

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
MARCH, 1899.

WILLIAM FRASER.

To keep alive the memory of men whose lives have been a benediction to the world, is not an unnecessary nor unimportant service to succeeding generations. Their mistakes, if mistakes they have made, may fortify those who follow them in the service of the same Master, against similar blunders; while their efforts and successes under circumstances of difficulty, of which, except on the outskirts of settlement, ministers of the present day are blissfully ignorant, may be an inspiration to weary discouraged toilers, who may find refreshed vigor in contemplation of what God has done through them. They have labored, and their successors have entered into their labors. They laid the foundations in prayers, tears, and toil, on which their followers are building.

Among the early fathers of the Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec, the man whose name heads this paper holds a conspicuous and honorable place. His life and labors are interwoven with the rise, growth and prosperity of a number of the churches. William Fraser was born in Straspay, Invernessshire, Scotland, on the 29th of November, 1801. His early youth was passed on a farm among the rugged and imposing scenery of the Highlands, where many who have left their mark on the activities of the world acquired the physical strength and intellectual energy, which fitted them to cope successfully with the difficulties of business and professional life. The educational

advantages of the time and place did not promise much, and performed still less than they promised. The Parochial Schools were sufficiently rudimentary, but were better than no schools at all. William Fraser exhausted the resources of three of these schools, two in the Highlands and one in the Lowlands, and though they did not carry the youth of the parish far on the road toward a liberal education, they at least taught the art of reading, and put into the hands of all who desired to use it, a key that would unlock the treasures of literature.

If education in the parochial school was defective, the moral and spiritual condition of the people was still more deplorable. The family of Mr. Fraser belonged to the Established Church of Scotland. At one of the schools he attended his teacher was an elder of the church and also a catechist, but he did not consider it inconsistent with his position as teacher, elder and catechist, to amuse and encourage his scholars, by entertaining them with a cock fight once a year, and finishing the exercises of the gala day with a dance in the school house in the evening. Under such influences what could be expected but the merest formalism in religion, and by the amusements to which the young were invited, the training of the baser passions of vitiated human nature to a deeper degradation?

When about sixteen years of age it pleased God, who works when, where and how He sees fit, to stir up young Fraser's conscience to a sense of sin and danger. The immediate instrument of this awakening was some portions of the Divine word, brought home to his dark heart by the Holy Spirit with great power. Then began the struggle between the old idea in which he had been brought up, that he had been engrafted into Christ and His Church in infancy, and therefore would be finally saved, and the truth which glowed on the pages of the Bible, and forced its light with ever increasing clearness on his conscience, that he was a guilty sinner who deserved to perish. While in this perplexed and uncertain state of mind, he heard the Rev. Peter Grant, Gaelic preacher and poet, whose poetical compositions are music to the ear and delight to the heart of Highlanders, preach a sermon which took from him all doubt of his own spiritual loss, destitution and helplessness. Under the

same ministry his eyes were opened to the way of life, and he was enabled to receive the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour, and rest in Him as only the weary soul can rest, that is tired of its own abortive attempts to conquer the power of sin. After a somewhat prolonged and strenuous battle between the traditions of the creed in which he had been trained and the teaching of the inspired word relative to the ordinances of the Gospel, truth triumphed over prejudices, and he was baptized in Grant town by the Rev. L. McIntosh, and united with the denomination of which he remained a consistent and faithful member, and an able advocate of its principles, till God called him up to the heavenly mansions.

Not long after his conversion, Mr. Fraser heard the voice of God calling him to the Gospel ministry. The need was great, and opportunity for evangelistic work abundant. In response to what he considered an irresistible summons, his first attempt at preaching was made in Grant town in 1822. But he soon realized that efficient work in God's harvest field, called for more education than the parochial schools had given. The opportunity for increased scholastic attainments was furnished by the seminary founded in Edinburgh by Robert Haldane. Mr. Fraser became a student in that institution in 1823. But his term of study was not long. In 1825 he left the Seminary, and was appointed a missionary to travel and preach through the Highlands and adjacent parts of the Lowlands. After a year of this itinerant work, he settled with a church in Inverness-shire, and in 1827 was ordained its pastor. There amid the scenes and associations of his boyhood four happy years passed away in the successful discharge of ministerial and pastoral duties.

God who disposes of His servants and fixes the bounds of their habitation as He sees fit, had in reserve for Mr. Fraser a wider, more difficult, as well as more distant field; which would tax to the utmost, and furnish full scope for the use of all the powers both nature and grace had bestowed. Breadalbane justly claims the pre-eminence of being the first Baptist Church on the north side of the St. Lawrence, both in Quebec and the eastern part of Ontario. It was founded in 1817, some say of thirteen,

others of thirty, members, but the smaller number is more probably correct. They believed that every church should have a plurality of elders, and appointed two of their brethren to lead their devotions and administer ordinances. Without fee or reward these brethren watched over the spiritual interests of the little band of believers in the wilderness. As the church grew in number and the surrounding population increased, the need of a man who would devote his whole time to the ministry of the Word and pastoral oversight, became too evident to be overlooked. But where was such a man to be found? and if found, how in their circumstances of poverty was he to be supported? It was felt that getting a pastor, if one could be found, was a measure of solemn responsibility. A day was set apart for fasting, prayer, and conference, when the matter was laid before God and His direction sought. The Rev. John Edwards, Sr., who had preached in Breadalbane as often as his distant home in Clarence and appointments elsewhere would allow, and for a time exercised a general supervision over the affairs of the church, visited England and Scotland in 1829 for the double purpose of interesting the churches on behalf of Canada, and inducing ministers to come to the country. He was commissioned to secure a pastor for Breadalbane, who must needs be a Highlander, for Gaelic was the language of the people.

While the Spirit of God was stirring up the hearts of the people in Breadalbane about a pastor for themselves, who would also preach the Gospel in the neighboring townships, He was at the same time turning the thoughts of Mr. Fraser in Scotland to the religious destitution of Canada, but though such thoughts sometimes forced themselves upon him, he had not decided to share with the scattered settlers the isolation, toils and privations of a wilderness life. His reflections bore fruit in due time, for they made the task of Mr. Edwards in persuading him to come to Canada much easier than it might otherwise have been. When the religious, or rather the irreligious, condition of the country was laid before him, the almost utter want of ministers to dispense the word of life, and the growing ungodliness among the young in the settlements, by one who had seen it all and grieved over it, Mr. Fraser determined to respond to a call so

urgent, and emigrated to Upper Canada in 1831. A fitter man for Breadalbane at that time would have been hard to find. In stature he was a veritable son of Anak; intellectually a strong man, he loved to preach the Gospel of salvation, and the people who preceded him, came with him, and followed after, to whom he was to minister, were his own countrymen.

The first three or four years Mr. Fraser did not find Breadalbane a garden of Eden, nor did he repose on a bed of roses. The poverty of the people forbade anything approaching an adequate support. While from Sabbath to Sabbath he ministered to them the Word, visited the sick, and buried the dead, he had to find the scanty living for himself and family as best he could. One year he taught school, but while that interfered with his ministerial work, it did not add much to his exchequer. Land was cheap and he secured a small farm which had to be cleared, and was of little use till his boys were able to work. For a few years he got some assistance from the Home Missionary Society of New York. But the pinches of penury were not his greatest trouble. Privation and toil he could bear, without one lingering regretful look at the comforts of the past. What grieved his heart was the absence of ministerial success. This was unendurable. The spiritual life of the church was low, converts few, and though abundant in labor results were disappointing. He had sowed with a liberal hand. The seed was good, but did not germinate and he could see no prospects of a harvest. He began to think he had misinterpreted the mind of God, and was ministering to a people to whom he was not sent. While in this distracted frame of mind the Rev. John Gilmour, who had come from Scotland about the same time as himself, visited Breadalbane, and Mr. Fraser told him his doubts, fears, and perplexities. Mr. Gilmour did what he could to encourage his desponding brother; but at the same time told him, that if sinners were to be converted, his sermons and private conversation with the people must be adapted and directed to that end. The idea was rather new to Mr. Fraser, and he regarded it with some suspicion; for his conviction was that when God's time came, His Spirit would stir the hearts of the people to repentance and faith: and till then all merely human effort was vain.

Mr. Gilmour said to him that a revived minister and membership would result in a spiritual awakening in the congregation. The new thought took hold of Mr. Fraser. The utterances of the pulpit had a new ring. Sermons addressed to the unconverted fell on their ears and on their hearts with life and power, and before long Mr. Fraser wrote Mr. Gilmour, saying, "The dayspring from on high has visited us and all the country is moved by the Spirit of God; come over and help us." Mr. Gilmour did come, and also Mr. Safford from First Covington, and in a short time over one hundred were converted and added to the church.

Mr. Fraser did not confine his labors to Breadalbane. It was to him what Ramah was to Samuel, his home. But at first he was the only Baptist minister in all that region. Settlers were scattered, roads were not made, and he travelled over forest paths through adjacent townships, preaching in their log cabins and school houses the Gospel of the grace of God and sharing their homely fare. His journeys sometimes reached as far as Osgoode, Clarence, and Chatham in Quebec, for most of these places not a few have claimed him as their spiritual father. He may well be called the Baptist Apostle of Glengarry, for he preached in nearly every part of the country. When Superintendent of Schools in these counties, he connected evangelistic work with his scholastic duties. In his own church he preached in Gaelic and English on the Sabbath, and the sermons followed each other with only a few minutes' interval. But the measure was not curtailed. It was good measure pressed down and running over, for the whole service generally lasted three hours and on extraordinary occasions still longer. Under his ministry in Breadalbane revivals were frequent, and some of them resulted in large ingatherings. In 1831 he formed a little church of thirty or forty members. When he left it in 1850, there were about three hundred, exclusive of deaths and dismissals. It was nineteen years of successful work for the Lord.

When Mr. Fraser left Breadalbane he purposed going to Illinois; but God preserved his labors to Ontario, by directing his steps to the County of Bruce, then opening to settlement. He bought some property on the shore of Lake Huron and

erected a mill ; but the milling business was not in his line, and the venture was not a financial success. A man and his wife, members of Breadalbane church, had preceded him to Bruce, and their log cabin was his first preaching place, which though small, had room for a much larger audience. The Baptist Apostle of Glengarry became, as he himself said, the John the Baptist of Bruce, making ready a people prepared for the Lord. He travelled and preached through the township of Bruce, and several places in the county, and through his ministry many were turned to the Lord. In 1854 the first Baptist church in the county was formed, now known as the Tiverton church. It was constituted with twenty-four members, and the first year of its history saw its numbers doubled. Mr. Fraser was its pastor for twenty years, and under his ministry it grew to three hundred, exclusive of thirty-one dismissed to form the church in Glamis, sixty to form the church in North Bruce, nine to Kincardine, besides those removed by death and dismissed by letter to other churches. In 1868 the extent of the field and the infirmities of age made a helper necessary, and as the church had grown financially as well as numerically strong, the Rev. James Coutts, son-in-law to Mr. Fraser, became his assistant. The two brethren labored successfully together for five years, when Mr. Coutts resigned and assumed the pastorate of the church in Collingwood. Under Mr. Fraser's ministry the first Baptist church in Bruce was formed ; and he lived to see in the county fourteen, some of them self-sustaining centres of light and life.

Mr. Fraser followed Mr. Coutts to Collingwood, and though the feebleness of age compelled retirement from the pastorate, he did not abandon ministerial work. He preached as health permitted and opportunity offered. He loved to meet his countrymen wherever located, and preach to them in their native Gaelic the unsearchable riches of Christ. In this kind of work he busied himself when able in the neighborhood of Collingwood. Within the last two years of his life he went to Manitoba, in hope to find a sufficient number of Highlanders in some place to form a congregation, and eventually a church. But he had over-rated his strength. The fatigue of the journey and rigor of the climate were too much for his endurance, and he

returned to Ontario, having contracted in the North-West the disease which proved fatal, and after a ministry of sixty years he fell asleep in Jesus.

Our late brother was a true and loyal Baptist. He had no doubts about the distinguishing tenets of the denomination. He held them intelligently and was ever ready to defend them with tongue and pen. Those who entered the lists against him on the points which separate us from others, found no easy antagonist. Of a herculean physical frame, commanding presence, a strong mind well stored with Bible truth, and a fair acquaintance with general literature, the worth of his labors to the cause of Christ and the Baptist churches of Ontario and Quebec, whose history his Godly consistent life adorns, will not be known till the day when all things are revealed, and God Himself will proclaim among the armies of Heaven the valorous deeds of His champions on earth.

Among the many services rendered to the Baptists of Canada by Mr. Fraser, by no means the least was persuading the Grant family to come to this country. Two members of the family are well known to the churches. The Rev. James Grant, now pastor of the Baptist church in Ingersoll, has been for years officially identified with the missionary and educational enterprises of the denomination. His brother, the late Rev. Alexander Grant, whose sudden and unexpected end was everywhere lamented, was for a number of years pastor of the Talbot Street church, London: five years Superintendent of Home Missions in Ontario and Quebec, and at the time of his death was pastor of the First Church in Winnipeg.

In 1828 Mr. Fraser married Miss Janet Fraser, of Grant Town. They had three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Fraser pre-deceased her husband by several years. The daughters are both dead, but the three sons still live.

JOHN DEMPSEY.

Ingersoll.

MODERN DUTCH ARTISTS.

I.

As an illustration of the mode in which even the commonest nature may enter into the Ideal or the beauty of art, Hegel, in his discussion of its relation to nature, briefly anticipates the eloquent defence of Dutch and German paintings in another volume. He says the Dutch genre-paintings ought not simply to be thrown aside under the title of common, mean nature. If we look close at the real contents of these pictures it is not so common as is generally thought.

The Dutch chose the content of their representations from the present of their own lives, and they are not to be censured for having realized this present over again in the medium of art. What is brought before the eyes and heart of the living world must be something that belongs to it, if it is to claim its interest to the full.

To know what interested the Dutch at the time of great art periods, we must ask their history. The Dutchman had, to a great extent, created the very soil on which he lived and worked, and was compelled continually to defend and preserve it against the onset of the sea. Townsmen and peasants alike, by spirit, endurance and bravery, had cast off the Spanish dominion under Philip, son of Charles V., that mighty Prince of this world, and along with political liberty had conquered for themselves freedom of religion. It is this civic spirit and enterprise in small things as in great, in their country and in the high seas, their frugal, yet neat and cleanly housewifery, and the pride and pleasure of the self-consciousness that they owe to their own activity. It is all this that constitutes the general substance of their pictures. Hegel says farther that "this is not a low matter and argument to be regarded with the patrician insolence of good society, from the vantage ground of Courts and their manners." It is this intelligent cheerfulness in a well-earned enjoyment, which pervades even the animal pieces, and shows itself as a pleasure and physical satisfaction, and it is this fresh and wakeful freedom and vitality of mind in

apprehension and presentation that forms the highest aspect of these pictures.

Although the modern Dutch school of painters differs from the earlier masters to whom Hegel refers, and the works of whom we are very familiar with through photographs and numerous reproductions, such as Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Cnyp, Ruysdel, Teniers, Van Ostade, Gerard Dou, we see the same subject matter and the same sincerity of purpose, which is essentially an outcome of the Dutch character, evinced as much in the art of to-day as in that of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The artist of the modern Dutch school does not paint to paint a picture, in the usual way of composing and arranging according to tradition, but rather to portray some simple phase of nature or sentiment of every-day life.

The school is chiefly remarkable for purity of color, tone, quality, and truthfulness, in which alone consist the great power and originality of the Dutch artists (so uncommon is it to be simple and true in art).

The great names of the present Dutch school placed in order of distinction are Josef Israels, Jacob Maris, Anton Mauvè, W. H. Mesdag, Johannes Bosboom, B. J. Bloomers, Albert Neuyhus, Artz, Bischof, Roeloffs, Kever, and others.

In England and on this continent Israels has been long and favorably known as an artist of distinction and having great powers of presentation. As founder of the present school of figure painting he has many worshippers in France, England and America, and is the leader in his own country. He is sometimes called the "Dutch Millet." His "Alone in the World" won such attention and so much the hearts of the people, that it was pronounced *the picture* of that Great Exposition of Modern Art in Chicago. While choosing the same simple subjects that François Millet chose, he seems to have presented them with a truer insight, seeing not alone struggle, want, and fierce sullen submission, as Millet did, in the class that bears the burden of the world's toil, but rather, expressing a chastened joy and a hopeful resignation that rises above the present.

His personality is free from any affectation, he is a genial kindly old man of nearly 80 years, working away in his home at The Hague, quietly and steadily, not being able with the greatest diligence to paint all that is required of him by would-be owners of an "Israels."

At a recent visit to his studio we found him bending over his study table painting a picture of himself at work. His son Isaac Israels, a well-known painter, had made the drawing and he was giving the greatest pains to the interpretation of his own personality in the picture. In answer to a question he said he could not remember when he began to paint.

Although the world awoke so suddenly to Israel's greatness, his development was of slow but steady growth, the result of an ordinary lifetime of love and unremitting study of nature. In the museum at Dordrecht is a picture representing his work in the glow of his first fame. It is a view of the large room of one of those great farm-interiors where the stock and family live and meet daily in that familiar way which is the custom of some of the Dutch farmers to-day as it was in the time of Teniers and Van Ostade. The peasant and his wife have just sat down to their noontide meal, he with bowed head and cap in hand, is very reverently asking a blessing, the young Frau sits by his side with her hand on a cradle containing an infant asleep. Upon the table is the usual large dish of steaming potatoes and the coffee-pot. At one side of the dimly lighted space a fire smokes upon the stone floor over which is suspended a pot hanging from the ceiling. In the background are farming utensils and a ladder leading to the loft above; from the manger the heads of the gentle black and white cows are seen poking through their stalls. A mysterious simplicity pervades the whole. While the picture is painted with a broad full brush, the envelopment is as wonderful as that of Rembrandt. Instead, however, of the warm glow of Rembrandt giving cheer and brightness, in Israels' picture the tone is grey, sad and thoughtful, showing a delicate perception of nature, at the same time giving a sense of something higher and greater than purity of color and beauty of form, something that comes from the heart. In his latest pictures he seems to have reached the

highest possible point in quiet color and simplicity. For envelopment of his subject and the subjection of detail he differs from the earlier Dutch School.

Israels is known the world over. His pictures are in all great museums and collections, and his work eagerly sought by connoisseurs.

Israels is a Jew, long past three score years and ten, is beloved by his brother artists at home and revered abroad, and is untouched by prosperity and wealth. He has received all honor and recognition, but his is a kindly sympathetic nature. His life in its simple devotion to art, and the many years that elapsed before he achieved his ideal and public recognition, is a lesson to students. The key-note of his success being simple search for the truth from nature, constant work and love for that work had its reward, and Israels has been a great influence for good in this decadent age of art, following Millet with so much force, but with a truer spirit because of that divine element in his nature—sympathy.

The next modern Dutch painter in point of merit, if not in world importance, is Jacob Maris, of whom other painters speak with the greatest respect, and whose work comprehends the most cultured respect of art. Versatile in subject and treatment, original and refined, his work does not appeal to the heart as Israels' does, but perfectly satisfies the craft. Rich in color and form, enveloped and expressive, his pictures seem to contain every quality of culture and refinement. He is one of three distinguished brothers all devoted to painting.

William lives also at The Hague and is one of the best Dutch cattle painters (and the world always looks to Holland to furnish great animal painters since the time of Paulus Potter and Suyders).

The paintings of William Maris are simple and vigorous. He takes the most ordinary subjects, which are a part of the daily life around, milking time, the pasture, or cattle standing near some of the numerous bridges that cross the canals that intersect the pastures.

Matthew Maris, a figure painter, lives near London, where his paintings are much sought after, his work showing some

influence of the Burne Jones school, but still having a strong Dutch coloring. Living a retired life he cares for no companionship, his painting occupying him from morning till night.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was a common occurrence that two or three of a family or even more should be artists, a custom which is not rare at the present day in Holland; Israels and son and the Roeloffs family being noted instances.

If Jacob Maris ranks second in point of merit in Holland, certainly W. H. Mesdag, the marine painter, ranks first in worldly importance. In a grand mansion in the Saan Van Meerdeervort, just out of The Hague and near the Scheveinngen Gate, Mesdag and his wife, herself a famous landscape painter, live amidst such art surroundings as only the greatest wealth could command.

Mesdag has the appearance of a wealthy stock-broker or a rich Amsterdam banker, pompous and full of his own importance, but withal upon a more intimate acquaintance you find him genial, generous and companionable. Mesdag was a merchant until his thirtieth year, when he went to Brussels to study under his cousin, Alma Tadema, and Roeloffs the landscape painter. In a visit to Ostend he discovered that marine and not landscape was his forte, after which he made The Hague his home within easy distance from the sea, and Scheveinngen fishing fleets and storms and sunsets, in fact, the sea in all its moods, has furnished him with motives for his pictures. He is an earnest worker, and has won the admiration of England, France and America. He has received numerous medals and royal recognitions, which with his great fortune gives him an enviable position among contemporary artists. He always says to young artists who aspire to be marine painters, "Leave the sea to me," and indeed he seems to think the subject his by conquest. This does not prevent him, however, from giving help, sympathy and encouragement to young artists, provided that they are not devoted to the academics, which he, alike with the other Dutch painters of his school, have no use for. In answer to a remark regarding the strong originality of the Dutch painters, he said, "It is as easy to be original as ever it

was." He also said that originality lies in the man, not in his surroundings or time, that academies set rules for things that are subject to no rules, that you copy the work of other hands and brains instead of being taught to use your own, and that all are put through the mill without regard to genius or talent, or subsequent aims. His advice is to go to work yourself, with a good master to criticise, and if you can produce on canvas the effect nature produces on you, the result must be original, for nature never looks to two people with precisely the same face.

Mrs. Mesdag, like many others, does not agree with him, and thinks academies the best place to acquire the technicalities and culture of art.

Mesdag's personality impresses one with its force and strength, and you feel that he is quite able to hew out his own way without the aids that others might need. But has he not had aids? He began too late in life to go in for academic training, he has confined himself to the interpretation of one phase of nature, and he has been able to surround himself with such a collection of pictures as is in itself a broad and liberal education. The choicest works of the Barbizon School are in his galleries. The works of Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau and others, not men without academic training, but men who with the freedom that such training gives have risen above it, and who through it have sought nature and interpreted as she appeared to them; great men of that great school who, breaking away from classicism and academic rules, devoted themselves so arduously to the study of nature that in a few years landscape had stolen away the prestige of academic painting. The Barbizon School can only be intimately known when you have seen Mesdag's great collection, and has it not been his influence, his academy? Certainly it has had a strong influence over the Dutch artists who are to-day its greatest followers in going to nature; and worthy successors they are of the Barbizon fraternity, attaining like them distinction, not through the grandeur of the subjects represented, but through the grandeur of the work done, thus arriving at an indisputable dignity.

But to return to Mesdag, it is not surprising that he, the possessor of five galleries containing the most beautiful works of

the age, should feel himself of some importance. The space devoted to this paper might be taken up in describing his collection, his studio, his beautiful potteries, containing the best examples of the metallic enamels of the Delft factories and the wood carvings. Mesdag's time, influence and wealth have been used to raise and advance the standard of Dutch art. It was owing to the contributions from his gallery and to his efforts that Dutch Art was better represented than that of any other nation at the World's Fair in Chicago.

In all the galleries of Holland are found the works of Johannes Bosboom, the great painter of church interiors. To the ordinary observer the great interiors, unattractive and unadorned, of the churches in Holland do not afford much scope for the artist, but Bosboom found in them richness and quality of color for his pictures, in which we find such masterly subjection of architectural detail and simple and imposing grandeur of composition. Who ever rendered so exquisitely the mellow sunlight piercing through the windows touching upon the rich brass ornaments around the altars (almost the only ornamental work left in the Dutch Churches) as Bosboom? Here again we have envelopment, but of interiors at full sunlight. The interiors in which the yellow light is mellowed by the grey white walls, bare and reflecting the sun in opalescent tints, are just as mysteriously painted as Israel's interiors, but in such a different key.

One of the great charms of the Dutch studios is the marked individuality to be found in each and the perfect harmony of the surroundings with the taste and works of the painter.

Before Bosboom's death his studio was one of the most famous at The Hague and was filled with a collection of church furnishings which had been the former glory of the Netherland churches, wooden figures of angels, saints, popes, and bishops; carved chairs, desks, tables, screens, escutcheons of ancient heraldry, banners, religious pictures, queer brass lamps and censers, quaint candelabra, with waxen tapers, carved crucifixes and curiously illuminated parchments, all arranged in a room to look like a chapel in use as a studio, making one of the most unique and charming surroundings that any artist could possibly have. After his death a few years ago his collection was dispersed.

This abundance of material which he could draw from makes the reserve with which Bosboom used his material all the more remarkable. Detail in his pictures is scarcely thought of; light, tone, space and an indescribable charm appealing to you, so that all detail is subjected to the mysterious effect produced by the mellow sun-light illuminating the interior represented.

B. J. Bloomers is another one of the prosperous Hague painters who has a studio in keeping with his chosen subjects and work; he is one of the happiest as well as one of the most successful of men, with a charming family of eight sons and daughters. Amidst the most harmonious domestic relations he depicts the everyday life of the fisher peasant-folk, and especially of children and babies, and Bloomers' children and babies are always rollicking and robust. Not so poetic as some of the Dutch artists in his interpretation, still his are happy pictures, rendered with a thorough understanding of the joyous natures of the very sturdy types of Dutch children who impress you very forcibly in Holland, types seen everywhere, especially, however, near the sea and in the fishing villages. In fact a volume might be written about these Dutch children whom an artist learns to know in various ways after a summer's sketching.

There are many other well known artists living at The Hague. It is also the center of the new academic school of painters who have established a school in spite of the opposition of the *great men*. It is under the leadership of Jousen and includes the younger Roeloffs and a number of younger men who stimulate each other in trying to do what they do in Paris, which they believe the best means of advancing art.

The third name mentioned at the beginning of this paper, Auton Mauvè, has won a large public and much affection and consideration at home and abroad. His short life, ended about 12 years ago, was spent in a small farming village on the dunes near the Zuyder Zee. Not troubled by the dissensions between schools or the ambitions of his fellow artists, he found in his peaceful environment all that art could give. But the world found him, for some years before his death the American demand for his pictures was beyond his ability to supply. His

work approaches more nearly the Barbizon painters than that of any of the other Dutch artists, and yet so full of a rare and complete personality. Each year brings greater appreciation of his works, some of the best examples of which are owned in the United States. Holland galleries and private collections contain many excellent examples. He almost invariably painted the quiet tones of grey days on the fields and dunes around his home. His paintings of the village shepherd and his sheep going to the dunes in the morning and returning in the evening are tender and poetic, and in their particular qualities are unrivalled in art. In the paths and roads leading across the heather covered dunes at Laaren are to be seen many, if not all, of Mauvè's motifs.

The shepherd still gathers the sheep around the pond in the village square in the morning and leads them out upon the dunes and back in the evening. Mauvè's low-toned greys are unequalled, his sympathy with what he paints is marvelous. Of all the sheep painters of any age or art, he stands unrivalled. His tender insight and marvelous understanding and rendering are certainly not a plea for academic training. Mauvè's only son is following in his footsteps, and asking only that he may be allowed to live always among, and paint his beloved peasants of Laaren, protesting against the well-meant interference of those who would send him to Paris.

There are many other names in Holland known to the world of art well worth noting, but no more fitting one can be chosen to begin this slight sketch of modern Dutch artists than Israels' and none more fitting to close it with than Mauvè's, as they are unapproachable.

M. E. DIGNAM

March, 1899.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MOORE, B.A. D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

When one looks at a good map of the Province of Quebec a most striking feature is seen to be the long narrow form of the seven counties which extend back from the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the borders of the North East Territory.

In the midst of the other six, like a queen supported on either hand by three ladies-in-waiting, the County of Maskinongé gracefully inclines, cushioned upon her Laurentian couch. Her head is adorned with a coronet sparkling with jewels called the Gatineau Springs. About her entrancing person is thrown in undulating folds a cypress-green mantle ornamented with river-like spangles of bronze and silver, and at her snow-white feet gleam, like those of a beautiful laver, the waters of Lake St. Peter.

The county gives its name to a pretty village, already quite widely known because of some religious disturbances among its inhabitants, which culminated in the establishing there of a little Protestant church. This definite, even though extreme, settlement of the differences has been received by both parties with a feeling of relief, and relations as cordial as may be exist between them.

Among the seceders from the "catholic" majority is a man loved and honored by every one, now as much as ever, for no one wishes to doubt the integrity of the motives which animate him, whom everybody knows to be, above all, a man of honest convictions and uncompromising principles. The fact is that the beauty of their county and the beauty of their village, have a rival in the hearts of Maskinongé "habitants" and that rival is the most typical "habitant" of them all, Maxime Tremblay,

or as his good neighbors and friends call him, "le vieux Maxime."

The French Canadian is well known to be of a contented, sunny disposition, and Maxime fully sustains the character of his race. To come in contact with him is to be refreshed. Nature seems to have put into his very blood and temper the calm of the Laurentian sky, the cool of the forests and the sparkle of the merry streams. Now grown grey with ninety-four years of age, bent with toil, afflicted with a constant though painless shaking of his arms and hands, he sits, or walks about the homestead, "decked in home-spun flax or wool." The proverbial long limp red tuque without a tassel covers his old bald head, and the equally proverbial cow-hide moccasins cover his feet. Ask him how he does to-day, and if he chances not to enjoy his usual strength he will say: "*C'a va petit train,*" but if he feels well you will perhaps find him running a wheel-barrow full of wood into the back-kitchen, and his reply will be: "*Pas trop mal.*" While you exchange greetings with his son, old Maxime empties the wheel-barrow and is soon sitting by you, rich in soul, happy as the day is long, and ever ready to rehearse the exploits of his youth and prime. No Chevalier, no Grossmith, no Leland Powers, can impersonate, sing a song, or tell a tale, more delightfully and effectively than "*le vieux Maxime.*" The very shake of his "old labor-hardened hands" gives a pathetic humor to every gesture, and he never fails to win the heart and hearty laugh.

Contrasting the hale patriarch with his delicate grandchildren, one cannot refrain from expressing surprise at the obvious decline in physique. Maxime has his theory ready to answer your questioning mind:

"De woman he's mak' too much 'tention to his children dese
"tam; get him so much tendeur wit' t'ree four dress, long wool
"stockin' an' t'ick, t'ick shoe. Dat tam I'm nittle boy we've
"don't do lak dat; we've bin on our bare feet, on'y nittle che-
"mise coton an' overhaul. Dat's mak' us tough an' nevair be
"sick.

"I 'member well dat winter comin' spring wit' all de nittle
"boy, we've run our bare feets on de snow-crust. Some-tam,

“*bateau*, we’ll get col’ toes, but den we t’row ourself on our back
 “an’—— an’ hol’ our feets up to de sun for gets dem warm again,
 “after dat - - - - - we’ve s- s- start off some more run.”

CHAPTER II.

Thus the old man recounts the engaging incidents of his life, and it becomes easy for one who knows him well, to trace the romance in it.

To begin with his father came up from * “*le sud*” to settle in Maskinongé when Maxime was a mere boy. Along with them came another family by the name of Fleury. These people had long been intimate; in fact it was eight years before that the two grooms had together led their brides to the altar, and after that the affection between the four constantly grew deeper. When Maxime had been born about a year, a sweet little bud of a daughter appeared in the Fleury home, and it was only natural that the elated parents should at once settle it in their minds that the two babes should one day join hand and heart for life. When their parents journeyed with the earnings won as laborers to come and buy farms of their own on the north shore of Lake St. Peter, Maxime was six years old and little Rosy was five. They had not yet understood the design of their parents concerning them, but, as children do, found much pleasure in each other as playmates.

Years soon pass when filled with toil, and so it was not long before Maxime did understand. He was very fond of work, and could always be seen with his father, now in the field and now in the clearing where forest-trees had stood. He helped draw out the logs; he gathered the brush to be burned; he fastened the strong chain to the decaying stumps; he cried commands at his patient and powerful yoke of oxen, and saw with glee that they could snap the pine roots as though they were of thread. Ambitious that the land should be under culture as soon as possible, at dusk each night the boy still lingered with his father to draw out “just one more stump.” Then it was that from over the hill, which already yielded goodly crops each

* “*Le Sud*” is the name given by the “habitants” on the north shore to the country just south of the St. Lawrence.

year, they caught the sound of the old tin horn, and like Drummond's "habitant" Maxime could have said :—

"Dat's horn ma dear old moder blow, an only thing she play
Is 'viens donc vite" Maxime, ho, donc ! 'pêche-toi pour votre souper."

When at last the evening meal was over it would not have been surprising to see the boy, now in his seventeenth year, wander over to neighbor Fleury's and there spend the twilight hour in the society of "Ma'm'selle Rose." Not so, however. He liked her very much as every one did, for she had already developed into a comely and pleasant young woman. But Maxime preferred to take his violin and draw from it the sprightly airs so dear to the French Canadian. It often happened that the music enticed Rosy to come over herself, bringing along her mother as a very willing chaperone. The daughter's heart now fully concurred in the purpose of the parents, and she used many innocent wiles to draw out Maxime. All to no purpose. He was always jolly in her presence as everywhere else, and delighted in relating some humorous incident or in executing some comical jig on the fiddle, but the nearest he ever came to bringing sentiment into his intercourse with Rosy, was when he played and sang a Canuck ditty of which the chorus ran thus :

She went to the markette,
A panier on her bras,
—O, dear, I love you !
—Non, vous ne m'aimez pas.

Inasmuch as Rosy often went with her father to the market at Rivière-du-Loup to help him sell some of their garden produce, she might have taken this as a delicate but pointed enough warning that it was useless for her to continue bestowing her love upon him, because his response would always be in the sense of :

"Non, vous ne m'aimez pas."

CHAPTER III.

This attitude of Maxime toward Rosy was noted by their parents with considerable anxiety, because their wishes in the

matter had never changed. Nothing was said to him, however, and two years later, in the spring, an incident occurred which from their point of view aggravated the situation to an alarming degree. The very elements seemed to conspire to thwart their desire.

In order that just what took place may be better understood, it will be well to say something of an experience peculiar to the country north of Lake St. Peter. At a point down near Quebec the St. Lawrence is very narrow. In the winter, the water freezes there to a great depth, so that when spring comes it is not thawed before the ice from the Great Lakes jams and forms such a solid dam that the waters are piled back until they overflow and invade the territory of the living. Lake St. Peter is very shallow. Every spring, consequently, the farmers who live on its borders and near its affluents (of which one is the Maskinongé river) suffer a great deal of inconvenience. At least they would, if like the philosophical French Canadians that they are, they did not provide against what has ceased to be an emergency.

They put very solid floors in their stable lofts, to which during high water they hoist their live-stock, using for this purpose some such apparatus as that with which one can imagine "Jumbo" to have been lifted in and out of the ocean steamer that brought him over the sea. In the house, meantime, the family moves up one flight. If the water threatens to reach them there, one resort remains, and that a huge flat-bottomed junk built for this express purpose and ready moored to a corner of the house. Upon this the farmer will place his wife, children, chattels, and cattle, and sail placidly away to enjoy the hospitality of the neighbor who lives at the nearest place to where the "waters cease to roll." Should the water still continue to rise then appears the spectacle of a whole fleet of these miniature Noah's arks, each looking for its Ararat.

Maxime's father lived high enough up the Maskinongé so that the water never disturbed him, but just at a place where his buildings were easy of access to the annual exiles, affording shelter for many of them and their belongings. His heart was as open as his buildings, and he received his friends with the

same equanimity which they themselves displayed in their forced excursion.

During the particular spring of which we speak one of these floods occurred in regular form and brought with it to the house of the Tremblays, a family which lived farther down the river and had been forced to come up in their junk. They were cheerfully received and royally entertained as long as they stayed. If one could have known the thoughts that arose in young Maxime's heart it would have been found that, as far as he was concerned, the reception was not only cheerfully but joyfully given. This was by no means the first acquaintance he had with this family. His closest boy friend was the young son of his own age, and not the least thing about him that appealed to Maxime was the fact that he was the brother of pretty Yvonne Gonnevile. "And thereby hangs a tale."

LEONARD A. THERRIEN, '94.

(To be continued.)

THE PIECE OF STRING.

(From the French.)

I.

It was the day of the county fair, and by all the roads round Hauteville the habitants and their wives were coming to town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their legs were twisted by the wearing labors of the country, and their shoulders bent by ploughing. Their starched blouses, ornamented at collar and cuffs with quaint little patterns of white embroidery and blown up round their bodies, looked like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms and two feet.

Some of these sturdy fellows dragged a cow or a sheep, at the end of a rope. And just behind the animals, beating them with switches to hasten their pace, went the farmers' wives, carrying huge wicker baskets, from which the heads of various fowls protruded.

Now a calèche passed by, drawn by a stout little pony. It shook the two men on the seat, and the good wife seated on the straw in the bottom of the conveyance held tightly to the sides to lessen its jolting.

On the fair ground at Hauteville a great crowd had collected, forming a perfect sea of heads. The horns of cattle, the high and tasselled collars of the horses, the tall hats of the wealthier peasants showed above the surface of that sea. Sometimes above the babel of voices a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of some jolly countryman would sound forth, and sometimes a long bellow from a bull tied to the wheels of a cart.

It all was redolent of the byre, of milk, hay, and perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odor peculiar to the men of the country.

Maitre Hautcomé of Breauté was making his way to the square, when right before him on the ground he saw a little piece of string. Maitre Hautcomé, crafty, and frugal like all true Bretons, reflected that what was useful was worth picking up, and so, stooping with difficulty (owing to age and rheumatism,) he took the little bit of cord from the ground, when just across the street he saw Maitre Malaudain, the harness-maker, looking straight at him. Now, Maitre Hautcomé was overcome with shame at being seen by the harness-maker, his particular enemy, picking up a piece of cord out of the mud. He quickly hid the string in his pocket and pretended to be looking on the ground for something he had lost, and at last went off to the fair-ground.

He soon lost himself in the crowd, which was noisy, slow and haggling over bargains. They listened to propositions, held impassively to their prices, or suddenly deciding to accept the offered price they would call out to the departing buyer, "All right, you can have them, Jean Baptiste."

Then little by little the crowd melted away, and when the Angelus sounded from the old gray cathedral tower, those who lived in the country poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the living room was filled with hungry peasants, just as the great court was filled with wagons, gigs

and calèches, yellow with mud, misshapen, their shafts raised high in the air like uplifted arms. All the nobility of the plough were at their meal in the large dining-room of Maître Jourdain, who was a sharp fellow, and had made a good deal of money in his day.

All of a sudden, the drum beat in the court before the inn. Every one ran to the door or to the windows with mouth full and napkin in hand. When the public crier ended the tattoo, he called forth in a jerky voice, "Oyez! Oyez! Be it known to the people of this town and to all at the fair, that there has been lost on the Benzville road, between the hours of nine and ten, this day, a leather pocket-book containing a thousand francs, the finder is warned to return it to the Mayor at once, or to the loser, Fortuné Holbrèque."

Then the crier left. They heard once more the far off dull beats on the drum and the voice of the crier. They began to talk of the event and what the chances were of finding the purse.

And so the meal went on.

They were drinking their coffee when a sergeant of gendarmes appeared.

He asked:

"Is Maître Hautcomé seated at this table?"

"Maître Hautcomé answered, "Here I am."

And the officer resumed:

"Maître Hautcomé will you be good enough to follow me to the Mayor's office, His Worship would like to see you."

He gulped down his coffee and started off, repeating, "Here I am, sir, here I am," and followed the sergeant.

The mayor was ready, seated in an armchair. "Maître Hautcomé," said he, "this morning you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by M. Holbrèque."

"I, I picked up his book?" said the poor fellow, gasping, and frightened by the suspicion that rested upon him, he knew not why.

"Yes, you."

"I swear I know nothing about it."

"You were seen."

"They, - - - they saw me? Who?"

"M. Malaudain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered and reddened with indignation. "He saw me pick up this string, monsieur," and he pulled out the little cord from his capacious pocket.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head. "After you picked it up you looked to see if any money had fallen out."

The unfortunate old man choked with grief and anger.

"If they can say - - - - can say - - -"

He could protest, they would not believe him.

M. Malaudain was summoned and repeated his testimony. The two abused one another for a long time.

Maitre Hautcomé requested to be searched, but nothing was found on him. The news quickly spread, and the old man was surrounded by a curious throng serious, or mocking, as the case might be. He began to tell the story of the string. They only laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by all, and button-holing his friends, beginning over and over his protestations and turning his pockets inside out to prove he had nothing. They only said, "You old rasal, va!"

He grew exasperated, feverish, always telling the story and never believed.

Night came, he made the rounds of the village of Breaté and met only unbelievers.

He was ill over it all night long.

The next day a market-gardener found the purse on the road and restored it to M. Holbrèque. Maitre Hautcomé was informed. He triumphed. "There is nothing does you so much harm as being regarded as a liar," he said.

All day he talked, he told it to the carters, to the drinkers at the saloon, to strangers and visitors. He was easy, yet worried by something, he knew not what. People seemed to smile while they listened, and did not seem convinced.

Next Tuesday, he passed by Malaudain's shop. As he went by, Malaudain laughed. Why? When at table at Jourdain's he began again to explain. A cattle dealer shouted at him, "Get out, you old rogue, I know all about it." He stammered, "But they

found it, the pocket-book." But the other said, "Shut up, Daddy, there's one finds it and another returns it, who's the wiser."

He understood at last. He was accused of having the book returned by an accomplice. He tried to protest. All the guests began to laugh, and he got up from dinner amid a chorus of gibes.

The poor old fellow went home, ashamed and indignant, choking with confusion; his innocence dimly seemed impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known in the village. He felt cut to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

He began anew to tell his story, each time adding new proofs, and more solemn oaths. His entire time was occupied by the story of the string. "Those are liar's proofs," they said, when his back was turned.

He felt it, it preyed upon him night and day; he wore himself out in useless efforts. He was visibly wasting away. The jokers at the saloon now made him tell the story of "The Piece of String" as they made the old soldier tell his story of the battle. His mind grew weaker and weaker. About the middle of December he took to his bed. He died on New Year's Day, and in the wild delirium of his death-agony he protested again and again, his innocence. "A little bit of string, only a little bit of string,—See, here it is, Monsieur le Maire."

G. H. CAMPBELL, '00.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Nineteen hundred years ago the great Sower dropped into the soil of regenerated hearts, the seed of missionary effort. It sprang up and soon a mighty tree spread its branches over many lands. Seventeen years ago that same Gospel tree put forth another tender shoot—our own Fyfe Missionary Society. This little branch during the past year has been watered by the dews of Heaven, has been invigorated by the life of Jesus, has been swayed by the Holy Spirit; and now, to-night, we wish to bring you some account of the fruit it has brought forth, during that time, to the honor of the great Husbandman.

It has been a year of glad service. True, we have not realized all our hopes, nor carried out all our resolutions. We are conscious that the service rendered has been very imperfect. In thought, we can look back and see many a weary missionary with tears in his eyes. We can hear his groans as he kneels and wrestles in prayer with his God. Coldness and indifference have met him. Incompetency and failures have tried him. The powers of darkness have set themselves against him. And yet, after all, it has been happy service. As we have made our contributions to the funds our hearts have been infused with glowing joy. Prayers that we have offered have brought back showers of blessings on our heads; self-denial, though it looked as gloomy as a prison from the outside, has proved when entered to be a garden of roses and summer fruits. What cordial greetings the student missionary has received! What grateful thanks have been poured into his ear! What faithful souls he has met! What fellowships he has enjoyed! What songs there have been in Heaven over repentant sinners! Truly it has been glad service.

Publicly, unitedly, heartily we desire to thank our God. We thank Him for innumerable mercies covering innumerable weaknesses and failures. We thank him for workers and for work; for means and for opportunities; for prayers and for answers; for the Gospel message and for its mighty power.

Twelve months ago at our annual meeting we were favored

with the presence of Dr. Sutherland, who gave us a most inspiring address. Later on the annual sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Brown, whose experience on the foreign field, coupled with a deep missionary spirit enabled him to deliver a very powerful sermon. To these gentlemen we are greatly indebted.

Throughout the College year the monthly Fyfe Day has been cheerfully observed. On these occasions we have heard our fellows tell of their efforts and experiences; we have listened to stirring addresses, and we have cast our thought out over the great unevangelized world and pleaded for it before the throne of grace. God has come very near to us at such times. Our hearts have burned within us. By these meetings missionary thought and missionary zeal are woven into the very soul-fibre of McMaster men.

As to our active work in the field, we think our Society was never more alive than now. Notwithstanding the fact that more of our churches can and are supporting settled pastors than before, yet during the summer vacation about eighty of our number were engaged wholly in Christian work. Some of these have not returned this year to their duties; of those who have returned a large majority are supplying pulpits or doing mission work in the city.

The reports from these fields of labor are varied, but almost every one speaks of souls saved and of cheering prospects. Increased liberality is mentioned in several cases. To Little Current, Temiscamingue and Indian River students went for the first time. At Indian River there has been signal success. Over twenty have professed conversion; a building, to seat about two hundred is being erected, and soon a church will be organized. On the Oak Lake field two churches have been organized, and one at Stroud. At Stoney Lake a new mission has been started. Chapels have been built and opened at Caledonia, Avoca and Nelson, and one is in course of erection in East Toronto. In several places debts have been paid off, Mission Bands, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies have been organized. It is not possible to obtain full and exact reports of all the work done, but the following summary (covering all churches ministered to by students) will give an approximate idea:

Students engaged in the work, about	80
Number of preaching stations.	125
Average attendance	50
Sermons preached	3200
Prayer meetings conducted	1840
Pastoral visits made	12000
Professed conversions	400
Addition by baptism	250
Additions by letter	180
Additions by experience	50

This work has been widely distributed all over Ontario and away east of Montreal; while in Manitoba are Vichert and Daniel; McLean is laboring in Dakota, and Matthews and Stephens are on the shores of the Pacific.

But the service which is more distinctly our own is the "voluntary work," carried on in some of the most needy parts of the city. Under this department we have five missions, which are maintained by funds and by workers from our Society. Other missions started years ago by this Society are now organized churches and doing good work, and we have every reason to hope that some of those now under our care will develop likewise. For the first time we kept a student at one of these missions during the vacation period. Bro. George Simmons remained at Taylor Street Mission, and the results have been very gratifying. Some have been baptized; and the house in which they meet at present is far too small. Nothing short of a new building in the near future will satisfy the demands of the work there.

The funds of this voluntary work, and for the support of a native preacher in India are raised by voluntary subscriptions from the members of the Society, and by the offerings taken up at the two public meetings of the Society held during the year.

This last year, however, we have been helped by private contributions towards the summer's work at Taylor Street from a few very kind friends.

We could not well close this report without mentioning, with intense gratitude to God, the fact that two of our members are now engaged in missionary work in South America. Early in the year we bade Godspeed to our good brother Reekie, and in the fall he was followed by our highly esteemed brother

Routledge with his wife. So the first Protestant missionaries doing battle against the superstition and darkness of Bolivia are Baptists, and were warm and active members of this Society. We are proud to have them there. We hear encouraging reports from them. May God bless them !

We are now on the threshold of a new year's work. Last year the Society enjoyed the wise and efficient leadership of Dr. Goodspeed. This year we welcome as his successor our beloved and enthusiastic Dr. Rand. He is supported in the vice-presidency by Bro. Mode, and in the Executive Committee by our honored Chancellor, Dr. Welton, Dr. Goodspeed, Prof. Farmer and others. We are thus assured that wise counsel, devoted effort and earnest prayer will characterize our work for the coming year.

We leave the past in the hands of Him who sent us into the world even as He was sent into the world. We start out on another year with an enlarging sphere, with an increasing number of workers, with high hopes and earnest supplication. We believe we can rely upon the sympathy and prayerful help of our friends, and so we close this brief story of our work, feeling sure that you will hear more about it in that day when "they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God."

On behalf of the Executive Committee :

S. E. GRIGG,

Rec. Sec.

Editorial Notes.

THE action of the students in spontaneously beginning a movement for increased accommodation for the University, and in subscribing the sum of \$1100 towards that end, is in the highest degree creditable to their generosity and loyalty to their Alma Mater. More than that it is an example to all who have the welfare of McMaster University at heart. If we are to meet the requirements of our steady growth in numbers, we must have more buildings and that right soon. Within the past eight years the number of our students has increased from 16 to 150 in the Arts department alone, while the numbers in Theology have in no way decreased. During this same time our accommodation has remained practically stationary, and now it is so unequal to our requirements as to make it possible for us to carry on our work only under conditions of great inconvenience. We need more class-rooms, larger laboratories, increased residence, a fire-proof library and a much larger chapel-room, and we ought to have them at once. Naturally the students realize the needs of the University, for they see them every day, and consequently have set about in a practical way to supply them. What are our graduates and our friends going to do in the matter? The Alumni have appointed a committee to devise some plan whereby they may aid the University, and doubtless at their annual meeting in May they will resolve to do something. If our two hundred students out of their slender means can subscribe \$1100 in one year, surely our graduates can give \$5000 in the same time. Our rich friends ought to promise \$50,000, and we confidently expect that they will do so. With this sum an additional building could be erected that would enable us to accommodate all the students that a distinctively teaching university should receive. We must have such a building, and with it our future is assured.

WE are glad to learn that Rev. R. R. McKay has been led to remain as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Woodstock. The pastorate of that church offers so many opportunities for influence upon the students of Woodstock College and therefore of McMaster University, that we cannot but rejoice that one so well fitted to exert such a beneficent influence on the young life of the College should remain to fill it. Mr. McKay is very popular with the students, as, indeed, he is with all the members of the church, and is the right man in the right place.

IN another department of this number of *THE MONTHLY* will be found a notice by Dr. Rand, of *A Critical Study of In Memoriam*, by Rev. John M. King, D.D. Since Dr. Rand's notice was penned Dr. King has passed away. His loss will be severely felt by Manitoba College, of which he was the efficient and successful Principal. He was also the lecturer in Mental and Moral Science, and Professor of Theology and Greek and Hebrew Exegesis. Dr. King was graduated at Edinburgh University, with honors, in 1854, taking Theology subsequently at Edinburgh and at the University of Halle. Coming to Canada in 1856, he became pastor of the Gould Street Church, Toronto, in 1863, where he served till his appointment as Principal of the Manitoba College in 1883. His services as an educationist have been distinguished in the Prairie Province, not only in connection with the college as its head and successful financier, but in the manifold interests of the Public School system.

THE following paragraph from the New York *Evening Post* will be interesting to all who give any thought to educational work :—

“An interesting experiment in college instruction has been tried at one of the smaller institutions, and has proved an entire success. The ordinary way of teaching any study is to put a class in a small college, or a division of a class in a large one, under a professor or tutor, who “hears recitations.” The standing of the student depends upon his record on the occasions when he is “called up,” to read a brief passage in Latin, for example, or to work out some problem in mathematics; while the instruction given must, from the nature of the case, be general, rather than varied with special reference to individual needs. Under this system a student's mark on any lesson may be purely a matter of chance; he may “make a cold rush” on the one thing which he happens to know, or “a dead flunk” on the one passage which he cannot translate. Under this system, too, it must necessarily be a matter of chance whether the man who hears the recitation learns the personal peculiarities and deficiencies of the large number of students before him well enough to render the varying help that is required.

“Bowdoin College, in Maine, during the last few years has been supplementing this traditional system with a new form of teaching. Classes still meet for recitations in the old way, but the work of instruction no longer ends in the class-room. The freshmen, for example, meet the professor of Latin in a body, as formerly; and then they go in small groups, usually of three or four students, to a tutor, who brings home to them individually the lessons which they have studied in the class. This more intimate personal instruction takes the form of a drill in grammar, practice in composition, and discussion of topics

related to the author studied, with special reference to the individual peculiarities of each student. Each department of science, also, has an assistant, who relieves the professor of the merely mechanical drudgery of preparing and removing materials, and who is available for an amount of guidance and direction of laboratory work which the professor alone would be unable to give. From the first this new system has justified itself, and now that it has been applied throughout the college, President Hyde is able to pronounce it an unqualified success, saying of it in his annual report :

“The ideal of construction at which the college has long been aiming has at length been nearly realized. With very slight exceptions, class instruction is given exclusively by experienced and mature professors ; and the work of tutors is limited to supplementing the work of the professor by more intimate and personal instruction in groups of three or four students. No expenditure which the college makes brings larger returns in proportion to cost than this, which provides for the faithful individual work of these young men, fresh from the college and the university, and eager to fit themselves for more responsible positions as teachers and professors. At trifling cost to the college, it gives to the more promising candidates for the profession of teaching a valuable apprenticeship. It imparts definiteness, reality, and inspiration to the work of the students, and it retains about the college a group of earnest and studious young men who form a valuable link between the student body and the permanent members of the faculty.’”

Book Reviews.

A CRITICAL STUDY OF IN MEMORIAM*

Scarcely ten years ago the writer was asked to speak on one of our English poets to a public audience in one of the towns of western Ontario. He signified his willingness to say something of Lord Tennyson and his work. The chairman of the local committee remonstrated against the choice of poet, affirming with earnestness and every appearance of sincerity, that few residents of that town had ever heard of the man, and fewer still cared anything for his poetry. Eight years ago the writer spent his Saturday afternoons for nearly three months in reading and interpreting *In Memoriam* to a public audience of ladies gathered in McMaster Hall. These incidents have a flavor of ancient history about them now, so general

* *A Critical Study of In Memoriam.* By the Rev. John M. King, M.A., D.D., Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Toronto. George N. Morang, 1898.

among us has the appreciation of Tennyson become. Choice selections from his works now form a portion of the course in our High Schools, while the study of his great world-poem, *In Memoriam*, has, these few years past, engaged the special attention of many a gathering of earnest men and women in Canada. The volume before us had its origin, we are told in the preface, "in a course of lectures delivered to ladies in Manitoba College in the winter and spring of the present year" (1898). After a careful perusal of it, we may say at once—and it is the main thing we wish to say—that it is an excellent book, and a credit to Canada. Dr. King has made himself familiar with the critical studies of Gatty, Robertson, Genung, Tainsh, Davidson, Stopford Brooke, and Mrs. Chapman. In a field already exploited by such eminent students it could hardly be expected that anything strikingly fresh would be found in so compact a volume. But there is a sanity in Dr. King's mind that is wholesome to come in touch with. He is evidently accustomed to weigh and compare the results of exegetes and commentators, and to give in condensed form the findings that commend themselves to his independent judgment. He does not hesitate to differ, now and again, from Gatty, or Genung; and in general it may be said that on all ethical or spiritual questions he seems to the writer to come, not infrequently, closer to the poet's thought than other commentators. An instance in point is seen in his interpretation of the Prologue, and especially of the line,

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love."

Occasionally he fails, we think, to interpret the thought of the poet from the poet's own angle of vision, as in the 27th stanza of Lyric LXXXV. Another instance is that of the 2nd stanza of LXXXVI, where he finds in "the horned flood" only a "darkly-rippling brook," whose water is curled over the intercepting rocks and "horned in its motion like the young moon." The lyric was written at Bourne-mouth, so Tennyson told Knowles, and the "horned flood" undoubtedly refers to the ocean, toward which the west wind, "that rollest from the gorgeous gloom of evening" sweeping the heavens bare of clouds, is hurry; below "through all the dewy-tasselled wood," and "shadowing down the horned flood" to the far orient, whither he bids his imagination follow "from belt to belt of crimson seas." Why the poet applies the epithet "horned" to the sea is quite another matter. It probably refers to the half-moon shape of the open sea as seen from the land. Dr. King's critical studies

have made him alive to innumerable poetic excellencies of the poem, though his poetic and artistic sensibility is not as eminent as his ethical and spiritual.

All in all, however, we commend this book as one of the most serviceable of the various studies of *In Memoriam*. Lovers of Tennyson will prize it.

THEODORE H. RAND.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS BIBLE.*

The Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, is one of the most brilliant and accomplished of the Baptist preachers of the United States. It is partly because of the advantages of his early years that he is a man of fine culture and broad scholarship. Those early years received their stamp from his noble father, the Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D., now and for many years the pastor of the Baptist church in Pawtucket, R.I. Throughout his ministry the elder Faunce has shown a great interest in young men and unusual ability in dealing with such problems as young men find when they begin to grapple seriously with life. More than a score of years ago Dr. Faunce, then a pastor in Concord, New Hampshire, delivered a series of lectures for the special benefit of young men who were unsettled in their views of religion. Later he repeated several of these lectures to his congregation in Lynn, Massachusetts. About this time they were published in a book, and in this form have done service for truth for twenty years. A new edition of this book has been published lately. There are seven chapters, the subjects being as follows: *The Young Man's Book*; *Is the Bible True*; *Is the Bible Inspired*, *Difficulties as to Miracles and Teachings*; *Difficulties as to Geology*; *Difficulties from Astronomy*; *Difficulties About Historic Facts*. These chapters are of unequal value, but the discussion is for the most part well adapted to be of use to those for whom the lectures were written, namely young men of ordinary education whose views have been unsettled by the cheap scepticism of the street. The chapter on "Difficulties as to Geology" has been rewritten for the new edition and is an interesting, popular and useful discussion. In the chapter on inspiration one

*By D. W. Faunce, D.D., Philadelphia. American Baptist Publication Society. 1420 Chestnut Street. Price, \$1.00.

could wish that a clearer and more convincing presentation of the argument for inspiration had been made. The author's own thought of inspiration is stated in the following words: "All of it (the Bible) is of man, and all of it is of God. God penned not one word. Man wrote it. Man wrote not one word of himself unwatched, unassisted by God. So that it is both man's work and God's word." In his chapter on the truthfulness of the Bible, Dr. Faunce falls into the error, too common among preachers, of referring to certain men as if they and their doctrines were well known. How many young men in the average congregation have any real knowledge of Rousseau, Strauss and Renan, for instance? Would not references to their teachings be more fair and impressive if some account of the men were given? Of the spirit and style of the book nothing need be said except in praise. The author comes to the doubter as a helper. He is never harsh or impatient. He understands young men. He wishes to treat their doubts fairly, and to show them that the grounds of faith are sufficient. At times he reveals intensity of feeling and rises to real eloquence. The book will help the class for whom it is intended, and will aid pastors by suggesting to them a useful method of dealing with young men who are finding difficulties with their Bibles.

W.

DWELLERS IN GOTHAM.*

It is the saying of a wise king of old that "of the making of books there is no end." Whilst this is particularly true of the day in which we live, it is nevertheless equally true that there is always a place for a book with a message. To express it somewhat differently there is always a demand for a good book, and we are not yet so rich in good literature that we have no place for a new book which comes fervid with the ardor of a new born truth.

There is, therefore, no need to apologize for the coming of "Dwellers in Gotham," by Annan Dale. It is a breezy, humorous presentation of the motley phases of character which make up life. It is a keen, clever presentation of the life of New York. It carries us into the homes and brings us into touch both with the aristocratic, and perhaps a little snobbish, select "four hundred" of that great city, and it also

*Dwellers in Gotham, by Annan Dale. Toronto: William Briggs.

gives the reader a slight glimpse of the pathetic, never-ending tale of woe, written oftentimes in sin and wrong, in the short and simple annals of the poor. It is not a one-sided, flambuoyant picture. It reveals the poor rich, and depicts the rich poor. It has about it the evidence of one who knows what he is writing about, and, although it would seem at times incidental, yet the writer manages to drop many a wholesome truth.

From the purely artistic and technical standpoint there is little to say adversely. The characters are well drawn, and are invested with that subtle personality which keeps the reader's interest unflagging to the end. There is no elaborate, or intricately metaphysical plot, worked through a seemingly improbable sequence to an unsatisfying end. It is a graphic tale of life, a clever sketch of character and persons, which gives the reader the feeling that he is looking upon some section of life as it exists in the great metropolis of America. The seeming lack of unity must be explained upon this latter ground.

But the feature of most interest in the book is its very evident message. It is a story not alone of the lights and shades of New York, but also of our modern life. It touches the pertinent question of the day—our social and economic problems. It reveals the great anomaly of the age—an educated, cultivated, higher class, living in close proximity to, and yet totally ignorant of, and unresponsive to the need of the masses. It is a picture of perhaps the most cosmopolitan city of the continent, and, next to London, of the world. It shows life as it moves through the diversified strata of New York society, modern life with its unmistakable trend, and freed from the limiting influences and the superficial aspects peculiar to a smaller, less poly-glot, less poly-chrome, environment. It touches the problem, patent to every thinking man and a reproach to the *proprid* of every true soul, that in our age there is on the one hand a laboring class clamoring for, and often unable to obtain, the bread which is every man's birth-right, and on the other hand the class who, in many instances, have done no honest work and yet enjoy to the full all the emoluments of labor.

Altogether, I think, he who reads "Dwellers in Gotham" will not consider the time lost which he has expended in reading the book.

B.

College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, A. C. WATSON, '01, } EDITORS.
MISS B. E. GILE, '00, }

PROFESSOR IN PSYCHOLOGY (on the Perception of Space):—"Now, don't you see that space does not exist, except as it is conceived in your mind?"

HASTY STUDENT:—"Then, Doctor, wouldn't you say that I 'fill space'?"

PROFESSOR (laconically):—"No, I would say that space filled you."

PROFESSOR IN CHEMISTRY:—"As silver does not oxidize in the air, or tarnish, you see it is well adapted for use as coinage."

IMPECUNIOUS STUDENT:—"But, Professor, why do they use it, when they know it evaporates so fast?"

THE third meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held Friday evening, Feb. 24th. The musical part of the programme consisted of a vocal solo by Mr. Triggerson, and of instrumental solos by Miss Blackadar, and by Mr. D. L. Wright. The remainder of the programme was literary, and dealt with the book "Black Rock," a tale of the Selkirks. Mr. G. R. Welch, in a short address, sketched the life and character of the author, Rev. C. W. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg. Miss McLay gave a paper telling briefly the story of "Black Rock." Interesting and touching selections from the book were read by Mr. Baker and Miss Newman. The programme was both interesting and profitable, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—On Friday evening, the 10th inst., the executive committee of our Literary and Scientific Society, was, once again, owing to a lack of a sufficiently large assembly hall, put to a great inconvenience in an attempt to entertain the friends of the Society. The seating capacity was wholly inadequate to accommodate the large audience; but all who were successful in securing a seat testify to the high quality of the entertainment provided. President Simpson and his staff deserve much credit for the success with which the programme was carried out. The event of the evening being an oratorical contest, engaged in by representatives appointed from each of the four classes in Arts, and one from Theology, who could more fittingly fill the Judge's chair than the Hon. G. W. Ross, who sacrificed his time and had the Ontario Legislature adjourned that he might respond to the invitation of our executive? The contestants for oratorical honors were: G. F. Hurlburt, Theology; W. E. Bowyer, '02; A. W. Gazley, '01; G. L. Sprague, '00; H. Procter, '99. The orations were interspersed with music, Miss Bailey and Mr. Barclay

each entertaining the audience with instrumental solos, Miss Teresa Flanagan rendering a vocal solo in such a pleasing manner as to be most heartily encored. Our university quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Triggerson, Welsh and Bowyer, amused the audience very much by their rendering of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

Hon. G. W. Ross was greeted with prolonged applause as he ascended the platform to give his decision regarding the oratorical contest. In a few pithy remarks, he expressed his view of what qualifications an orator and an oration must possess. These were, in brief, worthy matter, choice diction which includes a freedom from slang, persuasiveness, modulation of the voice, a clear, distinct delivery, and a graceful deportment. In his opinion G. L. Sprague and W. E. Bowyer were equal, but H. Proctor, '99, was their superior, and to him were given the honors of the evening. After a vote of thanks had been tendered the Judge for his services, President Simpson, with his usual anxiety to entertain, announced that the committee would be pleased to have as many as cared to, tarry for a short time for a social talk, and that the ladies' room and one of the class rooms had been fitted up for the use of our friends. A number availed themselves of this opportunity of renewing acquaintances and of making new ones. The evening was one of the most pleasant spent by our Society.

SORROW has lately entered into the homes of several McMaster students. The sympathy of all their fellow-students goes out towards Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., and his brother A. T. McNeill, who lately were suddenly bereaved of their father; to Mr. J. D. McLachlin, '99, whose mother recently died; to Mr. C. Sinclair, '02, who has just lost his grandmother, who has lived with him for a number of years; and to Mr. Dingman, theology, who was summoned to Manitoba on account of his father's death.

THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Tuesday, February 21st, Dr. Rand presiding at the morning, and Mr. S. E. Grigg at the afternoon session. The address of the morning was given by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, on "North-West Missions," an address that will long be remembered by all who heard it. A nation, said Mr. Eaton, stands for an idea; that for which Canada stands is liberty, democracy, and federation. Our political and religious liberties have been fought for and won by our fathers; the fight now on is for industrial liberty, for the right to live. Canada has also to lift the lower masses, by education and evangelization, to a higher plane of life. And then the idea of federation is embodied in our Canadian Constitution. The ideals of the Baptist denomination are those of a free country, are those of Canada, liberty, democracy, and federation. Hence the problems of Canada must be peculiarly the problems of the Baptist denomination. The great problem which we as a nation have to face has been worked out by our great southern neighbor: and what has been the result? The

west of the United States has filled up with a vast, virile population, but one with ideas of religion and government very different to those of the Puritan East. This mighty tide of settlement has reached its full and is now rolling back upon the East and having a tremendous influence on all ideas of theology and government there. The future of the United States is in the hands of the West; and so will it be in Canada. Our North-West is filling up at the rate of fifty thousand a year, with a strong vivacious population, and in the not distant future Canada's centre of power will lie in the West. It is the duty, then, of the East to educate and evangelize and instill with the principles for which we stand, this growing, vigorous part of our nation. We must conquer the West or the West will conquer us. The opportunity is before us, God-given; let us see that we take it.

After Mr. Eaton's address, a letter was read from Rev. H. E. Stillwell, of the Vuyyuru field, India. It told of the condition of the work there, of many reasons for encouragement and not a few obstacles to be overcome. There has been a large number of baptisms during the past year, the spiritual condition of the Christians is good, spiritual life is being awakened in many places where it has long been dormant, and increased liberality denotes deeper devotion on the part of the workers in general. On the other hand, the missionaries have to fight against that plague of heathenism, caste, a torpid unconsciousness of the sinfulness of sin, and a pervading disregard of Sabbath observance.

At the afternoon meeting, Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Brantford, gave an address on "British Columbia." Mr. Spencer has just returned from the West and his report is encouraging indeed. No denomination has such bright prospects as the Baptists, who are especially welcomed by the oppressed peoples from other lands. A fervent, aggressive spirit is shown by the pastors and the work is being pushed vigorously, but suffers from lack of men and means. The meeting closed with prayer offered by the Chancellor.

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY. — The Tennysonian Society met on March 3rd, 1899, with its usual vivacity and life. The President, Mr. A. B. Mann, occupied the chair. After the business part of the meeting had been carried out, an interesting programme was given. The principal attraction of the evening was the debate, "Resolved, that as civilization advances poetry necessarily declines." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. W. H. Augustine, and S. H. Arkell; on the negative, Messrs. A. H. Fairchild and C. Burke. Both sides worked hard for the first place, and each speaker advanced his arguments with force and eloquence. The society was very fortunate in having Dr. Rand as critic. After a short, but interesting and instructive talk on the subject of the debate, he gave his decision in favor of the negative, both on the ground of the manner of the address and the weight of the arguments put forth. During the hour Mr. H. W. Newman favored the audience with an instrumental selection of his own composition, and Miss E. R. Delmage, with a delightful recitation from Dickens.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—The February meeting was a departure from the usual routine, the main feature of the programme being a debate. The subject was "Resolved, That as civilization advances, poetry necessarily declines." The affirmative was maintained by Misses Clemens and McLaurin, '01, while Miss Gaylord, '00, and Miss Blackadar, '02, supported the negative. The arguments on both sides were well arranged and clearly stated, but the judges considered those advanced by the affirmative more convincing. Other numbers on the programme were a reading from Dickens by Miss Delmage, and musical selections by Miss McLaurin, and a chorus.

In response to Miss Bailey's invitation, the regular meeting for March was held at her home. The afternoon was devoted to a study of the French drama. Miss Bailey gave in outline the history of the classical drama in France and the rise of the later school. Miss Sanders followed with an article on the present condition of French literature, making particular mention of Edmund Rostand and his work. With this introduction, Miss Dryden described the plot of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and sketched the leading characters. A reading from the play was then given by Miss Gile. Two vocal solos by Miss Cohoon contributed largely to the pleasure of the meeting, which closed, as usual, with the singing of the *Maple Leaf*.

PROFESSOR IN MATHEMATICS:—"Having divided this line into "t" parts, I will take a "tth"——"

REPROACHFUL VOICE:—"You mean a tooth."

THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY held its second meeting of the term on February 23rd. The meetings of the society this year have been exceptionally interesting. The success of the society is chiefly due to its energetic President, Mr. C. L. Brown, who has spared no pains to make the meetings instructive. Each evening has been devoted to the study of some portion of popular astronomy. At the last meeting Mr. H. E. Jordan read a paper on "Comets" which was followed by one on "Meteors" by Mr. F. N. Goble. A great amount of information was contained in each paper, showing that great care had been exercised in the choice of material. The subject was illustrated by several slides, which greatly added to the interest of the audience. Professor McKay then gave an interesting account of the meteor which passed over Ontario last July.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.—The closing meeting of the Club was held on Thursday evening, March 2. Pastor C. A. Eaton, of Bloor St. Baptist Church, addressed the large audience of students present, on "The Social Situation in Canada." Mr. Eaton has long been known as an earnest student of social conditions, and his address was a masterly presentation of the subject. In opening, the speaker insisted that there were social problems existing in Canada which must be solved if the state is to continue. The facts that men work harder than ever, that the laborer is largely robbed of the natural fruit of his

labors, that even in this country with vast territories still unoccupied and vast resources still undeveloped, men are often unable to get work or obtain possession of the land, that the mineral wealth of the Yukon is passing into the hands of a few, were cited to show that there are vexed questions needing settlement. Canada is far behind England, Mr. Eaton declared, in her efforts to grapple with these social evils, as was shown by the platform of the English Liberal Party. Socialism was shown already to exist in practice in the postoffice system, in the government control of railways, the municipal ownership of electric light and water systems, in the formation of great trusts. In this connection, the iniquities and oppression practised by the Standard Oil Company were severely condemned. In conclusion, the speaker pointed to municipal ownership and technical education as the two great socialistic tendencies of the age, and spoke earnestly of the duty of preachers to see that the principles of the Gospel were carried beyond the individual into the social life of the nation. On behalf of the Club Mr. A. C. Campbell, B.A., the President, thanked Mr. Eaton for his address, which was highly appreciated by all present.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS B. STEWART, AND MISS E. OLIVER, EDITORS.

ONE Friday evening of this month, through the kindness of Miss Harper, our matron, we assembled in the kitchen, where a very happy time was spent, making and eating "taffy." Music on the guitar and mouth-organ was furnished by one of the girls, and added greatly to the general enjoyment. Such occasions help not a little to "sweeten" our college days.

THE "Course of Lectures," which has proved so interesting and instructive during the year, was brought to a close Friday evening, March 10th, when Prof. Alfred H. Reynar, LL.D., of Victoria University, lectured on "The Religion of Shakespeare." The subject was treated in a comprehensive and able manner, and was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. At the close of the lecture an opportunity for social intercourse was given to the students and their friends by the informal reception which has been such an enjoyable feature of our lecture evenings.

DURING the month, we have been especially favored by having with us to conduct chapel services, Chancellor Wallace, J. Short McMaster, Esq., and Rev. S. S. Bates.

OUR prayer-meeting has been led on two different occasions during the month by Rev. Mr. Weeks of Walmer Road Baptist Church, and

Professor Farmer of McMaster University. The words addressed to us at both meetings were earnest and helpful. We feel very grateful to the many friends of the college, who so willingly devote time from their many and varied duties, to assist us in this way.

IN response to the kind invitation of Mrs. C. J. Holman, the students and Faculty spent an evening, most pleasantly, at her home. During the evening, Mrs. Holman exhibited a varied collection of Japanese curios, which she had in her possession, and gave an interesting description of the customs of that country. We took with her a little peep into a Japanese home; enjoyed a cup of afternoon tea in true Japanese fashion; learned the secrets of a Japanese girl's hair-dressing; admired the dress of the Japanese women; and listened to a Japanese love story. On returning from our little trip in Japan, refreshments were served in true Canadian fashion, and after further admiration of the many evidences of Japanese skill, we returned to Moulton, feeling very grateful to our kind host and hostess for an evening of rare enjoyment.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. MCLEAN, EDITORS.

WE have been favored recently with flying visits from a number of old boys: Messrs. D. E. Bagshaw, A. J. Welch, Pengelly, and Baker. The latter is on his way to Glasgow, Scotland, to enter upon a practical course in marine engineering.

MRS. D. K. CLARKE and Mrs. A. N. Gray were "At Home" to the Fourth Year on Friday, March 17th. The decorations and attractions of the evening's very enjoyable entertainment were appropriate to the sacred day of Ireland's patron saint. A large company of young ladies being present, a most enjoyable time was, of course, spent by the boys.

A COMMITTEE from the Brantford Public School Board recently inspected our Manual Training department with a view to the introduction of certain features of the system into the schools of our neighboring city. Mr. Clarke's paper before the recent teachers' association in Hamilton is bearing fruit.

MR. BONE, who has been laboring as missionary for so many years amongst the sailors on the Welland Canal, paid us a short visit this month and gave a very instructive address about his work among the sailors. Mr. Bone is well known by both teachers and students of the College and always receives a hearty welcome. After his address a collection was taken up which amounted to \$5.57.

ON Friday evening, March 10th, a crowd of College boys went up to Ingersoll to see the final C. O. H. A. match between the Paris and Woodstock hockey teams. By special request Principal McCrimmon accompanied the party. The roads were not as smooth and dry as might have been desired, but, in spite of this drawback, the occasion was one of great enjoyment. The van, with its jolly load, arrived in Ingersoll shortly after 7 o'clock, and the game began about 8.30. The play of both teams was fast and furious, but comparatively clean throughout. At half time the score stood 1 to 2 in favor of Woodstock, and in the second half, each team scored twice, leaving Woodstock winners by two goals. Capt. Howell (of Paris), a former College student, played his usual good game at point, but the Woodstock combination was well nigh faultless, and "Cannon-ball" Miller sustained his reputation for swift shots. After light refreshments at the close of the match, the College boys started on their return trip, reaching the College in the "wee sma' hours," a tired but happy lot.

ON Wednesday, March 1st, Rev. Mr. White, missionary to the Mohawk Indians on the Brantford reserve, was present at our chapel service, and after telling us in brief about his work, promised to bring to the College the party of Indians who were with him. Accordingly the boys assembled at 11.15 a.m. to see and hear the Indians. They gave a very interesting programme, which was received with hearty appreciation by all of the students. One of the Mohawk chiefs, although he could not speak the English language, was persuaded to give a speech in his native tongue. Most of us hardly followed him. However his speech was translated by another Indian and then we saw right through it, as easily as Virgil (when you have a translation). Miss White gave a recitation and further assisted in the programme by playing and singing. Having dined at the College, Mr. White and party left for Brantford. We all feel that Mr. White's work is an important one. His visit to the College was both instructive and entertaining, and left a deep impression upon the boys. Even now one may hear an Indian song wafted down the corridor, Minee-ha-ha, Susquanee ho! ho! Mr. Bingham, who has become especially proficient in this line, is thinking of organizing a party that will exactly reproduce the programme as given by the real Indians.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

OUR rink is now like young lovers, it is getting soft. We have been very lucky this year. Although we have reached the middle of March we are still enjoying skating. During past years skating generally ended by the 1st of March. In addition to sufficient cold to make good ice, we have had very little snow, and it has therefore been easy to keep the rink in order.

At present cameras are becoming the rage, and hockey teams as well as many other groups are continually being photographed. We hope they will all be good so as to encourage our young experts.

THE poor piano that for ten years has been incessantly played upon, has been hushed, and now the pleasure of our recreations is not marred by the continual drumming of some inexperienced musician trying in vain to find that mysterious and longed for "Lost Chord." We rejoice at this change, and also at the way in which the room has been fitted up. Fine racks and files have been put up for the newspapers, and regulations are posted up by which every one has to abide. Perfect order reigns, and the room is now a first-class reading-room.

ON account of Easter coming so early this year, our winter term of school will be shorter than usual. It will close on the 30th inst. Already teachers and scholars are thinking seriously of the increased amount of work this means. We expect that each will sympathise with the other, and so make the coming exams. as interesting as possible. A little sympathy plus a lot of hard work will bring equal success to all.

ON Feb. 22nd, the regular conference of the Grande Ligne Missionaries was held at Feller Institute. Several missionaries were not able to be present. Those present were Revs. A. L., M. O. and L. A. Therrien; Theo. Lafleur; N. Gregoire; J. Césau; T. Brouillet and M. B. Parent, as well as the President of the Grande Ligne Board, Rev. E. W. Dadson, and the teachers of Feller Institute. The work in general was discussed, and also the possibility of opening up some new fields. One field, Grande Mère, near Three Rivers, seemed to offer special opportunities, and it was recommended that the Board try to send a missionary there. Some other business of a routine nature was also transacted. The evening prayer-meeting, with all the above missionaries present, was unusually interesting.

OUR annual Students' Society gathering took place on Feb. 23rd. A large number of former students and friends of the mission came together for the occasion and had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Our accommodation was taxed to its very utmost. The afternoon meeting was devoted to business. Mr. W. H. Dalpé, M.D., was elected to succeed Rev. T. Brouillet as President. Mr. Jos. Picard became Vice-President, and L. A. Therrien, B.A., Secretary. The finances of the Society were shown to be in good condition. The most important item of business was the appointment of a committee to see if something practical could not be done towards the building of the much needed new wing of Feller Institute. In the evening a very interesting and varied programme was rendered, after which some time was spent in social intercourse. Everybody seemed happy, and we have no doubt that these meetings will prove very beneficial to Feller Institute, in

strengthening the ties that bind the old students to their Alma Mater, as well as in conserving the sympathy of the students of to-day.

WE were pleased to have with us, on Feb. 25th, the Rev. A. J. Vining, Superintendent of Manitoba and North-West Missions. He spent the day with us, visiting the Institute for the first time. We believe he was favourably impressed with the place. His business was not one of mere sight seeing, however. He was here on business. That was to speak on "Manitoba Missions." His words were words of encouragement, and they made us feel that this work in the far West is not a work for the people who live there only; but that it is the work in which all of God's people, everywhere, should be deeply interested. He also urged that Grande Ligne should help them in the French work of that place. All who heard Mr. Vining enjoyed him thoroughly. A collection of over twenty-one dollars has been taken for that mission. His plea was not only for money, however, but for believers in the Saviour. He pleaded not in vain. And while we believe that we shall all be more interested in Manitoba work henceforth, yet there are some who listened to Mr. Vining who will never forget the blessings of that evening's meeting.

Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

THE PINES AT NIGHT.

In the shadow, I was standing,
Of our grand old pines at night,
When the stars were twinkling shyly,
When the moon was clear and bright.

There I heard the breezes sighing
'Mid the branches dark and grim,
When the pine-spills sang together,
Soft and low their evening hymn.

And I tried to catch the meaning
Of that matchless evening lay;
But an unseen river gliding,
Ever bore the notes away.

Then there came a perfect stillness;
Seldom was a calm so deep,
For the breezes were all resting,
And the pine-trees were asleep.

—B. M. C.,
in *Bowdoin Quill*.

THE SEA.

Work ! work ! shouts the Sea,
 Labor, labor like me ;
 Doing the work of the Lord,
 Without question or word,
 Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? how, O Sea !
 Can I labor like thee,
 Heavy of heart and alone
 For the friends who have gone,
 Eternally ! eternally !

Work ! work ! sobs the Sea,
 Labor, labor like me ;
 Toiling in faith bringeth calm,
 And in the hope there is balm,
 Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? but, O Sea,
 How shall peace come to me,
 Struggling with doubt evermore
 On a desolate shore
 Eternally ! eternally !

Work ! work ! sighs the Sea,
 Labor on steadily ;
 Doing the work of each day
 In the lovingest way,
 Eternally ! eternally !

Work ? work ? yes, O Sea,
 I will labor like thee,
 Doing the work of the Lord
 Without question or word,
 Eternally, eternally !

Work ! work ! sings the Sea,
 Labor truly like me ;
 After night comes the morn,
 And of doubt faith is born
 Eternally ! eternally !

—TRISTAN H. in *Bowdoin Quill*.

A CLERGYMAN preached a rather long sermon from the text "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out ; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the preacher stopped his sermon and said : "That is right, gentlemen ; as fast as you are weighed pass out !" He continued his sermon some time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.—*Tit-Bits*.

Two hundred and ninety courses are offered at Harvard. President Eliot has calculated that it would take forty-four years to complete the whole number.—*Ex.*