



*James Casper.*

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JAMES COOPER, D.D.

A name intimately associated with what is most valued by Canadian Baptists, is that of James Cooper, the pastor, the scholar, the friend, the man of God. He was born Dec. 27th, 1812, near the village of Dunse, in Berwickshire, Scotland, which lies upon one of the tributaries of

*"Tweed's fair river, broad and deep."*

This beautiful region is the Borderland of song and story, where, many generations ago, knights and lords and freebooters trooped and fought and revelled, and where armies, rushing from North and South, met and joined in deadly conflict. George Cooper, an employee in the paper mill at Dunse, was his father—an honest man and religious withal, as was shown by his election to the eldership of the Presbyterian Church. Our hero was early made acquainted with the meaning of toil, serving as an errand boy and mail carrier for the firm which owned the mill in which his father worked. He was afterwards bound to the cabinet-makers' trade, and worked out a seven years' apprenticeship in Kelso, the town which Horatius Bonar blessed with his holy ministry.

We are told that as a youth Mr. Cooper was fond of reading and serious and earnest thinking; nevertheless the memory

which he retained of many amusing incidents in his boyhood days showed that he was not insensible to the humorous side of things. The eye that twinkled so merrily after life had cast its dark shadows upon his spirit was not dull when he was young; nor had he forgotten how to sympathize with the hilarity and pleasures of his youthful friends when years had bent his frame.

It must have been at an early period of his life that he came to the knowledge of his salvation in Christ; but at what age and under what circumstances this profoundly interesting experience came to him, we have not been able to learn. Those who knew him best bear testimony to the undoubted evidences of the operations of the Holy Spirit upon his heart.

Having removed to Edinburgh to follow his calling, he became a member of the Rev. James McGilchrist's congregation. Ample opportunities were soon presented to engage in Christian work. He joined the City Mission, and presently, dropping his trade, he was employed as colporteur and missionary. This step probably prepared his way for entrance into the ministry. It was about this time that his views regarding the mode and subjects of baptism changed; and, as an honest man was bound to do, he wrote his pastor a letter, which is still preserved, stating his convictions and his determination to practice them. This must have been a painful task for so kind and sensitive a man; but it was always known of him that he chose to maintain a conscience void of offence and to walk in the path of duty without hesitation or complaint, however rough it might be. He was baptized in the Charlotte Chapel in September, 1840, by Rev. Christopher Anderson.

In 1839 he had married Miss Jessie Sutherland, of Edinburgh, and now, undaunted by family cares, he set about preparing himself for the ministry. Among the distinguished men at whose feet he sat was Sir W. Hamilton, and nearly forty years after we find him reading, with sharp relish, the writings of his great preceptor. He pursued his theological studies in Bradford, England, where he attended the college for two sessions.

It was in the year that the saintly McChyne was called up to look upon the face of his Lord, the year of the great "disruption," when Dr. Chalmers was in the zenith of his popularity

and power, that Mr. Cooper came to Canada. In 1843 our young country presented a striking contrast to the ancient land which he had left. Our deep forests, our stumpy clearings, our small log cabins, our scattered settlements, our rough roads, could not have been inviting. Our schools were few, and the instruction imparted in them imperfect. A chapel, small and rudely furnished, was now and then to be found in the villages springing up in the wilderness and along the waterways. Barns, dwelling-houses, schoolhouses and the woods were the common meeting places for worship. The people were poor; the moral condition of many neighborhoods was low and sinking lower; the spiritual destitution was appalling. The Baptists were a very feeble folk, despised and hated for their tenets and practices. Our pastors—to whom we and our country owe an unspeakable debt for their fidelity to principle in trying times—were few, and many of them were illiterate. Nevertheless our principles were taking root and growing vigorously in many places, both East and West. In the Ottawa region, John Gilmour, John Edwards, Wm. Fraser and Daniel McPhail had carried the good news wherever their swift feet could run. The importance of a ministry to shepherd these weak and scattered flocks was sorely felt. In answer to prayer such young men as John Dempsey, W. K. Anderson, John Cameron, Aaron Slight and Thos. L. Davidson were either attending the Montreal College or about to go there. The Rev. R. A. Fyfe had organized the infant church at Perth and been its pastor for about a year, when his appointment to the temporary principalship of Montreal College, in the autumn of 1843, left the little band without a leader. It was about this time that Mr. Cooper reached this country, and he was soon installed in the oversight of the young interest, receiving a salary of \$240. This was the day of small stipends and great devotion. In this charge he remained a little over three years, laying strong and deep foundations. In 1847 he assumed the pastorate of the South Gower Church, residing the while in Kemptville, where there was a branch church. He had already identified himself with the then Canada Baptist Missionary Society, acting on deputations, and otherwise seeking to spread the good work more widely. About 1850 he accepted a call to Brockville, where he was the successor of Robert Boyd. His life here was compara-

tively uneventful; little is recorded, and very little remembered about him, excepting that he was a man of deep piety, and that he excelled in expository preaching. His next pastorate was in Woodstock, whither he went in the spring of 1854, and where he labored for eight years. His ministry upon this field was fruitful and his work enduring. There was a steady progress in all departments. In 1855 what was one of the most sumptuous places of worship in Upper Canada west of Toronto, was erected. The next year the pastor's salary, which had been \$400, was increased to \$500; doubt is expressed, however, whether it was ever fully paid. In 1857 it was proposed to hold a council to recognize the church as a Regular Baptist church, and at the next meeting of the Grand River Association application was made for admission into that body. It would appear that the church, which had originally adopted open communion principles, had been steadily growing towards the opposite view. A very long step was taken when a clause was inserted in the deed of the new chapel which committed the church to the practice of close communion; but hitherto she had stood somewhat aloof from the sisterhood of churches. Her cordial reception into the Association brought her into full harmony with the body.

His ten years' experience in the country convinced Mr. Cooper that one of the most imperative needs of our beloved denomination was an educated ministry. He saw some young men devoting their lives to this work; but since the failure of the Montreal College they were compelled to go to the United States for their training, and so were lost to us. Grieved at this unpromising condition of things, he determined to do whatever lay in his power to remedy it, and so became the pioneer of theological education in the West. The accomplished principal of the Woodstock Grammar School then and for many years after was Mr. George Strachan, who was eminently successful in preparing students for the University and the professions. Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting free tuition at this institution for four or five young men while he gave them elementary instruction in theology. One of these was George Duncan, a young man of marvelous abilities, whom he had baptized during his first year in Woodstock, and who was subsequently called to the pastorate of the church in Hamilton, where his early death

shattered the hopes of eminent usefulness. Another was the late Dr. John Peddie, who even as early as 1859 was able to render invaluable service as financial agent of the projected Canadian Literary Institute, and who to the end of his life, when he was in the flower of his splendid manhood, was wont to "express the most grateful feelings towards Mr. Cooper as the young man's friend." Another was the Rev. C. B. Hallam, for many years now a successful missionary in India.

But larger things were in store for us, and no one was more glad of their coming than the subject of this sketch. An agitation was being vigorously carried on for the founding of a literary and theological school somewhere in Upper Canada. Mr. Cooper threw himself into the movement with great enthusiasm and, along with Archibald Burtch and John Hatch, was largely instrumental in securing the promise of large sums in the town and vicinity, provided "The Academy" was built in Woodstock. Mr. Cooper was a member of the building committee of the first edifice, and when that was burnt he was not less active in doing all that lay in his power toward replacing it with another and better one. Throughout his life Mr. Cooper remained a warm friend of "The Institute" and the young people there. His was a familiar face to the successive classes of students during the first twenty years of its history. Rarely was he absent from the examinations and his keen interest in their progress greatly endeared him to the young men and women. Who could fail to be impressed by and attracted to that man of rare and lofty soul? We see his spare and slightly stooping figure, as he moved, with light quick steps through the halls, or up the aisles to the rostrum; his neat attire; his gentlemanly bearing; his bright eyes shooting searching, though kindly, glances from under black projecting eyebrows; his finely-chiselled features, so expressive of earnest purpose, untiring devotion, noble thinking and divine communion. We hear him, now in the classroom, putting questions which tested well the knowledge of the trembling student: or now in the chapel-room, while addressing the assembled collegians, saying in his somewhat weak and muffled voice, "Dig deep, young men; dig deep." It was after one of these visits that he wrote in his little pocket diary: "Had much enjoyment in my visit to Woodstock. Lord, bless these young men."

In the spring of 1862, he accepted the call of the church in Aylmer. A lady who was then a child, but now nearly blind and totally deaf, sends me some recollections of his Aylmer pastorate: "He was loved and revered by all; even the rough-and-ready farm hands would be respectful, *yes*, gentlemanly in his presence. I believe every child who knew the dear man loved him." It was here that in July 1864, he laid to rest his beloved wife, the mother of his four children, and a few days later his little daughter Maggie. In an Historical Sketch of the Aylmer Church we find the following: "His pastorate was a veritable example of the fact that a pastor's true success cannot always be judged by numbers. . . . During Mr. Cooper's pastorate the membership was reduced from 220 to 150: nevertheless the church grew in spirituality and in an intelligent apprehension of Christian truth."

It was in December, 1865, that he came to London to labor with what was for many years known as the York St. Church. This was then the only white Baptist congregation in the city. He came at a time when the church was torn by dissention and overwhelmed with disappointment and sorrow. The last pastor, who was with them only a few months, had joined the Episcopalians and entered holy orders. The two who preceded him had each in his turn wrought unspeakable injury to the cause of truth and religion. Dangers and troubles hung thick over the small band now almost paralyzed by its disasters. Prayerfully he undertook to rebuild the shattered walls and nobly he performed the arduous task. Steadily and patiently and with a wise and experienced hand he set himself to gather in the scattered forces, to bring about comparative harmony and to infuse a new hope and confidence and a youthful vigor into a once distracted and disheartened people. Zion lifted up her head and rejoiced. Many were gathered in; revival succeeded revival; and though Plymouthism drew away some few, an almost continued prosperity gladdened the heart of the shepherd and his flock. When at length it became apparent that the growth of the cause and the increasing population of the city, together with the added years and failing strength of one never any too robust, made some change necessary, the church proposed to lighten the burdens of their pastor by calling a younger man,

the Rev. R. B. Montgomery, to share his duties. This arrangement lasted for two years and three months, when Mr. Montgomery removed to Brockville. It gave opportunity of developing the mission into what was then East London and which has since become the Adelaide St. Church. It was the policy of Dr. Cooper to secure a lot and build a chapel for a strong central church from which work could be carried on in all parts of the city. Most unfortunately this wise scheme was never carried out. It was in 1879, after thirteen and a half years spent in London and nearly thirty-six in Canada, that Dr. Cooper resolved to resign his charge. He had earned the esteem of all classes in the community, and the church which he had served so faithfully was in a flourishing condition. It was some compensation to the venerable pastor for years of self-denial and toil to receive from all sides the tributes of admiration and esteem which were poured in upon him at the farewell meeting in Victoria Hall.

He had married Miss Mary Kerr of Kelso, Scotland, in 1869, and now with her he was about to return to their native land to spend their remaining days. There, though relieved of the pressing cares of the pastoral office, he was in continual demand to supply Baptist and Presbyterian pulpits, and to deliver an occasional lecture. He became widely known and highly esteemed. When it was announced that on Sabbath, January 16th, 1881, after a short, sharp illness, he had passed within the veil, many tears were shed on both sides of the Atlantic and the earth had lost one of its best men.

James Cooper was a persistent and painstaking student all his life. He was in the daily habit of critically reading the Scriptures in the originals. He extracted sweet and healing juices from Greek roots and found deep meanings in Hebrew suffixes and affixes. Monday was the day of rest and general reading. The other days of the week he was busy at his studies during the forenoon and in the afternoon he made his pastoral calls. His records are after this fashion: "Good Hebrew lesson, also some of Galatians in Greek. Good Hebrew lesson in forenoon. Felt encouraged. Lessons on grammar (Heb.) and reading up for Sabbath sermons." Thursday, Friday and Saturday were usually given to the composition of his discourses. There is an element of pathos in the following entry: "In general



reading all forenoon. Also a lesson on Hebrew. Felt encouraged by my progress in Hebrew when I heard the classes read and examined at Woodstock." This lifelong student well merited the D.D. conferred upon him by Madison (now Colgate) University in 1868.

Systematic in all his work, every afternoon found him in the houses of his people. The troubled had in him a friend and father, the anxious one who travailed for their souls, the wandering a faithful shepherd who tried to lead them back to the right paths, the obstinate and cantankerous a patient and earnest, but firm pastor who was bound conscientiously to maintain a scriptural discipline at all hazards. He guarded the entrance into the church of God with jealous care. He believed in conversion with all his heart and he sought for the evidences of the new birth in every candidate for baptism.

His sermons were largely expository and constructed upon the simplest homiletical principles. He wrote carefully, but apparently without much regard for rhetorical effect. His style was simple, concise and clear. Profoundly convicted of the sufficiency and efficiency of the revealed word, he had no new gospel to preach. Sensationalism was banished forever from his pulpit. He thought deeply, studied closely and often became so full of the message given him that he could scarcely wait for Sunday to come.

This leads us to observe that he was a Christian who labored in the gospel of God's dear Son because of constraining love. It was true of him as of Chaucer's "Poure Persoun," who was "riche of holy thought and werk," that

"Cristes love, and his apostles twelve  
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

He spoke not only out of a full head but also out of a full heart. He brought to his people honey out of the rock, but it had first sweetened his own lips and gladdened his own eyes. His pulpit ministrations got their quality not only from their matter but also from the experiences of the man who uttered them. God was a mouth to him—else that speech so free of embellishment, that voice so weak as an instrument of public address, that manner so quiet and undemonstrative had never retained their hold

upon his hearers. A man fresh from the face of the Almighty stood before them and they felt the drawings and searchings, the power and tenderness of the Holy Ghost. He did not preach for a salary nor to fill up an engagement that must be met somehow. He writes now: "At sermons all day, and felt much divine assistance. The Lord has answered many prayers for little things; may I not hope? Had half an hour this morning very near the mercy seat." Again he says: "Had good enjoyment in composition. Had much fellowship in composition all day." Again: "Felt much joy of faith in reading of Joshua at the Jordan;" or, "Much joy in reading the Transfiguration;" or, "Felt a very earnest desire for the glory of Jesus in the sphere of my labors in London." It would seem, too, that he experienced much spiritual blessing in the act of preaching. Of his Sabbath's work he writes: "One of the most precious days I ever had; felt as if the Lord was with me all day." "Had a very good day all day, and some tokens of rain on the seed sown;" "In both enjoyed the Lord's presence, particularly in the morning. All ended with a good prayer meeting. Truly a blessed work to preach Jesus." "Had a most blessed day all day. Morning great enlargement of soul. Good prayer meeting in the evening. The Lord surely was with us. O the blessedness of the work!" It was not always so bright, for on one occasion at least he complains—"Forenoon one of the hardest services. Day snowy; congregation rather small; hard to speak and hard to hear. Evening some better." On his heart there rested a continual burden for souls. He loved to reap as well as sow. Frequently he cries out "O for rain!" Once he says, "Still in hope that rain is near. May our Father grant it." Thus the good man wrought patiently, prayerfully, hopefully for many years. The monotony of the work did not weary him; its discouragements did not overwhelm him. His compulsory and life-long self-sacrifices did not sour him. His own troubles did not absorb and paralyse him, keenly as they were felt; they rather increased his tenderness for the troubled among his flock, and opened up for him fountains of richer experience. The sweet, pure, noble soul came to his end, full of labors, chastened by sufferings and mellowed and sanctified by divine grace.

IRA SMITH.

## A LESSON IN A DREAM.

The labor of the busy day was done.  
And in the twilight's deepening shade I sat  
With folded hands, my heart and thoughts at rest.  
Like some old half-remembered cradle song  
The night breeze murmured, and its low, sweet notes  
Lulled my tired soul to stillness. And the stars,  
Those tireless watchers of the fateful night,  
Laid one by one their filmy veils aside,  
And bent above me with their holy eyes  
That seemed to question and reprove, and yet  
Withal, to look sweet messages of hope  
And heavenly trust and comfort into mine.  
Thus sat I in the twilight. And methought  
I heard, borne faintly on the passing breeze,  
A low, sweet strain of song. So low it was  
And soft, I scarcely heard it, yet so sweet  
You might have thought heaven's pearly gates were left  
Ajar, and these soul-thrilling notes had floated out.  
And while I listened wondering, suddenly  
One stood beside me. White her vesture was  
And clasped with bands of gold. Upon her brow  
Of lily whiteness gleamed a starry crown,  
And in her hand a glittering gem she bore.  
"Mortal," she said, "commissioned by my King,  
Heaven's King, thy sovereign Lord, I come to thee.  
This hath He sent thee." And upon my brow  
The lustrous gem she placed. "Behold how fair!  
Its shining depths are founts of golden light.  
And brighter and more beautiful 'twill glow  
While thou dost wear it. Lay it not aside  
Lest all its lustre fade, and thou deplore  
Its vanished loveliness with unavailing tears."  
Thus spake my visitant, and bending low  
Laid her light lips upon my forehead. Then

With pinion spread she rose thro' parted cloud  
And starlit ether, while around her clung,  
Like golden drapery, heaven's own sunlight fair.  
And fainter grew the music, till no more  
Its soft vibrations thrilled me. All was still,  
And I alone again. But on my brow  
The gem remained. Day after day went by  
And still I wore it, still rejoiced to wear  
For His dear sake who gave the gift to me.  
But once, when worn and wearied with the way,  
And trembling 'neath the weight of grief and care,  
I cried, impatient, "I will lay it by ;  
Its weight oppresses me, I am so tired.  
I care not for its beauty. Coronets  
Of gems as beautiful on other brows  
I see, and I have only one. Its light  
Will not be missed." Then carefully  
I hid my jewel in the velvet depths  
Of a rare casket. There it lay concealed,  
Forgotten, almost, as the years rolled by.  
But once again, in idle mood I drew  
Forth from its hiding place the priceless gem,  
Saying, "I will wear it as in other days."  
When, lo! only a rayless stone was there,  
A dark, unlovely thing. Its lustrous light  
Was quenched forever, and the rust of years  
Lay thick upon it. Mournfully I gazed  
On my lost treasure. In my heart regret  
Struck deep her poisoned arrows. I too well  
Remembered from whose kind hand had come  
The gift, and who had brought it, and the charge  
She gave ; and I, remembering, wept.  
"Nay, weep not, child of earth," a pitying voice  
Beside me murmured. And I, turning, saw  
The heaven sent messenger of other days.  
"What thou hast seen," she said, "is but a dream.  
Yet on thy heart in living lines be engraved  
Its hidden import. In thy waking hours  
Recall and read the lesson. It is this :

The gem is thy one talent, use it well,  
 And in so using it shalt thou be blest.  
 But, if thou murmur, if within thy heart  
 An envious longing rise for brighter gift  
 Bestowed on others and to thee denied,  
 And thou forgetful of thy trust shalt fail  
 To use thy one gift wisely,—Then beware !  
 Lest coming suddenly, thy Lord require  
 That which thou canst not give. Once more, farewell.”  
 Then from my sight she vanished. I awoke,  
 And, lo ! 'twas but a dream.

ETHELIND.

From the TYRO of Dec. 1875.

## A RED SUNRISE.

The naked sea its silver notes is telling  
 Sweeter than flute or harp or singing bird,  
 Beatings of rosy rhythm, in winsome word  
 Of lilting song, are softly shoreward welling :  
 A near and far the ruddy waters swelling,  
 In laughter-peals around the fair earth heard,  
 Thrill swift the home-bound keels so long unstirred —  
 The kiss of day the weary wings compelling.

Beware the elfin bugles sounding clear  
 As glows morn's pallid ash to crimson flame  
 And makes a bloody dazzle of the waves !  
 Ere burn the embers in the west all bleak.  
 The deep shall thunder its awful chant of fame  
 O'er noble hearts gone down to wandering graves.

THEODORE H. RAND.

AUGUST.

## THE SPECTACULAR IN PREACHING.

The Christian preacher, in his public ministration of the Word, has to solve a most difficult problem: how, in the same address, to be interesting and instructive to those of all ages, to those at every point in the scale of mental equipment, and to those who represent an endless variety of moral and spiritual conditions. Theoretically he may see how to do this, but to do it effectively is one of the hardest tasks any man ever tried to perform. Some men are noted as preachers to children, some as preachers to the intellectual classes, and some as having influence with the masses of the common people. Tillotson may have suited his sermons to illiterate old women, and Luther may have had no regard for the doctors and masters in his audience, but the ideal preacher is the man who can touch and influence for good those of all ages, classes and conditions. The wise pastor will, of course, do work for classes as such. He will conduct children's meetings, young people's meetings, and various other meetings; but at least twice on Sunday he stands before the people when no class distinctions can be recognized. Even if his sermon is addressed to only one part of the audience, it must be profitable to all. Who is sufficient for these things?

In most congregations only a limited number have received any very special mental training. Children are caught with pictures, and preachers have realized that the masses are for the moment caught with the spectacular. The conclusion has been hastily drawn by some that here was found the way of true preaching; and so we are in danger of being turned from the right path because of the undue emphasis put upon something that is at best only of incidental value. We are allowing ourselves to be drawn into a spectacular current. In every department of education we are magnifying the *show*. Let me point out some evidences of this.

Froebel did a great service for the children of succeeding generations in the working out of the Kindergarten system. But some would-be teachers, drawing unwarranted conclusions from his scientific work, think if they place any kind of rude picture before children and talk about something else, they are

giving them instruction. In our Sunday-school infant classes it is thought that there can be no really good work without the blackboard. As a matter of fact children are not all eyes. Instead of touching the known in the child's life and allowing him to construct his own mental picture, the teacher must do some poor drawing on the board, making something having no likeness to anything in heaven or on earth, and then tell the child that he is to imagine this something that it is not, and that he is to learn from it something that he could grasp a thousand times more easily if he were told the plain truth. A short time ago, in Boston, I listened to a lecturer of national repute on "How to teach an Infant Class." Such a conglomeration of punched cardboard, Japanese dolls, painted sticks called soldiers, fancy pictures, strips of colored cloth, et cetera, I have seldom seen. And all these were to teach the children—I don't know what. Two parallel lines were declared to be the finest *illustration* known by the lecturer of the child's will in harmony with the Saviour's will!! If a child learns a recitation in school now-a-days, it is nothing if it is not a show. If he is going to speak for the Indian, the children must not be allowed to imagine an Indian, but Master Reciter must be decked in feathers, war-paint and a blanket. Public readers no longer credit us with intelligence. They are not willing to give us the sense and allow us in any degree the pleasure and profit of imagining the scene for ourselves. The man who would give us "Barbara Frietchie" up to date must wear a calico dress and a night-cap.

The same tendency is observable on the platform. We are suffering from an overdose of John B. Goughism. Since the days when first the little man acted all the scenes he described and drew great crowds to *see* him, many would-be popular lecturers are playing the same trick, but not half so well. It would no longer be sufficient to describe in chaste language the eagle soaring to his aerie. Few, unaided, could imagine such a scene. To be really effective the lecturer must, in the midst of his description, extend his arms and flop. The day of the illustrated lecture is upon us. The lantern plays an important part. But here there is generally no departure from true principle, and we have no criticism to offer. We are supposed to get exact representations of the objects described, and this is what we seek.

Even the drama itself has in presentation become over-dramatized. When one of Shakspeare's masterpieces is to be interpreted by a skillful actor, the posters, as a matter of course, announce that he will be on hand, but give special prominence to the fact that the whole will be presented with new, elaborate and expensive scenery. Mrs. So-and-So, the chief support, will wear costly dresses designed by Worth, and will be decked for the occasion with her jewels and diamonds, which are of fabulous price. I repeat that we have over-dramatized even the drama and everybody goes to see shows.

But what of the pulpit? Do we find the trail of this serpent even in the sanctuary? I am not thinking of the cheap theatricals called Sunday-school entertainments, but of the modern pulpit. Will the man who stands upon this throne descend to clap-trap? I think we find evidence of the evil of which we speak in three directions. A man to be an acceptable preacher in many pulpits, must exhibit an unreasonable amount of the dramatic element. The sermon that is not given with much histrionic effort is lacking in interest, and the preacher thereof is behind the times. Many people will not hear a man who reads his sermons. He may be a very able, devoted and godly man; his sermons may be the very freshest and richest expositions of the Word; but because they are not given by the "man of the stage," they are voted dry. Again, I observe a tendency on the part of a certain class of ministers to preach *illustrated* (!) sermons of a peculiar sort. One man announces that he will preach on a *hard* text, and brings the people together to hear him discourse on a rock that has been placed on the desk for the occasion. In the town where we are at present residing one of the pastors periodically announces that he will give one of his celebrated *illustrated* sermons. A few weeks ago I noticed that he would have an "engine with steam up." Later he was to have a candle burning on the pulpit (I presume to throw light on the subject). And last Sunday evening there was announced, "A man up in a tree. Come and see him."

Yet again, here is a brother who tells what "success" he has had by using the magic lantern on Sunday evenings. He speaks of the "spotters," placed here and there through the congregation to keep the boys from shouting, when the gas is turned



low, the phrases that usually emanate from the "gallery of the gods." I am not saying that it may not be well sometimes to use even the magic lantern with savages and with the low castes of India. But with me it is doubtful whether this is a very good method even with the lowest. I cannot bring myself to think of Paul as playing the "slide" business even with the rude people of Lycaonia. I know what is said about going in at eye-gate in order to storm the citadel of man-soul; but if the method is valuable, let us keep with Froebel and present the real and not a sham. Think of the man who has been entrusted with the great message of God to men, and presumably anointed with the power of the Spirit that his words might be as God's, quick and powerful, condescending to use his hours of supreme opportunity in giving peep-shows!

Perhaps it is sufficient to have called attention to this spectacular craze, but I should like to point out *a danger that threatens and a consequent evil*. Young men who are surrounded by this atmosphere, while preparing for the ministry are liable to become possessed of a false ideal. It is seen that the multitude will run to the show, and the young man rightly desires to see many come to his ministry. But it is not enough to attract numbers. The cheapest play on the boards will draw the largest crowd. Woe to him who gives undue prominence to the thought of "drawing a crowd," and in order to accomplish his end makes of himself, what Barnum claimed to have, "the greatest show on earth." Such a person has unnecessarily limited his usefulness. His own life will become dwarfed. He can never become what he would have become had he reached the proper outlook in the opinion of his ministry. He has forgotten that what a man does depends on what he is, and has made himself poor without making others rich. There is this evil. The man who makes this mistake not only limits the extent of his ministry, for the people of intellectual and spiritual culture will not be content to run to shows, but his ministry is of the most primitive character. He does a poor service for those who come to hear him. We are not mother birds feeding little robins in a nest. We do not help an audience very much if we only bring them together to sit with open mouths while we do all their thinking for them. Our aim is not merely to draw men together

to hear the preacher, but to win to Christ and help them forward to the high places in Christian knowledge and usefulness. It is a pity therefore to do for any one to-day only that which for the time interests him, but does not make him a better man and fit him for further instruction to-morrow. The religious drama of the Middle Ages is surely not the means to be employed to reach the end just indicated. The first purpose of the modern drama was to instruct in religious truth; to-day not one person in a thousand on the stage thinks of giving instruction. There is no end beyond entertainment through stirring the emotions. A clever dramatic preacher may draw a large crowd and entertain them for years and do little permanent good. On Sunday they may cry for pity but never put forth any effort to relieve the distressed. In the pews they may weep over their sins, but out of the pews they go on in their wickedness. The aim of the preacher should be not to make people cry but to make them hate sin, quit it, and work righteousness. We may, of course, under peculiar conditions be obliged to use very childish means, but we perform a small service if we use only such or continue for long to use them. We are not elevating taste and developing character. Rather does the pulpit by stooping to toy with the false ideals seen elsewhere become shorn of its own strength. Instead of reaching down that we may lift up, we are ourselves going down to the lowest level and there taking up our abode.

*Shall we then dispense with the spectacular?* In the general sense in which we have used the word I take it that no one would say yes. We would not shoot histrionic parsons. Whitfield was a wonderful power in his day. Each one must define clearly to himself the purpose and scope of his pulpit ministration and then decide how far he can safely go in the use of the spectacular. We said in the beginning that he must interest and influence for good all ages and classes. He must interest if he is to be privileged to do the other thing. Surely no one can permit himself to think that any class is not included in his mission without cutting the sinews of his best endeavour. Should any one decide that he has a mission only to a certain class, we have no controversy on the present point. He must be the judge as to how he can best reach and help that class. We might still differ on the question of method.

It is a rule that illustrations must illustrate. We are not discussing the general subject of illustrations, but if the rule were rigidly applied it would doubtless leave a good deal of our sermonic literature in a badly shattered condition. Sometimes the plea is made for a class of illustrations that the hearers have remembered them. But inasmuch as they have not remembered any thing else, clearly for them the illustrations did not illustrate. Without doubt this is frequently the case when objects are presented to the eye. The object means itself and nothing more. A large proportion of the fancy blackboard pictures are only stumbling blocks if not something worse. Some contend that Jesus, when telling the parable of the sower, must have pointed to the farmer scattering his seed on the neighbouring slopes. But at the very mention of the word each one of the multitude would instantly construct the picture for himself and without distraction would be able to inquire the meaning. However, as Jesus did take a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples, I suppose a preacher of to-day may do the same thing; but he needs much discernment. It will be observed that I have said nothing of the Lord's promise to bless His word, and of the supreme importance of the preacher honoring the Spirit. The divine side is left untouched. I am only pleading against the pulpit throwing itself blindly into the flood. The tendency towards the spectacular must be guarded against, or one of these days we shall hear of some advanced brother borrowing a cage of lions from the Zoo in order to preach a well illustrated and therefore telling sermon on Daniel in the lions' den.

J. J. BAKER.

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MARK I, 41.

Before thy touch, O mighty son of God,  
The loathsome leprosy affrighted fled;  
The man, new-made, came forth again to life,  
Like Lazarus, the risen from the dead.

J. H. F.

## Students' Quarter.

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### THE POWER OF CONVICTION IN PREACHING.

There are two elements in all Christian activity—the human and the divine. The apostle was but giving utterance to this great truth, when he said, “We are laborers together with God;” surely it is no irreverent instance of its application to say, “We are preachers together with God.” In fact no herald of the cross has appreciated the solemn dignity of his calling who has failed to realize the holy partnership it involves. That this thought of being a co-worker with the Eternal One was living and burning in the consciousness of Christ from the very outset of his ministry is unmistakably evidenced in His annunciation of Himself in the familiar home church of His boyhood. What other thought than this could the man, whom his townsmen knew as “the carpenter,” but whom the world was to know as Saviour, have had, when he cried, “He hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor.” The truth, beating in the Saviour’s words, is given at least a partial recognition in the trite saying that the sermon which is not inbreathed by God will never waken life in any dead heart.

With this introductory recognition of the necessity of the divine in all Christian service, we shall not be misunderstood if we lay stress on the human element alone, in this paper. The question is, what additional power over men’s hearts and minds will the preacher, who is girded with conviction, possess over him who is not so girded.

I wonder if we are all clear as to the meaning of conviction. I do not refer to the deep philosophical view of it; the popular idea is sufficiently accurate for our purpose. Popularly, then, conviction may be defined as soul-certainty. So power of conviction in preaching means the power arising in the preacher from the positive assurance concerning the reality and truth of his message, which at the moment of delivery is over-mastering him. And, I believe, that this is second only to the might of the blessed Spirit Himself. It is the *sine qua non* of the preacher who prevails with men. Only in the convinced heart is there

burning on the altar the fire whence the Holy Spirit may carry the flaming word which will cleanse and kindle another heart. In the spirit, which is a stranger to conviction, the altar will be ashes-covered, and from it even God will be helpless to set on fire with holy zeal any other soul. So I repeat, that next to the power of the Spirit comes the power of conviction. What Samson's locks meant to him, so much does it mean to the preacher; shorn of it, he will wrestle with the Philistines and will not prevail.

Human nature manifests itself in look, and word and act. As some subterranean river breaks flashing into the light of day, so the deepest nature of man reveals itself to observation. Conviction is man's deepest nature. As I regard it to-night, it parts and flows out through the sermon, in loving streams of blessing to the world and the church, even as that river in Eden sent its parted waters in four streams to gladden all the land. There are four aspects under which it manifests its power to help and uplift.

I. It adds power by giving *positiveness* to the preacher's utterance. I hasten, however, to say that positiveness is a world away from stubbornness or arbitrariness. By it is meant that subtle something in the voice, which lays hold of you and convinces you that behind the words is a heart full of assurance and trustfully resting all its hopes in their truth. That "subtle something" is what wins and conquers the soul, though it is all unconscious that it is being won and conquered. The night-blooming cereus, in its sensitiveness to sun-light, hides itself in its own heart away from the light of day. But the darkness and the dew falling upon its closed petals lead it to unfold all its beauty and its fragrance. Human hearts are wondrously sensitive. Instinctively they will close against your doubtings and uncertainty, fearful of you who are fearful yourself; but the echo of assurance in your tones will be as falling dew to win them, trustful in you who are trustful yourself. Do we not here touch the secret of that word recorded of the Master, "The common people heard him gladly?" Blindly but truly the people felt a difference between the voice of Jesus ringing out from the grassy hillsides, and the voices of the Rabbis echoing from the rostrums of the synagogues. In the tones of Christ was some-

thing indicative of his assurance of, and rest in the reality of His words; in the words of the Rabbis breathed the unrest and ill-assurance of their own hearts. The world is always "seeking rest and finding none." Convince it that you have found the secret, and it will flee to you for help as the blinded bird beaten by the storm flies into the cleft of the rock. Positiveness always has its effect. The blind man of scripture is a deathless example of this. No one can help feeling the conviction thrilling in that brief sentence into which he withdrew as into a "strong tower." "One thing I know," he steadily maintained. It had its effect; even those angry Jews, so hungry to believe otherwise, were silenced into conviction. They perforce believed in the truth of *his* experience, even if they did not believe any other case had disproved their assertion that "since the world began it was never heard that any one opened the eyes of a man born blind." Our work is to lead men to Jesus Christ. We shall feel helpless and uncertain if we have not a living assurance of our own salvation; and the anxious heart will fathom our doubt. If the great ocean is wrestling madly with the storm, in the little inlet, miles and miles away, I shall see unrest in the waters. And unless the heart, which naturally is "like the troubled sea that cannot rest," has heard and consciously felt the power of the Master's "Peace! be still!" the unrest of the fountain will display itself in the words which are only the outflow. Positiveness is power, but true positiveness means our own assurance and rest.

II. Again, conviction adds power by giving *earnestness of utterance*. It is a word on every tyro's lips that earnestness kindles earnestness. And assuredly the aim of the herald of the cross is to awaken careless men and women out of apathy into burning eagerness about the "unseen things," which are, nevertheless, the only abiding things. Only that sermon, in whose sentences the hearts of the audience detect an undertone of holy earnestness, will perform its mission. Men prove this every time they preach otherwise, no matter how gilded and beautiful be their words, or how rounded their periods. Simulated earnestness cannot avail. I have often seen, at dusk of evening, in some decaying tree in the darkening woods, a bright red glow like fire. I never tried to warm myself from that red fiery glow.

While it had all the brightness and ruddiness of fire, it had no heat. It was false fire. So with a wrought-up earnestness; the heart, chill in indifference, will not warm under unreal enthusiasm. Pretended earnestness has no true power.

We feel that the Stranger's voice was thrilling with earnestness, when the two sad wayfarers' hearts "burned within them," on the way to Emmaus. There was a fire burning in the Master's soul, and it leaped out in His words, and, falling into their despondent hearts, set them all aglow. Whence that living earnestness filling the Master's heart? Was it not born of the conviction He felt about that deadly cross and that darksome tomb, and the "joy set before Him," when the "sons of God should be manifested in glory"? Surely it is undoubted truth that only the heart girded and overmastered by conviction will ever know the meaning of the prophet's saying, "His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones. I was weary with forbearing and I could not stay." The preacher who is blessed with such an experience will be earnest with God's earnestness, and will sway men as the forest trees are swayed in the storm.

III. A third way in which conviction adds power is by giving *courage* to the speaker. Solomon spake three thousand proverbs, but in them all it was impossible for him to utter a truer saying than that wrapped up in the words, "The fear of man bringeth a snare." That is universally so, but particularly is it true of the man whom God anoints to be His herald. Moses, bemoaning his slow and uneloquent tongue, betrays how desperately afraid he is of men. Jeremiah, crying in Jehovah's ear, "I am but a child," proclaims his brotherhood with the seer of Nebo. Paul, towering like a Colossus amongst men, frankly confesses that he moved amongst the Corinthians "in fear and trembling." We gaze back at that mercilessly severe prophet, John the Baptist, and carelessly think he was a stranger to any tremor of fear; but surely, unless human nature belie itself, behind that voice which rang through the land like a trumpet of God, was a heart that had known many a shrinking from the delivery of that scathing message to Sadducee and Pharisee. All unmanned with forebodings, strong Elijah fled from furious Jezebel; Peter, brave as a lion, cowered before the mocking eye and taunting words of a slip of a girl. And every preacher has

felt some shrug of the shoulder, some angry gesture, sting him like an arrow tipped with flame. Truly "the fear of man bringeth a snare." If, however, the heart is clad with conviction as with "bars of brass and triple steel," the envenomed arrow will not find entrance. If the preacher be convinced that his word, because it is the word of God, is like a two-edged sword to pierce, or an unerring discerner of the thoughts and intents of men's minds, or a hammer breaking in pieces the stony heart, then he will be courageous. Other things being equal, "according to his conviction will be his courage, and according to his courage will be his strength."

Every Scripture student knows that amongst the men of God to whom I have referred by way of confirmation of man's fear of man, are to be found the brightest illustrations of the courage with which conviction girds a man. Peter, face to face with the Sanhedrim, which had both the will and power to make the land too hot to hold him, unflinchingly says: "You can think as you like and do as you like; we must obey God." In the light of Calvary's broken tomb, his doubts had died, and now, like the stubborn blind man already mentioned, "one thing" he is sure of. He may be muddled in mind over many things, but that Jesus is the Christ he can no sooner doubt than he can doubt his own existence. The belief is part of his personality. And in this immovable conviction is the secret of his courage, as far as human forces are concerned. When the preacher makes these same truths a part of his inner consciousness, the spirit of the Rock-man will be his divinely-given possession.

IV. In the last place, I wish to say that conviction adds power because it gives *tenderness* of utterance. "And Jesus seeing the multitudes, had compassion on them." What a photograph that is of the "Man who, although He holds the helm of the universe in His pierced hands, yet is touched with the feeling of our infirmities"! That sentence is an epitome of Christ's experience in His relations with men. From the day when He was buried in baptism unto the day when loving hands buried His broken body in Joseph's new tomb, He was ever "seeing the multitudes," and the vision never failed to overflow His soul with matchless pity. Surely, on Calvary, the poet's words were true of Him, as from the vantage-point of His cross He saw "the multitude,"—"I brim with pity, drowning speech,"—all speech



but one great prayer. What was the secret of all this pity for the throngs of people? "They know not what they do." That was the thought that melted the Christ. The moon, looking down on the ocean's upturned face, draws the waters into a "tide too full for sound or foam." That vision of the multitudes, lost, wandering, undone, and blind, ever drew the tide of Christ's compassion fuller and fuller in His soul. It was conviction as to the real condition of the multitudes that wakened into life that beautiful, blessed feeling of compassion.

The preacher, like his Master, from the day he tremblingly delivers his first message unto the day of his death, is ever "seeing the multitudes." Twice, thrice each week he looks into the faces of a throng, each one of whom, like fabled Atlas of old, carries his own world of trouble and joy. He is "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh" in his brotherhood with them. By the experiences of his own wayward, wistful soul he can read the hopes and fears of theirs; for, that humanity is strangely of a piece even Scripture witnesses. "The things of a man" are known "by the spirit of man" which is in all men. Upon multitudes such as these he gazes all his life. But has he compassion for them? Does the vision he sees from his pulpit awaken sympathy and pity for these souls who are going up to God or down to woe "out of great tribulation?" No; unless there is lying heavy on his soul the vision of these people that Christ has—a vision of those who, in a very real sense "know not what they do." Without the conviction, without tenderness; without tenderness, shorn of power. I have sometimes wondered whether that loving, sad farewell of the Ephesian elders to Paul, so foreign to heathen ways, has not its explanation in the "tears" that wet the Apostle's face, as he sought their souls night and day. It was the evidence of his sympathy and love that first won the attention of these gross and stolid heathen hearts. When men travail in pity for souls, then souls are born into the Kingdom of God.

Thus I have tried to show that conviction, flowing forth in these four living streams, is a power to gladden the world and the City of God, the Church. One word more completes my task. What are the conditions on which this conviction may be ours? I answer in a word, the conviction which masters us is the product of the thought we fellowship and live with. If the

vision, standing in our consciousness, living and abiding with us, is that of a smirking, smiling world, ministering to ambition and self, well pleased with us because we have made it well pleased with itself, we shall have a conviction that "the things which are seen" are much more than "the things which are not seen." We need to let the Holy Spirit smite that vision on the face and hurl it down and out, because it is as truly out of place in a Christian's consciousness as were the men who bore false fire into the Holy of Holies centuries ago. Then, on the throne of consciousness, erstwhile occupied by that ungodly thing, let the Holy Spirit enthrone His own thought of Jesus and mortals and eternity. And, living in fellowship with this holy vision, we shall attain more and more that conviction, which shall "make us more than conquerors" in the calling wherewith we are called.

HARRY E. STILLWELL.

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### CHIME-CHANGES.

#### I.

Sun on the sea and the blue, blue sky,  
Sail on! the shore shall be ours by and by,  
*Soon the pilot shall seek us.*

The sea-pilgrims smile in the eye-kissing light,  
Who speaks of the silent cloud, sullen and slight?  
*Soon the pilot shall seek us.*

Singing to sleep turn the scorers of fate,  
At sunrise the ship anchors safe in the strait,  
*Surely the pilot is coming!*

#### II.

Low-looming vapour that leers at the moon,  
Lonely the vessel lies in the night's noon,  
*Surely the pilot is coming!*

O the wild laughter that leaps in the gale  
And the loud lamentation, the lullaby-wail!  
*Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!*

Lo! who can linger in life at his will?  
Beloved are the slaves of the sea-spirit still,—  
*Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!*

PLASHER.

## S N O W .

Men hardly know how beautiful snow is. They watch the ground whiten under the first winter's storm; they pack it with relentless feet through the cold months of its sojourn; they see it disappearing when spring comes; but most people make no advance beyond the mere consideration of the commercial value, or the pleasurable capacity, of snow.

Winter and snow are inseparable. I say so because I am part of Canada. To suffer a snowless Christmas is to suffer an evidently unmerited affliction. We claim that having passed through the oppression of summer's heat we are entitled to the suitable extreme of winter's snow. So, we offer a strong objection to the snow-drift that will remain for a week, and then on the slightest provocation vanish. We want our snow to come and stay; for it is awkward to be deprived of it just when an acquaintance has been made.

Cold is of course an accompaniment of the snow-spread fields. However, the sharp, clear, bracing cold of the snow-period is more easily and more agreeably borne than is the humid, raw, penetrating air of March and November. As a rule the snow-fall is followed by crisp, dry air, and a clear sky; then all the dust of the atmosphere is under secure cover. Science shows us that such a keen air is of inestimable importance to the body; calling into activity the capillaries of the surface of the body; reddening the skin, and causing an almost irresistible desire for exercise. What a kindness on the part of Providence!

The wise Canadian, taught by experience, provides himself generously against the approach of the snow-cloud. He must be warmly clad. Fur-caps, mits, coats, etc., are demanded: thus for his special benefit our much-prized beaver, and the seals of the snow-bound north are sacrificed. From cap to snow-boot he protects every inch, and is ready for every emergency.

The snow-flake has a wonderful construction. No architecture can compete with its perfectness. Sugar dissolved in water and allowed to evaporate, yields crystals of sugar candy. The diamond is crystallized carbon. All our precious stones, jet, ruby, sapphire, beryl, topaz, emerald, are examples of this crys-

tallizing power. Water as a liquid is apparently formless; but, cool it sufficiently and the molecules are brought within the play of the crystallizing force, and are arranged into shapes of indescribable beauty, which present as distinct a mathematical form of crystallization as that which characterizes the more lasting diamond. It is worth pausing to think what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow-shower. What building power is brought into play! And how imperfect seem the productions of human minds and hands when compared with those formed by the blind forces of nature!

Snow is a warm covering for the earth. My earliest recollections of winter scenes give me grateful impressions of mother nature. It seemed to me that her great anxiety was lest she should not be careful enough to cover over and tuck in the objects of her care, with her soft and preservative snow-blanket. And how completely she accomplished it! Nothing was left exposed by her; for, when the wind has blown a bare corner she steals a chance when he is not around to cover again the spot with her mantle, and commissions a keen ambassador to make that mantle proof against future blasts with his frosty fingers. I remember standing one evening at the nursery window of the old home to look at the snow-clad hillocks on the western fields. Inside, the smaller brother, half asleep, was being hidden by motherly hands under the fleecy counterpane. It was natural for me to make comparisons. There was the uneven snow-field covering I don't know what preciousness, outside; and inside I saw the mantle equally uneven hiding that sleepy little Canadian, whose projecting elbow bent the white covering until it took the form of the field's middle and sharpest hillock. If winter is nature's night, the spring time of morning will see the snow covering lifted to give freedom to the life of another summer: just as the cot's comforter will be raised and cast aside at sunrise to give that brother liberty for another day's life. Nor was that all that I saw from the nursery window. I discovered that there were some snowy mounds in the garden. And they were placed by someone just where the bushes had stood from which we had plucked the black currants not long before. For all the world those mounds looked like Tommy curled up in bed. If we were able to interpret the language of

the bush, I think we should find it saying, "How lovely and warm this is!"

Then, snow has its economic use. Without it, the continued action of cold during five or six months of the year would so rob the earth of its caloric, that the heat of a single summer would be insufficient to restore the warmth necessary for vegetation. By it, myriads of insects are preserved; and because the temperature of the waters of our lakes and rivers is maintained at 30° F., the finny tribes are protected.

Sometimes, in certain places the first snow of winter remains till the last disappears in the spring. Each snow-fall simply adds to the thickness of the earth's white mantle; and I have cut through a bank of snow late in the season and found it to show, first, a layer of light cellular snow; another, more condensed; another, perhaps of almost impalpable powder; then, one of impacted snow-dust; and the bottom one, a humid deposit, frozen or not, according to the temperature of the air at the time of falling.

There is as much variety of snow-fall as there is in the shaping of the clouds that, in passing, discharge their fleecy cargo. And the storms come from every point of the compass. As a rule a genuine blizzard in central Canada comes from the east. How impetuous a storm can be! Then the wind blows at the rate of forty miles an hour, though it allures you into the belief that it is going at the rate of eighty. That is the time when you have to catch your breath quickly, and when you are likely to smother if you do not turn your back to the gale occasionally. You may find you cannot see very well, and putting your hand up you find that you have a sheet of ice and frozen snow covering the exposed part of your face. You have great odds against you and are becoming conscious of the fact that you are at the mercy of the storm potentate. The snow seems to fly past you horizontally, and it is only in the case of necessity that you still face the gale. Such occasions as that demand proper covering, else you suffer. Perfect comfort may be enjoyed in the wildest storm if care be taken to make oneself storm-proof.

There is a certain kind of snow that consists of minute, intensely frozen particles, which in falling, seek out every crevice in an ordinary overcoat. Besides that, the wind, and it is

generally a cold wind in such a storm, seems to relish a close contact with the skin, penetrating the thickest coat. The most enjoyable and practical way to weather the wildest blizzard is to dress in the orthodox Canadian blanket suit. Have a dark blue one, if you like, with brown facings. Then add to your attire a plaid-checked woollen sash. Let your feet be well secured in moccasins; and your head protected by a "capuchon," similar to that which our experienced friend, the "habitant," wears.

A pleasant experience is to be gained by being out in a fall of large-flaked snow. It is not a storm. The elements seem to be at peace with man and do not wish to harm him. So anxious are they, indeed, to show an entire cessation of hostilities that myriads of white truces come as tokens. Then the still atmosphere almost permits one to hear the flakes strike each other in their descent. Feathery, soft, white visitors will, as you walk along, timidly but affectionately touch your face, as if trying to ascertain to what extent their coming is welcome.

Turn aside now, if you will, from this examination of the flakes and come with me to the lawn. It is after one of the last storms of the winter, and we clear the newly fallen snow from off the flower bed. What is this little green tip peeping out of the ground under the snowy covering? It is a young snow-drop plant. Can you tell me why it grows? Where it finds its food? What makes it spread out its leaves and add to its stalk day by day? What fairies are at work here?

"Out of the bosom of the air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest fields forsaken.  
 Silent, and soft, and slow  
 Descends the snow.

"Even as our cloudy fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
 Even as the troubled heart doth make  
 In the white countenance confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.

"This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded:  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded.  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field."

J. B. PATERSON.

## NIHIL.

In the far away land of Thessaly, many years ago, there lived a great and warlike king who had an only son. Prince Nemo was a dreamy youth who cared little for the warlike sports of his father's court compared with his books and music. The king was bitterly disappointed in his son and secretly distrusted him, while the youth spent his time in dreaming, having none of the warlike spirit so much admired in the princes of the olden time.

The country around the palace of the king was strangely diversified. Behind the palace, which stood in a pleasant valley, was an unbroken line of fair, green hills. Beyond the hills were glens, wild ravines full of bushes and shrubs rising in parts to wild woodland stretches; while still farther in the background an encircling ridge of purple mountains was dimly visible. The Prince's favorite haunt was a certain part of the thick woodland behind the hill on which the palace stood. It was in the fair, bright springtime, that he first began to frequent that lonely spot. It was wildly rough and bare, even in that beautiful season, but just in the middle of the wood a fair spring bubbled up in a single crystal jet and trickled gently over a carpet of emerald shaded moss. The first time the Prince saw it he had been attracted to the spot by a sweet, subtle perfume, which loaded the air and seemed to rise like clouds of incense from the very middle of that wild wood. Breaking through the tangled branches, Nemo found a south slope covered with lilies of the valley, whose delicate bells rang out all the sweet scents of Nature rolled into one volume of perfume.

It was there, on that day, that he first saw the beautiful Iola. She was bending over the flowers, breathing in their fragrant beauty and it needed but a glance to show that she was far fairer than any flower and sweeter than any lily. As Nemo gazed at her in delighted astonishment, she turned, then seeing him, gave a cry of affright and rising on her gauzy pinions, shot like an arrow of burnished silver far above in the turquoise blue of the fair spring sky. From that time Nemo haunted the wild glade; the early spring mornings brought him there and

the cold air of midnight found him still pacing to and fro among the tangle of sweet ferns and ivy vines.

At long intervals he caught a glimpse of the beautiful being for whom he was watching. Sometimes she came near enough for him to see her wonderful face; sometimes she even alighted for a moment at a short distance from him, but if he moved she spread her wings and darted far above his reach or sight.

Gradually, however, she ceased to take flight at his every movement. Sometimes she would seat herself near him and sing clear melodies which sounded like the chimes of tiny silver bells, but she never found her voice to speak to the lonely prince until one day when she saw him carrying in his arms a bleeding fawn, which had been wounded in some of the wild hunts of his father's courtiers.

After that she no longer refused to speak to him and during the long months of the summer she talked with him every day. Strange tales she told him in her silvery tones, tales of wild revels in the marshes and of visits of healing paid to wounded deer; of nights of wild rocking in the tops of storm-tossed pines, or of peaceful flights in the calm sweet air of spring. A creature of ever varying moods and impulses was Iola; men told strange tales of her. She was said to be part mortal, part immortal; part human, part angel, and many added maliciously that there was more than a touch of the wicked sprite in her nature.

Just what she was and where she came from no one knew; but all agreed on one point; she was the guardian of a beautiful pair of golden wings which had been put in her care by a spirit who, believing in her higher nature, hoped to arouse it by this appeal to her protective powers. Iola made a very erratic and eccentric guardian of the mystic wings. She had safely hidden them away where no one could come within reach of them, and having so disposed of them she proceeded to enjoy herself in her own way. Her charge was to keep them safely, letting no profane touch come near until such time as she could deliver them to someone perfectly fitted to own and use them. Vainly had the spirits of the air and of the marshes tried to learn the secret of their hiding place. Iola never told that, but she thought little of the latter half of her charge; the wings



were safe, the worthy owner had yet to come. Meanwhile the sacred charge did have a good effect on her flighty nature. She dared not rush heedlessly into danger when she remembered her sacred guardianship. Little as she had been wont to care for life or limb, or the displeasure of gods or men, when in pursuit of joy, yet now she held in memory the golden wings which would be lost forever if she should fail to return from some one of her wild flights. Nor dared she try too far the patience of the Father Spirit, lest he deprive her of her own silvery pinions and so render her unable to bring the golden wings back to earth again.

The novelty of a human friend amused her for a long time and in the early days of her acquaintance with Nemo her wild flights ceased entirely. Later on her spirit of mischief prompted her to indulge in the wild revels in which her friend grieved that he could not join. Again she romped among the rocky cliffs with the wind sprites, running races on the hill slopes, or swinging from the tree tops. Again, and oftener than before, she joined in wild, uncanny dances over the marshes to catch the Jack-o'-lanterns gleaming and glancing here and there. Never since she had become the guardian of the golden wings had she joined in such mad escapades.

Nemo grew more silent every day, he realized a thousand dangers she never saw, his heart ached for the strange, wild creature, and he wondered if the golden wings would ever be brought back to earth by their guardian. He did not understand that these carousals were but the natural revolts of her wild nature over the better impulses that led her at times to sit for hours, chanting poems of noble thought, or listening to his reading of books filled with the wise sayings of great men. Yet at times, when he was in the midst of a passage stored with the wisdom of some sage's best days, he would glance up and grieve to see his late companion far away in the distance with the wind sprites, chasing the thistle-down along the breeze and whispering wild messages to the sighing pine-tops. At such moments he sadly closed his book and returned to the palace, where the knights were tilting in the court-yard and the king was planning cruel and bloody wars. Then he often thought of the golden wings and what he would do if he had such a pair, and

while sailing in imagination far above all the cares of earth, he would stray unconsciously back to the spring in the woods.

One day, many months after he had first met Iola, he came to the accustomed spot early in the morning, and to his surprise failed to find her there. He waited for some time and at last he saw her coming, flying lightly over the grass, stopping to gather up the dew drops and toss them into the face of one of the mischievous weird sprites who were flying all around the wood. She came along tardily, but when at length she did reach him her words of farewell to the wind sprite told him the secret of her reluctance to meet him. She had promised to go to the dreadful midnight hunt for will-o'-the-wisps in the black marsh. In vain he expostulated, she was wilfully determined. At last, for the first time, he mentioned the golden wings to her, reproaching her as an unworthy guardian, and reminding her of the Father Spirit's angry threat to deprive her of her own wings if she did not cease her wild expeditions. In vain. Iola knew the danger of sinking into the black morass, she knew the certainty of damage to her gossamer wings, but her wilder nature prompted her to follow out her own devices. She laughed at his caution and in the midst of his appealing words she left him, flying far away up into the stormy winter sky. Nemo returned sadly to the court and passing through the midst of a tilting match, went to his own quiet chamber. Then he took down a light suit of armor and prepared himself as for a fight, and when the evening shadows were falling he silently left the palace and hastened to the black marsh.

Long ago in his wanderings he had found out the only possible way of entrance, and quietly and persistently, although risking his life at every step, he picked his way into the very midst of the morass. There he stood half concealed by reeds and waited. It was nearly midnight when the revels began and wilder revels were seldom seen. The mad wind sprites and the ugly marsh imps led the chase, and in the midst of it all was Iola. Now she circled through the air, now danced lightly on the marshy ground. She never heeded the malicious imps who tried to catch and drag her down into the morass, neither did she notice the way in which the twisted boughs of the dwarf swamp trees tried to clutch her gauzy wings. She was lost to

every thing except a mad spirit of revelry which increased as the night rolled on. The moon hid her pale face sorrowfully behind a cloud and a thick fog came up over the marsh; still the chase went on and now the hunters came close to Nemo. He drew back farther into the shadow and the spirits swept by in their mad career, never heeding him, nor suspecting his presence, for when had mortal ever penetrated into that dark morass? It was only when they had passed that he noticed Iola was no longer among them. Then in an agony of fright he started out and began to search for her. Alas! he had no wings to carry him swiftly across the treacherous swamp and his way was full of obstacles. The moonlight was dim, and in despair he called aloud for Iola, but only a mocking echo answered. Long and dangerous was his search, and sad and heavy his heart as the hours rolled by. At last when he was quite in despair, the moon broke from her cloudy covering and shone brightly over the scene. Then he saw in the distance, entangled in a clump of dwarf willows, the gleam of silver. He approached the spot. Yes, it was Iola, and in a sorry plight, her beautiful wings caught and tangled in the boughs of the trees, her feet fast sinking in the swamp and her eyes full of despair. Nemo drew near, sword in hand, and silently began to disentangle her wings by severing the branches of the trees around her. Often she moaned with pain, but he kept steadily on. Then with difficulty he set her feet free, and at last she stood before him again in possession of her liberty. Free, but what a wreck of her beautiful, bright self! her garments soiled and torn, her hair tangled and matted, her feet bleeding and bruised. In silence Nemo helped her to the edge of the marsh, in silence led her to the old retreat, and still in silence left her.

Slowly he bent his steps towards the palace, and passed to the solitude of his chamber.

And Iola? Wounded by his silence more than by the cruel thorns and branches, she stood for a moment by the spring, and then sinking wearily on the brown moss, for the first time in her life she wept. The day passed by. Nemo in the palace resolutely put all thought of her aside. Iola, concealed in the clusters of sweet fern, waited to see if he came, and in the waiting the look of wild mischief faded from her face. She grew to

look more like one who was fitted to be the guardian of the mystic golden wings.

Weary nights passed by, and at last he came wandering was deep night. The moon was hidden behind a cloud. The restlessly through the woods, and stood by the spring. It ferns and flowers were faded and dead. The wind howled and shrieked through the trees, a fit night for death in any guise. Nemo stood by the spring alone, despondent. What hopes had not blossomed in that dark, dank wood? What dreams had not passed before him there? There was a noise in the bushes, he turned, and Iola stood before him. Iola, yet not Iola. A figure slight and stately, a face fair and full of noble emotions. Clad in a robe pure and whole, more dazzling white than any he had seen her wear before. On her shoulders her wings strong and straight and more beautiful than ever. In her hands she bore the mystic golden wings, her sacred trust. Nemo turned in amaze to question her, but the questions died on his lips. Iola, but not Iola.

The cloud had passed from the moon, all was clear light, the wind was singing softly to the tree tops, the faded flowers and ferns put on clear white beauty and fantastic shapes in the white beams of light. A fit night to explore the mystery of the highest life.

Iola held out the golden wings and spoke:—

“Take them,” she said, “they are thine. Fasten them on and come with me to a brighter, happier place above this earth. Thou hast taught me to rise above my lower nature, come, I will teach thee to rise above thy highest nature.”

In silence Nemo obeyed her. She had grown beyond him, was still growing, but she would take him with her. He fastened the wings on his shoulders and hand-in-hand they rose above the earth into the purer air. Earth lay wrapped in sombre beauty. The marble palace of the king showed fair and stately, the Black Swamp was outlined in dismal darkness, the spring in the wood bubbled merrily, but they cast no glance down at these. They were rising ever higher and higher into the happier, purer land of light.

A legend of Thessaly. A simple legend, which few to-day believe in. The present generation is too wise—or too unwise.

Who or what was Iola? Some say a woman with a true woman's soul; some say a myth and a stupid one.

And the life of perfect happiness to which they rose? Ah, well, that was only in cloud-land after all.

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

*Moulton College.*

### EASTER HYMN.

All hail, Thou, risen Jesus,  
 Thou conqueror of Death!  
 All hail, our glorious Master,  
 Sweet Lord of life and breath!

All the great lights of heaven  
 Burn with Thy holy light;  
 All the great deeps beneath them  
 Throb with Thy power and might.

All hail! the great sun crieth,  
 In flaming rapture seen;  
 All hail! the earth, her worship breathing  
 In quick up-springing green.

All hail! let mortal voices  
 Be loudest Thee to greet,  
 With sound of many waters  
 Falling around Thy feet.

All hail! from men and angels,  
 Peals to the echoing sky.  
 All hail, Thou risen Jesus,  
 The Universe doth cry.

*Moulton College.*

BLANCHE BISHOP.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

On Friday evening, March 15, Mr. T. S. Shenston, of Brantford, whose name has for many years been a household word in all Baptist families of the Dominion, was suddenly called away to his eternal rest. It was most fittingly and truly said of him in the *Canadian Baptist* of March 28th, that "there have been few men in any Christian denomination who have been more abundant in works of faith and labors of love, more exemplary and influential in the varied relations of life, and more helpful in promoting the cause of Christ, both at home and abroad."

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WE are grateful to our friends for many expressions of appreciation respecting recent issues of the *McMASTER MONTHLY*. We feel sure that the sketch of the present month, in which Bro. Smith writes from the fulness of his loving memory of a great and good man, will be read once and again in every home where the *MONTHLY* is a welcome visitor. Bro. Baker's article is also worthy of careful perusal, and will be all the more impressive following the record of the life-work of a preacher who believed so strongly in the presence and power of the Holy Ghost as the only assurance of success in his ministry.

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THE sympathies of both Faculty and students of McMaster University were profoundly stirred by the sad news of the irreparable loss that has befallen our sister College at Louisville, Ky., in the death of her beloved and distinguished President, Dr. John A. Broadus. Messages of condolence have since been sent to Louisville by resolution of the Faculty. On the morning of March 20th, after prayers, Prof. Farmer, who, as well as Dr. Newman, has sat in the late President's classes, paid a tender and deeply impressive tribute to the memory of his old professor in words that will not soon be forgotten by any who heard them. We hope to give our readers a portrait of Dr. Broadus, with an accompanying sketch by Prof. Farmer in our next number.

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THE death, on March 2nd, of Prof. John Stuart Blackie, at the advanced age of 86, has removed from old Edinburgh City and University one of their most familiar and striking figures, and one whose patriotic Christian example and powerful personality have deeply impressed for good generation after generation of young Scotchmen, by whom he

was greatly loved and honored. As one of the foremost Gaelic scholars of his native land, eminent not only in the professor's chair, but as the author of many works of world-wide reputation in philology, philosophy and poetry, his name was one which every Scotchman spoke with a thrill of patriotic pride, and his death all will mourn as a great national loss.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT, A. J. Gordon, D.D. Introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer, London, Eng. Fleming H. Revell Company, pp. 212, cloth. Scriptural and topical indexes.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT. A very remarkable book has lately appeared, with the above title. It has been so widely perused already and so extensively advertised that it is needless to remind any who read the appreciative article in the March issue of the *M·MASTER MONTHLY* on Dr. A. G. Gordon, that that sainted man is the author of this book.

As to the quality of this work, suffice it to say that Joseph Cook, the Boston lecturer, who claims to have read every thing in the French, German and English languages on the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit, pronounces this latest contribution to that great question the best he has ever seen. Such a commendation will raise high hopes in those who set out to read the book for themselves, but I am confident that the highest expectations will in no wise be disappointed. On the contrary, if the reader begins with the idea that he has mastered the Scripture teaching as to the offices of the Holy Spirit, he will probably lay the volume down with the conviction that he has for the first time gained a complete view of the subject. Space being limited, I must present a mere outline of the topics Dr. Gordon so thoroughly discusses.

Chapter I.—The Age-mission of the Spirit, simply states the purpose for which the book was written, viz., to do for the Holy Ghost what has already been done for Him who sent the Holy Ghost; and as Christ's record from Bethlehem to Olivet has been fully recorded, so to describe the Spirit's career from Pentecost to the Parousia.

Chapter II.—The Advent of the Spirit, or the first appearing of the Spirit to take Christ's place on earth. In this chapter there is a thrilling exposition of the Passover, the Wave Sheaf and the Sevenfold Sabbath of the Mosaic Dispensation as foreshadowings of Calvary and Pentecost.

Chapter III.—The Naming of the Spirit. As Christ was named before His birth, so the Spirit before His advent was named by Christ, who called Him the Paraclete or Comforter. As such He was to stand by and aid the apostles, to teach them and to guide them.

Chapter IV.—The Embodying of the Spirit Christ tabernacled in a human body. So does the Spirit whose incarnation is the church. This body is yet imperfect, but members are being constantly added to it, and it will eventually be complete. This chapter contains a noble plea for a spiritual church membership.

Chapter V.—The Enduement of the Spirit. Though the Spirit was given once for all at Pentecost, yet there must be an individual appropriation by each believer, as there must be a similar appropriation of Christ. This truth is abundantly illustrated from the Book of Acts. In this connexion the sealing and the fullness of the Spirit are discussed.

Chapter VI.—The Fellowship of the Spirit. This is threefold in its results, producing, 1. Regeneration; 2. Sanctification; 3. Transfiguration.

Chapter VII.—The Administration of the Spirit. Dr. Gordon emphasizes the fact that the church in its business affairs, its worship and its missions, is or should be completely submissive to the Spirit. He speaks out strongly on the danger of either a hierarchy or a democracy superseding the Spirit's direction.

Chapter VIII.—The Inspiration of the Spirit. Here is a strong argument for the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. The stock objections as to the presence of a human element in the Bible, and the occurrence of inconsistencies are squarely faced and answered from the author's standpoint.

Chapter IX.—The Conviction of the Spirit. The contents of this chapter may be best displayed by using the author's own diagram.

CONSCIENCE CONVINCES,	THE COMFORTER CONVINCES,
Of sin committed,	Of sin committed,
Of righteousness impossible,	Of righteousness imputed,
Of judgment impending.	Of judgment accomplished.

Chapter X.—The Ascent of the Spirit. As Christ, having finished His work ascended in his human body, so the Spirit, when the Parousia occurs, will ascend in His body, the human forms of saints who may be alive or who may rise from the grave, as described in 1 Thess. iv. 17.

This will doubtless be an epoch making book. It comes to us as the last words of one who was a living example of all he wrote, as it was issued from the press the day Dr. Gordon died.

A wealthy man in New York State has given a copy of this work to every Baptist pastor within a certain district, whose salary is \$600 per year or less. It would be an equally wise investment if a copy could be given to each member of the graduating class in Theology and to each student missionary who may go forth to the summer's labor. Such an action could hardly fail to result in much spiritual power in our ministry for a generation to come.—P. K. D.



## HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

## ONLY TWO FEET ON THE FENDER.

It happened some years since that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was seated unexpectedly next to an old literary friend from a distant city at a dinner table in Boston.

During the dinner the two friends discussed for a time the many kinds of happiness which people in the various walks of life desired and strove for. Finally the genial autocrat propounded to his friend the question, "What is your idea of happiness?" The question, although blunt, met with a ready response which greatly pleased the doctor. We imagine one might try a long time without being able to guess the reply. It was this, "Four feet on the fender!"

The answer was a surprise to Dr. Holmes, but so in keeping with his own philosophy it made a lasting impression upon him, and he often referred to the comprehensive words of his friend.

"Four feet on the fender!" How very suggestive are those few words!

What a succession of pleasant pictures arise in the mind as we repeat them! How much of real joy and truest happiness has been enkindled and experienced in hearts and in homes by the communion of two congenial spirits, with four feet on the fender sitting in front of an open fire. When the lights have been low and the noisy hum of the day has been hushed, when business is over, and care for the time has vanished, what a place for the building of beautiful air-castles has such a spot become!

What happy dreams have come to lovers as they have lingered on until the small hours, under a sort of spell, before the dying embers! As their dreams have been in a large measure realized, and they sit again, in after years, in their own home, and at their own fireside, how often they recall with pleasure the past experiences, and plan hopefully for the future.

As the years pass and little children come to gladden the home, how often is their future discussed by loving parents, and plans matured for their best development with the "four feet on the fender" again, while the children sleep the sleep of the innocent and light-hearted.

The succeeding pictures as they rise before us while the children are still in their teens, then when emerging into womanhood and manhood, then starting out in life to assume new responsibilities, to gain larger experiences, to make their own homes and all that that involves, are often associated with the fender and the quiet heart-to-heart talks before it.

By and by those who far back were the happy lovers, planning their untried future, are still the same happy lovers although much changed.

The habits and the life of the quick, joyous, enthusiastic young people have changed to the slow, quiet, reposeful manners of older people, and yet with delight and with gratitude they can still sit with "four feet on the fender" enjoying many and many a pleasant reverie.

The fender, in many a home, suggests most happy recollections. Doubtless such pictures as these of home life, where is found the truest happiness, appeared to Dr. Holmes as his friend answered the question "What is your idea of happiness?" by replying so promptly, "Four feet on the fender."

In the lonely years which followed, those words were often recalled by the autocrat. As he grew old he did indeed try to be cheerful, and as he possessed a more buoyant spirit than most men, it was not as difficult a matter as with many. He was blessed with a happy home in his son's house, and yet, as Mrs. Fields so truthfully says in her recent charming article, "Dr. Holmes had many lonely, sad hours and moods."

Not long ago the friend whom we have quoted was in Boston again, and called to see Dr. Holmes. He found him in his study sitting alone by the fire, looking somewhat unhappy.

To the visitor's solicitous greeting, he looked up quickly and said, in a pathetic tone of voice, "Only two feet on the fender."

How much was implied in that answer! There was a happy home, there were loving children, there were hosts of constantly admiring friends to do honor to the poet, and to show him many attentions.

But ah, the loving wife, who was nearer to him than them all, whose life had been bound with his own, who had been his fireside companion, his heart's best treasure, was no longer with him. "Only two feet on the fender!"

"Four feet on the fender," or "Two feet on the fender," ah, what a difference it makes in our hearts and in our homes! How it changes the face of all the world! It is hard up-hill work for many a loving heart who misses the companion of youth and of maturer years who was all the world to him or to her, to try continually to live in the happiness of others, and to say less and less of one's own loneliness!

It is hard in middle life, but it grows harder still as one grows old! Not many months before Dr. Holmes passed away, he wrote to a friend, "I am trying to be a cheerful old man, who lives now largely in the happiness of younger people." He enclosed a copy of his poem, "The Old Man's Dream." Many knew that he lived much in the past. The people talked of his cheerfulness, his enjoyment of others, his love of society, but there were some friends, like Mrs. Fields, who knew his loneliness, and who remembered to drop in often to cheer him, and to express the sympathy they felt for one, who said so pathetically, "Only two feet on the fender!"—*From the Chicago Standard.*

## COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,	} <i>Editors.</i>
W. J. THOROLD,	
MISS M. E. DRYDEN,	

## THE UNIVERSITY.

The orb of Love  
 Shines far above  
 With glowing flame and fitful.  
 Exams draw near—  
 Two "stars" appear  
 But horizon gloom is fearful,  
 For Venus fond  
 Is lost beyond  
 Dark dismal mists of drear despond.

THE atmosphere in our halls is becoming somewhat funereal ; with most of the students an attack of acute examination fever has set in, and serious doubts of recovery are entertained in many cases.

THE "Roman method" of Latin pronunciation, lately introduced into our University, is revolutionizing everything. It has even travelled along the halls till the other day it reached No. 8, where the Mathematical Professor astounded his class by the announcement: "Now, gentlemen, the armature may revolve round the magnet or—*wecky zworsay !!!*"

WE have been favored recently by visits from Dr. B. D. Thomas, Rev. O. C. S. Wallace and Rev. J. B. Kennedy. All three led our chapel services and afterwards spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement. It is always a pleasure to be addressed by our friends.

It is only three months since we first welcomed Miss Klinck among us and wished her all success in the work she was about to undertake. We the more regret that that work as been so soon interrupted. Miss Klinck is suffering from serious illness, but we hope that the future has in store her complete recovery.

THE Graduating Class are always favored individuals. For some reason which the sophomore cannot understand they are everywhere shown distinguishing marks of respect. Within the past month they have enjoyed two "At Homes," given especially in their honor, one by the Chancellor and Mrs. Rand, the other by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Holman. The class are very grateful to the friends who have shown them so much kindness during the trying time through which their "superiority of seniorship" compels them to pass.

THE Mathematical Society held its last meeting for the term on March 19th. Mr. G. J. Menge read an excellent paper on the "Origin

of the World." The Society then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. Mr. W. Findlay, '96, as President, will lead the Society in its work. Mr. G. J. Menge, '96, was re-elected Vice President; Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97, is to be Official Scribe. With such a staff of officers the Society are expecting great success. The past year has been one of great profit to all, and no doubt even greater interest will be shown during the year '95-'96.

McMASTER footballists hail with delight the prospect of joining the city inter-collegiate league for the coming season. The league was formed previously in such a way that we were excluded, but now McMaster is to be on an equal footing with the numerous other Universities and Colleges in the city. We may not win the championship the first year, but we hope to be able to show that our addition to the league is a source of strength and not of weakness.

THE Fyfe Missionary Society held its monthly meeting on Thursday, March 21st. Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions, gave the address of the morning session. He spoke of the work accomplished during the past years, which was very encouraging, and compared this with the state of Baptist affairs in this country twenty years ago. The denomination has certainly advanced with rapidity. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.A., gave an address on "The Holy Spirit," in the afternoon. Rev. W. W. Weeks, of Moncton, N.B., who has been preaching for several Sundays at Walmer Road church, was to have spoken also, but was unable to be present.

REV. W. D. P. BLISS, Rector of The Church of the Carpenter, Boston, editor of *Dawn* and author of "Manual for Workingmen," delivered his lecture entitled "Socialism the Coming Freedom," before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Auditorium on Saturday night, March 30th. A number of McMaster students who are interested in this great question took advantage of this opportunity to hear this modern apostle, who believes that the religion of the Nazarene is for this world as well as for the next.

THE Natural Science Club has not had a very long existence, but long enough to prove its worth to those who have been fortunate enough to be able to attend its meetings. The programme of the last meeting for "'94-'95" was a specially interesting one. Mr. J. J. McNeill, '96, very ably discussed the "*Pro and Con* of the Antitoxine Question;" Mr. A. G. Baker, '96, read a carefully prepared paper on "Natural Gas," and Mr. G. J. Menge treated his listeners to an essay on the "Origin of the World—the Nebular Theory"—which would have rejoiced the heart of a Greek philosopher, and which was much appreciated by the Club. General scientific information was given by Mr. A. G. Campbell, '97, and the Club adjourned, looking forward to even greater accomplishments next year.

Two excellent papers have been read before the Literary Societies during the past month. The second edition of the *Argosy* was read

before the Tennysonian Society, by its able editor, Mr. Jno. F. Vichert. It is safe to say that the *Argosy* is now one of the institutions of the University, and if future numbers prove to be of such high order as that which we recently had the pleasure of hearing, we predict for it as wide-spread a popularity as the Senior Society organ enjoys. The *Student* was read by Mr. H. N. McKechnie, who is to be congratulated on being able to produce such an excellent paper during the press of work before examinations. The announcement of the *Student*, which was displayed in our front hall, bade us "come and have a good laugh before exams." We came, we laughed and were satisfied.

THE Camelot Club, whose members are the Special English undergraduates of the University, held its closing meeting on Monday, March 18th. The poem considered was Matthew Arnold's "Balder Dead."

THE last open meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was pronounced a marked success by all who were present, and the number was very large. The performers of the evening were, for the most part, members of the graduating class. Mr. J. W. Russell, '95, was an excellent chairman, and presided over the following programme :

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

- |                                 |                                     |           |               |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| 1. Instrumental Solo, . . . . . | Nocturne in B Major.                | . . . . . | Chopin.       |
|                                 | MISS FISHER.                        |           |               |
| 2. Reading, . . . . .           | "Advice to Poets."                  | . . . . . | Will Carlton. |
|                                 | W. J. THOROLD, '95.                 |           |               |
| 3. Essay, . . . . .             | G. HERBERT CLARKE, '95.             | . . . . . | "Ghosts."     |
| 4. Oration, . . . . .           | D. NIMMO, '95.                      | . . . . . | "Ideals."     |
| 5. Chorus, . . . . .            | "Glory and Love to the Men of Old." | . . . . . | Gounod.       |
|                                 | GLEE CLUB.                          |           |               |

## PART II.

- |                                 |  |           |                    |
|---------------------------------|--|-----------|--------------------|
| 1. Instrumental Duet, . . . . . | "Hungarian Dance."   | . . . . . | Hanny.             |
|                                 | MISSES FISHER AND MATTHEWS.  |           |                    |
| 2. Debate :                     |  |           |                    |
|                                 | <i>Resolved</i> ,—"That the Public Schools of Canada should be Secularized." |           |                    |
|                                 | AFFIRMATIVE.   |           | NEGATIVE.          |
|                                 | O. G. Langford, '95.   |           | G. R. McFaul, '95. |
|                                 | R. Rontledge, '95.   |           | F. Eby, '95.       |
|                                 | Judge, D. E. Thomson, Q.C.   |           |                    |
| 3. Judge's Decision.            |  |           | Affirmative won.   |

DOUBTLESS many readers of the MONTHLY have learned through other sources of the call to Chicago University of our beloved Professor of Philosophy, Dr. G. B. Foster. In looking over our last issue, you have wondered that no reference was made to an event of such concern to us all. To tell the truth, none of us had given up hope of being able to retain our professor by some means or other. Therefore, we considered it unwise to make any announcement until some definite and final decision had been made. It is now no longer a question of doubt

in our minds. Our professor is to leave us, and we regret most sincerely this great loss to the University. To show our kindly regard for Dr. Foster and to bid him a formal and affectionate farewell, the Faculty and students assembled in the dining-room on the evening of March 30th, and partook of an excellent dinner together. The graduating class had the honor of escorting the ladies of the University, all of whom were present. After the repast came the addresses. Chancellor Rand, on behalf of the Faculty, spoke in words of high appreciation of Dr. Foster's work and ability, of the exceedingly happy relationship which had always existed between all members of the Faculty, and of the sorrow which they felt at the loss of so loved and valued a friend and coadjutor. He closed by assuring us in the warmest way that all was working for the best and that he had no fears for McMaster. The work has the Divine approval and must succeed. Mr. W. S. McAlpine, on behalf of the students, followed with a very eloquent and, at times, touching address. He likened Chicago University to a great giant who stands out in his Western home and is continually reaching out his long arm and pointing to certain men, saying, "I want you." The giant had pointed in our direction, and as a result one of our best-loved professors is taken out of our midst. After warmly tendering to Dr. Foster the love and appreciation of the students for him, he closed by expressing the hope that we should have the privilege of seeing him again in the near future. Amid continued and vociferous applause, Dr. Foster arose to reply. His address was one in which various emotions struggled for mastery. At times he was humorous, at times almost overcome by deep feeling. Seldom have we heard such loving and inspiring words. In corroboration of Chancellor Rand's words, he told us of the very happy years which he had spent in company with the Faculty and students, expressing his regret that his habits of unceasing study had prevented him from coming into more intimate social relations with them. He then launched out into his favorite theme, showing us how scholarship was imminent in religion. Leaving the philosophical trend of his thoughts, he pointed out to us what he considered to be the characteristics of an ideal teacher. These were love of truth and love of men. His life at Chicago was not likely to be so happy as his life in Toronto had been. He would be known in the University as "No. 185," and he was not ambitious to be known otherwise. A little poem by Eugene Field expressed his sentiments on this matter in a very humorous and telling way. If he had lived in the hearts and minds of the students of McMaster, it would be his highest ambition to do the same at Chicago. After a few farewell words he took his seat, amid great applause. The hearty singing of "Auld lang syne" brought this occasion to a happy close.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

OUR usual and infallible signs of Spring—La Grippe, tan shoes and sarsaparilla—have appeared.

"ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder," remarked a Senior as she threw her Vergil on the back of her highest shelf.

THE meeting of the McMaster Literary and Scientific Society on the 8th of March was pronounced a great success by those of our number who attended.

A PLAN for correspondence between Moulton and Acadia girls has been suggested. A letter is to pass between the two schools once a month. We are anxiously waiting for the first to appear.

MISS GERTRUDE EDWARDS, a graduate of '93, has been paying us a visit. We are always glad to see the "old girls" again, and Miss Edwards has ever been a favorite at Moulton.

ON the evening of the 14th ult., Mrs. Rand entertained the classes of '95 of Moulton and McMaster, and a number of other guests, very delightfully. The girls all express themselves as indebted to Mrs. Rand for a very enjoyable evening.

MOULTON has recently introduced a College pin, which promises to become popular among the students. A good attempt has been made to reproduce in enamel the colors contained in our plaid. The shield bearing the colors and the College motto is surmounted by a tiny golden lamp of wisdom.

THE class of '95 has organized under the following officers:—President, Lilla M. Kirk; Vice-President, Ethel M. Botterill; Secretary, Maude Holmes; Treasurer, Margaret Laidlaw; Poet, Ethel M. Botterill; Prophet, May Pollard; Historian, Edith L. Johnston. The graduating class numbers twelve in all, six in the Matriculation course, two in the English Scientific, one in the Modern Language, and the others in the Musical course.

ALTHOUGH nothing has been heard from the Alumnæ Society since it was first organized in June last, the committee has not been idle, but has been holding meetings from time to time to arrange for the annual reunion early in June. As a very attractive programme has already been arranged, the members of the committee are very anxious that all the graduates from far and near will endeavor to be present, for they will do all in their power to make this first reunion an unqualified success.

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE monthly examinations were held on February 28th, and March 1st. There were many glum faces when the marks came out, but this should simply spur all laggards to more earnest effort.

WITH the advent of the mild weather of the third week of March, the rink, skates and hockey sticks disappeared. Thoughts are being turned to the sports of Spring. The football club has organized and are ready for work, as soon as the campus is in condition.

THE Rev. Thos. Shields of Vittoria will lecture for us Tuesday, April 22nd, on "Trust in God and Keep your Powder Dry." Rev. Geo. Cross, B.A., of Carleton Place, has promised us a lecture about the end of April. Those who have heard these gentlemen, assure us that we will have a treat on both occasions.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on March 21st. The meeting proved to be very interesting. Messrs. Brown and Newcombe gave short accounts of their summer's work on their respective fields. In the evening at the prayer meeting Mr. Ross gave his views on "Soul Winning," after which there was an open discussion. The day was full of interest, and doubtless all felt that such meetings were highly profitable.

AMID the signs of the approach of summer none is more sure than the coming of the agents of various companies to get sub-agents. Two or three have already made their appearance and it is said have secured many of the boys. We may expect Ontario to be deluged with maps and stereoscopic views by the end of the summer holidays. We wish the boys success and admire their determination to succeed. We hope their efforts may benefit both themselves and the community at large, and that the agents, with renewed health and "pockets," may come back to fill the school in the fall.

As the 22nd of February marked a memorable event, so the 22nd of March marked the rally of the III Year, an event that will be long and happily remembered. Thanks to the kindness of Mesdames Bates and Clarke, an entertainment full of pleasure to all was provided. One very happy feature of the evening was the impersonation of some character or title of book, the object being to find the name of the book or character. The ladies who impersonated the different characters are to be complimented upon their success. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and ere it drew to a close a short programme was rendered, features of which were two speeches by Messrs. Welch and Kendall. Mr. Kendall spoke on "Looking Back," and took a brief retrospective view of our stay at the College. Mr. Welch spoke on "Looking Forward," a prospective view of the years to come. All joined heartily in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and went away happy in their enjoyment of the kindness of their hostesses.



## GRANDE LIGNE.

Mrs. A. E. Massé, who has been called away lately by the very sudden death of her sister, has the deepest sympathy of all the students.

Elocution is receiving marked attention among our students. Three Friday evenings lately have been devoted to declamatory exercises. The success of the different boys has been very varied, but all have shown improvement. Of course considerable reticence and awkwardness was shown at first, but with confidence marked improvement has been made. At the close of our last meeting we took the opportunity of expressing our esteem for Miss Piché, on the occasion of her birthday, by an appropriate gift. Miss Piché is a favorite at Grande Ligne, and is highly esteemed by all for her untiring energy and thoroughness as a teacher.

Our annual Students' Society meeting was held on February 28th. It was this year of more than ordinary interest. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance was the largest in the history of the Society. The afternoon session was devoted to business. Mr. Therrien, B.A., presided, and conducted the meeting with order and dispatch. The evening session gave us a delightfully varied programme. Our veteran missionary, Rev. Theo. Laffeur, charmed and instructed the audience by a very racy paper on "La Nuit." As we looked upon the crowded audience and thought that it was composed of Baptist French Protestants, our hearts were encouraged and strengthened, for we felt that Protestants are a *power* in Quebec.

On the fifth of March a special train came from Montreal, carrying passengers from the surrounding country to the famous shrine of St. Blaise, the great healer of sore throats. We Grande Ligners consider it a great honor to live in such close proximity to the great healer. We have not found the shrine very efficacious, lack of faith on our part, we suppose, being the reason. Several Feller boys went on the same day to be cured of the mumps, of which we have a good supply in our school. Alas! the boys look just as robust about the countenance as ever, and the great healer cannot yet claim a cure at Grande Ligne, much to our sorrow.

Sometimes in looking over the MONTHLY we read glowing accounts of class rallies and dinners, or socials, and "at-homes," therefore we think it not out of place to say a few words about an event of interest to some of us, which is to take place at the "Windsor" this week. There is an impression among many people that our boys at Grande Ligne are compelled to speak French all the time. This is far from the truth. It has become so common for the students to speak English that a considerable number of boys have banded themselves together into a sort of club, in which each member is under solemn pledge and compact to pay a cent a week for every English word he speaks. Thus, during the year not a few cents are collected. All this is used to provide a great dinner at the "Windsor," for the members of the Club. We are inclined to think that the penalty for speaking English is not so severe as it ought to be.