



Nathan E. Froot

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NATHAN E. WOOD, D.D.

When Dr. Wood appeared upon the platform at the closing exercises of the University those who had never seen him before were struck with his resemblance in face and form to Dr. A. J. Gordon. While this similarity is not so marked as first impressions would indicate, in point of spiritual temper the two men were much alike. There is the same reverence of attitude, the same warmth of personal experience, suffusing all thinking and doing, the same calmness and poise of disposition. Here, however, the two characters part company. Dr. Wood approaches his problems from an altogether different standpoint and builds his argument upon a different front of the four square rock of truth. Like Dr. Gordon he is a great believer in missions and, a year ago, presented a statesmanlike scheme to the Northern Societies at their anniversary meetings, the discussion of which is still on. In his theology he is equally evangelical, less pietistic and more philosophical than Dr. Gordon. In a community like Boston the two men would admirably supplement each other's influence.

Dr. Wood illustrates a great movement in the social forces of the United States. He was born in 1849 on a farm in the fertile and fecund middle west. His father was a preacher, of New England ancestry. It is this New England stock moved west which gives to Ohio and surrounding States their tremen-

dous mental and moral influence in the national arena at the present. And, singularly enough, it is from this source that New England is recruiting many of her leaders in church and education. The old Puritan blood is still virile, and although scattered over an enormous territory its presence is felt at every point. It was only natural that the young westerner, after successful educational work as the head of Wayland Academy in Wisconsin, and fruitful pastorates in Chicago and Brooklyn, should find his way back to New England, the home of his fathers for many generations. Western warmth and elasticity wonderfully brighten and quicken the somewhat granitic type from the sombre North Atlantic sea-board. A gentleman being asked at a public assembly in England if he were an Irishman replied—"I am sir, but I was not born in my native country." Dr. Wood is a Yankee who was not born in his native country, but his sojourn in the west long enough to be born, and educated, has not injured his flavor in the least.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing the Baccalaureate Sermon must have been struck with the happy union of intellectual virility and spiritual insight which it presented. This is Dr. Wood's strength. He is an evangelical preacher and an evangelical educationalist. Already he has had to decide between the pulpit and a college presidency, and it is almost inevitable that sooner or later his learning and administrative ability will have to be given to the great work of Christian education. Canadian Baptists will follow his career with deep interest and good will now that they know him.

The history of the First Church, Boston, of which Dr. Wood is pastor, and the religious history of the community itself ought to be known for the instructive lesson which they teach. The church was founded in 1665. In common with all Baptists it suffered severe persecution at the hands of the Puritan Theocracy. Baptists were whipped on Boston Common and imprisoned for non-payment of parish dues to the established church. In the early part of this century retribution fell upon the Congregationalists. Their ancient alliance with the state created a prolific seed-ground for the growth of a non-evangelical section within the church. This section, by natural affinity and by the peculiar system of holding church property through a society

rather than through the church itself, early in our century developed into the Unitarian movement and, as they held the property, they were able in many cases to turn the Congregational churches out of doors and appropriate not only their property but their name. Dunster, the first president of Harvard, lost his position because he was Baptist in principle. To-day the Unitarians control Harvard University in fact if not in form.

Congregationalists persecuted the Baptists, and according to Scripture their candlestick was removed out of its place. Unitarians based themselves upon a negation of the supernatural and evangelical teachings of Christianity. One of their congregations, among the oldest and richest, built a magnificent temple on Commonwealth Avenue, in the Boek Bay district of Boston. A corner stone of their old church, laid by governor Hancock, was duly builded in, and their ancient bell was hung in the new tower. They did not thrive. That subtle paralysis which seems destined to extinguish New England Unitarianism laid hold upon them. The old First Baptist Church, redivivus, looking about for a suitable site bought their building, John Hancock corner stone and all, and history once more records one of those retributions which seem to point to the presence of a God of Justice in the midst of the doings of men. Baptists never have and never will persecute, but, with growth in wealth and culture, they may be tempted to minimize those distinctive principles which have constituted their reason to be. A sober study of that portion of the religious history of New England which gathers about the First Baptist Church of Boston ought to act as a powerful deterrent both positively and negatively.

CHARLES A. EATON.

MOTHER GOOSE AS A POET.

In the full choir of poesy there is, or should be, a bird of every feather. Thus we have Burns, Shelley, and Keats, singing like their own thrushes, skylarks, and nightingales; Tennyson, pouring out his notes with the delicate modulations of a trained canary; Byron and Poe, two ravens, croaking, not unmusically, over prospective carrion; Browning, a philosophical owl, prowling about in the shade and turning the heads of plain-thinking people with his inquisitive tu-who's and tu-what's. And among the innumerable warblings and chirpings and twitterings besides, shall there not be a place for the strong, resonant note of an honest every-day fowl like the goose? Let those who cherish a latent prejudice against the homely name remember its high-born connection, the swan, which as every one knows, sings once in its life the most beautiful song in the world. And what is a swan, for all its fine airs and graces, but a goose with a college education?—a sort of new woman goose.

The poems of Mother Goose are easily and naturally arranged into three classes, corresponding to the three classes of people for whom alone it is worth while to write poetry at all,—children, lovers and philosophers.

The first of these classes comprises the nursery rhymes proper. They are sometimes called nonsense verses, because they are popularly considered to be a mere jingle of words, empty of sense, and charged with no higher mission than that of a rattle. If so, it is difficult to account for their hold on the childish imagination; for if agreeable combinations of sounds are all that is required, why is it, in these days of whole schools devoted to the art, that page after page and volume after volume of the most charming nonsense cannot succeed in supplanting the old favorites? Or, if the preference of the children depends largely upon the choice and influence of their parents, why do those elders persist in choosing this particular set of empty jingles? Is not one string of sounding emptiness as good as another?

The late Eugene Field's famous Hush-a-By-Song is a good example of the kind of rhyming nonsense turned out by recent manufacturers. "So, so!" it begins, with the same syllable a

milkman finds so efficacious with a fractious cow, and then the baby is rocked "off to the garden where the dreamikins grow," laden with kisses from mamma to the "fumfay (whatever that is) who dances all night where the dreamikins grow." The kisses are evenly distributed throughout the three stanzas, and are appropriate enough when imprinted upon cheeks that are "dimple-down," "rosy-red," and "peachy-pink;" but when it comes to pressing them upon "winkyblink eyes," "droopy-drop eyes," "weepydeep eyes," and sending the whole collection "off to the blinkywink garden where the dreamikins grow," we feel that there is a line even in jingles. Mother Goose in her most meaningless moods never descends to such droopyweep, weepy-drop sentiment as this. Her "Rock-a-By Baby on the trec-top" is a strong contrast in the matter of good English, and it at least contains enough sense to make it attractive to the mother who sings it.

It is only just to Mr. Fields to add that the verses just quoted from are the poorest of his best. His "Ride to Bumpville," by way of contrast, is an exceedingly clever little poem with a fine sense of humor, and a galloping metre wonderfully adapted to the sense.

" Play that my knee was a calico mare,
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville ;
Leap to the back of this steed if you dare
And gallop away to Bumpville."

Yet even here Mr. Fields is indebted for both idea and metre to Mother Goose; and who doubts that long after the ride to Bumpville is forgotten, delighted little people everywhere will be trotted along to the good old

" Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse."

The reason why is one of the mysteries of genius; and genius must never be questioned. The facts without reason should be sufficient for ordinary mortals.

The poems of the second class, however, come more easily within the scope and grasp of the average adult intellect. Though somewhat fragmentary in their nature, they are full of suggestion. As we read, we are carried back in imagination to the days when fair shepherdesses sat beneath every tree; when upon every green merry shepherd swains danced to the music of tinkling rivulets, and all the world went round to the tune of

"Curly locks ! Curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion and sow a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream !"

—To the days when even the infirmities of age were no barrier to the most touching little passages of sentiment :

"Old Woman," says an aged shepherd, addressing his decrepit sweetheart in terms befitting her years—

"Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing ?"
"Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick o' hearing."
"Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly ?"
"Thank you, kind sir, *I hear very clearly.*"

—To the days when the most charming thing in the world was to be a milkmaid and rise very early in the morning ; when all true gentlemen also rose very early and went abroad for the express purpose of asking the milkmaids where they were going ; and when it was as natural and innocent and appropriate to kiss a rosy cheek as to bite at a cherry.

"Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red, rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair !"
"I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir," says she,
"And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."
"May I go with you,
My pretty maiden fair," etc.
"Oh, you may go with me,
Kind sir," says she, etc.

"(And) if I should chance to kiss you,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red-rosy cheeks
And your coal-black hair ?"
"(Oh) the wind may take it off again,
Kind sir," says she,
"And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."

They know how to say no, too, these milkmaids, and could bear themselves like queens for dignity and self-respect.

"Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou ?"
"Down in the forest to milk my cow."
"Shall I go with thee ?" "No, not now."
"When I send for thee, then come thou."

Those were indeed the days of the youth of the world. The very dew of the morning is upon these exquisitely simple and natural pastorals. They are no more to be analyzed than are the charms of which they sing.

The transition from love to philosophy, though slight, is well marked by Mother Goose. Reasoning, all exercise of the critical faculty, she represents as fatal to the emotion of love. Thus we find some of her married lovers unhappy, and wholly occupied in assigning reasons for the existing condition of things—an occupation sure to result in increased unhappiness. From the man's standpoint, the trouble is a logical out-growth of marriage and its attendant evils.

" Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

To the woman the matter takes on a somewhat different aspect.

" My little old man and I fell out ;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about ;
I had money, and he had none,
And that's the way the row begun."

But again the evil is not altogether evil, giving as it does an opportunity for the display of the most sublime devotion and self-sacrifice.

" Tommy Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws,
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking glass ! "

Is not this the epitome of a thousand domestic tragedies ?

When we turn to the philosophical poems proper, we shall find remedies suggested for these and other evils, as well as answers to some of the most perplexing problems of human life.

The " Woman Question " is settled in the twinkling of an eye.

" Peter Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and could'nt keep her ;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well."

The " Man Question," sure to arise unless the woman is settled in Peter's efficacious way, is just as readily disposed of.

" I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint cup, and there I bid him drum."

For those to whom such summary means are objectionable, there is yet a third way of arriving at an amicable understanding—Peter's method with his second wife.

Peter Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another, and didn't love her.
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then her loved he very well.

As for bringing up children properly, it is still easier.

" You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home."

In religion Mother Goose would allow no laxity. Only once in the book does she appear in her own character, and that is to state in emphatic terms her method of treating religious offenders.

" There I met an old man who would not say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs."

And for even incurable ills, there is not wanting a word of cheering consolation.

" For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none,
If there be one, try and find it ;
If there be none, never mind it."

Passing now from the practical philosophy of every-day affairs to the deeper philosophy of life, we find Mother Goose equally clear-sighted. It will already have been noticed that like *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Don Quixote* and other great world-books, her poems are mostly allegorical in form. They are all characterized by epigrammatic terseness, but at the same time invariably contain the precious bit of philosophy which raises them far above the level of ordinary epigrams. Indeed, it is this faculty of condensing a whole world of wisdom within the compass of a thimble which gives them their peculiar value. They display very few of the devices by which poets are wont to make their verses attractive to the ear and to the imagination ; but as representations of typical situations, and as compendiums of the result of human thought and experience, they are without equal.

Here is the story of many a wrecked life. It goes to the root of failure.

" Little Tee Wec,
He went to sea
In an open boat ;
And while afloat
The little boat bende 1—
My story's ended."

And another, even more pitiful, because it is more common.

" Simple Simon went a-fishing
 For to catch a whale ;
 And all the water that he had
 Was in his mother's pail."

The secret of shrewd and successful effort, on the contrary, is thus pictured :

" Little Tommy Titmouse
 Lived in a big house :
 He caught fishes
 In other men's ditches."

Universal truths, too, are set forth in a style so concise, and yet so vivid and picturesque, that it might well be imitated by more pretentious masters of thought. Carlyle, for instance, has somewhere a long chapter on Fig-Philosophy, in which he sets forth the points of resemblance between men and pigs. He might have put the whole of it into five sentences of Mother Goose. Is not the history of the pigs who went to market, stayed at home, got roast beef, got none, and squealed all the way home, also human history? Even Shakespeare, master-workman though he is, in this matter of terseness must bow to Mother Goose. She boils his "Seven Ages of Man" down to its quintessence :

" Solomon Grundy,
 Born on Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday;
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy."

What oceans of ink have been wasted by writers of every rank, in setting forth what everybody knows beforehand—that the world is at sixes and sevens, upside down, topsy-turvy, and at cross-purposes generally! Mother Goose gives the long and the short of it in a word, and that a not uncheerful one :

"See, see! what do I see?
 A horse's head where his tail should be."

The explanation for this crookedness and perverseness of things in general is equally to the point, and eminently satisfactory :

Peter White
 Will ne'er go right :
 Would you know the reason why ?
 He follows his nose
 Wherever he goes,
 And that stands all awry."

Children, lovers and philosophers ! The Mother of Foolishness laughs at the classification, and shows us the truth in paradoxes. The child is a born philosopher. The true philosopher is a child for simplicity. Both are neither without love. Whoever thinks himself wise is doubly a fool. He only is wise who can say with our poet :

" When I was a little boy I had but little wit.
 It is some time ago, and I've no more yet :
 Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
 For the longer I live, the more fool am I."

BLANCHE BISHOP.

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.*

Canada has been described as a land of hidden resources. This statement may have been true at the time at which it was made. Every day brings the discovery of some hitherto undiscovered object of interest or value. The far north has always been, until recently, a land of mystery, unpenetrated by man. This mystery has been in a large degree dispelled as a result of the journey of the Tyrrell brothers, but although not now to such a large extent a mystery, it is none the less interesting. Few books have such a general interest. To the ordinary reader it is a thrilling tale of a journey of adventure and discovery. To the scientific reader this interest is enhanced by its true scientific value. The possibilities of these vast stretches of country, in the way of mineral wealth have been discovered. A waterway through the barren lands has not only been found, but actually travelled. The book is a valuable addition to Canadian literature and science.

The details of this journey are interesting in the extreme.

*By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author describes the territory explored as the great mysterious region of *terra incognita*, commonly known as the Barren Lands, more than two hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying north of the 59th parallel of latitude, between Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay. Of almost this entire territory less was known than of the remotest districts of "Darkest Africa," and, with but few exceptions, its vast and dreary plains had never been trodden by the foot of man, save that of the dusky savage.

Travelling as the party did in canoes there was naturally some very exciting adventures. One of these was the running of the Grand Rapids of the Athabaska.

"The three Iroquois took their places, Louis in the bow, Michel in the middle, and old Pierre in the stern. As the three daring fellows pushed off from the shore into the surging stream, those of us who gazed upon them did so with grave forebodings. They had started, and now there was nothing to do but go through or be smashed upon the rocks. Their speed soon attained that of an express train, while all about them the boiling waters were dashed into foam by the great rocks in the channel. Presently it appeared as if they were doomed to be dashed upon a long ugly breaker nearly in mid-stream; but no! with two or three lightning strokes of their paddles the collision was averted. But in a moment they were in worse danger, for right ahead were two great rocks, over and around which the tumbling waters wildly rushed. Would they try the right side or the left? Only an instant was afforded for thought, but in that instant Pierre saw his only chance and took it—heading his canoe straight for the shoot between the rocks. Should they swerve a foot to one side or the other the result would be fatal, but with unerring judgment and unflinching nerve they shot straight through the notch, and disappeared in the trough below. Rising buoyantly from the billows of foam and flying spray, they swept on with the rushing waters until, in a little eddy half-way down the rapid, they pulled in to the shore in safety."

Another exciting experience is thus described:

"As we proceeded the stream became fearfully swift and the waves increasingly heavy. We would have gone ashore to

make a further inspection, but this was impossible, as the banks were of perpendicular or even overhanging walls of limestone. So alarmingly swift was the current now becoming that we eagerly looked for some place on the bank where a landing might be made, but none could be seen. My brother's canoe, steered by old Pierre, being a little in advance of my own, gave me a good opportunity of seeing the fearful race we were running. Suspicions of danger were already aroused, and the outcome was not long deferred. As we were rounding the bluff, old Pierre suddenly stood up from his seat in the stern, and in another instant we likewise were gazing at what looked like the end of the river. Right before us there extended a perpendicular fall. We had no time for reflection, but keeping straight with the current, and throwing ourselves back in the canoes in order to lighten the bows we braced ourselves for the plunge, and in a moment were lost to sight in the foaming waters below. But only for an instant. Our light cedars, though partly filled by the foam and spray, rose buoyantly on the waves, and again we breathed freely."

One remarkable inhabitant of the North is the reindeer. Here they seem to exist in countless numbers.

"The next day, after descending the river a distance of five or six miles, and getting into a body of water named Carey Lake, through which we were steering a central course, one of the party called attention to something moving on the distant shore to our right. It turned out to be not one but a band of deer. Our canoes were headed to leeward of the band, that they might not scent us as we approached the shore. Drawing nearer we found there was not only one band, but that there were many great bands, literally covering the country over wide areas. The valleys and hillsides for miles appeared to be moving masses of reindeer. To estimate their numbers would be impossible. They could only be reckoned in acres or square miles."

Some of the hardship undergone by the party can be illustrated by a single experience on the great frozen lake.

"By this time, however, the wind was again blowing strongly, and a cold heavy rain setting in drove us to camp. During the night the wind increased to a gale, accompanied by

torrents of rain, which flooded the tents and saturated our clothing and blankets. Not a vestige of fuel was to be found in the country, but with a spirit lamp we made hot tea and appeased our sharp appetites with some remnants of boiled venison. For three days the storm continued. On the fourth it turned to snow and the temperature went down to freezing—rather inhospitable weather for the 10th of August."

One of the most interesting parts of the book is that describing the Eskimos:

"In appearance they are short and well-built, with fat, round faces, usually almost entirely devoid of hair; the eyebrows and eyelashes are so scanty as to be scarcely discernible, giving to their brown, oily faces a singularly, bare and homely appearance. Their hair, like that of the Indians, is black and straight."

"While the Eskimos as a rule are short and homely in appearance, still I have met with some very handsome, stalwart men, quite up to the standard height of Canadians, and a few pretty, charming women. Most of them have bright soft brown eyes, which of themselves are features of beauty; but they serve these savages a better and more useful purpose, furnishing marvellous powers of vision and enabling their owners to see objects clearly at great distances."

"The clothing of the Eskimo is made entirely of the skins of animals, chiefly of the seal and reindeer, the former being used for summer and the latter for the winter."

Much valuable and original information is given of the habits and customs of these natives of the North. Their laws and social life are also a subject for description.

Some of the hardships undergone must have been very disheartening. One often wonders in reading how they were able to keep up courage.

"The following morning, though a strong breeze was blowing, we determined to make a start, for to remain where we were meant that we must soon starve to death. We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. Churchill, the nearest habitation of man, was still fully three hundred miles distant. We had not one bite

of food. The country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold. No fuel was to be had, and worst of all, the weather was such, the greater part of the time, that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we kept up courage and pushed on."

But this was only the beginning of a battle between life and death:

"Eight more dreary days passed, six of which were spent in battling with the elements and two in lying storm-stayed in our tents. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse, dysentery attacked us, and it appeared as if one of our men would die."

"The ice had been all the while forming, rendering it more and more difficult to launch or get ashore. Our frail crafts were being badly battered, and often were broken through by the ice, and the low character of the coast had not improved. Still with hollow cheeks and enfeebled strength we struggled on, sometimes making fair progress and at others very little, until on October the 14th, as we advanced, the ice became so heavy, and extended so far out to sea, that in order to clear it we had to go quite out of sight of land."

"We could not hold out much longer; we must gain the shore or perish. At the time of high tide, the ice being somewhat loosened, our canoes were thrust into the pack, and by great exertion as well as much care we succeeded about one o'clock in reaching solid ice, upon which we were able to land and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts. We had been in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a chilling winter blast, our clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold. But we were now within reach of the land, and all of us who were able gladly scrambled out upon the ice to stretch our cramped and stiffened limbs. My brother was in a perishing condition from the exposure of the night. He had been barely able to keep his canoe afloat by bailing, and had sat in the icy water for seventeen hours."

This was fortunately the climax for in two or three days relief came from Churchill. Then followed a long tramp on snow shoes to the Nelson, which was crossed with great difficulty and hardship. Their route now lay through the forest to West Selkirk, which was reached on the 1st of January, 1894. This finished a journey by canoe and snow shoe of three thousand two hundred miles.

WALLACE P. COHOE.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

EDITORS—W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I should certainly be justified in the selection of my subject for this evening if I sought to recall the deed of a man who had by his wisdom and bravery been able to save his country from the danger and possible extinction that threatened it, and had thus earned for himself the praise of his fellow-countrymen and the admiration of every nation. Much more fortunate should I be did I seek to do honor to a man who had been able in the face of tremendous difficulties not only to save his country from the peril which assailed it but also to lighten the burdens of the poor and oppressed, to uplift the down-trodden and degraded, and to deliver from bondage the helpless and the enslaved. Such a man is worthy to receive not merely the praise of his fellow-countrymen and the admiration of the world, but has written his name with indelible impress upon the hearts of all mankind.

Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Not only did he save his country from the destruction that overshadowed it, but he did that which was infinitely greater—he declared in the face of bitter opposition and of almost hopeless peril that a nation founded upon the principle of freedom should no longer sustain an institution of the most abject slavery. As leader of a great nation he would be worthy of our esteem; as the deliverer of his country in its hour of peril he would command our admiration, but his name will ever be cherished in the hearts of all mankind as the champion and martyr of freedom.

When the framers of the America Constitution provided for the traffic of human souls they little realized the significance of their action, or if they realized it, they basely belied their assertion that all men were created free and equal. Little did they draw.

*Oration delivered at public meeting of Literary and Scientific Society.

that in less than a century that evil would have grown to such extent as to threaten the unity, yea the very existence of the government they founded; much less did they imagine that it would become one of the blackest blots that has ever marred their national record and a menace to liberty that has seldom, if ever, been paralleled by even the most despotic governments. For although we would not for a moment lay ourselves open to the charge of narrowness by asserting that all slave-owners were cruel and oppressive, we would most emphatically assert that the wickedness and injustice of the institution is revealed by the extremes which it protected. If the defender of slavery could pronounce it righteous to rob four million souls of their freedom and make them the burden bearers of the dominant race, what could he say when he was daily called upon to witness the horrors which that principle involved? Was it right that men and women, half-clothed and half-fed, should be driven to the fields and goaded at their tasks by heartless overseers whose only motive was to please equally brutal masters? Was it right that a helpless and defenceless slave, with aching body and worn-out spirit, should be lashed and beaten until the blood spurted in streams from his lacerated body, simply because he failed to please an exorbitant driver, or because it furnished amusement for his diabolical tormenters? Could he defend a system that permitted a man to defile the bodies and destroy the souls of his slaves in order to cater to his own low, depraved and licentious nature?

These horrors he did not fail to witness and did not attempt to deny, but to what extent must he have fallen when he could gaze on the horrors that were daily enacted at the auction block, and in the face of such atrocities there committed defend the system that supported them. He must see the frantic struggle and hear the agonizing cry of the husband and wife as they are brutally torn the one from the other by a heartless wretch whose coarseness and callousness was equalled alone by his ignorance of the affections that bound them together. His ears cannot be closed to the stifled sob and muttered prayer of the slave-mother as she sees her daughters sold into a bondage ten thousand times more fearful than death. But even the defenders of the system must need close his eye when with brutal

cruelty the mother is lashed and bound because she cannot help from struggling, and because the tears and sobs will come when the child that she loves as only a mother can love is torn from her breast and taken she knows not where.

Awful, indeed, was the condition of the slave, but it became horribly hideous when hope was extinguished and when he must suffer in the darkness of despair. Bound by his color in a life-long bondage, dispersed and oppressed by his owners, hated by one political party and distrusted by the other, he found no champion whose conviction of the right was accompanied by the ability and determination to do the right. Is it any wonder that his cry of pain became a wail of despair? So hopeless had become the condition of the negro that Frederick Douglas, the most sanguine of their orators, in addressing a meeting showed that one political party had gone down on its knees to slavery while the other proposed merely to restrict but not to abolish it. He drew a picture of his race writhing under the lash of the overseer and trampled upon by brutal and lascivious men. As he went on with his despairing words a great horror of darkness seemed to settle down on the audience. Everything, every influence, every event was gathering not for the good but for the evil of the doomed race. Just at the instant when the cloud hung most heavy over the audience, there slowly rose in the front seat an old black woman known far and wide as the "African prophetess." Every eye was upon her as she reached her long bony finger toward the orator and cried, "Frederick, is God dead?" It came like a lightning flash upon that darkness, and let it be considered as another evidence that there is a God that cares for the downtrodden and the oppressed, that when every influence seemed against the right, and when all men were ready to bow to the evil, the overruling Hand had been guiding the destiny of a man whose sense of right was alone equalled by his inflexible determination to do the right. Unbelieving indeed should we be did we not fail to see the hand of God in leading a man from the poverty in which he was born, through the rowdiness of a frontier town and the corruption of Western society until He placed that man where he could not only preserve his country from the ruin which threatened it, but where he could break the chain that bound the helpless and the long-wronged

whose groans and sobs had been unheard of men, but whose prayers were already being answered by a just and merciful God.

But though Abraham Lincoln was placed in a position of authority the difficulties which he was called upon to face were so overwhelming as to try even his fearless and determined spirit. Mocked at and ridiculed as an upstart by the European powers; hated and despised by the South, who refused to recognize his authority; bitterly opposed and derided by his political enemies, and misunderstood and deserted by even his own friends, he must maintain his control in a country already divided, and purge his nation of the curse that threatened its existence. Great and experienced statesmen might well have trembled, but is it not still another evidence of the hand of God that in the face of these overwhelming difficulties Abraham Lincoln dared to stand forth and unswervingly perform the duties of his position?

To the world he declared his devotion to the cause of freedom; from the European powers he demanded and gained a recognition of the dignity due his position, while to the South he not only declared his intention to maintain the unity of the nation, but he appealed to their patriotism in words almost tender: "We are not enemies but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chord of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of Union when touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature." When that appeal was met with indifference the heart of the great man was grieved, but when he saw that flag which he had sworn to defend trampled upon and dishonored he turned bravely, yet fearfully, to the hostile and distrustful North, and by an appeal of unparalleled wisdom and enthusiasm united friend with foe in one common cause—the defence of the flag they loved and for which their fathers had fought. His appeal for fifty thousand men was answered by the steady and resolute tramp of five hundred thousand. Then followed a conflict so fierce and a war so bloody that men, even now as they read its annals, shudder at

the awfulness of the time. But think not as you see the North arrayed against the South that it was merely a jealous combat for political supremacy. It was the beginning of that irresistible and deadly conflict between slavery and freedom, between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, which wise men had foreseen, which even brave men had feared, and the significance of which Abraham Lincoln did not fail to see but the righteousness of which he did not for a moment question.

But though that good man had a heart as tender as a mother's, he had a will so strong that he did not falter in his duty nor turn from his purpose when he saw his country wet with the tears and blood of brave and heroic men. Instead, when the conflict was the fiercest and when he was exhausted with anxiety and worn with grief, he spoke to a people who had now learned the greatness of his spirit, in words determined though sad: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

But when the last drop had been repaid and the last blow struck, when the battle-stained heroes were returning with glad hearts to the homes they loved, and when the people, though in tears for the dead, were rejoicing because of the victory, then the victorious president is seen not glorying in his victory but offering the hand of a true and lasting friendship to the men whose institutions he hated but whom he nevertheless loved. Then, because he was the embodiment of freedom and because he warred against the principle of slavery, which is ever brutal, barbarous and treacherous, that principle by the hand of a cowardly villain struck him the blow which robbed a country of a president and mankind of a friend. But that blow though intended to shatter his cause has made his cause doubly triumphant and has made him to live in the love of all mankind as a conqueror and a martyr.

From that April morning, as the news flashed over the land

the rejoicing of a nation was changed into a sorrow and a sadness so universal and so sincere that the world wondered as it sympathized. Strangers with glistening eyes spoke of the loss of a common friend. Fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, wept for the man whose tears had fallen with theirs when loved ones had never returned. And the dusky children of the South with sorrow heartrending to behold and wails piteous to hear, mourned him whom they loved as an angel of God.

But for Abraham Lincoln death was not defeat but victory. Cities and states that but a few years before had ignored his presence and refused to listen to his words now vied with one another in doing honor to their departed chief. Kings and nations forgot their insults and ridicule and bowed in reverence as to a great and mighty statesman. All mankind mourned as for a friend. But though he has passed to a greater and grander sphere, his memory can never be forgotten; for as we fight against the oppression, the wrong and the falsehood which he fought against, and as we uphold the freedom, the right and the truth which he upheld, we will ever seek to be worthy the memory of the greatness and goodness of Abraham Lincoln.

A. B. COHSE, '98.

"THE HERO OF THE DRAMA OF GENESIS."

I have before me a little volume neatly bound bearing the title, "The Hero of the Drama of Genesis, an Epic of Sacred Story." The author is Rev. J. Harry King, a student in the Theological department of McMaster. In the April number of *THE MONTHLY* for last year was published a short review of Zerola of Nazareth, a story by Mr. W. J. Thorold, a graduate of the class of '95. Zerola of Nazareth and *The Hero of the Drama of Genesis* are, I believe, the most pretentious writings which have yet been published by any students of the University.

The poem of Mr. King's is a narrative in blank verse of the life of Joseph, depicting the main incidents of that career which for its beauty and its interest is unsurpassed in Old Testament

records. Usually it is with some misgivings that a reader takes up a book purporting to give a new rendering of a Biblical narrative, and especially of one of such importance as that dealing with the life of Joseph, hallowed as it is by numerous sacred associations and familiar to a great many from earliest childhood. The difficulties which beset the author of such a book are neither few nor insignificant. There is the constant temptation to elaborate unduly and to draw upon the imagination further than is justifiable. Mr. King, it seems to me, well deserves congratulation for his success in avoiding such difficulties as these. He has told the story of Joseph with a strict adherence to the Biblical account, and has enlarged upon it only when the addition of conversational or descriptive passages seemed to lend an increased interest or where he has paused for a moment to give expression to some of the great truths which find so clear an illustration there.

The aim of the poem, the preface tells us, is "interestingly to disclose a divine purpose in the affairs of men, to set forth many sublime truths, and to arouse a greater interest in Sacred literature." It is more fully stated in the closing lines, which I quote :

Full often we are placed in custody
 To circumstances, fraught with vast concern
 To other's interests and God's designs ;
 Yet all too slowly grasp their full import,
 And struggle to evade environments,
 Which seem to militate against our good ;
 God makes us span the breach, though darkened with
 Uncertainty, that others might be saved ;
 That men in turn might know the mystery
 Involved in many of His mighty schemes,
 To benefit the children of His care,
 And bring them to eternal blessedness.
 A nation, or a world enthralled, cannot
 Emancipated be, lest souls are found
 Heroic for the task and yield themselves
 To God's directing hand to work His will.
 Do thou thy given work, it shall succeed,
 In thine or in thy fellow's ripened day,
 E'en should'st thou be a martyr to the cause.
 For every human life supplies a link
 To make the chain of Providence complete ;
 And everyone shall just reward receive,
 From Him who fashioneth immortal crowns,
 And placeth them upon each victor's brow.

The providential direction of God is never lost sight of, and Joseph's life from birth to death is presented as a grand commentary on

His mighty schemes,
To benefit the children of His care.

The didactic passages are nowhere prolonged and are introduced with good effect. One of the finest, in my opinion, is the following, not because of any special poetic merit, but as the simple expression of a true and noble thought. It is prompted by a consideration of the royal forgiveness accorded by Joseph to his brethren.

Could we but read the secret history
Of our enemies, in each one's life;
We would discover misery enough
To quite disarm us of hostility,
And cause us to be kind and merciful.

After an account of the Butler's restoration to favor with Pharaoh and his ungratefulness to Joseph occur the following lines which are worthy of attention.

Ingratitude is base, it mocks the good
Bestowed by hands concerned in others' weal.
It broods in selfishness, to vault the head
With absolute forgetfulness of those
By whose endeavors many gain the heights
They oft attain. It is the hidden cause
Of ill reward and inequality
Of many noble, well deserving souls.
If man were grateful for the half of life,
And half the lavish mercies which the Hand
Of God bestows, his heart would quickly yield
Him rightful service, and his life flow on
In one sweet song of praise, nor good nor ill
Would ever operate to win him from the One,
Who knoweth best the course his life should take.

Many similar passages might be quoted, but these will suffice. In description the author shews himself possessed of considerable imagination, and master of an easy, graceful style. He thus describes Joseph's vision of the sheaves.

One lovely night as shone the golden worlds,
And gentle zephyrs floated o'er the land,
Quite wearied, Joseph sought repose in sleep.
The heat, the toil, the envy of the day,
In phantom forms preyed thick upon his mind,

Till horrid darkness spread him round, and hope
 Of breaking day and beauteous scenes were lost,
 When, suddenly, the darkness disappeared
 And spectres fled before the full-orbed light,
 Which angels flashed upon their revelry ;
 And clear before his startled vision rose
 A harvest scene. Beneath the azure skies
 He with his brethren bound the golden sheaves,
 While songs of plenty floated in the air ;
 And lo ! his sheaf stood upright in the midst
 Of theirs, which made obeisance 'round about,
 As subjects bow submission to their king ;
 And then, the vision faded from his view.
 And soon in slumber's arms he fell asleep.

As a final quotation I give the description of Israel's journey to Egypt.

Bright shone the sun from out the azure sky,
 And flung his beams upon the sacred vale,
 Bereft of promise of abundant yield ;
 When Israel, with all his sons and kin,
 Set hard upon their journey to the south.
 E'er all the scenes familiar to him long,
 Had full receded from the range of sight,
 He paused, and backward turned his weary gaze
 For one long farewell look ; then deeply sighed
 His soul's regret to leave the favored land,
 His heritage so long with Heaven's smiles.
 But hope soon urged him with alacrity,
 Begotten of a soul of younger years
 Upon his way ; until loved Beersheba
 Was gained, where, gladly halted for the night,
 They rested from their toil and worshipped God,
 Who, in the midnight hour, in love appeared
 To Israel, and reassured him of
 His tender care and purpose to recall
 His children to their own inheritance,
 When all concerning them had been fulfilled.
 At daybreak, once again they journeyed on,
 All confident of Heaven's watchful care.
 And day on day their courage was renewed
 To hie upon their course o'er desert waste
 Till Egypt was attained with thankfulness.

This passage, in my judgment, displays the author's style to its best advantage. There is a naturalness and ease about it which renders the whole poem very readable and entertaining. The poem is now in its second edition, and has had hitherto a

very successful sale which must be gratifying and encouraging to the author. Expressions of praise have been bestowed on it by many, some of whom are well qualified to be received as reliable critics. I trust that it may continue to have the large sale which it deserves, and especially among readers of *THE MONTHLY*.

W. B. H. T.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

When Frances Willard passed away, thousands of women in all parts of the world felt as if the sun had gone. The sense of loss was overwhelming to all who had felt the power of her marvellous spiritual magnetism as well as to her personal friends. During the past thirty years no woman in all America has wielded so vast an influence as she.

She was fortunate in having a mother who firmly believed that the world was in need of consecrated Christian women, and that woman's hitherto narrow sphere should and could be widened. This is the watchword that she gave to her daughter: "My child, enter every open door." Frances Willard looked about her and saw everywhere the sorrow, degradation and vice resulting from intemperance, and she felt that surely here was an open door that she must enter. Accordingly she used every means in her power to advance the temperance cause, becoming a zealous agitator and reformer. Although at that time it was an almost unheard-of thing for a woman to speak in public, with wonderful moral courage she took the platform and entered upon a crusade in behalf of the wives and children of drunkards. Her power in moving an audience we all know, for she was universally recognized as the foremost orator of her sex; but with all her success as a public speaker she remained always a womanly woman. To hear her was to love her. Though aggressive she was gentle, and though pronounced in denunciation of intemperance she was at all times full of sympathy for its victims. Her intelligence made her a wise teacher of men, while her reverent spirit made her a humble pupil of the Christ.

What wonderful executive ability was hers! It was she who drew together and directed that host of noble women, the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has been instrumental in lightening the curse everywhere. In it she united the women of the East and the West, of the North and the South, and at the head of this grand army bravely challenged King Alcohol. Onward, through trials and success, she led them on a crusade in behalf of suffering humanity. She became the foremost woman in the public life of the century; but although success and fame were hers they were not the objects for which she strove. Love for God and pity for sin-cursed men impelled her and made her life thoroughly unselfish.

Through the work that she began, thousands of men are freed from the bonds of intemperance, thousands of our once wretched homes are now thrifty, prosperous and happy, while thousands of grateful women thank God for the life of her whose influence has saved them and their children from the sorrow and disgrace of the drunkard's family. Thus her motto "For God, the Home and Native Land" is being fulfilled. She, "being dead yet speaketh" for her works live after her.

Although her death is felt to be a severe blow to the Society and although hearts are grief-stricken at her loss, hands were never more ready for service. She left the work so thoroughly organized that others can take it up where she left off, and the cause of Temperance will not die with its beloved leader, but will be carried on with ever greater zeal, because the sense of responsibility is now the more keen in those who remain.

Frances Willard was a woman of *such* sweetness, tenderness and childlike trustfulness. Her last words were an echo of her life spirit: "How beautiful to be with God." And now she is with Him, for God called her unto Himself. Her toil on earth is over. Bowed down with grief her friend Mary Lowe Dickenson said of her:

"We cannot talk of her yet simply as one of God's beneficent agencies for lifting man from degradation and redeeming our land from shame. It is not yet midnight and only to-day while 'there drooped upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain' in a sacred place where, under palm boughs, stood an

altar fragrant and fresh with bloom, we looked down upon a white face through which, even in sleep, a regnant spirit shone. Half hidden under the flowers rested a still, white hand. We know it has not yet laid down its invisible sceptre, for its touch is upon our hearts. How like a conqueror she looked, sceptered and robed and crowned, and resting after the strife under the shadow of palms."

BESSIE N. NEWMAN, '99.

Editorial Notes.

FOR several years the poor quality of English used by Freshmen at Harvard in their compositions and examinations has been a matter of comment and concern. After considerable discussion a committee was appointed to consider the whole matter, to investigate the causes and to suggest remedies. Some time ago this committee presented its fourth and final report. A writer in an American journal, in discussing this report, says some things that to no little extent apply to Canadian students and that may be read with profit by parents as well as by teachers and students. The responsibility of parents is well indicated in the following quotation :

"Many of the facts one gathers from them are worth more than a passing notice. One, however, of which they make no mention, and, perhaps, the most formidable, is the hindrance the teacher of English in America receives from the belief of both parents and children, that they know English well enough. Very many of the parents and of the boys who go to college, have found that the kind of English they speak and write has served their purpose through life, and they, therefore, are not deeply impressed with the necessity of better English for their children. Speaking or writing bad English does not discredit a man or woman here socially, as speaking or writing the language of the country badly would in England or France. In most American towns success in life would furnish an ample answer to criticisms on one's speech or letters; in Europe it would only make the want of education more annoying. For somewhat similar reasons, the boy is not apt to carry the teacher's corrections far out of the school-room. He rushes back to his playmates and repeats joyously with them the solecisms against which the schoolmaster has just warned him."

Continuing the writer refers to some of the chief reasons disclosed in the report for the deplorably bad English used by those entering the college. We quote some of the more significant passages, and particularly commend the last paragraph to the attention of every student of our own University.

“The thing in which nearly the whole body of students seem to agree as their chief hindrance in acquiring skill in English composition at school, is want of *practice*. They all, or nearly all, say that the main reason why their themes and compositions did them so little good was that so little time was given to them. Once a week or twice a week only, were they called on to write English correctly at school. Next after this comes the futility of much of the instruction—the reading and memorizing of classic and imperfectly understood English authors, and the listening to exhortations about ‘style’ and method, and the correction of English sentences made bad for the occasion. In fact, much of the instruction, considering that it was furnished to mere boys, appears to have been, according to the report, of extraordinary absurdity. The courses of the schools seem to be largely courses in literature given to persons who have still to learn the language. The teaching of the proper use of the language, therefore, has been left to the college, which ought to be able to give all its powers and time to the teaching of literature.

“What is probably most surprising in all this discussion is that the supreme importance of practice, in learning to do anything well, with which everybody is familiar in nearly every pursuit in life, has not made more impression on teachers of English. To ride or row, to play billiards, or fence, or make speeches, or make music, practice is well known to be the essential condition of excellence. But a raw boy, who most of his time talks slang with slangy playmates, is expected to acquire a ready and correct use of the greatest instrument of human expression, through which one rises from an Australian savage to Plato or Shakespeare, by two or three hours of drill and attention a week, in most of which he is called on to talk about things of which he has only a vague or hazy understanding. Even more surprising than this is the small impression which seems to be made on the mind of the teachers by the difficulty of learning to speak a foreign modern language. Most teachers have tried to learn to speak French, or German, or Italian. No man who has ever tried it has failed to find that he might read any one of these languages for years, and study the grammar, and yet be unable to write a decent letter in it or carry on a conversation respectably. If he were asked the reason,

he would almost invariably reply that it was want of 'practice'—that is, that to speak fluently or write correctly, he must do it every day, must live in the country so as to be obliged to do it, or live with some one with whom he spoke it incessantly, in order to make any progress. That this patent fact, with which everybody is familiar, has not had more influence on school instruction in English is very surprising. The English of youths does not greatly differ from any language in the mouth of a foreigner. Many meanings of words, turns of expression, and idiomatic ways of saying things are all strange to him, and he has to cure himself of his faults of expression, exactly as a foreigner would, by frequent repetition and continuous attention.

"Another matter to which the report calls attention is the tendency of the sort of instruction given by the schools to lead young persons to suppose that what they are being taught is to make literature, not simply to use English easily and correctly. All theme and essay writing has this tendency in a certain degree, but when it is literature that is being studied, it is difficult to avoid it. The desire and ambition of most young people who try to write or speak is to be eloquent or make a mark of some kind. The letters in this collection from the Radcliffe students show how strong this tendency is among women. The answers are not plain statements of fact. They are adorned with flowers of rhetoric, with playful illustrations, with striking analogies and reductions to absurdity. Newspaper reporters, as all editors know, labor under the same difficulty. They cannot bear to narrate or describe simply. They love to give the story literary form or ornamentation, and the result is often that the account of a small accident or offence becomes a large structure of fabulous matter, resting on a small basis of fact. In some papers the story is stripped of these accidents, but they are mostly let pass to save trouble, and the result is the prevailing want of confidence in newspaper descriptions. This matter is more important than it seems, for there can be little doubt that the value of truthfulness would be greatly enhanced if the earliest lessons in English were lessons in the importance of seeing things as they are, and telling simply what happened."

THE ACADIA ATHENEUM for May contains a biographical sketch of James E Wells, I.L.D., by Dr. Rand, of McMaster University. We quote this significant and suggestive passage :

"In college, as in the academy, he was a diligent, careful, and rapid worker, an all round student, yet having special delight in moral and philosophical subjects. He was an independent thinker, and was prepared to follow where honest thinking led. A liberal in politics,

with very radical tendencies, with unbounded confidence in the capabilities of man for progress, and a passion for bringing the Sermon on the Mount down into the plains and valleys of human society and life—an 'out-and-outer,' in short—such was Mr. Wells in his college days. He had surpassing faith in argument as a means of arriving at practical truth. 'Let us reason together,' was his process and method. His own conduct was wonderfully regulated by his ideal standard, and was the expression of an equable and noble spirit—a man of principle in all things. He was the most fair and open-minded student I have ever met, with ethical response as true as the needle to the pole."

Those who have had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Wells in his mature life will see from the above, that in his case, as in that of so many other earnest men, the youth was "father of the man." They will also endorse the following tribute to the ability of his pen:

"He has frequently entered the field of the publicist, and with commanding success. His articles on the Manitoba School question were unapproached in Canada for their keen analysis and logical conclusiveness, and moved deeply the public mind. His exposition and defence of the policy of New Testament churches, and the spiritual mission and freedom of the churches, as opposed to state-churchism in any form, has always been noble and adequate. Anyone who has followed the voluminous issues of his pen will be prepared to believe that no other journalist in Canada has within a given period, often covering years, produced work of such uniformly high character both in ethical quality and literary form."

College News.

A. B. COHOE, '98. MISS E. R. WHITESIDE, '98,
S. E. GRIGG, '00.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The annual Commencement Exercises in connection with the University were held on May 10, 11, 12th, and were in every way a brilliant success. The generally expressed opinion is that the exercises this year surpassed those of almost any previous year in the history of the University. From first to last all the various functions were attended by large and appreciative audiences, and a hearty enthusiasm on the part of all prevailed. The presence of Dr. Nathan E. Wood, of Boston, and his inspiring baccalaureate sermon added greatly to the interest and success of the occasion. The return of a goodly number of Alumni to participate in the exercises and thereby show their loyalty and enthusiasm for their Alma Mater, was particularly gratifying to all connected with the University. Many delegates to the Women's Convention came on an early train so as to be present on Wednesday afternoon and evening, and their presence was exceedingly welcome. If one may judge from what several of them said the majority of those present were highly delighted with the general character of the exercises and will return to their homes strongly impressed with the importance and success of the work of the University.

It was fitting that the Commencement Exercises should be such a success, for the year just come to a close has been eminently successful. The number of students has been larger than during any previous year, and the quality of work done has been excellent. Our graduates, too, have been winning honor for themselves and for their Alma Mater. The Chancellor was able to announce on Wednesday evening that out of ten fellowships granted to Canadian students at the University of Chicago, no less than *four* were granted to graduates of McMaster. Besides this, several other graduates have obtained good positions in Ontario and the United States. This evidence of the ability of McMaster's graduates to compete successfully with those of any other educational institution should strengthen the already large confidence Baptists have in their University and their educational system generally. The Chancellor and Faculty are to be congratulated upon the success that has crowned their labors during the past year, and may rest assured that their work is warmly appreciated by the denomination at large.

Alumni Association.—The first meeting of the series was the annual public meeting of the Alumni Association. This was held in the Chapel of the University, and was largely attended. An interesting feature of this meeting was the participation in the programme of representatives of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology. Hitherto only older graduates have taken part, but this year the Executive re-

solved to make an experiment, hoping thereby more actively to engage the interest of the students and graduating classes. The result proved very satisfactory, and in future the precedent established this year will doubtless become the regular practice. Professor Farmer, President of the Association, occupied the chair and made an excellent chairman. After Rev. W. H. Cline, of Paris, had read a portion of scripture and invoked the Divine blessing, Mr. A. W. Vining, B.A., representing the Graduating Class in Arts, and Rev. R. Routledge, B.A., B.Th., representing the Graduating Class in Theology, gave brief but interesting addresses. The former took a backward glance upon the years spent in McMaster, and what they had done for the students, and the latter looked into the future, forecasting what McMaster's graduates were to be and the spirit that would animate them in their daily lives.

Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., of Galt, followed with an address dealing with the relations in which the Alumni should stand to McMaster. They should believe in McMaster. Her principles are such as to deserve the fullest confidence of every alumnus. She represents a pursuit of knowledge not for pleasure and polish but for privilege and power; she offers a liberal culture, not professional preparation alone, but powerful personality; she is able to meet the needs of our denomination and is surely destined to play an important part in shaping the destiny of our beloved Canada. Further, the Alumni must sacrifice for McMaster. They might establish a lectureship or a travelling fellowship, but whether they do either of these they must do something that will bear directly on the work of their Alma Mater.

Rev. A. A. Cameron, D.D., of Ottawa, was the last speaker, and it is no reflection on the other speakers to say that his presence and his eloquent address formed the most interesting feature of the evening's programme. As a graduate of the old C. L. I. at Wootstock, he represented the days of Fyfe, and Crawford, and Torrance, and served as a link between the past with its consecration and endeavor, and the present with its fruition from the past and, we hope, its equal readiness to serve and to sacrifice in the cause of Christian education. Not a few of those present had sat under Dr. Cameron as pastor at Ottawa and Winnipeg, and they and all others present were glad to welcome him back to Canada after his nine years' sojourn in the United States. In his address, which engaged the unflinching attention of every person present, Dr. Cameron strongly emphasized the importance of character. The great question is not what we have *done*, but what we have *become*. Carlyle said, "The man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but what he became." The spirit of our doing will determine our becoming. What we *do* should always be the unfurled banner of what we *are*. Our power of service is in our continuous becoming; it depends on the pressure of the Christ-life in our souls. There is no limit to soul-growth, but to reach power we must be patient and ready to endure. Men cannot dream themselves into character; they must hammer and forge themselves into it. God is to-day calling for men who are being moulded into the pattern of Christ and filled with the spirit of His doing and becoming.

During the evening an octette composed of Messrs. Gilbert, Haire, ———, Hounson, Newcombe, Brownlee, Fletcher, and Cohoc, sang the "Pilgrim's Chorus," from Tannhauser, and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and thereby added much to the pleasure of the evening. At the close of the programme a delightful hour was spent in renewing old acquaintances.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., Galt; 1st Vice-Pres., Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A., Woodstock; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Mary E. Burnette, B.A., Greenbank; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. Findlay, M.A., Toronto; 4th Vice-Pres., Miss A. Grace Iler, B.A., Ridgeway; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, B.A., Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, A. W. Vining, B.A., Toronto. A committee composed of Revs. Cline and Whidden and Professor Willmott, was appointed to consider the possibility of the Alumni doing something to aid the work of the University.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.—The annual Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered on Tuesday evening by the Rev. Dr. Wood, of Boston. The stormy weather interfered somewhat with the attendance, but in spite of the rain there was a large audience. Rev. John Trotter, of St. Catharines, read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. A. P. McDiarmid offered prayer. Dr. Wood's sermon was an ideal one for the occasion. It was a scholarly and profound presentation of a great subject. Compactness of thought, extreme lucidity of style, and cumulativeness of force and interest were the distinguishing characteristics. It was a glorious inspiration to all who heard it. Dr. Wood took as his text Christ's words, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Men, he said, require a standard of truth that even the wayfaring may understand and apply, and this is found in these words of the Master. Applying this divine standard he showed that the fundamental doctrines of the evangelical faith are good and inferentially divine. In this connection he referred to Calvinism and its great and wholesome influence, though he confessed that, except among Calvinistic Baptists, it had issued in persecution. The fruits of Confucianism, Mohammedanism, and other religions are not such as to satisfy the simple but searching test of the text. He showed that certain modern theories, for example those of the Tubingen School, led either to spiritual sterility or positive unbelief. Contrasted with these lax views the evangelical view of the atonement had borne gracious fruitage in the hearts and lives of men. Of men. Of all books the Bible was the only one that could prove its divine inspiration by satisfying the sublime test proposed by Christ.

The choir of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, under the able leadership of Mr. A. S. Vogt, Musical director of Moulton College, led the service of song most acceptably. They rendered three selections, one of them being the famous "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Miss McMurtry sang the solo parts in this in a strikingly effective manner. The University is grateful to Mr. Vogt and his splendidly-trained choir for their generous service on this occasion.

The Collation.—The annual Collation was held on Wednesday

afternoon, and was, as usual, one of the most enjoyable and most successful functions of the series. Hon John Dryden again acted as chairman, the committee in charge and those present joining in saying that it is *not* "time for a change." After luncheon had been served a short toast-list was presented. "Our Gracious Queen," was proposed in a patriotic speech by the Chairman, and was enthusiastically responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Rev. James Grant, of Ingersoll, proposed the toast, "Our Guests," and Rev. Dr. Clark, of Trinity, responded on behalf of the guests. Rev. Dr. Cameron, of Ottawa, proposed the toast of "The University," and Mr. C. J. Holman responded on behalf of the Senate and Board of Governors, Principal McCrimmon for Woodstock College, Principal Dicklow for Moulton College, Professor Farmer for the Alumni, and Miss Ernestine R. Whiteside, B.A., for the Ladies of the University. The toast to the Graduating Classes was proposed by Mr. McLay and responded to by Mr. W. W. Charters, B.A., on behalf of the graduates in Arts, and Mr. D. Brown, on behalf of the graduates in Theology.

Our space does not permit more than a passing reference to these speeches, all of which were appropriate to the occasion and much appreciated by all present. Professor Farmer urged the Alumni to take the New Testament view of the world and of the Christ-life, and in hearty obedience to God and love to men, to keep ever before them the pressing duty of bringing men to the feet of Christ. Principal McCrimmon as usual made a strong and thoughtful address. He felt that every graduate of McMaster should earnestly support the interests of every department of our University, Woodstock and Moulton as well as the University proper. An educational system that looks forward to continual and perpetual influence must be based on principles that are true. McMaster should influence the minds and hearts of the masses, train people to think before they act, and thereby exercise a maturing and conservative influence on democracy. From its pronounced alliance with that which is moral and religious, McMaster should give to the developing life that factor which, after all, is the essential one—a factor which should dominate the life, mature the judgment, and focus aright the will and energies. The Canadian people are destined to become a noble, progressive, God-fearing nation. Baptists must go on advocating liberty of conscience and thought, frowning upon false utilitarianism, and bringing their attention to the formation of pure and perfect character.

Conferring of Degrees.—The exercises on Wednesday evening, when degrees were conferred and diplomas presented, were undoubtedly the most interesting of all. The church was filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience, all of whom seemed to enter sympathetically into the spirit of the occasion. The procession of students, graduates, Senate, Governors, visitors, and Faculty, was a very imposing affair, and served admirably as an evidence of the continued growth of the University. Chancellor Wallace presided, and beside him on the platform were His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Dr. Wood, Professor Robinson, of Knox College, Hon. John Dryden, Principals Spotton and McMurchy, of the Harbord Street and Jarvis

Street Collegiate Institutes, respectively, and a large company of Professors, Senators, and Alumni.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the presentation of a portrait of Dr. Rand to the University. During the winter, the members of the University Faculty determined to express their affection for Dr. Rand, and their appreciation of his past and present services to McMaster by presenting to the University an oil painting of their beloved colleague. They were fortunate in being able to secure the services of Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the well-known artist, of Toronto. Mr. Forster, it may be said, worked *con amore*, and the result is not only an excellent portrait of Dr. Rand, but a striking work of art. Critics consider it one of Mr. Forster's happiest efforts, and one of the strongest specimens of portrait painting ever executed by a Canadian artist. Dr. Welton presented it to the University, on behalf of the Faculty, and Chancellor Wallace accepted it on behalf of the Board of Governors. Ringing cheers from all present, but particularly from the students, greeted the unveiling of the portrait, and the references to the esteem and affection in which Dr. Rand is held by both Faculty and students. At the close of the evening a large number came to the platform to get a near view of the picture. Everybody was delighted with it, and declared it to be a veritable speaking likeness of its subject.

The following degrees were conferred and diplomas presented, amid the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the students :

Honorary, D.D.—William K. Anderson.

Ad Eudem, B.A.—William Henry Cline, Robert Garside, Samuel John Farmer, Eugene James Harris, Lyman Stanley Hughson, Bert Ward Merrill, Peter Arthur McEwen, David Reddick.

In Course, B.A.—Margaret Arabella Bailey, Toronto ; Wallace Werrett Charters, Hagersville ; Albert Bedell Cohoe, New Durham ; Walter Daniel, Fernhill ; Alfred Samuel Farmer, Arnprior ; John Alexander Ferguson, Hamilton ; Anna Grace Iler, Ridgetown ; John McIntosh, Cavalier, N. D. ; Malcolm McCallum McLean, Manilla ; William Peter Reekie, Margaret, Man. ; John Pettinger Schutt, Lacolle, Que. ; Samuel Robert Stephens, Dixie ; William Burnett Haliburton Teakles, Ottawa ; Arthur Wellesley Vining, Thorndale ; Ernestine Roberts Whiteside, Toronto.

M.A.—John Charles Sycamore, B.A., Brockville ; Llewellyn Brown, B.A., Belmont ; Wallace Patten Cohoe, B.A., New Durham ; James Stuart Copland, B.A., Brockville ; William Findlay, B.A., Toronto ; Russell George, B.A., Stouffville ; Isaac George Matthews, B.A., Ashton ; Peter George Mode, B.A., Vankleek Hill ; Arthur Milton Overholt, B.A., Fonthill ; Charles Hiram Schutt, B.A., Lacolle, Que. ; John Frederick Vichert, B.A., Princeton.

B. Th.—Llewellyn Brown, B.A., Belmont ; George John Menge, B.A., Toronto ; Robert Routledge, B.A., Dunkeld ; Charles Hiram Schutt, B.A., Lacolle, Que.

Diploma, Four Years' Course.—Archibald John Darroch, B.A., Arkwright.

Diploma, Three Years' Course.—Dougald Brown, Belmont; Andrew Robert Park, Sarnia.

When this interesting ceremony was finished, Dr. Ten Brooke, Professor of Philosophy in the University, gave the address to the Graduating Classes. He spoke concerning their mission as educated men and women. Every acquisition means proportionate increase the obligation. As educated men and women they should be men and women in whom reason rules, they should be reasonable in the best sense; they should be the friends of truth, and to be that is to be the friend of educational institutions and participate in their direction; they should have an enthusiasm for life; they should have an ideal to realize, which ideal may fittingly be "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Finally, they should work with the conviction that their work is the worship of God."

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, was introduced by Chancellor Wallace, and was received with loud and prolonged applause. He expressed his pleasure at being present, and congratulated the University upon the success it was achieving. He referred in happy terms to the intimate relationship that for many years had existed between himself and the honored founder of McMaster University, and paid a generous tribute to the latter's integrity in every relation of life. He urged the students to remember that the development of Christian character was, after all, the great end of life and education.

Dr. Wood gave the address of the evening. After some happy introductory remarks, he sought to impress upon the graduates the fact that with broadened culture came enlarged responsibility. They should first see to it that their training was thorough and genuine, and referred to Gladstone as the greatest exponent of manhood's possibilities which this generation has seen. Their culture should develop observation; they should, like Darwin, see what others failed to see; above all they should see God in all the marvels of the world about them, and track His thought. Moreover, culture should be altruistic—it should exist for others, not for itself; a selfish culture will not. It is kept pure and wholesome as it gives itself to others unstintingly. As great inventors, by the product of their brains, bless the race and lift it to higher possibilities, so should all powers be used for the uplifting of humanity. And culture should be individualistic, and feed itself by communing with the great spirits of all the ages. This it could do, not by the use of the newspapers, but by reading all the great books of the world. Especially must it be done by study and imitation of our perfect pattern, the Divine Man. He gloried in the fact that he was a Christian more than in anything else. In conclusion, he urged each to recognize his life-call, as Wendell Phillips did, and be true to that, though friends and loved ones stand aloof. The address was uplifting and inspiring, and was listened to with rapt attention.

AMONG the many pleasing events of commencement week, not the least enjoyable was the dinner given the Graduating Classes by the Juniors in Arts and Theology. This function has been rendered

doubly pleasant from year to year by the presence in our dining-room of the ladies of the University. After a pleasant time around the festive board the chair was taken by J. C. McFarlane, Vice-President of Class '99. The toast to the Queen having been duly honored, the chairman, in a few well-chosen words, proposed the toast of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology. This was responded to on behalf of the Theologs, by A. Durroch, B.A., whose well-known abilities as an after-dinner speaker, render comment on his speech unnecessary. Walter Daniel, '98, then responded for the Graduating Class in Arts; and though suffering from severe injuries received from a collision caused by a dog occupying the territory immediately in front of his bicycle, yet he was able to do justice to himself and honor to the class which he represented.

J. F. Vichert, B.A., in proposing the time-honored toast to the University, wandered somewhat from the path usually traversed, and in so doing added new interest to an already interesting subject. Chancellor Wallace replying, in his usual happy manner, pointed out the relationship which had existed between the University and the graduating classes, and which he hoped would continue to exist. His congratulations to the members of the graduating classes, though at that time rather dubious, were yet gratefully received by the somewhat expectant students. The toast to the ladies was proposed by the Rev. P. Charles Macgregor, late of Chilliwack, B. C., but now of Markham, Ont. This toast was responded to by Miss Iler, '98, in a speech that might well serve as a model to after-dinner speakers.

A very pleasing feature of the afternoon's proceedings was the presentation of a silver trophy, by H. K. McNaught, Esq., to the McMaster Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. McNaught, in a brief speech, expressed the pleasure he had in presenting this cup to the Association, and he hoped that it would serve as a stimulus to greater activity in the athletic field. The trophy, which was accepted by the President of the Association, C. H. Schutt, B.A., will be known as the McNaught Trophy, and will be contested for year by year in the University field sports. The pleasures of the afternoon were then brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE election for High-Kac-Ki-ac for the year '98-'99, was held on Monday afternoon, May 9th. The result was the unanimous choice of F. J. Scott, '99, for this responsible and honorable position. (Poor Scott).

MOULTON COLLEGE

MISS THRALL, ETHEL THOMPSON, MARION TAYLOR, EDITORS.

ON Tuesday evening, April 19th, we were pleased to have Chancellor Wallace lead our prayer-meeting. None could fail to receive benefit from his earnest words on that occasion. Our prayer-meeting of April 26th was led by Mr. Eaton, who gave us an interesting and helpful talk.

MOST of the students of music attended the sacred concert given in Jarvis St. Church on Tuesday evening, April 26th. The programme was very much enjoyed by all.

THE following well rendered and very enjoyable programme was given by the members of the senior division of the Heliconian at their last meeting :

Piano Solo	Miss Hume.
Essay "Oliver Wendell Holmes," Miss MacLaurin.
Dialogue "Cheerful and Musical," Misses Kerr and Brophrey.
Piano Solo	Miss Gibson.
Reading "Heliconian Paper," Miss Edwards.

DURING the month an invitation to take part in the musical programme of a social meeting of the Y.W.C.A. of the city was willingly accepted by the members of the Glee Club. The four selections given by them were very well received.

THE regular meeting of the White Shield Society was held on Friday evening, April 29th.

"CROQUET" is all the rage at Moulton. The croquet lawn has been the scene of much merriment and good-humored rivalry. The old proverb, "Work while you work and play while you play" may be most appropriately applied to our girls.

A MANIFESTATION of true College spirit, that did credit to the Juniors, was the party given by them in honor of the Seniors. No trouble was spared to make the evening a brilliant success. The decorations, consisting of the flowers and colors of both classes, were very effective. The entertainment consisted of music, recitations and games, after which refreshments were served. The Seniors, by a hearty vote of thanks, expressed their appreciation of this very delightful courtesy on the part of the Juniors.

THE last meeting of the Heliconian for this year was held Friday evening, May 6th. The Junior Division of the Society gave the programme, which proved one well worthy to bring to a close meetings

that have been conducted with marked interest and enthusiasm. The division of the Society has proved an incentive, which has not been without most gratifying results.

THE delight of the Seniors knew no bounds when Miss Dicklow announced that during the remainder of the term they should be free from nearly all the restrictions that are such a necessary evil of a college girl's life. They have not been slow to avail themselves of this unlooked-for privilege.

AMONG our many privileges during the year has been the presence, at our chapel exercises, of many distinguished men and women. This always affords us great pleasure. Especially favored were we this month to have with us on three different occasions, Rev. Mr. McLewen, Home Mission Secretary, whose anticipated visit was much enjoyed, and may, we hope, be repeated in the future; Rev. Mr. Bishop, of Toronto, whose visits are always acceptable, and who has been especially kind to us this year; and Rev. Dr. Wood, of Boston, whose visit to Toronto added in no small degree to the delightful commencement exercises of McMaster University. In his inspiring words to the students of Moulton on the occasion of his visit to them, he emphasized the responsibility of the educated woman and the importance of realizing that responsibility.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—The past year at Moulton College has been one of marked success. The attendance has been larger than that of the preceding year; the majority of the students have been taking the work of the regular courses; the work has been carried on faithfully, vigorously, and without any interruption, and the spirit of the school has been excellent.

The closing exercises of the College began Saturday evening, June 4th, in the College chapel, when the graduates in music gave a "recital." The following programme was most creditably rendered: "Sonata for Violin and Piano," (Op. 8. first and second movements), Mrs. Adamson and Miss Eckhardt; "Stojowski," (Prelude in E flat Minor), Miss Brophrey; "Beethoven," (Sonata Pathetique), Miss Nicholas; "Chopin," (Nocturne in G Major, Op. 37), Miss Eckhardt; "Godard," (4th Barcarolle), Miss Brophrey; "Reinhold," (Impromptu in C Sharp Minor), Miss Nicholas; (a) "Rachmaninoff," (Prelude in C Sharp Minor), (b) "Leschetizky," (The Two Larks), Miss Eckhardt; "Schumann," (a) Why, (b) Whims, Miss Brophrey; "Liszt," (Liebestraum No. 3), Miss Nicholas; "Liszt," (Cantique d'amour), Miss Eckhardt.

On Sunday, June 5th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church, Rev. W. W. Weeks preached the annual sermon to the graduating class. The church was well filled, and all present listened with interest to the able and appropriate discourse, upon the passage found in Phil. iii. 10-14.

On Monday evening, "The Recital and Calisthenic Drills," under the direction of Miss Lyon and Mrs. Ross, were held in the Guild Hall.

The following very delightful programme was successfully carried out : Chorus, "Night Sinks on the Wave," (Smart), College chorus ; recitation, "By the Love," (a selection from Dr. Rand's volume of poems, "at Minas Basin"), Miss Kerr ; Trio and Chorus, "Ye sons of Israel" (Mendelssohn), Misses Burke, Wrigley, Sheppard, and Chorus ; Drill, "Moulton" ; Vocal Duet, "Trip, Trip, Trip," (Marzials), Misses Wrigley and Sheppard ; Bar Bell Drill ; Piano Solo, "Venitienne 4th Barcarolle," (Godard), Miss Brophey ; Naiad Drill ; Recitation, "The Soul of the Violin," Miss Kerr ; Vestal Virgin Drill ; Chorus, "The Gipsies," (Schumann), College Chorus.

On Tuesday evening in Guild Hall, the Graduating exercises were held. The Hall was tastefully decorated by the students of the Third year, with palms, flowers and the colors of the senior class. The yellow and green bunting and the motto of the class, "Vincemus," in green and yellow, were very effective. The prayer of Invocation was offered by Rev. C. A. Eaton, and the address of the evening was given by Rev. D. Hutchinson, of Brantford, upon the subject, "The Real Purpose of an Education." This address was a new feature of the exercises, it being substituted for the usual graduating essays. After a thoughtful and interesting development of his subject. Mr. Hutchinson addressed a few earnest and helpful words to the graduates.

The presentation of the College Diploma to the students who had completed one of the regular courses of the College, was an interesting feature of the proceedings. Diplomas were presented by Chancellor Wallace to Misses Margaret Wallace, Grace Wallace, Davis and Spencer, for having completed the work in the Matriculation Course ; to Miss Kerr, in the Course of Elocution ; and in the Music Course to Misses Eckhardt, Nicholas and Brophey.

Another very interesting feature of the evening was the awarding of prizes, the contest for some of them having been very close. The prize winners are to be congratulated upon the very high stand taken by them, as some who received "honorable mention" obtained more than seventy-five per cent. on their work during the year. The Alumnae prize of books for the Third year was awarded to Miss Nora Shenstone ; *Honorable Mention in the same year*, Misses Burford and Edwards. The Mrs. A. R. McMaster prize of \$10, in the Second year, was carried off by Miss Emma Fox ; *Honorable Mention*, Misses Weeks and Ryrie. The D. E. Thomson prize of books in the department of English, for the class of 1900, was awarded to Miss Annie Weeks ; the First year prize of books, given by Mr. Britnell, was awarded to Miss Bertha Cassidy. The Senior Preparatory Prize was won by Miss Helen Burke ; *Honorable Mention*, Miss Vivien Sundij ; and the Junior Preparatory Prize by Miss Dora McKay.

The Gold Medal, established by Mr. James Ryrie, in memory of his daughter Jennie, in the Music class, was awarded to Miss Hattie Eckhardt, and the Silver Medal, given by Miss Hart, a former teacher, for the department of Elocution and Physical Culture, to Miss Kerr. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of roses to the Principal, Miss Dicklow, by the class of 1900, and the presentation of flowers to each of the graduates as she came

down from the platform after receiving her diploma. Music was provided very acceptably by Miss Adelaide Sheppard, Miss Nicholas and Miss Eckhardt, and the programme was brought to a close by the singing of the "College Song" and National Anthem.

A very delightful event in connection with the closing exercises took place at the College Tuesday morning, when the picture of Mrs. Senator McMaster was unveiled in the presence of the school and a few friends. Mrs. A. R. McMaster, in a very pleasing manner, gave a brief outline of Mrs. McMaster's life and work, while Miss Van Zile, a former student, gave an interesting account of the interest and love Mrs. McMaster had shown for the girls, how much her frequent visits had been to them, and how great their love and admiration were for her.

Wednesday was Alumnae day, when a large number of former students assembled to do honor to their Alma Mater. In the morning an enthusiastic business meeting, in the afternoon a banquet, and in the evening a most enjoyable reception, completed a programme that evidenced the interest of Moulton graduates in their College, and which cannot fail to be a pleasant memory for all who were present.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : S. R. TARR, M.A., . . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—On the evening of Wednesday, June 1st, in the First Church, Rev. Dr. Thomas preached the sermon to the graduating class of the College. His subject "Life the Supreme Attainment of Being," was treated with the earnest strength and eloquence so characteristic of his preaching. A more inspiring address could scarcely have been delivered upon the occasion.

Upon Thursday afternoon, the ideal June weather, which is usually associated with commencement exercises, added to the success of those in connection with Woodstock College. A large number of the friends of the pupils and the institution assembled in the College chapel, the room containing more than it could with comfort hold. The graduating class occupied the front seats. A considerable number of the former students of the school were present.

The proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. A. F. McGregor. The college quartette sang "Sleep Kentucky Babe," and later in the afternoon gave, "The Old Kentucky Home." J. R. Coutts delivered the prize oration, taking as his subject, "The Man for the Times," and produced a decidedly good impression. His effort was evidently carefully prepared, showed much solid thought, and was delivered in good style. After a very good clarionet solo by Lester Riggs, Edmund Zavitz read the prize essay, "Glimpses of Nature by an Amateur Ornithologist." Mr. Zavitz showed himself a diligent student as well as a capable essayist.

The following prizes were then presented to their winners :

Fourth year—Governor General's medal, E. J. Tarr ; Ryrie medal, D. D. Calvin ; Hiram Calvin Scholarship, H. D. Riggs. Third year—S. J. Moore scholarship, W. C. Pearce ; Dr. McLay prize, F. D. Hood ; Wm. Davies' prize, M. Duncan. Second year—D. W. Karn scholarship, E. E. Davis ; Wm. Davis' prize, F. McLay. First year—Rev. Dr. Thomas prize, Jno. McLaurin. "reparatory"—A. N. Gray prize, Leo. Buchanan. Special prizes—Mrs. Joseph Codville prize in essay writing, E. Zavitz ; Rev. R. R. McKay prize for historical essay, V. A. Ray ; Miss Jeanie Hendrie prize in drawing, O. L. Pound ; Rev. J. J. Ross prize in Bible study, A. E. Weatherbe ; Alumni prize in public speaking, J. R. Coutts ; Good Favor Prize, presented by Mrs. Bates, E. Zavitz ; Dr. Bartlett gold medal in manual training, R. A. F. McDonald ; Second year prize in manual training, H. Menzie ; First year prize in manual training, H. Anderson.

A. J. Welch read the valedictory of the graduating class, which expressed admirably the feelings with which leave of the college and its associations was taken and the indebtedness felt to the institution and its staff.

The following graduates were presented with diplomas by Chancellor Wallace:

Bagshaw, David E., Vroomanton; Brown, Wm. J. H., Brownsville; Calvin, Dileo D., Kingston; Coutts, James R., Ailsa Craig; Harton, Lyster J., Toronto; Morrow, Harry, Paris; McDiarmid, Hugh, Turin; Partridge, Wm. S., London; Ray, Volney A., Galt; Richardson, Charles, Flesherton; Riggs, Herman D., Manitou, Man.; Riggs, Leo. B., Belleville; Scarlett, Emmet, Powassan; Tarr, Edgar J., Ottawa; Thomas, Garfield, Toronto; Welch, Arthur J., New Westminster, B.C.; Wilson, George, Woodstock; Wolverton, Alfred N., Marshall, Texas; Woolverton, Charles E., Grimsby.

In making the presentation Chancellor Wallace congratulated the college on the success that was attending its work. The graduates were entering various fields of promise and he was sure all would reflect the same credit on their school as those of previous years were now doing in various walks of life. In this year's class he noticed a remarkable number of sons of prominent Baptists. Among them was the son of a former principal. He was glad to see the interest taken in the college by the people of Woodstock and vicinity as manifested in the large attendance.

Principal McCrimmon then delivered an address to the graduating class of such a character that it is safe to say that it will be long before its impression leaves the minds of those to whom it was especially directed. What he wished most that they would show, when they left their college halls, was a deepened sense of moral responsibility. He wished them to be men of power. There was a duty incumbent on each to make the best use of the gifts with which he was endowed. Their great object should be to preserve their self-respect, but to do this it was necessary to make themselves worthy and useful. Difficulties might come in their way, but these should be but a whetstone to progress. They should go on weaving the woof of a good character, should now in the first flush of manhood form stable habits which would remain theirs for life. If a boy did so some day the world would recognize that an influential man had come into its midst. To be great it was necessary to be determined. By our actions men judge us. It was one thing to be a man of ability and another of activity. Let a man be merely an idle dreamer and he risks losing interest in his fellow men. Without this genuine human interest Gladstone would have been nothing more than a subjective thinker. But because he was more than this his influence was one of the greatest of the century.

Those whom he addressed, Mr. McCrimmon continued, he wished to be men of principle. He did not want them to hold a certain view simply because somebody else did. They should look into the heart of things and then adhere to what they believed the truth. Their convictions once established should be firm. The man who veered to every passing breeze was worthy of no admiration. The college was glad that it had the lives of those who were now leaving it come within its reach and would ever look with interest on their future career. Short addresses were then delivered by A. Stevenson, B.A., of the

Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Toronto, Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., and Hiram Calvin, Ex-M. P., of Kingston.

This brought the afternoon proceedings to a close. An adjournment was made until the evening. In the interval a reception of an informal nature was held in the dining-room.

THE COLLEGE ALUMNI.

In the evening at eight o'clock even a larger crowd assembled in the chapel than in the afternoon. The programme was in charge of the college alumni. Those of the latter body who were present, met shortly before the chair was taken and elected the following officers: Hon. pres., Chancellor Wallace; pres., Rev. W. J. McKay; vice-pres., Miss Jean Hendrie; 2nd vice-pres., J. R. Coutts; musical director, J. K. White; sec., N. S. McKechnie; treas., D. R. Clark. Chancellor Wallace was in the chair. Rev. Mr. Mihell opened the proceedings with prayer. The college quartette sang "The Gondolier."

W. S. W. McLay of McMaster University then gave a most interesting and instructive talk upon Browning. After stating that the poet used the dramatic monologue in most of his work, Mr. McLay proceeded to show the exact meaning of the phrase by a reference to one of the best known of his poems, "My Last Duchess." This had been printed along with Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" and distributed through the audience. By comparing the two he showed what were the distinctive qualities of Browning's verse. Though confining himself to the one poem, Mr. McLay by analyzing it gave his audience an insight into the general purpose of the poet's work.

Messrs. Bryant and Welsh sang "Excelsior" in a pleasing manner. Rev. W. H. Cline of Paris gave the second address of the evening, taking as his subject a princely hero of old, Nehemiah, the rebuilder of the walls of Jerusalem. To this great object he devoted himself with all the energy of his soul. He stirred the enthusiasm of his countrymen to the heartiest co-operation in the undertaking. His life was an inspiration to all men, but especially to the young. There were many nowadays who saw good work to be done but were content to have it done by others. Unlike Nehemiah, they did not believe in devoting their own lives to the performance of the duty. Incidentally Mr. Cline referred to the yellow journalism of the great cities of the States, and said that the course adopted by some of the great newspapers had been simply abominable in appealing to the lowest passions and prejudices. In everything Nehemiah acted without fear or favor. The main element in courage was devotion to duty. It was not mere bull-headedness. He was not lacking in prudence of all things. He saw the hand of God in everything.

Miss Johnstone of London, a graduate of Moulton College, added to her already high reputation as a vocalist by her solo.

Mr. Piercy gave two of his inimitable recitations, Burdette's "Story of George Washington," and Conan Doyle's "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo," and put his hearers in the best of humors.

After Miss Timpany had sung in her usually delightful manner, Chancellor Wallace in a few words commented on the success of the day. The National Anthem brought to a close one of the most satisfactory commencement exercises in the history of the college.

STUDENTS AND FIELDS, 1898.—Alexandria, E. W. Parsons; Alvinston and Napier, W. J. H. Brown; Aurora, A. Imrie; Avoca, W. B. Tighe; Belfountain, L. H. Thomas; Blue Mountain, G. F. Hurlburt; Brampton, G. T. Webb; Bronte, D. Catchpole; Brooklin, S. E. Grigg; Bulwer, A. G. Baker; Caledonia, A. W. Torrie; Campbellford, C. Carew; Canaan, J. P. McLennan; Chester, John Cornwall; Collingwood, J. Chapman; Cedar Springs, J. R. Coutts; Canboro, Chas. Beck; Cumberland, C. H. Emerson; Dresden, J. S. LaFlair; Dakota, M. C. McLean; Dakota, D. Nimmo; Ebenezer, S. R. Stephens; Eglinton, F. J. Scott; Essex, A. J. Saunders; Fitzroy, I. J. Wright; Flesherton, A. J. Darroch; Forest, A. R. Park; Gravenhurst, J. D. McLachlan; Grimsby, L. Brown; Howick, J. E. Pengelly; Kenilworth, D. Brown; Kincardine, W. R. Telford; Kinmount, J. T. Jones; Little Current, W. P. Reekie; Manitoba, J. F. Vichert; Manitoba, W. Daniel; British Columbia, I. G. Matthews; Maxville, H. B. Coumaur; Michipicoten, Ralph E. Smith; Minesing, T. Cowan; Montreal, J. R. Webb; Mulgrave, M. D. Coltman; Markham, P. C. McGregor; Niagara Falls South, J. C. McFarlane; North Star, J. H. Hannah; Oak Lake, Judson McIntosh; Orangeville, J. G. Brown; Oil Springs, A. A. Fanjoy; Oro, Jas. Curry; Oshawa, Geo. Menge; Parry Sound, H. G. Kennedy; Peterboro, O. C. Elliott; Peterboro, J. H. Cornish; Picton, A. K. Scott; Port Perry, P. G. Mode; Palmyra, E. A. Brownlee; Providence Bay, J. F. Ingram; Peninsula (Warton), — Bagshaw; Riceville, N. A. Whitman; Stouffville, P. C. Cameron; Sundridge, A. W. Gazely; Springfield, J. A. Hilts; Templeton East, J. A. Grant; Thamesville, H. J. Bryant; Tobermory, Alf. Cross; Temiscamingue, C. C. Anderson; Toronto, G. H. Simmons; Toronto, Chester, J. Cornwall; Toronto, East, J. Pollock; Toronto, Kenilworth Ave., J. H. King; Toronto, Royce Ave, G. V. Daniels; Toronto, Sheridan Ave, W. R. Burrill; Toronto Junction, W. J. Pady; Vankleek Hill, A. N. McDonald; Weston and Highfield, John McIntosh; Whitby, A. B. Cohoe; Wilkesport, C. E. Jeffrey; Zorra, J. E. Hawkings.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

"SIR THOMAS MOORE AND UTOPIA," is the title of a very interesting and well written article in *The Athenaeum* for May. There is always much to interest and amuse in this excellent exchange.

"HAS your Shakespere Society started in yet, Miss Jones?" "Yes. We met at Mrs. Wiggle's yesterday. Miss Matilda Robinson read a most delightful paper on the 'Influence of Rosalind on Dress Reform.'"—*Ex.*

"BE not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them."—*Kingsley.*

SAID the minister to an old lady of an irreligious disposition: "Woman! d'ye mind there's a place where there's wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Ye'll no fright me wi' that," said the dame. "I've never ane left in my head to gnash wi'."—*Household Words.*

THE ADVANCE, of Atlanta Baptist College, for June announces a bequest to the College of \$30,000 by Josiah W. Cook, of Cambridge, Mass. The Executive Committee of the Board passed a resolution for the establishment of a "Cook Memorial Chair," to perpetuate the name of their worthy donor.

MR. W. C. McDONALD, of Montreal, who has already given in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars to McGill University, has now given another \$15,500 as an endowment fund to the department of architecture for the purchase of supplies and materials.—*Ex.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in a paper read before a recent sociological congress held in Paris, stated that since the act of 1870 the number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000, and the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5,000.—*Ex.*

APROPOS of the lady who tried to find a railway time-table in the catalogues of the British Museum, the story is told of a workingman and his wife inspecting the Elgin marbles in that institution. After a long silence he was heard to say to his partner, "Well, these ancient Greeks licks me; sometimes I thinks they *was* civilized, and sometimes I thinks they *wasn't*."—*Ex.*

THE University of Freiburg announces that, in order to attract students, hereafter all students attending the lectures there will be insured against accidents within the precincts of the university, including gymnastics and duelling, or during excursions conducted by the professors. In case of death 15,000 marks (about \$3,600) will be paid to their families.—*New York Post.*

MARY had a little bike,
The wheels went round and round,
And as she came along the walk,
You couldn't hear a sound.

She rode behind a Prof. one day,
And never stopped to speak,
But rung her bell, zipped quickly by,
And got a star in Greek.

Ex.

THE CHINESE AS MATHEMATICIANS.—Cambridge University has just had a remarkable proof of the mathematical genius of the Chinese. Some time ago much surprise was caused among mathematicians generally by the discovery among the papers of the late Sir Thomas Wade, of Chinese fame, of evidence that in the time of Confucius the Chinese knew an equation which only became known in Europe during the last century, when it was discovered by Fermat, and has since been known as Fermat's equation. But the Chinese version recently discovered stated that the equation did not hold with regard to certain numbers. This puzzled the mathematicians, and all efforts to solve the point have hitherto failed. Now, however, a young undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, has demonstrated that the Chinese were right, and his solution is frankly admitted by the experts to be perfect. The correspondent understands the result is shortly to be published at Cambridge in an authoritative way.—*Manchester Guardian.*

REV. DR. BROADUS recently related the following incident during a Sunday school talk in Detroit :

An old man used to sweep the street-crossings for gratuitous pennies near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon enquiry, he was found by a missionary ill, in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has anyone called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool, in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.—*Our Church Homes.*

THE field of knowledge lies before us, but it is as though covered with a heavy fog. The searcher after wisdom can not see far ahead nor on either side of him, but he can see a short distance, and as he moves forward his line of vision also advances. So that he may by persevering explore the entire field. He cannot stand at one side or at one corner of the field and see all over it. If he would know and find the treasures it contains, he must go over the field carefully step by step, not once but many times. It is a wide field filled with valuable treasures. No one may hope even in a life-time to explore all of it, nor to discover all the treasures that lie hidden in that part of the field in which he works. The same ground is worked over by many different persons, and each finds some gems of truth and nuggets of wisdom that others did not discover. But who ever searches in this field diligently and perseveringly shall be rewarded by discovering some of the bright gems of truth to be found in the great field of knowledge.

Oft, seeds of thought sown by mysterious hands
 Within the garden of receptive minds
 Take root and grow like plants in virgin soil
 And bear the brightest flowers ever seen.
 But if their seeds from wisdom's glorious realm,
 Fall into minds all gross and dull
 Where light of genius never shines,
 Like grains that fall upon the rock,
 Or by the wayside where the ground is hard,
 Unnurtured they never germinate;
 And the great possibilities they hold
 Are never to the world made known.

The Athenæum.

IRISH AND SCOTCH WIT.

THE story is told of Chief Baron O'Grady, who was trying a case in an assize town where the court-house abutted on to the fair green and a fair was in progress. Outside the court was tethered a number of asses. As counsel was addressing the court, one of these began to bray. Instantly the Chief Baron stopped the speaker. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe; I can't hear two at once." The court roared and the advocate grew red. But presently, when it came to the summing up, the Judge was in full swing, when another ass struck in—whether by the counsel's contrivance or not, who shall say? Anyhow, up jumped Mr. Bushe, with his hand to his ear. "Would your Lordship speak a little louder?—there's such an echo in the court.

At a Liberal meeting in North Britain, when the proceedings were being opened by prayer, a reverend gentleman prayed fervently that the Liberals might "hang a' thegither." He was interrupted with a loud and irreverent "Ahmen." "Not, O Lord," went on the speaker, "in the sense which that profane scoffer would have ye to understand it, but that they may hang thegither in accord and concord." "I dinna care so much what sort o' cord it is," struck in the voice, "sae long as it's a strong cord."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

REVIEWING the first volume of "Autobiography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," Rev. Lyman Abbott writes in the *The Outlook* :—

"But greater than his reverential piety, his common sense, his humor, his unhesitating belief in his Calvinistic creed, his homely imagination, and his homiletic architectural skill was his profound faith in the Gospel as *good news*; a faith which made him always, in spite of his Calvinism some will say, because of his Calvinism others will say—and both will say truly—always a preacher of faith and hope and love, a preacher who inspired men to better lives and made righteousness seem both more real and more practicable. I heard him once, and only once. In the morning I went to Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley preached on the text, "I beseech you by the mercies of God;" his theme, that the motive which the New Testament brings to bear on men is the mercy, not the authority, nor the justice, nor the wrath, of God. And yet in the sermon there was but the barest reference, if indeed there was any at all, to the mercy of God toward a sinful race, shown in the life and death of Jesus Christ. In the evening I heard Spurgeon in his own Tabernacle. The congregation was a depressing, not an inspiring, one. The music was heavy and uninteresting. The sermon was at no point what could be called eloquent. The text was an enigmatical passage from Isaiah. But the impression I shall carry with me to my dying day was that of a man who had found life made real, noble, joyous, by his living faith in a living Christ, and who longed to impart to others the life which Christ had imparted to him. If sermons are to be judged by their life-giving qualities, it was the greater sermon of the two. Without the historical scholarship of Robert Hall, the suggestiveness of F. D. Maurice or F. W. Robertson, the originality of Henry Ward Beecher, or the spiritual culture of Philips Brooks, Charles H. Spurgeon possessed in common with them all that vision of God which makes every man who possesses it brave yet humble, and, when coupled with power to impart it to others, endows him with a power of speech greater than eloquence.