency to the end of the course. Judge now whether a man will be a stronger Christian, a truer man, a purer character if he pursue his full course under such influences, or whether it will be better for him to mingle with a larger number of good thinkers, bad thinkers, and no thinkers at all in a school where little attention is given to morals, less to self-control and none to religion, but where powerful influence of the majority gravitates downward both morally and spiritually. Is it better for a man to build up a spiritual

manhood under circumstances favorable, or early to subject his faith and zeal for Christ to every form of skepticism, atheism and infidelity. To say that Toronto University is any worse than any other great university would not be true, to say that many men have not graduated strong, tried, cultured, would also be untrue, but many, very many, are ready to testify to the pernicious influence of years of training in a school where God is not the first thought or Jesus Christ the ideal.

This is the star of hope in the horizon of the Baptist Denomination, it is rising—slowly but surely; soon the benignant rays of a university under the direct control of Jesus Christ will be doing a great work for His Kingdom. There is no need for sneers, there is no room for them. It is true *He* was sneered at and mocked and his followers may expect the same, but it is quite out of keeping with the spirit of the times to attempt to minimize the importance of teaching Christ from the beginning to the full end of a college course. This was the ideal of the honored founder of Woodstock College whose memoir appears in this issue, this was the ideal of Mr. McMaster when he so lavishly spent his wealth for its accomplishment, this is the ideal of the men who now govern the University. God speed the day when Jesus Christ shall be the ideal character in every university, but for the present let those who value these principles come to McMaster.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Teacher (in grammar class)—What is the sign of Patronymic in Wales? Class—Fitz. Teacher—In England? Class—Son. Teacher—In Scotland? Class—Mac. Teacher—And in Ireland? Youth in back seat—Mick.

MANUAL TRAINING.—Nearly all the delegates to the Baptist Convention visited the manual training department and showed great interest in its working. Dr. Saunders of Halifax, a leading member of the Board of Governors of Acadia University, spent many hours making a thorough inspection and discussing ways and means with the superintendent, as they propose soon to establish a manual training department at Acadia. A box of specimens of the students' work will shortly be sent from here to Acadia.

STUDY-HOURS.

STUDENT (*loquitur*):

“ Well, here once again is seven o'clock,
 And there goes the old college bell,
 Now first I'll turn the key in the lock,
 Then work at the English—but, well

Perhaps I should put more time on Greek,
 That awful abomination,
 But then if I do, it will make me so weak
 That I'll fail at matriculation.

I think I had better do Euclid first,
 Here goes for the 'Pons Asinorum.'
 Now of all my studies this is the worst,
 So I'll try that 'Bonorum, Bonorum.' ”

And 'hie, haec, hoc, hujus and hinc,'
 Oh, it's easy when you can do it;
 'Hunc and haec.' Just what I like.
 That'll do next day I'll review it.

Why, it's not yet eight, and I'm nearly through,
 I'm really a first-rate student,
 You don't very often obtain a view
 Of a fellow who's much more prudent.

Now history next. Well, I've read that stuff
 From my earliest childhood days:
 I think I know far more than enough
 About the old-time ways.

Well, now I'll go and indulge in some fun,
 But I must try and not be seen.
 I am working too hard. All my studies are done
 Before it is 8.15.

* * * *

Well, here's a go. That's the ten o'clock bell,
 So I'll hustle back to my room,
 Just remarking in a modified yell
 'I was seeing my Nelly home!'

But alas and alack! There's my last book of Greek
 And a note between it and my tools.
 It says, 'You are in bounds for a week
 For disobeying the rules.' ”

The new Baptist church in the West end of Woodstock has begun work under the most favorable circumstances. The forty-three members who have identified themselves with the cause are strong in will, enthusiasm and faith, and the expectation now is to extend a call to a pastor with the new year. The college feeling of sympathy to the undertaking is very strong and is well represented by the Rev. N. Wolverton, who has taken a very active interest in it, and whose exertions have been unceasing to bring the enterprise to its present encouraging condition.

We doubt if there ever has been a time when larger results have been visible in connection with the Christian missions undertaken by the students of Woodstock College. The little prayer-meeting in the West end has grown into a regularly organized church. The East end mission is this year largely attended, both on Thursday and Sunday evenings, and souls are being won to Christ. The committee in charge does regular systematic work in the way of visiting. The committee appointed to the services in the jail had last Sunday the deep pleasure of seeing four rise for prayer. The meetings in the B.M.E. (colored) church, conducted by the students every other Sunday evening, are very interesting and well attended.

We neglected in our last issue (in the list of books added to the library) to mention a very valuable volume contributed by Mr. Thos. Lailey, describing the obelisks of Egypt. It is a large volume, beautifully printed and illustrated, and is one of the few books in the library suitable for exhibition purposes.

FROM GRANDE LIGNE.—This month I have to relate two deaths. Monday, Nov. 3rd, the teachers and scholars followed to their last resting place the remains of Mrs. Normandeau, wife of the Rev. Mr. Normandeau (formerly a Catholic priest) one of our old missionaries. Many who attended school here some years ago remember well the good Christian woman who has now gone to her heavenly home. Friday, Nov. 7th, the school again attended the funeral of Mrs. Therrien, mother of the Rev. A. L. Therrien, pastor of the French Baptist church, Montreal. . . . Our boys are quite lively and some of the smaller ones exercise now and then an abundance of lung power. The boys hold a prayer meeting every Saturday evening; so do the girls. These meetings are increasing in interest and we are looking forward with faith in God that many souls may be born into the kingdom this winter. . . . Principal Masse promises something for the next number of the MAGAZINE.—GEO. R. MACFAUL.

Mr. D. Bentley, of Montreal has generously ordered for the library the following volumes of sermons by that prince of preachers, McLaren, of Manchester: "A Year's Ministry," 1st and 2nd series: "The Unchanging Christ," and "The Holy of Holies." This gift is especially appreciated because it renders it at last possible to say that McLaren is not unrepresented on our shelves.

Mr. D. E. Thomson, of Toronto, still keeps us in mind, and has informed us of his intention to contribute once more to the empty shelves in the library. This time he gives us a set of the works of John Burroughs, an American writer not well enough known in Canada, though popular in England and Scotland. Even now in the month of November we think with pleasure of "Strawberries;" "The Hairyon in Canada;" "Birds and Poets." etc.

One of the most prized contributions to the museum yet made is a copy of an early edition of Quintilian printed in 1528. Dr. Newman of Toronto is the contributor, and we give in the way of description of the book a few words from his letter to Principal Huston. "You will notice that two genuine bits of medieval vellum MS. have been used in binding the volume. These specimens are splendidly executed and one of them contains a fine illuminated initial. The MS. is probably from the 14th century, almost certainly as early as the 15th. It no doubt was part of an old MS. volume at the time the book was printed. I consider these specimens of MS. of more value than the book itself."

We are glad to think that our friends are not losing their affection for the school. Mr. Wolverton brought back with him from the Maritime Provinces for the museum: a fine specimen of the devil fish, and Mr. Kelly has also contributed a number of Japanese coins, which with others expected from Japan will make a fine collection.

Oxford County has many things to boast about, but in nothing should she take more pride than in her teachers. It was a great pleasure to have a visit from them on the occasion of their recent convention. According to arrangement the proceedings of the last half day took place in the College building, and as a result we have in our visitors' book the autographs of 150 teachers. After discussing in a very interesting way the subject of History, the convention adjourned to visit the workshop, library, museum, laboratories, observatory, etc. The workshop was the centre of attraction, though the library proved a great theme of conversation. Inspector Carlyle frankly admitted that his thought of manual training had been greatly altered by what he had seen. We hope that the time will soon come when we shall again have the pleasure of seeing the teachers with us. Why not give us the whole day instead of the afternoon alone?

On Friday evening, Nov. 14, the students turned out in large numbers to a reception specially arranged for them by the Young People's Society and friends of the First Baptist Church. After a good programme refreshments were served by the young ladies and there was a pleasant time generally. We are glad to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Kerr, the President, and all the friends for the very enjoyable evening given us.

FOOTBALL.—On Saturday, the 15th ult., the Galt Collegiate Institute did itself credit in sending to Woodstock a picked eleven of football experts to wrestle with the College for the proud title of holders of the Hough Cup. The G. C. I.'s aggregation, accompanied by Mr. Lockhead, their science master, arrived about noon. After dinner they were shown about the College, and frequent were their expressions of pleasure and surprise as they strolled through the corridors and rooms of the spacious buildings, or viewed the extensive grounds for outdoor sport. At 2.30 p.m. the opposing teams lined up, the College having the advantage in weight. Galt made up for this deficiency by their cool but rapid passing, which seemed to puzzle the home defence, while our attack alternately showed nervousness and indifference. The game was yet young when the captain of the visitors was obliged to quit the field from an injury. Another man was taken on, and after some adjusting of their players the ball was again set a rolling, travelling in quick time from one end of the field to the other, the play being rather in favor of Galt, who were well backed by a north wind. Before half-time they scored one from a well taken corner kick, which unluckily bounced through goal from one of the College defence. On change of ends the home team played with more spirit and care, and gradually became masters of the situation, piling up no less than four goals the last half hour. When time was called the score stood 4 goals to 1 in favor of the college. As the teams left the field the home men were noticeably fresh, doubtless due considerably to their daily physical training, while their opponents were as evidently fagged. Throughout the match a drizzling rain fell, thus dampening an otherwise interesting and well-fought contest. Mr. Hogarth, of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, acted as referee and gave entire satisfaction. The visitors made a very favorable impression during their short stay with us. We hope to see them again—go away without the cup.

A pleasant evening was spent on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, when all actively engaged in the East End Mission were invited to come together to talk over the work. Tea was provided, and after an hour spent in conversation, Mr. McAlpine, the Sunday-School Superintendent, said a few earnest words upon the work of the Mission and called upon Pastor Dadson, Principal Huston, Deacon Beardshall and Mr. Gunton for short addresses.

MINISTERIAL COMMITTEE.—A meeting of the Ministerial Committee on Friday and Saturday, 14th and 15th inst., gave us the pleasure of a visit from Drs. Goodspeed and Rand and Rev. J. P. McEwen, H. M. Superintendent. On Sunday Dr. Goodspeed occupied the pulpit in the Oxford St. Baptist church, while Mr. McEwen preached morning and evening in the First Baptist church.

Thanksgiving day brought its usual holiday and customary turkey