



M. F. K. B.

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ALBERT AZRO AYER.

Albert Azro Ayer, like so many others who have attained to positions of responsibility and eminence in the great cities, was a country boy. He was born in the parish of St. Armand, near Frelighsburg, P.Q., on the 6th of February, 1845; his father, the late Geo. W. Ayer, was a farmer and his boyhood was spent on the farm. His mother was of good old Puritan stock, a descendant of the Rogers, and to her early lessons and example is due not a little of the sturdy vigor and fearless advocacy of the right which so eminently characterizes the subject of this sketch.

After receiving a moderate amount of education at the village Academy, he for a time attended the New Hampton Institute at Fairfax, Vt., a school similar to our own school at Woodstock, which he left in the spring of 1863, being then about eighteen years of age.

The following two winters he taught school and then spent a summer in a Commercial college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after which he came to Montreal in 1865; there he obtained a situation and later, in March 1867, began business on his own account, thus becoming identified with the cheese industry in Canada at its commencement, and the present position of immense importance which the trade in butter and cheese occupies in Canada.

especially in the Eastern portion, is largely owing to the energy and skill which he has devoted to it and which has brought its reward in that the firm of A. A. Ayer & Co. has come to be known as the largest exporters of these products in the world.

Besides the business above referred to he is connected with other large interests, is President of the Merchants' Manufacturing Company (St. Henri Cotton Mill), one of the successful industries of the country, and also President of the Laprairie Pressed Brick and Terra Cotta Company, and besides these he is actively connected with the Montreal Board of Trade and carries on extensive farming operations in the North-West.

It might well be supposed that these varied and extensive interests would be considered quite a sufficient reason for taking no part in what are in the best sense larger and higher things, but in these he has shown throughout the same energy, ability and capacity for hard work for which he has been so noted in business affairs. Converted at the age of seventeen, while at the New Hampton Institute, he was baptized in the spring of 1863, and became a member of the old church at Abbotts' Corner, probably the oldest Baptist church in Ontario or Quebec.

From that time, and especially after coming to Montreal, he has been closely identified with not only the various interests of the Baptist denomination, but with others such as the great Christian Endeavour Convention of 1893 at Montreal, of which he was Chairman of the General Committee.

He has been a member of the old Board of the Convention East, of which he was at different times appointed Treasurer and President respectively, and he has been on the Board of Governors of McMaster University from the opening of the University, besides being also on the Foreign Mission Board.

But perhaps the most important work with which he has been connected is the Grande Ligne Mission, of which he has been a Director for upwards of twenty years and of which, on the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Upham in 1891, he was elected President, which office he still holds, and to the work of which he devotes an immense amount of energy, thought and beneficence.

In 1867 he married Rebecca Carrie Hibbard, of whom it

can be truly said, she has proved herself a helpmeet indeed beloved and respected by their large family of seven children and a wide circle of friends.

A constituent member of Olivet church, of which he is now the senior Deacon, he has throughout devoted to its interests the same energy and ability which he has shown in other things, while also contributing liberally to all its interests.

Such a life has its lessons, showing as it does what may be accomplished by energy and industry, supported by strict integrity and uprightness even if other advantages be few, and when these qualities, with first-class business ability are so employed and consecrated to the service of the Master, it may well be said there is no higher service in which they can be employed. There is need for more such men in the work of the Kingdom, and may it be that this brief sketch shall encourage young men to strive to follow in the same way, to rise superior to difficulties or circumstances and to consecrate their powers to the best and highest service in which it is possible to be engaged.

J. S. BUCHAN.

BEN SHALOM.

Ben Shalom read one night from out a roll :

“ Vessel of honor ! consecrate ! (‘ O soul ! ’)

Prepared for every worthy work ! and meet

For the Master’s use ! ”

And, finger on scroll,

He prayed aloud : “ Make me His silvern bowl ! ”

Lo ! Emeth at his side, God’s angel fleet :

“ Yea, in His mansion here ; and when unfold

The everlasting doors, chalice of gold

Brimming with His great love — heaven’s vintage sweet ! ”

THEODORE H. RAND.

JOHN.

(A CHARACTER SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

His parents came to Canada many years ago, and settled in an almost unbroken section of the country, not far from the village of London, to conquer for themselves a home from the wilderness. There the subject of this sketch was born to the heritage of a simple and toilsome life. The boy developed, as he grew, a character that was naturally steadfast, self-reliant and loving, yet he lacked the power of expressing his affection, except by quiet and cheerful, often unnoticed self-sacrifice. His words were always simple and few, and even in times of deep feeling they came reluctantly, or remained unspoken—then his whole being wrought out in action what his tongue could not say.

In person he was short—a fact that caused him much secret mortification, quite unmixed with bitterness however—but he had a sturdiness of build that denoted great muscular strength. His face was what the folk thereabout called “homely”—not one fine or handsome feature in the whole countenance, yet to those who looked twice, there appeared something pleasantly attractive in the clear and cheerful glance of the blue eye, and a reason for trust in the kindly lines of the firm mouth. He was already a man when we children of from eight to twelve years of age became acquainted with him, during our long summer visits to the farm. His taller, better favored and more cultured brothers were our merry companions on many a long drive or walk. John cheerfully gave them precedence, and set them free to enjoy themselves, by doing their work with his own, almost as a matter of course; but in our small difficulties we soon learned to turn to him for help or comfort, in preference to any of the others. And his ready sympathy was not reserved merely for spoken troubles. Many a time, on a wet day, when attacks of homesickness seemed hardest to overcome, noticing a little dejected face, he would button an old coat round the small form, and carry the mourner off to the barn, or wherever he chanced to be at work; and there, without the ability to say much, his tender listening to childish heartache, was a world of comfort in

itself. None of us were too young or too naughty to be thus helped by him ; his heart was large enough for *all* in sorrow or suffering, and his simple charity was boundless for sinners, both small and great.

The time came, after he had seen twenty-five years, that John loved, intensely and quietly, as was his nature. Never confident of his own attractions, he did homage at a distance and in silence, only showing his feeling by look or tone, and an eagerness to serve in any way, however trifling. This for some years, until the gathering force of his love overcame the barrier his humility had set up, and rushed forth in a few broken words. But alas! while he had waited, his younger, better educated, brother George, whose advantages were in a great measure the result of John's self-sacrifice, had won, and henceforth there was no great hope in life for John, since he was not of those who can love twice. He went out and fought his battle alone before God, and came back the same quiet, cheerful, sympathizing and humble man we had always known ; ready to serve willingly his preferred brother, and by every means in his power, to add to the happiness of her he loved.

Years passed, years of work and simple living on the farm, which John could never be persuaded to leave, even for a visit elsewhere ; saying with his pleasant smile, " I'm only fit for the country, anyway." The neighbors became accustomed to seeing him pass, often singing some sweet gospel hymn, along the green quiet roads, or conversing happily and laughing as readily as a child, when driving with a brother or friend.

At last came a bright and cold March morning, when all the country side was gathering to an auction sale of the goods of one of the community. John and his brother Charlie drove early to the home of their sister, adjoining the place of sale, but divided from it by the river, which at this time of year was greatly swollen by the spring floods. Here they spent an hour or two in pleasant family chat, and after dinner left to attend the sale. The only means of crossing the river at this point, was by a neighboring farmer's canoe. He himself paddled it, and on this occasion had been kept busy ferrying over his friends. He signalled John and Charlie, and the three men got into the little craft together, weighting it rather heavily. But

they proceeded safely till in mid-stream, when a sudden and strong wind sweeping down the river, urging the floating ice before it, caught and capsized the canoe, and in a moment its occupants were struggling in the deadly cold water. All three made for the canoe, and clung desperately to it. But the piercing chill did not admit of long delay, and almost immediately the owner of the canoe let go his hold and swam for shore, reaching it safely, though nearly exhausted; while the brothers, encumbered with much heavier clothing, still held on, and shouted for help. There was, however, no other boat within three miles, and as often happens in time of sudden danger and excitement, the many on both banks rushed about shouting and confusing one another, but doing nothing effectual towards the rescue of the two, now rapidly succumbing to cold and exhaustion. John, seeing their useless efforts, tried with his stiffened fingers to tear off Charlie's overcoat, but without success; and finally Charlie, who had always been reckoned a good swimmer, left the canoe, and struck out for shore also, while John, putting forth the last remnant of his great strength, slowly drew himself up and astride of the canoe. Turning then, he shouted to the people watching him, "I'm all right, don't mind me, save Charlie;" and away he went, carried by wind and current, swiftly down the stream. Many did stay to encourage Charlie by shouts and cheers, but, alas! he had delayed too long; his powers failed while he was yet several yards from the friendly hands reached out to grasp him, and he went under, coming up again only to be struck by a rail, thrown by someone in the excitement of the moment to help him. Then, indeed, he sank to rise no more.

Meanwhile, friends running along after John, and trying in many ways to reach him, saw him bow forward, then sway sideways, and slip quite powerless from his seat on the canoe, into the water. He was never seen again alive.

The bodies were found next day, after much searching. The broken hearted sister, examining the clothing they wore, discovered in the breast pocket of John's coat a little packet wrapped in white paper, which when opened, revealed an old letter, ragged with much fingering, in the handwriting of her he had so bravely and quietly relinquished, a tress of soft hair stolen by himself when in a merry mood, years before, and a

little poem, cut from some paper, so closely describing the face of his love, that he had evidently appropriated it as a beautiful expression of the devotion which he could never speak with his own lips. His last words were the keynote of his life, "Don't mind me;" and after his death it might as truly be written of him as of some others better known, "Here lies one who conquered self, and accepted God's will in his life cheerfully—a true Hero.

M. D. C.

Woodstock, Ont.

SPRING.

Now snow and ice no more enthrall
 The earth rejoicing to be free ;
 God pours on them the rays of Sol,
 And sends them laughing to the sea.

Earth's bosom now, mightily stirred,
 Begins to feel life's throb and bound ;
 God speaks the resurrecting word,
 And bloom and beauty deck the ground.

And now the ploughman breaks the soil,
 And fertilizing showers descend ;
 God speaks a promise for his toil,—
 "Seed time and harvest to the end."

And lo! the birds with plumage fair,
 And songs as sweet as e'er were sung ;
 God moves them by an instinct rare,
 To woo and wed and rear their young.

D. M. WELTON.

HIS LAST VISITOR.

Rap-a-tap-tap resounded through the hut
Where lived alone, his usefulness long past,
A faithful toiler, full of aches and years.
"Who's there a knockin' at this time o'day?
Come in!" the old man shouted from his bed,
And straightway to his side a stranger came.
"Good mornin' sir! sit yonder by the fire—
Though little heat there's in't, for you look cold;
I'd stir it lightly, but this arm is numb;
A shiver took me at the dead o' night
And left me a'most helpless as you see.
You're early at the road, and like myself
I daresay, will not yet ha' broken fast;
And little is there for a stranger's fare
On my poor shelf. Ah me! it's well she's gone,
My old, good-wife, that took such honest pride
In her home-cheer and in her kitchen skill;
She would ha' grieved so if she had been here
And seen the board so bare as 'tis to-day,—
The grate so empty, *and a stranger by,*
The boys must ha' forgot the coal was out—
Young folks are thoughtless; and I reckon now
I'm but a trouble and a burden too,
And often cross like sin' I lived alone.
So old and lame and poor and cross besides,
It's little wonder that they hate to come,
And leave their own firesides for likes o' me!
If *she'd* been here—but no, I'll not say that.
She's better there wi' Him and Dorothy—
Wee Dorothy, she hankered for so long.
Last night I fell asleep, and saw her smile
Just as she smiled nigh fifty years ago
When Dan'l, her first boy, lay on her arm,
And I had kissed her on her proud white face;
It seemed so real and nat'ral like to me,
I hardly think it could ha' been a dream;
I've heard they do come back and make a sign
When some one o' their kin has got to go.

"Don't think me bold, but gi' the fire a stir,
 For your sake, sir, as well as for my own.
 'Out! clean gone out!' say you: and I must go
 Elsewhere with you? I'm but a homely man—
 Rough mannered as you see, and ignorant,
 I'd feel so awkward like 'mong better folks.
 Cold though it be, I think I'd rather stay;
 The boys 'll come, I daresay, by-and-by.
 '*She's there,*' d'ye say—the one I saw last night?
 Gi' me your hand; bless me, how cold you are!
 Ah, there she is! who'd thought she was so near
 The poor old hut I ha' but stepped outside.
 Sarah, my own, my wife, your Joe has come!"

M. A. MAITLAND.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

III.

In this third article on the above subject, I shall deal more particularly with the students and their customs, than I have in either of my former articles. In doing this, I shall make only a passing reference to the two characteristics that distinguish German students from all others. Thanks to Mark Twain and his "Tramp Abroad," everybody knows that they have an enormous capacity for drinking beer, and a consuming passion for duelling. It is, therefore, as unnecessary as it would be impossible for me to add anything to the vivid picture given by the great humorist. The students are as thirsty as ever, and therefore, drink as copiously as when he was abroad; but I do not think they are so enthusiastic for the *Mensur*. Those who fight are, perhaps, not without a goodly portion of the old-timed ardency, but their number is gradually growing less. Duelling is as illegal in Germany as it is in Canada, but the authorities and police are not overstrict in carrying out the law. This is especially the case in the smaller cities, such as Halle, Heidelberg and Bonn, and in these duelling flourishes to a considerable extent. In Leipzig, however, the law is strictly enforced, and,

although a fairly large number of Leipzigers fight, they are obliged to go to Halle for their sport. The practice is dying out and now the large majority of the students see its absurdity and do not fight at all.

The omission of all but the barest reference to these two important features of German student life makes it necessary for me to treat of some of the minor details. These are, perhaps, not so well-known, and there may be, therefore, a gain in novelty. The first thing one notices in a foreign university is the dress and general appearance of the students. Generally speaking, German students do not dress so well as we do at home, nor with such taste. They wear a good deal of jewellery and seem to have a special liking for large rings on the fore-finger of the right hand. Some of them are particularly uncouth in appearance and awkward in manner. Not handsome to begin with, their looks are not improved by the scars they have received in duels, nor by the two pair of glasses some of them are obliged to wear. The combination of scarred faces, long, badly-cut hair, ill-fitting clothes and massive rings, gives many of them a very common appearance. The table manners of some of them, especially the liberal use of the knife in place of the fork, are not exactly what Canadians are accustomed to. But I must not be understood as suggesting that all are like this in dress and manners. I mention it only because the number of such is so large that one cannot help remarking the fact.

But the most noticeable feature in their dress is the cap. This has a broad, flat top, a low crown and a very short peak. Each cap is of one distinctive colour, red, blue, white, purple or green as the case may be, but at the same time it generally has a combination of colors in a band around the crown. With every such cap goes a band of corresponding colour or colours; this is worn under the coat, across the breast and over one shoulder. These caps and bands relieve the general sombreness of their dress and give to a crowd of them gathered together a very striking and picturesque appearance.

The arrangement of the colours on any cap or band indicates the *Verein* or *Verbindung* to which the wearer belongs. The *Vereine* are what we call clubs, societies or associations and their number seems to be as the sands of the sea. The larger

and more important ones are somewhat like the Greek-letter fraternities of the American universities, while many of the others are not unlike the modern language, classical and scientific associations of our Canadian universities. Some are close corporations, admitting within their select circle only those with a *von* to their name. Some once comprised only those from particular localities, from which they take their respective names; these have gradually widened the basis of membership so as to admit many others. Others, again, consist of those pursuing the same studies, and still others, there are, whose members devote their energies to some special movement, such, for instance, as the propagation of German sentiment abroad or the resistance of the incursions of the Jesuits at home. But the really interesting societies are those composed of congenial spirits who join together for pleasure and social purposes. Some of these are very large and have branches in several universities. Each one has its own *Lokal*, generally a restaurant, where its members meet to drink, to dine, to practise fencing and meet one another generally. There is a sort of mild Freemasonry among all the members of any one *Verbindung*, which binds them together in one common bond of sympathetic friendship. They hold an annual reunion of all the scattered members and in this way extend the range of their sympathies over a large area.

Altogether, it must be rather pleasant to belong to one of these social *Verbindungen*, because after all, one can be on intimate terms with only a comparatively small number of men at college, and by joining one of these a student obtains a select circle of intimates, with whom he may have close and pleasant intercourse. On the other hand they are not without their bad effects. They tend to prevent a hearty intercourse of the various sections of the student body, and in this respect they are one of the influences that work against a large *esprit de corps*. The comparative absence of this, or at least, of any notable manifestations of it, struck me very forcibly, especially when I remembered how characteristic it is of Canadian universities.

There are other influences, however, that contribute to this state of affairs. The large number of students, their comparative poverty, their age and the absence of means and opportunities of arousing the enthusiasm of the whole mass make against the

development of the sentiment. A good rousing football match would do a good deal towards awakening it, but such an occasion never has been and probably never will be. Athletic sports are almost entirely unknown. Duelling and fencing give exercise to quite a number; the remainder take their exercise in long walks, or at the public dances given in connection with many of the restaurants. They sing a great deal too at their *Kneipen*, and are good singers. Their songs are of a high class, many of them having been written by the great German poets. Patriotic songs, love songs and drinking songs are the most popular. The theatre is a favorite place of recreation. They are admitted at reduced rates to all parts of the house, and a certain number of reserved seats are on sale every morning at the University. Every student is supplied with a ticket* and this he must always carry with him. With this in his pocket he cannot be arrested by the city authorities, no matter in what disturbance he may be taken. All the policeman can do is to take the offender's name and address and then report him to the University authorities, who punish him with a fine or imprisonment in the University guard-room. There he may order what meals he desires and have his books, and many a festive student has done considerable work in prison.

One has but to learn to know German students to discover their many good qualities of mind and heart. Like the rest of their race they are very social and hospitable. They are easy of approach and very affable and when once you have been introduced, you are treated with much consideration. They have a fine and rare sense of courtesy, a trait of character which must appeal to every foreigner. When they meet a friend, whether lady or gentleman, they always lift their hats. Their manner of doing this is peculiar and worth seeing, but it can hardly be described. They are rather punctilious in regard to recognition on the street and any failure to bow is taken as a direct offence. Their mode of introduction is quite different from ours. When a friend presents you to a company of students, each one of them steps up in turn, lifts his hat and tells you his name, while you do likewise in return. Sometimes too, if there should be a real occasion for doing so, they introduce themselves. During my short stay in Leipzig I met a

*The *Erkennungskarte*, or certificate of immatriculation:—En.

large number of students and I can honestly say that I have never met with any students more sociable and friendly than they were.

They are splendid workers too. Of course there is a fast set in every university in Germany as in most of the large universities of England and America, but on the whole, German students are good steady workers. They are on the average older than Canadian students. The first semester is a pretty easy one with even the hardest workers. They have just been released from the very strict discipline of the *Gymnasium*, and consequently they go in for pleasure during the first semester. Every student must attend lectures during six semesters, but these need not be in succession nor at the same university. Few students take their degree without having attended lectures at two or more universities. To take a doctor's degree one must take one major and two minor subjects. An original thesis on some subject connected with the major is required, and oral examinations on both the major and minor are required.

When a German student makes up his mind to work he really works well. He has had a thorough training in the classics at the *Gymnasium*, or in science, or modern languages at the *Realschule*, and when he comes to the university he is prepared to deal with general principles rather than with the mere rudiments. His aim is to do independent and original work, something that nobody else has done before. He chooses the line of work he shall pursue, and then with a systematic and serious earnestness he makes every portion of his work contribute to the one end he has in view. He plods and gropes, and struggles with painstaking assiduity, until finally he is rewarded by the attainment of something really substantial. Such a plan of working has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It makes him independent of others, and careful; it makes him able to strike out into new and untrodden paths, and to follow them up; in a word, it gives him a severe and useful mental training, such as few other students enjoy. But it is special, rather than general, analytic, rather than synthetic, and fails, in some respects at least, to give that broad and generous culture, that "acquaintance with the best that has been taught and said in the world," that marks the educated and cultured gentleman.

And now a word in closing this series of articles. I trust

that those who have read them will bear in mind the limitations under which I have written. My acquaintance with German universities was made in only one semester at the University of Leipzig, and it would, therefore, be presumption on my part, to suppose that I have in that time been able to form final and correct opinions. But, my facts will be found not far from the truth, for most of them have been gleaned from conversation with student friends. Of these friends I have many pleasant memories and I shall look forward to the time when I shall see old Germany again. I would strongly advise Canadian students to go to Germany after graduating, and I feel sure that if they do, they will return with equally pleasant recollections of that romantic old land.

W. S. W. McLAY.

London, Eng., Feb. 17th, 1894.

THE SILENT MINISTRY.

What are the lessons you teach me, Oh ! blossoms of beauty,
 Exquisite color and faultless proportion combined ?
 Living and fragrant, you teach of a hallowing duty,
 Mission of mercy and office of love to mankind.

Water'd by rains that are sent in the night-time from heaven,
 Growing in thankfulness, lifting your faces above,
 Telling of dark and insoluble mysteries, God-given,—
 Storm-clouds, encircled by rainbows of infinite love !

Water'd by rains thus to teach that before all the ages
 God knew the lesson His children forever must learn,
 Wrote it in letters of gold on the world's open pages,—
 Growth in a grief-cloud, and sunshine and shadow in turn.

Coming from hands that are busy throughout the long daytime,
 Stopping to gather, withal, leaf and flower so sweet ;
 Bidding me know for each year there's a flowering maytime,
 Balm for each pain, for each highway a shady retreat.

Coming to cover an hour that is stripp'd of its beauty,
 Wak'ning a song when all music has died at its birth,
 Whisp'ring of hal'os surrounding a common-place duty,—
 Pansies, in fragrant perfection, spring forth from the earth.

EVA ROSE YORK.

JESUS CHRIST—THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

“All things were made by Him ; and without Him
There was not anything that was made. Made!”

“All things created were by Him, that are
In heaven or in the earth, invisible
Or visible, whether or thrones they be,
Dominions, principalities or powers,
All were by Him created, and for Him,
And in Him all consist!”

JOHN i: COL. i: 1-3.

O highest joy,
To know that the same hand that formed the sky,
And sowed the fields of space with countless suns
Innumerable as the forest leaves in June,—
That poured the torrents forth, and forged the chains
That bind the unquiet billows to their place,—
That sunk the deep foundations of the hills,
And scooped the sunless caverns far below,—
That bade the mountains rise 'till their white crests
Bask in the sun-ray's far above the clouds,
And sleep in the pure azure of His heavens,—
That clothed the forest-depths in vernal green,
And made them vocal with unfailing song,—
That peopled all the floods,—that bade the air
Swarm and o'erflow with countless winged things,
And filled each transient life with wond'rous bliss,—
That made the very dust of earth alive,
And gave each meek created thing a joy
Peculiarly its own,—the gentle hand
That formed and fashioned every flower that blooms,
With skill so perfect that our baffled sense
Fails to discern the millionth part of all
The subtle grace of structure and design,
E'en of the commonest we daily tread
Beneath our careless feet,—the patient hand
That painted every petal till the shades,

The lines, the tracery, the mingled hues,
 Blended and intermixed, confuse our sense,
 And make us long to see as spirits see,—
 The hand of subtlest skill, that gifted each
 With power from crude and common earth to draw—
 Or from its vital substance to evolve—
 Its own peculiar odor, till each cup
 Fills and o'erflows with fragrance, and the air
 Gathers and wafts the perfume of its breath
 O'r all the vales,—joy, full of quick tears, indeed,
 Yet *highest joy* to know that sacred hand
 Is HIS that men, in after ages, nailed
 To Calvary's cross—*hand of the blessed Christ!*

Student of Nature, thou, whose patient quest
 Is to explore th' illimitable fields
 Of Knowledge that are richly spread
 Before thee and around thee,—thou, whose eye
 Has been refined to see the wond'rous wealth
 Of beauty and of grandeur with which HE
 Has clothed His fair creation,—hast thou thought
 Whose hand hath made it all?—All the rich tints
 That flood the glowing sky when Morning rides
 In peerless beauty up the kindling East?—
 All richer dyes that lavish Evening pours
 Along the pathway of the regal sun
 What time, in cloud-pavilioned majesty, he seeks
 The chambers of the West?—that decks the Earth
 In summer robes of bloom?—that strews the sands
 Of Ocean's sunless floor with countless forms
 Of unimagined beauty?—lighted up
 Earth's gloomy caverns with unnumbered gems?—
 With countless starry crystals clothed the sides
 Of rocky amphitheatres deep sunk
 'Neath verdure-mantled hills or mountains old?—
 Hast thought it was THE CHRIST who made them all?—
 That "ALL was made by HIM, and without HIM,
 There was not *any thing* that was made, made"?

P. S. V. YULE.

Students' Quarter.

THE TWO LOVES.

TRIOLET.

How pretty she looks,
 But then,—how provoking!
 A checkmate, odds zooks!
 How pretty she looks,—
 Oh, where were my rooks?
 'Tis too painful for joking,—
 How pretty she looks,
 But then,—how provoking!

G. H. C.

THE PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE.

"Yes," said my friend, "I endorse those words—'Wisdom is the first thing, therefore, get wisdom.' This life is a disappointing affair, I think. One gets knocked round considerably, even in polite society. It is small work living for society, anyway. Social duties pall. We cannot turn to the accumulation of wealth, it is not proper—for women! The public platform's clarion call does not appeal to me as it would seem to appeal to some of the gentler sex. But"—throwing herself back in the hammock—"there is one thing left. As Uncle Glegg was wont to say,

When land is gone and money spent,
 Then learning is most excellent.

I can learn—the pleasures of knowledge must be limitless. Books I have and Nature, and my fellowmen. What more do I need or want? I long to know everything, and I mean to know something. Give me to eat of the Tree of Knowledge."

There was silence—for a moment. My respect for my friend and for her judgment was great, my belief in her determined pursuit of desired ends, greater, but I too had opinions on that subject, and womanlike, I must air them.

"It seems to me," I murmured, gazing away from those challenging eyes, "It seems to me I wouldn't be rash. Discretion is the better part of valor, and sometimes 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.' There are pleasures of ignorance as well as pleasures of knowledge.

"Now, when I was a child I loved flowers passionately, they were alive to me, each distinct in its individuality. The violet, so shy that I must search for it, possessed a personality quite as strong as that of Mrs. Smith next door, and its perfume was as intelligible a message to my understanding as her 'Howdy.'

"Sweet peas were literally dainty sweet souls on tiptoe for a flight, and I thought they leaned in delicate disgust from the flaunting peonies pressing so close beside them, while the relative merits of a rose and a poppy as fairy palaces was a question not to be decided without mature deliberation. But I must learn botany. After that to pick a flower was to pluck to pieces the beauty before me, automatically examining not a daisy or a buttercup, but petals, stamens, anthers, and all the hideous machinery of my disenchantment. But that stage soon passed. Botany, I found, was more easily forgotten than learned, and now once more, I love the flowers, even if I do not know to which of the one hundred and one families they belong. I know they are like glimpses of Heaven in their beauty, I know that it is a liberal education to live among them. Should this not content me?

"And what botany is to flowers, phrenology is to man. An amateur phrenologist at large is an unmitigated bore. You pass an hour in his company, and you must be as brazen as himself to pass through the ordeal with dignity. Tropic suns are nothing to the intensity of his gaze as he levels it on your devoted head. Let me study my fellowmen as I do my flowers. Charts of their heads will not help me. A bump of reverence may be overwhelming in its proportions, but it cannot excite my admiration and esteem unless I *see* its owner reverence the good and pure, and if I do not see him do this, can I form any more just estimate of him by feeling that protuberance? Let me move among men as I move among flowers, let me see them in the light and in the shadow, in the heat of noontide, in the frosts of autumn. There may be decay at the heart, there may be poisonous growth at the root, or the fragrance of good deeds

may accompany them, and uprightness may lift them above their fellows. No botanist's manual or phrenologist's chart can tell me this; take you your books, give me eyes, brains, and I pray you, a wealth of sympathy, and I will find my pleasures in ignorance.

"But do not think I care to know everything about my neighbors. It will not help me to appreciate the beauty of a flower, to analyse chemically the soil it springs from. Enough for me that I see the flower, and feel that it is good. Nor dare I pry too curiously into the evil of the world. I can learn enough about the night-shade to avoid it without stirring the earth at its roots. I can learn to shun the villain without delving into the dirt and degradation which nurtured him. The inner life of my neighbors I have no business to meddle with, my own little frivolities and makeshifts are enough to hide, my own bitternesses need carrying, let me give my fellow-being a chance to cover, as best he may, the skeleton in his home.

"As for my friend, my 'next of friendship,' his heart life is sacred to me. Faults we have, the best of us, and our friend's faults we love, his very frailties make him lovable. As far as he wills to open the book of his life, I am honored in reading, but I will not force the clasp, and if I expose, even to his loving gaze, the inmost thoughts and mysteries of my own life, of what use am I to him hereafter? I am an empty husk. To fathom our friend is to cease to love him, there must be depths just hinted at, there must be mystery to be fascination.

"And even as I dare not lift the veil of the Shekinah of my friend's heart, so too that other veil which shrouds my future. Here, also, I would be ignorant. How could I be happy else? If joy lit up my future path, how feverishly would I press on; if glooms and mists hung heavy there, all present usefulness were lost in morbid contemplation of a coming pain. I would rather live in to-day. 'Tis easier so. Ah! my friend, there are pleasures of ignorance. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and much learning is a weariness to the flesh."

I stopped, I had not before noticed the long silence of my friend. It startled me now that I thought of it. I looked at her. She was asleep.

Moulton College.

"O."

CAUSES OF THE PRESENT BUSINESS DEPRESSION
IN THE UNITED STATES.

The panic of 1893 will long be remembered, not alone for its severity, but also for the many peculiar features connected with it. Perhaps the most marked of these was the condition of the industrial market prior to, and during the financial crisis. The course of events preceding all former panics, has been so unvarying, especially as regards the industrial market, as almost to warrant for it the assumption of procedure according to law. In almost every known case, the condition of trade, immediately preceding, has been one of extreme expansion. The recent crisis, on the contrary, was characterized by a reduction of the stocks on hand, and this in nearly every branch of industry, the like of which is unprecedented in the commercial history of the United States. Again, recovery from former panics has been retarded by the necessarily prolonged and difficult liquidation of over-expanded stocks, for which the demand had suddenly disappeared; while the contraction during the recent crisis was so great as to compel renewed activity, on the very first signs of returning confidence, in order to satisfy even the ordinary needs of life. To arrive, therefore, at any thorough understanding of the present depression, differing so essentially, as it does, from all former records, it will not suffice merely to point out its immediate cause. Such a treatment by isolating the single phenomenon would not only lead to an exaggerated idea of its importance, but would leave altogether out of sight those circumstances which were accountable for its peculiar features. So while none would hesitate to name the Sherman Silver Act as the immediate cause, it will first be necessary to consider the surrounding conditions, including some of the most prominent features of national life, under which the Sherman Bill became law.

The first characteristic of the nation to which attention is called is that of extravagance. This indeed may be held by some to be merely incidental to the present depression, and altogether unworthy of consideration in this connection. But having been assigned a chief place among the causes, by one of

America's greatest business men, it at least deserves some notice. The reason for this extravagance is not far to seek. Easy come, easy go, is the sentiment expressed by an old proverb, which finds apt illustration among the people of the United States, where fortunes have been made in a day. Especially is this true in the Western States; there settlement has been of recent years, and towns, and even cities have sprung up with marvelous rapidity. In older countries where fortunes have been slowly accumulating for generations past, money is held on to with a tenacity that finds little sympathy on this continent. It is but reasonable to conclude therefore that, had there been less extravagance during the past few years, the crisis, while not being altogether averted, would, at least, have been less severely felt. Apart, moreover, from the expenditure of money in personal gratification, extravagance deserves mention as being the first step towards rousing the universal passion of man for speculation.

It will not do, however, to denounce speculation without distinction. All business transactions are more or less speculative—nay, speculation is the very life of industry and is necessary to all progress. It is the lack of this feature, namely, want of courage to discount the future, that retards recovery after panic. In what way then, it may be asked, has speculation operated to bring about the present state of things?

In answering this question it will be needful to recognize four classes of speculators. First, there is the experienced and well-informed man, who, acting in either a private capacity or as the representative of some moneyed organization, is ready to invest wherever there is promise of a fair return; demanding only a reasonable security; being able to hold or dispose of his shares, as may seem best, at any particular time. It is this class that is so essential to all commercial and industrial enterprise. Next there is the well-to-do individual who is content with a comparatively small return provided the security be first-class and of a permanent character. Then there is the professional speculator, a man not necessarily of any capital, who buys and sells on margin only, and who takes advantage of the sudden and constant fluctuations of the market, to the serious discomfort, if not ruin, of a very large class of inexperienced, and so far as securities are concerned, densely ignorant investors. These last

named form the fourth class, and it is they who are responsible for a large part of the present trouble. But for them, many of the over capitalized and loosely organized industrial combinations could never have existed. In spite of the warning on the part of the best informed, that high dividends on watered industrial stock could only be paid by over-production, these speculations have been largely entered into by the American public. One would have thought that the result of similar investments in brewery companies and incorporated trading concerns, for whose shares, doubled, and in some cases quadrupled over normal capitalization, the English scrambled so wildly in 1888 and 1889, and which culminated so disastrously in the Baring panic, would have taught those on this continent to be more chary of such. What does the average investor know, to take one out of many instances, regarding the actual business of the "Sugar" combination? He does not even stop to think that it is capitalized on the basis of extravagant prices paid for rival refineries, and that they did a profitable business on a capitalization amounting, in the aggregate, to a sum vastly below that represented in combination. For the uninformed to dabble in such concerns, is nothing but the sheerest folly.

But money was plentiful, loans were easily secured; on a few hundred dollars a man found no difficulty in borrowing as many thousands, and as a consequence, all manner of wild speculation was entered into, which only awaited an adverse tide of business to result in greatest calamity. Thus the tendency of the people to extravagance and speculation were alone sufficient to produce a very unhealthy state of things. But, bad as it was, it was made still worse by the tariff policy of the Government; a policy which, however necessary in the earlier stages of the country's development, has long since ceased to be so.

Many plausible arguments have been advanced in the endeavor to show that the excessive duties of the last twenty or thirty years, were in no way responsible for the financial crisis of last summer, which, it is maintained, was solely due to anticipation of tariff reform. Very little thought, however, is required to show that, while the prevailing policy of the last few years *was* so responsible, anticipation of such reform, far from being a cause of the crisis, rather tended to lessen its severity.

In regard to the first proposition, that the fiscal policy of the last thirty years or so was a cause of the depression, perhaps a better statement would be, the fiscal policy of the last ten or fifteen years; for, while not differing essentially from that of the previous fifteen, there was not, as has already been stated, the same need for it. He who uses a crutch when lame is a wise man, but the continued use of such after all lameness has vanished, is greatest foolishness. Had the tariff been modified during recent years, even to the limited extent proposed by the bill now before the House, which largely provides for the free importation of raw material, manufacturers would not have been so entirely dependent on their own country as a market for their produce. Even with the present high duties, which necessarily increase the cost of all productions to an enormous extent, American manufacturers are able to compete, and that successfully, in the European markets; for example:—Mr. Johann Faber, of Nuremberg, speaking of the difficulties which he is encountering in his European trade through the underselling of American lead-pencil manufacturers, says:—"England is flooded with cheap American pencils, to such an extent, that my product has no chance for a sale." Now American cedar pencils are sold in England for about 66c. a gross; a price which the Germans cannot touch. This does not look as if protection were needed in this line at least. What are the facts? The duty imposed by the American Government on lead pencils is 50c. a gross, or 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, which amounts to about 130 per cent. of so called indispensable protection. With these facts in mind, is it too much to say that, had the duties, especially on raw material, been gradually removed during the last ten or fifteen years, no matter how severe the depression in the United States, there would have been no need for the wholesale closing down of mills and factories as was the case last summer? In other words, had manufacturers received their raw material free of duty, they would long ere this have been able to compete with England in most of her chief industries; markets would have been established all over the world; the balance of trade would have been enormously in favor of the States, and a gold famine rendered impossible.

The truth of the second proposition, that anticipation of

tariff reform lessened the severity of the crisis, is at once obvious when it is remembered that never in the commercial history of the United States were markets in such a healthy condition, so far at least as clean and light stocks were concerned, as immediately previous to the panic. The testimony of men at the head of large wholesale and jobbing houses was universal in this regard. One man at the head of a large dry-goods house writes: "I have never known stocks as small as at present; they are so low, that if there were to be anything like a sharp demand, there would at once be a marked advance in prices; this is true, not alone of stocks in the hands of the wholesalers, but also of those in the hands of manufacturers. From the information I have, I am inclined to think that never before have the manufacturers carried so small a stock." Thus, even before the silver question had begun to assume any very serious proportions, in the minds of the people at any rate, preparations were being made for a change of tariff, which by reducing all classes of stocks that were at all likely to be affected, unintentional though it was, tended to lessen the damaging influence of the crisis.

But, while all this is true, a financial crisis having taken place, anticipation of tariff reform certainly aggravated the situation. Since, had it not been for expected changes in the customs duties, business would before now have shown more definite signs of revival. As it is, however, no wholesaler is going to place any large orders, with the certainty of falling prices consequent on the removal of high duties from raw material. There is, therefore, no great demand being made on the manufacturer. The result is that he proceeds cautiously, on the hand to mouth principle, making no larger investments in raw material than are requisite for present purposes. The whole country is in a state of waiting and doubt concerning the future. The wheels of commerce are clogged, and must so remain till this question of tariff is settled. If the evil effects of this waiting could be confined to the owners of mills, factories and other large business concerns, the distress would be comparatively small; but, unfortunately, this enforced idleness on their part throws out of employment thousands of men and women, and thus takes from them their only means of earning a living.

A few figures will help to make the situation more intelligible. Owing to the commercial depression in 1884, three hundred and fifty thousand employees were thrown out of work, but the partial stoppage in industrial and commercial enterprises, during the recent crisis, threw out, according to Bradstreet's estimate, no fewer than from seven to nine hundred thousand wage-earners. The improvement during the last few months has been so slight that it is very doubtful if any large number of these have yet found employment. Indeed, judging from the state of things in Chicago and other large cities, it would not be surprising to learn that this number had been increased rather than diminished. Let it be clearly understood then, that anticipation of tariff reform was not a cause of the recent crisis, and whatever effect such anticipation is now exerting on trade it, is largely due to the financial breakdown, apart from which little or no trouble would have been occasioned by it. Everywhere it was tacitly admitted that a revision of the tariff was unavoidable, and that the short-sighted policy which had characterized the government for so many years must give place to broader and sounder views. How politicians like McKinley succeeded for so long a time in persuading both themselves and their constituencies, that it is the foreigner who really pays the increase of price made necessary by high protective duties, and not they themselves, is a mystery. How much of this was genuine ignorance and how much wilful self-delusion, in order to promote private enterprises, is a matter of comparatively small concern and does not alter the result which has been most disastrous. But even such conduct pales before the down-right trickery of those who, in the few years previous to the last general election, did not scruple to employ the most questionable means to further the interests of their protective policy.

It will be remembered that, previous to 1890, the treasury was literally rolling in wealth. The revenue exceeded the expenditure by at least one hundred millions of dollars a year, and the great problem was, how wisely to expend this surplus, in order to avoid the too large accumulation of money in the hands of the government. This state of things was, of course, very disadvantageous for those advocating a high tariff policy; so long as there was a super-abundance of revenue, there was

always the possibility that it might be used to effect large reductions in the customs duties; while all agitation for still higher tariff as a means of further revenue was of course quite out of the question. In view of this, the Protectionists deliberately set themselves to devise some means whereby the surplus revenue might be reduced.

Their first step in this direction was the altogether unnecessary payment during the year ending June 30th, 1891, of over \$21,000,000, solely for the privilege of paying off National loans before they had reached maturity. But the chief instrument in their hands, for the effecting of this reduction, was the enormous increase made in the Pension roll. The following figures given in round numbers will show how completely successful were their efforts:

YEAR ENDING. June 30th.	REVENUE.	EXPENDITURE.	SURPLUS.
1888	\$379,000,000	\$269,000,000	\$119,000,000
1889	\$387,000,000	\$282,000,000	\$105,000,000
1890	\$427,000,000	\$297,000,000	\$130,000,000

But in the following year this magnificent surplus is made to give place to one not exceeding the comparatively small sum of \$37,000,000. By June, 1892, it was reduced to \$10,000,000 and by June, 1893, it had fallen as low as \$1,000,000. Now it must not be supposed that these diminished surpluses were due to a corresponding diminution in revenue; for while it is true that the revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1893, did not amount to more than \$355,000,000 as against \$357,000,000 in 1889, a reduction of two millions, the surplus during these same years showed a falling off of about \$104,000,000; and had the Secretary of the Treasury complied with the provisions of the Act of 1862, which calls for nearly \$50,000,000 to be set aside for the reduction of debt, this meagre balance of \$1,000,000 in 1893, would have been turned into a very serious deficit. Thus it was only by suspending the sinking fund, and that without any legislative authority, that the Treasurer was able to make both ends meet. In three years, therefore, the Treasury was practically reduced from a possible balance of \$130,000,000 to a deficit of over \$40,000,000.

Such in brief has been the course of events, which produced

those conditions under which the Sherman Act was enabled to bring about such widespread panic and disaster. In the light of these facts the wonder is not that one act in so short a time could prove so ruinous, but that the result produced was not far worse. The gun was already loaded with the most deadly explosives, it awaited only the application of the electric spark to produce the wildest confusion in the ranks of finance and commerce. That spark was found in the passing of the Sherman Bill.

The question naturally arises as to the origin of this Bill. More money! more money! was the cry being raised by the public generally; raised it is true at the instigation of a few self-interested and unprincipled politicians, who, taking advantage of the almost universal ignorance that existed among the great mass of the people in regard to monetary affairs, succeeded in persuading them that all that was needed to make people happy and contented was the distribution by Government of more money, no matter how obtained. This was to be the panacea for all their ills. The clamor became so great that a bill was introduced providing for the free coinage of silver. This measure, however, met with such strong opposition that a compromise was resorted to, resulting in the passing of the Sherman Bill, July 14th, 1890, by which the Treasury was required to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly. It is clear that this Bill became law through a false view regarding the needs of the country; for we find that in October, 1893 when the outstanding currency had been increased by over \$200,000,000, making the amount per capita larger than ever before, the distress of the people was greatest.

The immediate effect of this Act was to check the inflow of foreign capital, which up to this time had been increasingly large, the stream being diverted to the Argentine Republic, South America and Australia. In this last named country it is said that four millions of people were able to borrow about \$2,000,000,000. These investments turned out utter failures and brought about the downfall of Baring Bros., one of the oldest and greatest of European Banking Houses.

While from the first European capitalists had doubted the wisdom of the financial policy of the United States, they had

not as yet withdrawn to any large extent the capital already invested. But now, taught by the Baring Bros' failure, foreign investors became more uneasy. The policy of the United States was subjected to closer scrutiny, and as a consequence all confidence in American securities was lost. Slowly but surely foreign capital was withdrawn. The volume of gold exports gradually increased, until in one week, ending March 4th, 1892, they reached the unusual figure of \$5,000,000. Had it not been for the very abundant harvest of that summer, which threw the balance of trade largely in favor of the States, the financial crisis would have burst upon the country that autumn. With favourable crops, however, the money market became easier, and what was in reality only a temporary improvement was looked upon by the nation as the beginning of a new era of prosperity. But foreign investors continued to withdraw their capital, and for the week ending December 17th, 1892, another unusually large shipment of gold, amounting to \$4,500,000, was made to Europe. Still with very few exceptions, the faith of the American people in their currency remained unshaken. Indeed such was their confidence that in the face of the continual drain made on the gold reserve, some of the most prominent business men declared their belief that the United States would yet be able to force a silver currency on the world. But such confidence only served to postpone and aggravate the crisis.

The immediate cause of the financial breakdown was due, therefore, to the distrust of foreigners, and not as some would argue, to distrust on the part of citizens of the United States. When however the continued withdrawal of foreign capital led to the breaking, on May 3rd, 1893, of the \$100,000,000 gold reserve, then ensued a general panic. Those who up to this time had had perfect confidence in their currency began to take in the seriousness of the situation, although this occurrence had made no material difference. It is true that the reserve had been broken prior to this on April 20th, but it was only a momentary affair, and the close of the same day saw it restored and \$700,000 of free gold acquired, as against only \$40,500 when the day began. This only served therefore to give the people more confidence in the elasticity of the Treasury. But

the amount withdrawn on May 3rd was not so replaced; things grew daily worse, and the Reserve was still further depleted. To see the gold thus melting away before their eyes was more than men could stand, an unknown fear took possession of them and a wild rush was made on Banks and Banking institutions; so that between May 4th and July 12th the unparalleled amount of nearly \$200,000,000 was drawn from National Banks alone. By October 3rd the amount withdrawn reached nearly \$400,000,000. Adding to this the sums drawn from other Banking institutions, it is estimated that the amount would not be far short of \$500,000,000. In order to meet this drain, the Banks were forced to call in their loans, which they did to the extent of \$318,000,000. Is it any wonder that such stringency, following as it did upon great ease of the money market, resulted in a general collapse? Failure succeeded failure, crash followed crash, with scarcely any intermission. Business was brought to a sudden standstill and commercial credit was a thing of the past.

There is not the slightest doubt that much of the trouble might have been averted had it not been for the panicky element that was so very conspicuous during the height of the crisis. As an illustration of the entirely psychological nature of this element, it is interesting to note that, after confidence had been partially restored, the gold reserve fell lower than at any time during the actual crisis, without producing the slightest ripple of emotion, beyond the casual remark of the news-reader. Another instance of a similar character is afforded by the fact that, so persuaded were the people that the Sherman Act was the sole cause of business depression, and so confident were they that with its repeal business would resume its usual volume, that no sooner was repeal announced, than business in response to their belief began to show marked signs of returning life. This better feeling as might be expected did not last long, for while the immediate cause of the financial crisis was removed, the blow had been too severe to allow of any real improvement.

With the repeal of the Sherman Act, however, hope once more shines over the future of the United States. The darkness has lasted so long that it is at first difficult to recognize the light. Silver no longer a troublesome sister has become an

inconvenient ghost. Once more the financial policy will be placed on a sound footing. Some indeed doubt the reality of the change; many are holding aloof, waiting for further developments; but be this as it may, the change is real and the outlook for America's prosperity is undoubtedly brighter than at any time since the Civil War.

W. W. McMASTER.

January, 1894.

THE WATER LILY AND THE STARS.

From the deep black mire of the river's bed
A lily raised its radiant head,
And gazed, with a wistful, wondering eye,
At the twinkling gems in the far-off sky.

And the stars, from their ebon throne, looked down
With never an envious eye or frown,
Each loved the other, and each admired;
For with beauty and grace were both attired.

The spotless drape of an angel's gown,
And the gleaming gold of Jehovah's throne,
Together, a glowing radiance shed
From the humble flower in the river's bed.

For the lily's glossy, silken fold,
With brow of crystal and heart of gold,
Is the work of the same strong, generous hand
As the gems in the vault of the glory-land.

In the flower of the field, in the bow in the cloud,
In the swaddling robe, in the sleeper's shroud,
There are silent deeps where no foot hath trod,
That may only be known in the Light of God.

O. G. LANGFORD.

A PLEA FOR COWPER.

"Poetry is degraded and made ornamental. Pope and his school wrote poetry fit to put round frosted cake How many volumes of well-bred metre must we jingle through before we can be filled, taught, renewed. . . . If I should count the poets who have contributed to the Bible of existing England, sentences of guidance and consolation which are still glowing and effective—how few! Shall I find my heavenly bread in the reigning poets? Where is great design in modern English poetry? The English have lost sight of the fact that poetry exists to speak the spiritual law The Greek artists considered it their office to lead to the divine sources. . . . The best office of the best poets has been to show how low and uninspired was their general style, and that only once or twice they have struck the high chord."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The Englishman's mind must stand on a fact. He will not be baffled or catch at clouds, but the mind must have a symbol palpable and resisting. . . . Poetry is inspired common sense."—R. W. E.

The writer has been wont to think the poet Cowper has not been accorded either by the critics or by the literary public the place to which his genius entitles him. What the great majority have decided upon must generally be accepted as a settled problem, but the judgment of the majority is not always infallible as the frequent fluctuations of public opinion tend to show.

It must be granted at the outset that Cowper is not in any sense a great poet of the imagination. Wordsworth and Byron easily surpass him in this particular, to say nothing of Shelley or Keats. Lofty flights of imagination, those wild pictures of airy fancy which in dim and indistinct sketches are outlined upon every page of Shelley and Keats, may be wholly wanting in Cowper's work, but must we on this account alone give to them first place and mark Cowper wanting in the true poetic sense? Is there no true poetry without wild, hyperbolic fancy; boundless, formless, aimless, untangible, inconceivable? Must the imagination lead us out into the impossible depths of sky blue or ocean green, where man never trod and where even conception finds difficult passage. Lofty, sublime, transcendent, even divine are the epithets so frequently applied to the productions of those great geniuses, while the lines of truth have been overstepped at every bound, and nature has been distorted, even tortured, as she has been represented by a thousand mystic fancies to which no one can legitimately conceive any likeness. It is said that this is great art,—great because it rides wildly over every fixed or fixable bound, leaving every realm of possibility, known or unknown far in the back ground.

What is art? Is it creation, invention or imitation? Many will readily answer it is invention. Then the classic Greek artists were not artists at all, for they were content with imitation, ever striving to reach a perfect model of nature. What is it that constitutes the crowning glory of a portrait or landscape, its truth or its fiction? a complete representation of the original or a hyperbolic caricature in a thousand unnatural tints which no man ever saw in nature? Who has not been shocked, disgusted, by the cheap oleographs seen in the shop windows gotten up to tickle the fancy of the vulgar? Pictures indeed! utterly unworthy of the name, and yet there are people who admire them and who regard them as splendid specimens of art. Now, which is the true artist, the one who imitates nature faithfully, honestly and modestly keeping within the realms of imitation of the great Creator's work, or the too bold and over-fanciful inventor who, by usurping the place of the Infinite, seeks to become the architect of the Creator?

Coming more particularly to a consideration of Cowper's genius we gladly admit there is none of this wild and boundless enthusiasm, but in place of it a gentle sweetness, a quiet modesty, a deep and reverent regard for truth, a faithful and beautiful portrayal of the works of God. To Cowper God has made everything, and therefore it is "very good;" it is enough for him to say his humble word of praise and rest content. He saw—

"Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak or stain
Of *His* unrivalled pencil."

"His presence, who made all so fair, perceived
Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene
Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please."

To Cowper,

"Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God,"

and he could rest content to draw aside the curtain and show his friends a glimpse of the Great Artist hiding Himself gracefully meanwhile as unworthy of special attention. Surely this is worthy art indeed!

But why has not this sweet, gentle, true, holy genius been given the place it deserves? Is it because his master was not

honored among men? Then there need be no further wonder. The sober garb of the Puritan will not add much to the popularity of men to-day, and still less in Cowper's day. The fact that he was a Christian and was not afraid to own it, is sufficient reason for him to be left out of the reckoning by many of the critics, while Shelley who wrote and boasted of atheism, and Keats not less an unbeliever, are lauded to the skies. But the best has yet to be said. Judged by any lawful standard where shall be the place of the author of

"O for a closer walk with God."

"Sometimes a light surprises."

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord."

"God moves in a mysterious way."

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Let the multitude answer, let the redeemed hosts of heaven echo their Amen, as we say greater than Shelley or Keats, greater than Wordsworth or Tennyson, greater than even Shakespeare himself, is he who dares to say, "I am God's child, my genius, my tongue, my pen, are His."

"One spirit, His

Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows
Rules universal nature."

Much more might be said, but we have said enough. His broad democratic spirit in the midst of red-hot conservatism, the deep wellspring of love to suffering and oppressed men, a heart that beat true and loyal to the Christ of Nazareth, and withal a genius that no one seriously questions, place Cowper where no modern poet stands—beside the Great King. And is this the reason that Cowper is unnoticed? We think so. Frances Ridley Havergal furnishes another example of the same thing. Some of her poems we make bold to say are equal to the best strains of Milton, but because they are the echo of the Christ life and are the simple and beautiful statements of one who said,—

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always only for my King,"

she has been accounted unworthy of criticism and passed by in silence. Let but an atheist, skeptic or infidel produce rhyme, good, bad or indifferent, and it is at once brought out and given

fair field and sometimes unfair favor, while the poet who is the devoted servant of the Christ may look for and wait for his reward in the Bright Realm.

We utter no complaint. It is well. But we quietly call attention to the fact that the follower of the Crucified is no less subjected to invidious comparison now than in the dim days of the past. First decide that a man is a Christian and that he writes as a Christian and it is enough to bring out the severest castigation of the critics, if indeed the critics can be induced to notice his work, but say that the writer is an infidel and it is so much recommendation. The poets themselves are not unworthy of blame in this matter; Wordsworth was a Christian but he scarcely dared to say so, Tennyson has hinted and whispered in an almost imperceptible manner his devotion to the Pilot he hoped to see face to face. Even Shakespeare leaves us in doubt as to his conversion. An abnormal craving for indulgence in fanciful nonsense; indescribably dim, shadowy, vapoury, misty, taking the place of the Divinely inspired Record of the supernatural, leads men to applaud and magnify the invention of men and detracts from the glory that belongs to the Great Eternal. When poets begin to lose themselves in the glory of Him who is worthy of all the praise they will be worthy men, good and true, and then will Cowper come to be regarded as a prince among the poets.

Cowper is sweet, true, tender and faithful. He leads one lovingly through nature up to nature's God and leaves no one in doubt as to his heart's conviction. He

" Lived to bless his fellowmen
And glorify his God."

O that all poets might find satisfaction in thus dedicating this sublime talent, this highest of all powers to the service of Him who inspired the first poetry and to whose praise the last songs of the ages shall be sung.

O. N. E.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR halls are well-nigh deserted, the long rows of bicycles that so long were wont to grace the grand entrance have disappeared, some indeed, mysteriously, but only *ad majorem gloriam* of the Toronto detective service. The students have gone to enjoy their well-earned rest. Many of them have left deep and lasting marks behind, foot-prints to guide to higher things aspiring freshmen of future years. Many, we trust, will return to make their "*bismarcks*" in our college life. May they have a happy and useful vacation, and may we all be spared to meet again for renewed work and honor in the autumn.

THE final examinations in Arts and Theology of McMaster University for 1894 are over, and the results have been given to the public. On the whole they are eminently satisfactory; the students have given evidence of faithful and successful work performed during the year. The graduating classes have more than realized the high expectations of their professors, and many and handsome have been the words of encomium sent in by the associate examiners. Especially gratifying were the kind and eloquent words of Dr. McLellan at the graduating exercises on Thursday evening, in regard to the subject of education. The papers read by him were among the few delightful experiences of examinations. Many of them could appear without the change of a word as contributions to any journal of education. Similar praise has been given to some of the papers in Philosophy and English, while the essays read publicly on Tuesday evening, 1st inst., were all excellent and well received by the audience. That of Mr. Geo. Cross, B.A., on "Jesus' Thought of Himself," was listened to with most profound attention, and greeted with marks of special approbation. More than one pastor of long experience declared it was the finest production of the kind he had ever heard.

IN the future history of McMaster University, the year 1894 will be memorable as the year of the graduation of its first-class in Arts. It promises much for the future of the University that this class should be so large, and that it should be composed of the kind of men (and women) they are. If future classes shall even equal this—they may be very reasonably expected to exceed it—in point of numbers, it will not be many years before the graduates of McMaster will not only constitute the larger portion of the Baptist ministry of Ontario and Quebec, but also form a respectable element in the various secular callings and

professions of the country. And if in both the religious and secular spheres they shall prove themselves to be the right kind of men—the men whom the University has sought rightly to condition itself for producing, its right to exist and work will be fully justified.

Taking this class as a whole, it is well suited by natural ability, by literary taste, by intellectual discipline, and by high moral and Christian aims to be the first of the series of classes—the typical representative of the series, to which every successive year is to add another. And we are not unwilling that the public should form its estimate from this class of the kind of work which McMaster is capable of doing. Indeed, on this ground alone McMaster bids for popular recognition and support. Some institutions, in putting their label upon the men they send out, thus chiefly advertise the men; McMaster proposes that her men shall advertise her.

We feel quite sure that this class will ever be loyal to their Alma Mater, and do all in their power to advance her best interests. Other things being equal, the institution that lives in the hearts of its graduates has herein a better guarantee for solid permanence and growth than the largest state aid can give without this. Acadia, our beloved elder sister, whose children are now so numerous that even in other lands they are forming themselves into Branch Alumni Associations, can never die nor ever be permitted to languish. We will emulate her spirit and example. A new interest will be imparted to the proceedings of our Alumni Association this year by the accession to its numbers which it shall receive from the present graduating class, and from the upwards of forty graduates from other colleges in Canada and the United States who shall come in on the *ad eundem gradum* basis. W.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

NO fountain is so small but that heaven may be imagined in its bosom.—*Haithorne*.

WHEN death, the Great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*Geo. Eliot*.

A MAN should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages.—*Emerson*.

WITH this number of our magazine we bid farewell to our exchanges for another year. It has been a pleasant task to scan their newsy, literary columns, quite a little education in its way. As we

shake hands with our fellows and scatter far and wide over our great Dominion, we cast a farewell glance at our exchange friends and wish all the editors a pleasant and profitable vacation.

EVIDENTLY McMaster is not the only University in which the cap and gown question is agitated. We clip the following from the *Brunonian*:—The appearance of several Seniors in cap and gown on last Saturday elicited much favorable comment from all sides. In pursuance of the general opinion made manifest by the decision of the class, it becomes the honourable privilege of every Senior to wear these emblems of distinction. The dignity which attaches to such a custom is measured principally by the degree of unanimity of its adoption, and such unanimity is best manifested on public occasions. At the ball game on the day mentioned, the sight of a few of the class of '94 in cap and gown was as pleasing as it was novel, but only a few were thus attired. Why should not every Senior exercise his prerogative, and thus assist in establishing a precedent by the observance of which during the spring term, the members of the lower classes will be continually reminded of the honourable position of the Senior, while the latter will thus have cause to remember the approaching end of his college course and to value the swiftly passing days accordingly?

THE examinations are once more a matter of history. Some hard plugging, some bad writing, some grim anxiety, have ended a struggle more or less successful. Just at this time one is tempted to ask *cui bono*? Why all this extra pulling and fretting? Is it a necessary and indispensable part of education? Seeing that so few really good universities have yet abolished the examination system, we conclude that it *is* necessary. But do not the annual examinations serve a good purpose? They prune out the weaklings who attempt what they cannot overtake. Then they cut off the indolent who will not do what they can and would fain have the honour without the work, and the desultory, careless student, who will not take the trouble to systematize and correlate his knowledge, is likely to fall out of the ranks, and the examination is fatal to the forgetful man who lets ideas slide through his mind without an effort to retain them. But the old arguments against examinations remain unanswered. They encourage the man who can cram up at the last, to spend his time in comparative indolence throughout the year, while sometimes a hard worker gets "plucked" because of some trifling technicality or misfortune. The McMaster system of ranking a student according to his class-room work, plus the result of the written examination, is probably the best yet tried. If carefully applied and honestly administered, there is no doubt of the efficacy of the plan or the justice of the judgment. The idle dolt as well as the earnest worker is soon singled out and his fate is sealed in many cases long before the day of final judgment.

—"Each after all learns only what he can ;
Who grasps the moment as it flies,
He is the real man.—Gæthe."

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills !
 The speed of Thy streams give me !
 In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
 I would stand or run for Thee.
 Let me be Thy voice or Thy silent power,—
 As the cataract or the peak,—
 An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
 Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
 Upon morning summits laid ;
 Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
 Through Thy shuttles of light and shade ;
 Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright ;
 As mountains and forests do ;
 Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
 And wait for Thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
 Under clank of its icy chain !
 Give me of the patience that hides among
 Thy hill-tops in mist and rain !
 Lift me up from the clod : let me breathe Thy breath,
 Thy beauty and strength give me !
 Let me lose both the name and meaning of death
 In the life I have with Thee !

LUCY LARCOM.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, }
 S. R. TARK, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

Here is May
 With the merry madcap Spring ;
 But the boys have all departed,
 And to-day,
 The empty echoes ring,
 And the Hall is heavy-hearted.

BULLDOZING, or the Hibernian effects of examination reaction :—
 "I'd rather die than be absent at Commencement." . . . "You'd
 notice a person's eyebrows if he hadn't any."

THE Class of '95 is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of
 Mr. Wilson R. Smith, the popular Science Master at Woodstock. '95
 has suffered severe losses, and Mr. Smith's accession will, therefore, be
 the more eagerly welcomed.

WE take this opportunity of publicly thanking our late Lecturer
 in English, Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., for the invaluable service he has

rendered the University classes during the two years just past. Mr. Keys has shown deep interest in the institution and the individual welfare of his students; his heart has been in his work, his vim and energy have been unrelaxing, his teaching thorough and successful; to him is due the heartiest assurance of our gratitude and esteem.

YE DAINTIE DITTIES.

v.

AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.

The moon gleamed round and red that night,
The flowers sighed as sank the light
Of their great monarch from the sight—
And then the frog croaked.

The flowers sighed and breathed there
With fragrant breath their evening prayer,
And gave their sweetness to the air—
Again the frog croaked.

The moon gleam'd red—adown the lane
She saw a straggling village wain
Roll on and out—'twas still again
Until the frog croaked.

“ And now do all the lane forsake,
The frog and I are aught awake—
The frog in yonder tiny lake.”
Thus mused the moon From the lagoon
Again the frog croaked.

But redder, rounder yet she gleamed,
For far adown the lane it seemed
Were more awake than she had deemed—
And then the frog croaked.

And slowly, softly, smiling came
Two children at the old, old game—
Bowing, cooing,
Vowing, wooing,

Ever 'twas and is the same—
And then, ah! then the frog croaked.

Two gentle hearts were given there,
Two mysteries, to other's care.
O sight so old! O sight so rare!
Meanwhile the frog croaked.

And on, and out, and all too soon
They've passed—the voice from the lagoon
Was heard nor heeded; a platoon
Of scudding clouds has hid the moon—
And yet again the frog croaked.

THE FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

“ As one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.”

So felt hundreds in the perception of the high and brilliant success attained by McMaster at her first Annual Commencement—McMaster the young, the vigorous; determined and destined, with Heavenly aid, to accomplish fully her two great ideals: *pure Christianity* and *thorough*

education. Great things have been achieved. What may not be expected for the future, so long as McMaster in true gratitude and becoming humility holds steadfastly to her purpose, to her legend, in which all her aims and ideals are summed up :

τὰ πάντα ἐν Ἀριστῷ συνέστηκεν

The Commencement Exercises continued for three days. On Tuesday, May 1st, in the Walmer Road church, occurred the delivery of essays before the University by five students of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. Chancellor Rand and the Faculty occupied the platform. The large and representative audience assembled listened with the utmost interest to the proceedings throughout. Mr. A. S. Vogt and his efficient Jarvis St Choir very kindly furnished the musical part of the programme, leading off with Randegger's "Praise the Lord." After earnest invocation by Rev. Mr. Trotter, of Peterboro', there followed the admirably-rendered "God Sent His Singers," by Gaul. The first essayist in Arts, Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, had selected for his theme "The Ministry of Poetry." In chaste, poetic language, and with much eloquence, the speaker developed his subject, emphasizing and illustrating by carefully prepared selections of verse. Long and hearty applause testified his hearers' appreciation. Mr Harry Stillwell followed with an acute and forcible paper upon "The Relation between Philosophy and Religion." Having briefly outlined the subject and function of each, and depicted the difference in form, he proceeded to investigate the historical and essential causes of rivalry between them, and the possibility of reconciliation, showing that the first step must be a genuine separation of necessarily independent problems. Let Science disengage itself from Religion and follow its goal, viz., the description and causal explanation of the Actual, unconcerned about the possibility of an ideal explanation. Let Religion follow its goal, viz., giving to Faith its interpretation of Reality, unconcerned about the possibility of a scientific construction. So shall there be peace! Mr. Stillwell's essay left a deep impress and was well received. The last of the Arts graduates to appear on the programme was Miss Eliza P. Wells, adequately representing the fairer portion of the class of '94. Miss Wells treated of "The Higher Education of Women in its Relation to Home Life,"—a timely subject, handled by the essayist in a very earnest manner, heightened by keen but apt satirical reflections upon prevalent notions regarding woman's sphere and duties. The treatment and delivery of the subject provoked general applause and commendation. Mr. Vogt and the choir now refreshed the senses with what may be pardonably termed an exquisite rendering of Shelley's "Hark, Hark my Soul!" The applause which followed was prolonged and enthusiastic.

Chancellor Rand gracefully tendered the thanks of the assemblage to Mr. Vogt and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, after which followed the two theses by members of the Graduating Class in Theology. The first was "The Imagination in the Discovery and Presentation of Truth" by Mr. Howard P. Whidden, B.A., whose paper was of a high order, replete with instructive suggestion, and admirable from a literary standpoint. George Cross, B.A., was the last essayist of the evening, and certainly 'capped the climax.' "Jesus' Thought of Him-

self" was the subject, and his calm, earnest delivery, together with his and masterly appreciation of his theme, aroused and quickened the most intense sympathy and admiration among the audience. Mr. Cross' paper will probably be published in our June number, and will, we trust, receive the careful perusal of all our readers. The National Anthem closed the evening's proceedings.

The students of McMaster owe a great debt of gratitude to Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, not only for his powerful and inspiring baccalaureate discourse, but also, for those kind and singularly happy words of his, which contributed so much to the enjoyment of a subsequent occasion.

The audience-room of the Walmer Road Church was crowded on Wednesday evening, when Dr. Boardman came forward to deliver his address to the men and women of the first graduating class in Arts of our University. The sermon was full of sympathy and earnestness, and none are likely soon to forget the beautiful, eloquent language in which the learned preacher set before us the aims and purposes which should govern all true life, and the simple, but lofty and holy, principles by which alone these can be attained. Announcing as his subject, "Divine Forms and Human Figurations," Dr Boardman proceeded to show that all true art was a human figuration from a divine form; this form being the invisible, ideal plan, the perfect archetype revealed to man by God Himself, of which all figures were more or less imperfect copies. All true art, therefore, aims to represent by human figurations, such as temples, statuary, etc., the perfections of worship, righteousness, beauty, harmony and truth which dwell in the supreme ideal of the divine form. The true architect, for example, will seek to realize the ideal pattern which he has seen in spirit in some moments of sacred rapture; and thus will never lend his talents to design buildings whose purpose is to degrade his fellow-beings. The sculptor and the painter likewise, will strive to figure perfectly the archetypal form, to reveal to men the perfect character form of the eternal righteousness, Christ Jesus. They will not desire to imagine or pourtray the coarse and ugly, the deformed or monstrous. 'The time was coming when it would be considered artistic in painting the picture of a good man, not only to pourtray him accurately, so that his likeness should be easily recognized, but also to pourtray him, so to speak, transcendently, that is, at the crest of his good possibilities. What a sad testimony to the fall of human nature, that we justify and enjoy caricatures of our public men, but would criticize transfigurations of them as being sentimental and visionary!' The human faculty of language was one of the world's greatest wonders, simply incalculable was the power and influence of a single word. Language was intended to serve as the shrine and organ and disburser of truth; that was the secret of a genuine, wholesome, abiding and perfect literature. That literature was most consummate which was most imbued with the spirit of Him who was the divine word made flesh.

The daily papers for May 4th contain thorough and exhaustive reports of the Collation and Convocation. Ours must be briefer. But the *Globe's* introduction is worthy of insertion here:—

"With the convocation of McMaster University, which was held yesterday, began a new era in the history of that institution. Heretofore it has been simply the highest theological seminary of the Baptist denomination in Western Canada,

a seminary indeed splendidly equipped and possessed of an able and experienced staff of professors and teachers, but still an institution devoted solely to the preparation of young men for the ministry. Since yesterday McMaster takes its stand with the other universities of Canada as one in which those looking forward to lay professions as well as to the clerical, can obtain an education in arts, and receive a degree for attainments therein. The importance of such an occasion to the college and to the denomination which acknowledges it as its chief educational institution in Ontario, was fully recognized, and the proceedings were accordingly elaborate and impressive. From many parts of Ontario friends and old students of McMaster assembled to indicate by their presence their satisfaction at the new dignity to which the University has attained, and to swell with their voices the note of general congratulation. Nor were there wanting representatives from more distant parts of the Dominion and from other and longer established seats of learning, who were happy to be able to welcome this, the youngest of the great Baptist institutions, on the attainment of its full powers."

At 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, May 3rd, the annual Collation was served in the large Sunday School Hall of Walmer Road Church. There were present over three hundred guests, Hon. John Dryden presiding, and very many prominent personages were observed. After dinner, Mr. Dryden, as chairman, extended a hearty welcome to all, and emphasized the importance of the occasion in glowing terms. Proceeding to the proposal of the first toast, "the Queen," he remarked upon the patriotism and loyalty so evident throughout Canada, and eulogized our Sovereign as woman, wife and mother, no less than as the ruler of the world's greatest empire.

Mr. Dryden then proposed the toast to McMaster University, responded to by Dr. Newman and D. E. Thomson, Q.C. Dr. Newman regretted the inability of the Chancellor to respond, on account of his precarious health, and placed stress on the intimate and sympathetic relation borne by Dr. Rand to every detail of our university work. Reviewing the work of the past, dwelling upon the characteristics and personnel of the different classes, and announcing contemplated changes, the eloquent speaker remarked upon our most hopeful prospects and evident reasons for encouragement and gratitude.

Mr. Thomson also paid an earnest tribute to the Chancellor; he praised the progress of the work and showed conclusively that the Arts Department is the centre of our whole educational system. Mr. James Short McMaster proposed the "Graduating Class," expressing the wish that our honoured founder were present to witness the consummation of his fullest hopes. He had great confidence in the present graduates and wished them an auspicious future. Mr. W. W. McMaster replied for '94, Arts, in a fitting and happy manner. Mr. Thomas Doolittle, B.A., on behalf of the Theological graduates, thanked his hearers for their uniform kindness and interest. Mr. Dryden then called upon the Chancellor for a few brief remarks. Dr. Rand felt deeply the significance of the day in the history of McMaster, and thanked especially Dr. Boardman, for his kindness in preaching the first baccalaureate sermon. Dr. Boardman replied in a characteristic after-dinner speech. Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., spoke for the Alumni of McMaster University, now so constituted; Miss A. M. Fitch, M.A., and Principal Bates, responded for Moulton and Woodstock Colleges, in well-applauded speeches, and the afternoon proceedings were over.

At 8 o'clock p.m., in the presence of a crowded house, the Chan-

cellor, Senate, Board of Governors, Faculty, Alumni, graduates and undergraduates proceeded up the main aisles to the platform; here they separated—the students occupying the front seats of the church and the Faculty, with their distinguished visitors, taking seats upon the platform. Besides the prominent Baptists, there were present his Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Principal Kirkland, Dr. Geikie, Dr. J. A. McLellan, Prof. Reynar, of Victoria University; Dr. Parsons, and many others. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Thomas, the conferring of degrees was at once proceeded with. Professor G. B. Foster, Ph.D., presented to the Chancellor the following graduates in Arts, for the degree of B.A.: Carson J. Cameron, Tiverton; John R. Cresswell, Toronto; Benjamin W. N. Grigg, Exeter; Annie M. McKay, Toronto; William W. McMaster, Toronto; Harry L. McNeill, Port Elgin; Charles N. Mitchell, Pembroke; William Pocock, Wingham; Harry A. Porter, Fredericton, N.B.; Henry C. Priest, Toronto; Jacob J. Reeve, Guelph; Edgar Russell, Millbrook; Minnie Smith, Orangeville; Harry E. Stillwell, Cheapside; Leonard A. Therrien, Montreal; Eliza P. Wells, Toronto. These students were then each in turn graduated by the Chancellor, receiving their hoods and diplomas at the hands of Professor A. C. McKay, B.A. Bouquets greeted the lady-students. The following three Theological graduates received the degree of B.Th.: George Cross, B.A., Fennella; Thomas Doolittle, B.A., Columbus; Howard P. Whidden, B.A., Antigonish, N.S. In the English Theological Course, the following received diplomas: Alex. P. Kennedy, Bobcaygeon; John A. Kennedy, Dansford; Charles W. King, Truro, N.S.; James P. McIntyre, M.D., Winnipeg, Man.; Solomon S. Weaver, Toronto. Professor Trotter, B.A., then addressed the graduates on behalf of the Chancellor, congratulating them on their achievements, and inspiring them to future high endeavour. Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., on the authority of the Senate, presented Miss Blanche Bishop, B.A., and Miss Mary S. Daniels, B.A., both of Moulton College, for the degree of M.A. in course. Applause and bouquets followed the ceremony. The degree of B.Th. was conferred upon Rev. James McEwen, Vankleek Hill, and the degree of D.D., *honoris causa*, on Rev. John Dempsey, at the presentation of the latter by Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., who referred feelingly to the high qualities and arduous labours of the recipient. Dr. Dempsey then addressed the convocation. The following is a full list of admissions *ad eundem gradum*:

B.A.—Joseph I. Bates, Univ. Tor.; Stuart S. Bates, Univ. Tor.; Blanche Bishop, Univ. Acad.; Alfred K. Blackadar, Univ. Tor.; Adam Burwash, Univ. Tor.; Peter S. Campbell, Univ. Tor.; Donald K. Clark, Univ. Tor.; Malcolm S. Clark, Univ. Tor.; Leslie J. Cornwall, Univ. Tor.; George Cross, Univ. Tor.; Ebenezer W. Dadson, Univ. Tor.; Mary S. Daniels, Wellesley College; Allan M. Denovan, Univ. Tor.; Thomas Doolittle, Univ. Man.; Jones H. Farmer, Univ. Tor.; Joseph L. Gilmour, Univ. Tor.; Harrison Gross, Univ. Mt Allison; Elmore Harris, Univ. Tor.; Hugh J. Haviland, Univ. Tor.; George W. Johnston, Univ. Tor.; T. Proctor Hall, Univ. Tor.; Arthur B. Hudson, Univ. Tor.; Gorton T. Hull, Univ. Tor.; J. H. Hunter, Univ. Tor.; James B. Kennedy, Univ. Tor.; Alexander C. McKay,

Univ. Tor.; William J. McKay, Univ. Tor.; Robert R. McKay, Univ. Tor.; Neil S. McKechnie, Univ. Tor.; Hugh McQuarrie, Univ. Tor.; H. S. Robertson, Univ. Tor.; Thomas Trotter, Univ. Tor.; Godfrey N. Massé, Univ. McGill; Arthur E. Massé, Univ. McGill; Ernest Norman, Univ. Tor.; A. C. Rutherford, Univ. McGill; William C. Weir, Univ. Tor.; H. E. Wise, Univ. Man.; Howard P. Whidden, Univ. Acad.

M.A.—Harris H. Bligh, Univ. Acad.; Charles H. Day, Univ. Acad.; Philo P. Dayfoot, Univ. Tor.; Alice M. D. Fitch, Univ. Acad.; George B. Foster, Univ. W. Vir.; Calvin Goodspeed, Univ. N.B.; Charles J. Holman, Univ. Vic.; A. L. McCrimmon, Univ. Tor.; Archibald P. McDiarmid, Univ. Tor.; Andrew Murdoch, Univ. Tor.; Albert H. Newman, Mercer Univ.; William H. Porter, Univ. Acad.; Theodore H. Rand, Univ. Acad.; Frank Sanderson, Univ. Tor.; William Sanderson, Univ. Tor.; O. C. S. Wallace, Univ. Acad.; Daniel M. Welton, Univ. Acad.; Arthur B. Willmott, Univ. Harv.; Linus Woolverton, Univ. Tor.

Graduate in full theological course.—Rev. Edward T. Fox, Rochester Theological Seminary.

At this stage in the proceedings, Mr. John R. Cresswell, on behalf of the graduates in Arts, presented the University with a handsome portrait, by Forbes, of the late Senator McMaster. Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick eulogized McMaster in an effective speech. Dr. McLellan, Principal of the School of Pedagogy, spoke out from his heart his admiration of the University; his confidence in the unexcelled Faculty of our Alma Mater; and his ready appreciation and approval of the thorough course in Arts, specially emphasizing the importance of a knowledge of the Science of Education, which McMaster has accorded so prominent a place in her curriculum. Convocation closed with the National Anthem, and benediction by Rev. Dr. Thomas. In the words of the Chancellor: "The handwriting is very plain. 'He that hath eyes to see, let him see!'"

ON the afternoon of May 2nd, the class of '95 extended a supper to the graduating class. At 4.30, all the students assembled in the dining-hall and soon performed full justice to the sumptuous repast provided. The arrival of an Eastern Prophet, with his train of attendants, caused no small consternation among the graduates, as they perceived that an ordeal was contemplated. With all due solemnity each was ushered into the presence of the Seer. As all gaze upon him it is felt that

"He hath indeed better bettered expectation."

By prophetic vision were portrayed all the perils awaiting the aspiring graduates. They were counselled to avoid the trap doors of Mirza's Bridge, and other pitfalls even more dangerous. As a charm against all such calamities each was presented with an amulet. Dr. McIntyre, the last of the graduates to be called up, was presented with the American Commentary on the New Testament and the Expositor's Bible, on behalf of the students, as a mark of their appreciation for the kindness he has shown them during the period of his McMaster residence.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Mrs. Dignam has organized a class in sketching from nature, to make excursions each Tuesday and Thursday for the remainder of the term. The students are anticipating very pleasant times.

THE Botany class will also soon be making excursions to the woods in search of "specimens." The early spring and perfect weather are particularly favourable to out-of-door work, and there are indications that wild flowers will be plentiful this year.

WE felt it a great honour and pleasure to have Dr. Boardman with us at a recent chapel service. We have also been visited this month by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Thompson. We are always glad to have the friends of the college show their interest in us by these visits.

At the last meeting of the Mission Circle the following programme was rendered:—

Map Talk and Outline of Work in China . . .	Miss Dryden.
Vocal Solo	Miss Woolverton.
Manners and Customs of Chinese	Miss McLaurin.
Duet	Misses Johnson and Taylor.
Reading	Miss Anstice.

A LARGE number attended the closing exercises of McMaster. We were favoured with reserved seats immediately behind those occupied by the students from the Hall. From this excellent position we viewed the proceedings with keen interest, especially on the last evening, when our Faculty were taking so prominent a part. Now that all is over we are delighted to have gained undisturbed possession of our teacher in mathematics.

At the last Heliconian a number of the students, under the direction of Miss Hart, gave a representation of the famous trial scene, "Bardell vs. Pickwick." Hard work during the afternoon had succeeded in producing a very realistic court scene, and the large audience of boarders and day pupils enjoyed the evening very much. At the business meeting Miss Porter was elected Chairman of the Executive, and Misses Rosser and Botterill editors for the Heliconian paper.

TENNIS is the latest excitement of the day. The large side lawn is carefully marked out for the benefit of the boarders, and behind the house a club of day scholars keep the ball rolling with a great deal of racket. There are several very fine players whose graceful runs and curves and bends is a delight to the eye to observe, but on the other hand— The hardest problems in mathematics fail to produce so many different results as does the eccentric scoring of the beginners, and in their hands the ball develops unruly tendencies to break limits; but the fun is fast and furious, so who need heed such small matters as these?

LABOUR NOT IN VAIN:—Last Saturday a small party with our botany teacher started out in search of wild flowers to analyse. Our enthusiasm led us through meadows, railroad gorges and over rocky steeps, where sometimes we were compelled to cling to the little saplings to keep from losing our balance. Oh, what delight it was to be one day among the woods and meadows! Our labour was not in vain, for afterwards we enjoyed our careful study of the little flowers which we so eagerly plucked from their dwellings. And while we admire the wonderful construction of the lily, may we not forget the beautiful truth taught by it: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow!"

ON the evening of April 28th, an "At Home" was given by the "Posts," to which a number of the girls were invited. The guests in their fanciful costumes seemed to have come from various quarters of the known and unknown world, and all joined with the "Posts" in rejoicing that exams. (at the Hall) were now over. Promenading occupied the first part of the evening, after which an interesting and original programme was presented. Refreshments were served later, and when the bell assured us that it was 9.30 by the Yorkville clock, we wished our dignified friends a pleasant vacation and betook ourselves home, having enjoyed a most delightful evening.

MOULTON is more than ever proud of the University and her connection with it. We are proud of the distinguished success of our own "Posts" in the recent examinations; proud of the first graduating class in arts, which has the honour of counting a Moulton teacher among its members; proud that the first time McMaster conferred the degree of M.A., it conferred it not only upon women, but upon women who are members of the Moulton Faculty. Not many of us had the privilege of attending the collation, but we were proud of having such a graduating class as our own to represent us there. On the whole we feel our enthusiasm for McMaster University, and our sense of being a part of it, much strengthened by the success of the first Commencement of the Arts College.

THE beginning of the end has come and in our farewells to the university girls who have been with us we see a foreshadowing of that eventful day in June when we too shall bid Moulton "adieu." The "Posts" have been with us long and have, we fear, suffered from the proximity. Be that as it may, we have not failed to notice their cheerfulness and industry. Were you suffering from an attack of that mysterious disease "the blues," a visit to No. 11, Harmony Hall was sure to soothe your ruffled temper, for the spirited and witty conversation of the "freshies" and the wiles of that "soph." were irresistible. No. 11 is empty, the table in the farthest corner of the dining room is empty, but we are glad in their gladness, we rejoice in their well-earned honours, we miss them greatly, but after all it is only "Auf Wiedersehen."

THIS is the weather which tempts us all out of doors to the fullest

extent of our time limit, and which sends us on long, tiring marches through Rosedale in search of flowers, to return laden with two dandelions and a violet, which the less fortunate and envious at once accuse us of buying at the florist's in the limits. These are the days when the average girl is dressmaking in the privacy of her apartment, finally appearing in an astonishing waist of her own invention and composition. These are the nights when the festive June bug interrupts the studies of the evening by entering the rooms through the windows and causing a stampede of the rightful tenants. These are the days when we envy the McMaster girls, when the hot weather and the exams. loom before us, when the homesick girl smiles more broadly every night as she crosses another day off her long-suffering calendar ;—and these are the signs by which any one who knows Moulton can tell that spring is fairly here.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

WE had a slight lull in the usual order of exercises during the Commencement Exercises at McMaster University. The Faculty, almost to a man, were in attendance. The plodding student, moreover, had an opportunity given to plod harder than ever.

SPORTS are at their best with the college boys just now. A baseball club has been organized and is doing good work. A challenge has been received for a match that will take place in a few days. The football team engaged with that of the Collegiate Institute a few days ago, and scored their first victory for the season.

WE are glad to welcome back to Woodstock the Rev. J. Roberts and wife, former students of this college. Mr. Roberts favoured us with a graphic description of Algoma territory and presented some of its claims for missionary effort. We were glad to hear some interesting facts from the lips of one speaking from experience.

WE have had to bid goodbye to a number of our fellow students already this term. Some of them have departed to their various fields of labour, under the management of the Home Mission Board, while others return to their homes. We now begin to anticipate the reunion at the beginning of the fall term.

A LECTURE on Present Day Missions was delivered by Supt. McDiarmid for the benefit of the Judson Missionary Society. The denomination can justly congratulate itself on having its mission work so ably presented to the people. The ground covered and facts stated prove that the superintendent is abreast of the times. We were much benefited by the lecture, and hope that we may soon again be favoured by his presence amongst us.

ON Friday evening, the 4th inst, we enjoyed a stirring missionary

address from the Rev. Dr. McKay, of Formosa. For several weeks we have been anticipating his visit, and, as many of his friends in town had been notified of his coming, he was greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience. The doctor's theme was "The Triumphs of the Gospel" among the Chinese of Formosa. He briefly sketched his labours among them for the past fifty-two years, and enumerated many of the great obstacles he had encountered, especially during the earlier part of the work. Among these, racial prejudices, national suspicion, official duplicity and ancestral idolatry were the hardest to overcome. He dwelt on the power that the gospel had exercised over the many who had been brought beneath its influence, and the earnestness that characterized the lives of many of the Chinese Christians. During these years sixty churches have been organized and a great amount of good accomplished. In conclusion he gave some earnest words of advice to the students in regard to their preparation for life's work, speaking more especially to those who have the foreign field in view. The doctor was accompanied by his Chinese student, who gave us a short address in his native tongue.

(The Grande Ligne notes arrived too late for insertion.)