

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY
MONTHLY

VOL. III.

JUNE, '93 TO MAY, '94.

TORONTO :

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS .

1894.

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R A Lyfe

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JUNE, 1893.

* ROBERT ALEXANDER FYFE.

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

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

*A memorial address delivered before the Baptist Convention at Woodstock, October 17, 1890, on the occasion of the unveiling of a portrait of Dr. Fyfe, painted by Mr. Charles Hatch and presented by the Alumni to Woodstock College. It was printed in the *Woodstock College Monthly* for November, 1890.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

heart large and warm and true and tender, neither the incorrigible, the crook nor the crank might be aware of it, the scheming, wire-pulling, doubled-faced sycophants, the sneak, the dead-beat, the tramp, might be sure that he had not, *but* the poor and the needy, the distressed and the oppressed, the forlorn and the wretched, the doubting, penitent, timid soul did, and ever found in him a friend who never failed. I feel like apologizing to his memory for saying that he was a gentleman. Of course he was a gentleman, not of fine clothes, supple cane, polite to the rich and rude to the poor style of gentleman, but the gentleman, the man who recognised others' rights and cheerfully greeted them whether they were rich or poor, who detected true worth by instinct and acknowledged himself akin at once, who remembered that his fellows had feelings, sensibilities, tastes and prejudices as well as he, and bore himself accordingly, who was specially deferential to woman, not because she was the weaker vessel, but because he recognized in her those elements of character which soften and refine, which beautify and ennoble the human race, and which when glorified by the gospel make her the beauty and strength as well as the crown and glory of man. He was a gentleman to his dog and cat, to his canary and his horse, to his servant man and his servant maid, and they all loved him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Departing leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of time.”

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

JOHN McLAURIN:

STRANGE.

Strange when I pluck me a flower,
 Somewhat of life has been spoiled ;
 Life of a flower but natheless
 Growth and its law stopped and foiled.

There are the marks of the fingers,
 Ever so faint, but in sight ;
 Tell me how I, being life-given,
 Can so wreck death on this life ?

Strange if the hurts were all bloodstains,
 Redly on every touch set,—
 Think you were then earth or heaven,
 Or face of a brother not wet ?

Strange if already His fingers,
 His who so knoweth alone
 Life in its highest and fullest,
 Life of all life close in one,—

Strange if already His fingers
 So on us careless impressed,
 Sportwise, from growth unto growing,
 Foiled what of living were best ?

Know you, I pluck me a flower,
 Sportwise or earnestwise are like,
 Reads so the law but more clearly,—
 Death is the servant of life.

Call you that strange that the Highest
 Slays all life to His own,
 Growth unto growth ever minist'ring,
 Last to Divinity grown ?

BLANCHE FISHOP.

CONVERSATION.

Since the "unruly member," which determines so largely our pleasures and pain in life, figures so prominently in conversation, our subject becomes one to which attention may be profitably directed. And further, as any list of personal powers, having a part to play in producing the results of a life-time, would be incomplete unless it included conversational powers, it behooves us to see that these are put to proper use. Too often, like labor establishments that work on half time and at the close of the day turn out but half the average amount of goods, men, because of unused or misused powers, find out at the close of life's day that half life's labor has been lost. As with other powers so with the powers of conversation, the neglect or injurious use of them will mar life; but when rightly used they will become an important factor in life's success. Let these few reflections suggest the reason for the writing of the following pages in which we speak of the nature and uses of conversation and of some things essential to success in it.

I. *The nature of Conversation.* The meaning of the word conversation has, through time, been quietly undergoing change. It no longer denotes, as in the days when the authorized version of the scriptures was translated, "manner of life" (I Peter i. 15), but rather, one of the modes of social intercourse. Defining conversation more fully, I would say that it is an informal interchange of thought between two or more persons, by means of the voice or some substitute for it. Not all conversationalists make use of the voice. The dumb, for example, use instead facial expression and movements of the fingers and body. But we cannot deny to their strange ways of expressing thought the name conversation. As thus defined, conversation differs from certain other modes of conveying thought. From oratory, for in oratory of either the platform or the pulpit, one in a more or less formal manner gives while the hearers are silent and recipient. The orator aims at impartation rather than interchange of thought. Ordinary teaching differs from conversation by its greater formality. The feeling of equality also so necessary to conversation is, owing perhaps to the superior position and

attainments of the teacher, often lacking. Soliloquy is distinguished from conversation by its solitariness. There is but one person engaged in it. The rich fool who spoke to his soul about his wealth was soliloquizing, not conversing. He was the only person concerned. His soul was part of himself. The interchange of vocal sounds is not necessarily conversation. It may lack the element of thought. "We had talk enough," said Dr. Johnson, "but no conversation, there was nothing discussed." Freedom, spontaneity, responsiveness are characteristic of conversation. In the group gathered for the purpose of conversing there should be no martyrs to private orations nor awestruck admirers of great learning, but friends freely receiving and as freely giving.

II. *What now are the uses of Conversation?* Conversation is one of the oldest ways of using speech. It dates back to Eden. Adam did not lecture or preach to Eve, he did what was no doubt more agreeable to them both, he conversed with her. This exercise of the tongue so early discovered has had its place among all races. Nor is there on record any serious attempt to discard it. Even our own ingenious age has invented nothing that can successfully take its place. The uses of conversation are, I would say, threefold: to please, to inform, to persuade. When the strain of the day's toil is relaxed and one seeks in the geniality of the home circle a refuge from the cares and wearisome routine of life, conversation has as its mission to please. Enlivening conversation brings sunshine into the home. Morbid feelings take wing at its coming. At the dinner-table it is better than the choicest sauce and the good cheer of "the teacups" is increased by its presence. It makes the difference between the joy of a refreshing meal hour and the gloom of an ungenial one. Pleasing conversation is health-giving. It does good like a medicine. The scope of conversation is wider than the home. It supplies pleasing thoughts for working hours and is oil to the wheels of toil. It enters society and may disseminate much pleasure and profit there. Archbishop Trench contends that there is "no amusement so worthy an intellectual being, as that conversation which is witty and still kind, playful, yet always reverent, which recreates from toil and care but leaves no sting and violates no principle of brotherly love or religious duty." It is

certain that conversation in social life does not always answer to the foregoing description, but wherever it does the estimate put upon it by Archbishop Trench is none too high.

Conversation plays an important part in trade. Here the object aimed at is persuasion. The seller would induce the buyer to buy. He expatiates upon the qualities of his goods in order to bring him into a condition favorable to purchase. The great army of travelling men presume upon conversation as an effective means of persuasion. Upon it they depend for a livelihood. In politics, the way in which a ballot is cast has often been determined by a conversation, and in religion when the human will yields to the divine, frequently, the same means has had a part in the result.

Consider, now, conversation and its work of informing. It has done and is still doing service in this line. Much of the teaching of the past, as that of Socrates, and of a greater than he, the Messiah himself, was imparted by means of conversations. The conversational method of instruction has special advantages. It permits a free play of personality, and a fuller acquaintance of speaker and listener. It admits of easy change of topic and of ready adaptation to circumstances. It allows ample opportunity for explanation by question and answer. Many things can be discoursed about in conversation that could not form themes for more elaborate treatment. Conversation may do good service by eliciting from well informed but usually silent people, information, that will be for the general good. In any community men may be found who are more widely read than their fellows, or who are connected with important industries where the principles of science find their application, or who have travelled extensively. The minds of these men are storehouses of valuable information, but it is locked up and withdrawn from use as the hoards of the miser from the avenues of trade. Such men cannot be accused of wilful parsimony, but feeling that thought must be arrayed in conventional attire before stepping into publicity they hold it within themselves. Conversation offers to such men an easy and simple mode of making their knowledge common property. "It is just the country," said one friend to another, "for calling out poetic thought, combining as it does the ruggeddest ruggedness with soft sylvan beauty."

The conversation, of which the above quotation was a part, gave to one who had never seen it, a somewhat vivid idea of England's famous lake region, with which are associated the names of De Quincey, Wordsworth, and others of England's great seers. Conversation has a work to perform in the sphere of social habits and customs. In many subjects of great importance to social life it may be a chief factor in the formation of healthful public opinion. In politics, when a revival of earnestness in the search after truth shall have taken place, and when dispassionate interchange of thought between leaders in different political camps shall have become frequent, conversation may become a valuable instrument for finding out what "the other man" thinks, and by the diligent use of which we may arrive at right conclusions on many vexed questions. In the time of Christian unity conversation has a work to perform. We should not regard the man who differs from us doctrinally as our sworn enemy, nor as a man to be kept at arms length. If doctrinal disputants came closer to each other in space, not for the sake of manifesting an outward unity, to which nothing within corresponds, but to gain a better understanding of each other's position and view-point, this nearness in space would almost certainly be followed by a nearer approach in creed. In addition to the barriers which diversity in nationality, in language, in political and religious faiths, in habits and customs, still interpose to fellowship between man and man, there is a tendency characteristic of modern times, which makes for separation, I mean the tendency to specialization. The specialist hedged in by his specialty is apt to forget what his neighbors are doing, and to lose interest in them in proportion to his forgetfulness. Each specialty gives rise to a language of its own, so that we are threatened with a return to Babel's confusion of tongues. When language was confounded at the ancient tower the people were dispersed abroad, so these new tongues make for dispersion. The interchange of thought by way of conversation would act as a correction to these separating tendencies. It would help to bind men together, a service which would be by no means valueless, for there is always a broadening of the man and a levelling up of society, when men of different social circles and unequal attainments are thrown together and made to feel the throbb of a common brotherhood.

III. *Some things helpful to success in Conversation.* For success in conversation attention must be given to two things, to the matter and to the manner. As to the matter, it is scarcely necessary to say that all topics that would savor of injury to ourselves or to others should be ruled out. Granted that the subjects are right in kind, the next thing needed is information, which may be derived from various sources, as, experience, observation, reading and reflection. But from whatever source it be derived, it should be well under control of the memory, for it will be of small service if it be not available when wanted. Talk, from a mind well-informed, differs widely from mere volubility, "the fruit of a mind which is always effervescing with its unconsidered or ill-considered experience." Amrah, the faithful nurse of Ben Hur, would not have made a successful conversationalist. The mind has its part to play in conversation. But of her it is said that "all her intellect had run to heart." With ready information should be coupled a good vocabulary. This will give ease and facility in expressing oneself. Poverty of words is a hindrance to conversation. Words are the clothing of thought and thought's attire should not be allowed to become threadbare. Words are the servants of thought, but they should not be driven to service as slaves to the galleys.

With regard to manner in conversation, the first thing to be explained is naturalness. Naturalness attracts, while affectation repels. In order to be natural one must be sincere and composed. Unreality in conversation is like the keeping up of appearances when one's capital is gone. It is a good rule to "let the tongue always be an honest interpreter to the heart," and, I would add, to the mind as well. To sensitive souls, each new set of circumstances has a timidity-creating power about it, which might easily endanger their composure. They will therefore have to guard against whatever might increase this danger. To enter into the company of strangers fresh from the perusal of the latest book on deportment will make one ill at ease. The new garment of society ideas may become as uncomfortable to one, as king Saul's armor to the stripling David. To be natural under such circumstances would be impossible. Be sprightly. Sprightliness is a very pleasing feature in conversation. It is like the sparkle of the dew-drop on the summer's morning. The

right use of the imagination helps to the acquisition of this quality. It aids description and gives skill in character delineation. The hints, the passing glimpses, the imagination seizes and constructs into one whole. It detects happy analogies and gives aptness in saying what is both fitting and pleasing. At this point it may be well to say something about the use of the laugh in conversation. The sense of the ludicrous is a gift from the Creator which most people have in some measure, but which some are inclined to regard with distrust. Memory brings to me the form of a friend of other days, one of the Puritanic type. Sober and eccentric he was, and among the notions that flourished in his serious brain, was this one, that it was sinful to laugh. To his credit be it said, that he did not often sin against his scruples. But we cannot absolve him entirely from transgression. Occasionally a modicum of humor with which nature had endowed him became unmanageable, and Mr. M. was compelled to laugh. It was, however, a strange laugh, like the bumping of a wagon over a corduroy road. It was a hazardous journey the laugh was taking and you would not venture to predict that it would take the same route again. Now this notion about laughter was the mistake of a good man. All laughter is not sinful. As Carlyle says, "Laughter is sympathy, good laughter is not the crackling of thorns under a pot." Some one has said that "a woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh." It has a winsomeness of its own. Let us beware, then, of those who have undertaken to give laws to laughter, lest they legislate it out of existence and our conversation suffer from lack of its enlivening presence.

Be sympathetic. By sympathy I mean that genuine warmheartedness which enables one to come readily into touch with others. Such sympathy will make easy the discovery of agreeable topics of conversation, and give it direction along the line of interest and of knowledge. It is a foe to monopoly which at times invades even the realm of conversation, and it makes talker and listener exchange places. In the days of our Lord's disciples, a too eager desire for superiority was troublesome to conversation. It is equally so to-day. Where conversationalists are intent on discoursing, as were the disciples, who shall be the greatest, conversation is in peril. Against this danger the sym-

pathetic man will easily guard, as he can readily put himself in the other man's place and feel with him the discomforts of his situation. Earnestness of manner is helpful to conversation. There is a serious side to life and the trifling and frivolous, who have never seen it, cannot converse profitably. In our conversations, we should be animated by the unselfish purpose of increasing the happiness of others. We must not, therefore, be receivers only but be ready to contribute to the common fund. Mahaffy reminds us that "the very meaning of the word (conversation) implies a contribution-feast, an *eranos*, as the Greeks would say, not *the entertainment provided by a single host.*" This view of the subject lays upon us obligations. If we cheerfully discharge them we will not only be saved from much discomfort ourselves but will make life happier for others also. As Archbishop Trench says, conversation is "not child's play." It is an activity of sufficient importance to engage the thoughts of men. The many opportunities for doing good, which it presents, can only be improved, as one's self improves and as one's power of conversing profitably develops. For while

"Conversation in its better part
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil."

Character reveals itself in all the relations of life, and so, in those into which conversation introduces us, the growth in all that is noble and worthy will therefore tell beneficially on one's conversation. If it be asked how can this development in character be best secured, a brief but satisfactory answer readily comes to hand? It is by much fellowship with him who was the Prince of conversationalists as he was also the "Prince of Peace."

DONALD GRANT.

JUNE.

Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre
 Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung
 Far down the dells and cedarn vales among,—
 See, lowly plains, sky-touched, to heaven aspire!
 Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,
 The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,
 And leafy trees, æolian harps new-strung,
 Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
 And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain
 Past meadows green to the great sea untold:
 O month divine, all fresh from falling showers,
 Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,
 Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old!

R.

 THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART.

WHAT may be said of other places, cannot be said of Canada, for certainly we have not had over Art education. Still we hear a good deal about the modern practice of flooding the world with painters, sculptors and designers, who were meant by Nature to sell sugar or tape over a counter, or count up columns of figures at an accountant's desk. Some say that our new and benevolent system of education threatens to make Art the laughing-stock of the nineteenth century. If we would think of Ruskin's words, that "No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution, can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought," and could get the idea that what is called education is a good thing in itself, without reference to its practical uses, what a long step ahead the world would take!

The notion that Art education must be for some definite achievements in Art production, is responsible for much of the mis-directed effort, and many disappointments. If I were asked what the great need of the day was, I should say, "Intelligent

and critical appreciation of Art." It is a crude idea that such knowledge would be wasted if not practically or professionally applied. Surely a full development of all the faculties is worth all it costs to the individual, and a diffused knowledge of Art of good taste, is needed, first of all for personal enjoyment, and secondly to create a demand for what is produced, which can only be through a more cultured appreciation of the masterpieces.

Mr. Stillman says, "There is no doubt but that the schools of Art that have taken South Kensington as their model, have been most disastrous to true Art development. The system that affords stimulus in the way of competitions, prizes, and certificates, to the superficial qualities in the display of technique, rather than the finer faculties of the mind, surely is not the true one; is it not rather the system that makes many follow Art as a profession rather than an Art? They follow their craft as they might bricklaying, stockbroking, or any other trade or profession needing no special natural gifts and having no special caste beyond the winning of a respectable livelihood."

How seldom has a Prix de Rome pupil of the Beaux Arts become an original and great artist! It is the same with the recently instituted Prix de Paris pupils of some of the American Art schools; the prizemen are often distanced in distinctive achievement by their confrères, who did not compete for the prize, but sought something more true from their own personality.

One great reason for the existing state of Art instruction is the fact, that it is only when the question of vocation comes up that Art study is begun, and that means, hurrying through with the view of making a livelihood. With dollars and cents as the ultimatum, such students cannot see facts of Nature and feel influenced by them as a child does; their chief aim being to acquire as quickly as possible facility of execution, that they may *do something* as soon as possible. Art study should begin before it is prompted by the means of earning bread and butter. Love for Art should be developed in the individual for the good in itself, and in childhood's days when the emotions, the imagination, and all the faculties, can assimilate. Then, later on, if Art is to be the career, production would be spontaneous, and fewer disappointments would be the result. The stimulus that

Art schools have given to drawing and painting during the last few years, has made many seek Art as a profession, without reference to adaptability; they expect to become artists and be well remunerated; they have forgotten the old traditions of empty pockets, the inheritance of the long-haired, velvet-coat fraternity that our grandfathers told us of.

Learning to draw and mix colors does not make artists, and consequently those who simply aim at acquiring the technique,—how do we draw and put the colors on—instead of why—are disappointed in their aspirations. Some exist tolerably upon their efforts, which was what they intended to do. Comparatively few of this sort ever attain distinction, and some who are unable to make a living, consider themselves martyrs to the advancement of Art. They are nothing of the kind, but are victims of their own mistaken and futile aspirations, and notes of warning to those whose only motive is production.

Considering how recently there has been any demand in this country for designs, illustration or pictures to adorn the homes of the people, it is astonishing how many do gain their living by the pencil, pen, and brush, and in many instances this is what they have sought.

We have a class who are always complaining of lack of appreciation. They want recognition and fame, and condemn a community from which they do not get it. No sympathy need be wasted on such artists. They are disappointed because they cannot do as the Philistines do,—win fame and fortune to build fine houses and adorn them. If they love Art, let them make sacrifices for her, live simply, getting their pleasure out of love for their chosen Art. The person who thinks to achieve fame or acquire fortune, through painting or sculpture, in Canada, has a long time to wait; but other recompense is not wanting to the seeker after truth and beauty.

“Blear-eyed mortals, how little we see of what is after all obvious and palpable enough! The whole world burns with Deity, and to us mostly 'tis but the light of common day. Nature lies before us with all her open and ineffable secrets, and still we view her common forms with unanointed eyes, until the seer comes by with the painter's eye and the poet's heart, and we find that all the time we have been walking through Paradise without knowing it.”

M. E. DIGNAM.

Students' Quarter.

DEFECTS IN PREACHING.

God's great purpose of mercy is to lift the world from the mire of sin, up into celestial purity. The execution of this work has been largely placed in the hands of the ministry.

The great gloomy morasses of sin cannot be drained by any moral drainage machine, be it ancient or modern. Only the sunlight that streams from the Cross can illuminate the gloom and dry up the stagnant waters. The sun shines, but, alas,—the tangled thicket bars its blessed light and heat. It is the work of the pulpit to clear the thicket and let in the rays of the glorious sun.

To change the figure, the pulpit has been built by God's hands. Its foundations are his holiness and love. It is God's speaking place. Here stand week after week His accredited messengers.

What a pity! What an awful pity, that such a divine institution made for such purposes of mercy should be used for other than the highest ends! Yet sad to say there are many defects in the pulpit, and the great work of mercy is in that ratio frustrated. The pulpit is divine, but alas, the occupant of the pulpit is very human. Among the defects are :

I. *Defects in Purpose.*—You often hear criticism regarding the preachers. that one preaches for money, another for position, another for notoriety, and so on. There is a very subtle temptation however, that is not so well known to the pew and with which it finds difficulty in sympathizing. This temptation besets every period of the minister's life, from his first pulpit attempt until the last sermon preached—"How did I do?" "How will this strike?" "How will this sound?" This temptation affects those in the pew. It is not always from a sense of weakness that people refuse to take part in prayer meetings, but from a fear of not doing well, of not saying something striking. Yielding to this temptation the minister makes the sermon an end in itself and looks out for tokens that his work of art is

appreciated. He studies every part in relation to other parts, every figure of speech is carefully worked out, the structure assumes beauty and proportion, and when completed is viewed and exhibited with the same sort of pride that a florist has, when he exhibits a flower which he has grown, or an engineer an engine which he has built.

Not that it is wrong to work a sermon over and over, making it perfect and beautiful in all its parts, nay, not wrong but a positive duty. We do not believe in slovenly preparation, but rather that the minister should see that his sermon is the very best that he can produce. That its plan is simple, logical and beautiful; that the thought is couched in language clear and appropriate, that its figures of speech are chaste and strong, and that as a whole it combines in perfect symmetry all the properties named. The sermon as it is destined to do the mightiest deeds, viz: convert the soul, stimulate to noble action, is worthy of the best, the most exhaustive preparation, but though the true sermon will be a work of art, the art of the sermon must never be an end in itself. An arrow may be ever so skillfully shaped, feathered and tipped, but the artistic construction is solely that it may be winged the more swiftly and surely to the mark.

The result of a perverted purpose upon the preacher is deadly beyond compare. He becomes sterile, shorn of his strength, it dries up his spiritual life, he loses his soul fire, and after a few years he will find himself possessor of sermons, beautiful but dead. Let the preacher see well to his aim. In both preparation and delivery let him be dominated by an overmastering spiritual purpose,—to bring something to pass in the souls of the people by means of the truth of Jesus Christ. The artistic qualities of the sermon should be laboriously perfected in subordination to this purpose. It should be finished with the greatest care and skill, that it may arrest attention and the more swiftly and surely effect the purpose intended.

The effect upon the pew of this defective aim will be spiritually benumbing. The people will criticize the sermon as a work of art and will discuss it in such terms as—"What language!" "what chasteness of expression!" "what beauty of imagery!" and so on. The preacher's aim will soon be communicated to the pew, and the people will view the sermon as they would a statue or picture.

The purpose of the pulpit should be to reveal God, to make known His glorious attributes, to declare His will, to enforce His truth, to bring the people to the obedience of the cross, and then to build them up in all things into Christ their Head. In other words—every sermon should be charged with a definite purpose to produce some immediate spiritual result in the souls of the people, and thereby to glorify God. To cherish any purpose lower than this is to degrade the character of preaching—to render it weak, artificial and ineffective.

Another class of defects in pulpit work is—

II. *Defects in Material.*—In looking about us and analyzing the materials used in the structure of present day sermons, we find the unbiblical element to be very large. It sounds strange that any one who claims to be an expounder of God's word should preach anything else but God's truth, and yet the land overflows with unbiblical preachers. I have heard of sermons which were only reviews of books, Robert Elsmere for instance.

Many ministers are careful students of sociology and political questions. Themes drawn from these subjects are often preached upon. Of course what touches the people should touch the pulpit. The minister should not only be a servant of God, but a humanitarian. His sympathy must be quick and keen, but political and social questions should never be discussed from the purely sociological or political stand-points. The great head-light of God's truth should be thrown upon them and the principles of God's word applied to the problems.

Science and philosophy are studies which have many votaries in the ministerial ranks, and they furnish the theme for many a sermon. There is a place for all things, but is the pulpit for science or speculative philosophy? Is it not trying to satisfy soul-hunger with stones instead of bread?

A mark of the present day is its love of sensation. It is seen in newspapers, books, politics and in commercial life. The pulpit also has bowed down before this popular love, and many ministers while avowedly getting their themes from the Bible preach sensational and unbiblical sermons.

The great need of the pulpit to-day is biblical preaching, which not only draws its subject from the Bible, but also its

spirit and matter. The sword of the Spirit is the only weapon we have in our conflicts with the Prince of Iniquity. The word of God is that which can tame the beastly ferocity of men; which can take away their hard, grasping, selfish spirit; which can make them sweet and pure, lovely and true, childlike and Christlike, it and it alone is the power of God unto salvation." Preach the word therefore, in season and out of season, remembering that of all things the word alone is life.

But before we pass from defective types as to substance, there is another class which may be noticed, which while biblical in part, is unbiblical in the sense that the contents are not true to the Bible in its wholeness. The Bible is known only in bits. Its contents are not understood in their proportion.

I shall not deal with purely ethical subjects, as a previous speaker has already occupied my ground, but shall pass on directly to ministerial hobbyists.

One pastor takes up the Anglo-Israel hobby, and has it on exhibition almost continually, another has the pre-millennial idol in his pulpit, and he cannot read a chapter or preach a sermon without lifting it into prominence. We have also heard of post-millennial hobbyists, who are never content unless shooting covert arrows at their brother hobbyists the pre-millennialists. Luther was a hobbyist when he put all his weight upon justification by faith, rejecting all else and holding it in such undue prominence that its effects upon the German morality was as harmful as it was helpful.

All Scripture is profitable, but many confine their attention to portions of it. Some chase the Amalekites, the Perizzites, the Hittites, or go on desert pilgrimages with the Israelites, all the days of their ministerial life. Many keep to the Epistles, while others deal only with the evangelistic portions of the Bible; others treat only those portions in which the love of God is set forth—forgetful of His righteousness.

A minister had baptism as a hobby. It was preached in season and out. There were many complaints which at last took head by the deacons asking the minister if he could not take a different subject. "Certainly," replied the minister, "what text would you like me to take?"

Thinking to keep their pastor well away from his pet theme

they gave him a text in Genesis. On the eventful Sunday all went hoping to have a treat—a new viand. The minister gave out his text, “Adam where art thou?” and said, “we have three things of note in our text: 1st, Adam was not there; 2nd, Adam was somewhere; 3rd, Adam ought to have been there. And now for a few remarks about baptism.”

I plead then not only for biblical truth, but for biblical truth in its true perspective. The Bible is powerful for good, but for the highest good it must be presented in its proper relations. The people need the true food—the word of God, none other will satisfy. They need it in its richness and variety. One item of diet is not enough. God has provided viand after viand, course after course. The provisions are rich and plentiful. In the Word there is food for all, food for the robust, food for the children, food for the sick, food for the dying. In supplying the needs of the world the pulpit should preach the whole Bible, and with that distribution of emphasis that God himself has given.

Having given examples of defects in purpose and in substance I now mention.

III. *Defects in Form*.—I shall limit the discussion under this head to one defect.

There are scores of ministers who have the noblest of purposes, whose sermons are in the strictest sense biblical, and yet they fail as preachers. The trouble is that they are essayists not preachers, and their pulpit productions are essays not sermons.

I believe that there is many an essayist in the pulpit who while not conscious of his defect, worries over his apparent failure. He works his theme over and over, the thought is true, is profound, is progressive; its logic is severe; its language is chaste, strong and in the highest literary style, yet while the production has all this, men and women will not heed, will not hear.

In the essay the intellectual interest is supreme. It is the intellect principally that is brought into play in its composition. It is chiefly an intellectual effect that is sought to be produced in the minds of those addressed. In the sermon the practical interest is supreme, accordingly the whole man—intellect, imagination, emotion and will—is engaged in an effort to convince the judgment, to kindle the imagination, to move the feelings,

and to give a powerful impulse to the will in the direction of some spiritual duty. In other words the essay is a species of literature, the sermon a species of oratory.

In the light of this definition we can understand the distinction that has often been made between a sermon and an essay. It is said that the former does not read so well as it sounds, the latter reads better than it sounds. Mr. Fox was listening to a member of the British Commons who was praising a recent speech that had been made. "Does it read well?" asked Mr. Fox. "Yes, grandly," was the reply. "Then it was a poor speech," answered Mr. Fox.

All are disappointed in the orations of Demosthenes, or in the sermons of Wesley, Whitfield, and Robt. Hall. When we read them first we said, "What are these the much lauded speeches and sermons that moved thousands?" They were not made for the eye, but for the ear, and to get a sermon as it really was we must add the soul fire, the passionate repetition, the appeal to the imagination, the inflection of tone, and the eloquent look or gesture.

Oratory has its own form, direct, flexible, stimulating, yielding itself now to the intellect, now to the passions, and appealing to all in turn in the hearers, and all conspiring to bring the will into obedience to the truth. Again I say, it must not be forgotten that a sermon is a species not of literature but of oratory.

The last class of defects that I wish to bring to your notice is:

IV. *Defects in Delivery.—As to Voice.*—The great majority of preachers have untrained and poor voices. Lack of voice culture is one of the crying needs of the pulpit of to-day. The idea that as long as a minister can be heard, the quality of voice is non-essential, is a relic of ignorance. In pulpit work there are no non-essentials.

We have voices high and shrill, thin piping ones, low bass voices, monotonous voices, voices in flats and sharps, others in a minor key, and still others which are a discordant mixture of them all. We have voices which travel at express speed, and others at a funeral pace. Voices which maintain the same speed and pitch whether speaking about the triumphs of the cross or of the agonies of the cross.

There are many men who produce magnificent sermons, but no one listens, their sermons fall like autumn leaves uncared for and useless. They have trained the mind but not the voice. All voices can be developed in volume, trained in pitch, in modulation, in articulation. The human voice is capable of wondrous variety and power. Among the great defects of the pulpit I place the lack of voice culture.

I have only time to speak of one other department under the head of delivery and that is defects in gesture: Many suppose that the mannerisms of great men are the secret of their greatness; men copy the mannerisms hoping to obtain their greatness. All mannerisms are sources of weakness. Men are great in spite of mannerisms and not because of them. Many a man's gestures or mannerisms undo to some extent what he says with his lips.

Many men use gestures that would be truly eloquent did they come at the right time, but they accompany the thought not the words, the actions come too soon. It needs severe training to make the gestures accompany the words and not the thought. I believe this to be a cause of a great deal of improper gesture.

Training also is needed in order to know what to do with the hands, some place them in the pockets, or behind under the coat-tails, *a la* Mr. Pickwick, or crossed in front. Sometimes a hand is placed in the breast of the coat, or the thumbs hooked into the vest. I have seen others who place them akimbo, or spread them out. Every way but the natural way, and even when an effort is made to place them in the proper position, they will be held stiff and rigid as a soldier undergoing his first drill.

In fact the whole body may be made and should be made eloquent by careful and judicious training. We do not want theatrical or elocutional men in the pulpit, but men who have been taught and trained to stand and deliver their glorious message, in a natural, simple, easy, graceful and eloquent manner.

Our work is worthy of the highest training. We cannot afford to discount anything that will increase our efficiency. Let us have an eye, then, to the purpose which masters us, to

the materials we use, to the form of the sermon, and last but not least, to the manner of our delivery. Let us bend every energy so that Jesus,—the great Master Preacher, may say on that day of days, “ Well done, good and faithful servant ! ”

ALFRED STONE.

THE PERPLEXED POET.

The poet shades his eyes in keen, wild longing,
And gazes out to sea,—
Afar the sparkling foam is swift upsmitten,
Lash'd into harmony.

“ To day,” the poet sighs, “ I scarce can see it,
Gleaming in pallid strife,
Yon sail so big with purpose, seeking port in
Yet undiscovered Life.

“ I see but dimly e'en the flashing foam-drops,
The breeze's voice is faint,
And too bewilder'd am I by the fading
To quell my spirit's 'plaint.”

Flitted the sail in shadow ;—then, upspringing,
Quivered in sudden glow,
Leaping the waters, flew towards the headland,—
How a poet's soul can grow !

And now he sees the pure truth and the beauty
Of foam and wave and breeze,
And with the calm-eyed Pilot speaking softly
Sails o'er the steadfast seas.

G. H. CLARKE.

He might be able to analyze a daffodil down to the last atom and triumphantly—and correctly—pronounce it to be a member of some botanical family with an aristocratic Latin name; but he cannot with the poet feel light of heart for very joy at looking upon such a work of the Creator's hand. The beautiful things never "flash upon his inward eye" with a quick, joyful pang of remembrance.

And even as it is in Nature so it is in all things with this unimaginative one. Life has not the deeper, higher, wider significance to him which is to be gained in a large measure from constant companionship and intercourse with the poet-philosophers.

But not at first are even those who are gifted with imaginative powers granted an entrance into the realm of poetry. Not only is imagination needed, but sympathy must be a part of our natures, which should leap to meet the poet's mood and bear him company as he traverses the regions of thought or treads the clouds of fancy.

Insight is needed, quick, delicate perception, a sensitive aliveness and alertness to the touch of the master-hand.

Let none be discouraged at this array of needfuls. There is no "royal road" to the appreciation of poetry. Only by cultivation can these qualities be fully developed, only by persevering study and profound meditation of the best and highest of poetry can we at last place ourselves within the circle of its influence.

Therefore, when we ask the question, "Who, then, may be admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the poets?" we answer with surety, "The student—and only the honest and faithful student."

If we would be of those favored ones who move in the poet's world we must come to the study of their works in an honest and humble mood, stripped of our prejudices and preconceived theories—for the poet will show us many strange things that may not fully coincide with our opinions, and if we cannot amalgamate the two we must choose between them. We should seek to see the world with the poet's eye, to gaze into the unseen and infinite with the poet's faith.

Then how faithful and persistent must we be in our study.

Day and night must we meditate upon their works. We should have about us the books containing their treasures. A great deal may be learned through the backs of books, but let us not stop there, for the treasures untold lie within.

Let us open often and keep open long the storehouses of riches. The poets through them will show us high ideals of living, which, through years of meditation and assimilation, will take on practicability and fulness. Our experiences will be woven into them, and, with our gaze fixed steadfastly upon them, our lives will grow onward, upward, toward that height which we have in view. They become a part of ourselves and without them our inner lives would die. We forget that we did not form these ideals of ourselves, we forget that Milton, Tennyson or some other teacher gave them to us and that we lived upon them—so often is the influence of the poets unconscious for a time.

Perhaps it may seem strange that we have proceeded thus far without defining this influence of which we are speaking. But upon consideration it will be readily understood that it would be rather a perilous matter to undertake. So we will content ourselves with looking at some of its results, leaving the definition to sager and abler minds.

First, let us notice that the true measure of the influence of poetry is the difference it makes in the lives of those whom it affects or influences.

If poetry influences us so that we advance in intellectual power, in refinement, in high and noble thinking and pure living, we may say that in so far as it has accomplished within us this advance, so far have we been influenced by it.

Let us now glance briefly at a few of the different ways in which poetry influences us.

First we find it affecting our aesthetic natures. In the growth of our appreciation of its full value, we are usually attracted first through our sensibilities of external beauty. Perfect rhythm has inherent beauty and first draws our attention and pleases us. A ready example of this is found in Campbell's war songs—their vigorous and rhythmic motion is grateful to the ear, and through the medium of faultless rhythm we are led on to the keener appreciation of beautiful diction.

We have a great many poets who excel in the use of rich and picturesque language. Shelley and Keats! how their words flow on, bearing us upon the pulsing tide, captives of the mere charm of melodious sound. From this order of poet we receive pleasure and the study of their works insures a new appreciation of fitting and poetic language.

But the poets whom we most honor, those to whom we yield our heartiest homage are not those who appeal merely to our susceptibilities of external beauty.

There is that within us which looks toward higher ideals, which longs to know truth. This is an essential part of our nature and its wants are recognized and provided for. As Browning says:

“ A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what is heaven for ? ”

And there are many poets, and they are the noblest and best, who, placing their high ideals before us, help us in our struggle to attain them and make them ours. These we recognize as the greatest because they reach down to the soul within us, encouraging in the midst of difficulties, raising our highest hopes, pointing to nobler ideals, bringing us into closer relationship with Everlasting Truth.

These have the richest and most abiding treasures for those who have but patience to search and perseverance to acquire. Let us briefly mention a few of these names which have become endeared to us, having entered into our souls and brought comfort, hope or inspiration.

When we look out upon this world in which we are placed, Bryant, Cowper and Wordsworth all teach us the way to Nature's heart. There is a response from Nature if we could only hear it or feel it, and perhaps Wordsworth will teach us how to train our senses or refine our susceptibilities in order to catch her message. For he believes in the communion of Nature and man and the influence of his works, coming as they do from a heart attuned to Nature's melodies, is peculiarly refining and uplifting.

Then there is the great poet of human nature, William Shakespeare, whose works are a perfect mirror of the stage of life and the actors upon it. Alfred Tennyson, our own nine-

teenth-century prophet, who in his "In Memoriam" has struggled with us in our soul's conflict, who heard through the storm of life "a deeper voice across the storm," proclaiming truth and justice, and who, maybe, has helped some of us to gain a firm foundation of faith in the "Strong Son of God."

We cannot omit Robert Browning, that "hater of words" whose influence has not been yet fully measured or valued. The light of love, divine and puissant, breaks upon us in the "Saul" never to wane again while the Light of men still shines.

The influence of these poets must always be pure and elevating, for they have written only what is good and true, and their works will live forever in the hearts of men who have been bettered and uplifted by their influence. Bacon said, "Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and to delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of the divine." And those who have studied and caught the spirit of the great poets are those who can testify to the truth of this statement.

But before leaving this subject, let us mention some poems which instead of participating only of the divine, are wholly divine in nature and authorship.

Take your Old Testament and turn to that beautiful and well-known pastoral, beginning—

"The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want."

As you read on to the end, the very breath of green fields under the summer sun of Palestine is wafted to you by the words—

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Here is keen appreciation of the influence of Nature; here we have a beautiful picture of the Shepherd of souls who leads and guides. What comfort is in this psalm for the wandering!

And how powerful and stirring are the words of Isaiah—his warnings, his yearnings, his pleadings and his "large, divine and comfortable words"—

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

These masterpieces of the divine poets, if faithfully studied,

cannot fail to exert their purifying and sanctifying influence upon us.

In this paper we have had no time to dwell upon the influence of poetry in more than a very few directions. We have left untouched its influence upon the world in its struggles for the right, except as we have mentioned its influence upon the individual who takes part in these struggles. We have tried simply to point out some few of the many ways in which the influence of this art is felt—laying especial emphasis on the condition of real appreciation—study. Let us become familiar with the great names, keeping at hand good selections of their choicest works, and so by constant companionship we may at length gain perfect sympathy; and being purified, ennobled and elevated in spirit be of those who

“ by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity.”

Let us close by quoting, as being as true of the study of poetry, that which Coleridge said of the writing of it:—

“Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.”

K. S. McL.

LETTER FROM BURMA.

A Comment on Luke 10: 25-37.

On our return trip from an eight days preaching tour among the forest villages, and when within eight miles of Sandoway, we happened across a venerated monk of Buddha, left to perish of neglect and cruel hunger by his fellow disciples of Edwin Arnold's extolled “Light of Asia.” He was 84 years old and weighed about 60 pounds—being thin, feeble, emaciated to an alarming degree. For a month he had been sleeping in the

woods exposed to wild beasts, deserted entirely, deliberately and unfeelingly by his co-religionists in the adjacent villages and wholly dependent on a despised and persecuted disciple of Jesus for bread. This loving Christian, living alone among a village of Buddhists, gave him regularly food and drink. The old monk desired to go to the monastery in Sandoway, so I suggested we take him with us. Agreed. Behold us then filling out as well as we could our Lord's parable. Tenderly I lifted the aged and withered form on Bro. Thomas' pony. Over my saddle bow I balanced the old man's bamboo pole with its load of yellow robes and two or three old bags filled with—he alone knew what, dependent from either end, and started ahead. Behind me came Bro. Thomas walking and leading his white palfrey astride which sate the venerable apostle of Buddhism holding in one enfeebled hand the reins and in the other his travelling staff, his ancient cotton robe of yellow responding to the faint breeze, his bare head fully exposed to the hot sun, and his groaning, weak and tottering tabernacle of frail clay keeping time to the pony's motions which were very irregular I assure you, seeing the narrow jungle path inclined every few rods at angles of from 10 to 90 degrees and to varying depths into all manner of rocky and miry places. Again and again we were afraid we should have to dismount our friend for a rest or that he would fall, but he stoutly clung to his rocking seat up hill and down through ditches and over boulders the long eight miles until we reached Sandoway, ascended the monastery hill and left him in a rest house to the cruel mercies of a robed minister of Buddha, who sought to withstand our entering the sacred precincts lest we should desecrate the place. One good meal we know he got, for we ordered, paid for, and saw served to him a goodly bowl of rice, but because Christian dogs had brought him there the priest issued orders to his people not to feed him. A heathen wife of one of our disciples braved the priest and supplied him afterwards with food, with the hearty co-operation of her husband. While walking along that day Mr. Thomas recited to the monk our Lord's beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan, and told him considerable of the relation of God to man in Jesus Christ. May this incident be woven into our work in a way that shall glorify God in helping His cause in this heathen district, for

many who that morning met us stood agape with wonder gazing after the strange cavalcade, for Europeans have little dealings of a familiar kind with natives, and for missionaries of the foreign and despised faith to thus transport a holy ministering monk of Buddhism entirely surpasses their experience, understanding and philosophy.

Yours trusting in, working for and awaiting the Lord
Jesus Christ, destined to be sole and universal King.

ERNEST GRIGG.

Sadoway, Lower Burma, Asia,
May 3rd, 1893.

IS THERE A FRIEND?

Is there a friend? one who may ken my heart,
The inner surge and swell, the pulsing pain,
The swelling tumult and the calm again,
Who will not break the secret I impart?

Is there a friend? in all the feigned array,
One sweet and sacred—where my faith may bide—
A bosom where my fevered head may hide—
Who will not spurn me in the weaker day?

Is there a friend? I fear, I hesitate,
'They seek their own,' suspicion crouching cold
Lies grim below. I fear the beck and nod
Of fawning friends whose soul is sad ingrate.
Man cannot long a loving friendship hold.
Be thou my constant friend, "strong Son of God!"

O. G. L.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BOUND copies of volumes I. and II. can be had by addressing Mr. O. G. Langford, Grimsby, Ont. The binding is half-calf, cloth sides and gilt top, and is very handsome. The price is \$2 a volume.

MR. G. H. CLARKE has spent over a month canvassing for the MONTHLY, and has added a large number of subscribers to our list. We trust that every student will make it a point to do at least something towards extending the circulation.

The appointment of Miss Annie McKay as teacher of Mathematics in Moulton College will be recognized as an excellent one by all who have had acquaintance with Miss McKay as an undergraduate of McMaster University. We congratulate the College on this accession.

The prescription of courses for the degree of M.A. brings into prominence, for the first time, the educational principle underlying the courses in Arts in McMaster University. The B.A. course is chiefly concerned with the leading subjects of knowledge, while the M.A. courses are wholly concerned with special subjects.

THE portrait of Dr. Fyfe, which our readers will no doubt find highly satisfactory, is taken from a crayon portrait by Mrs. Dr. Goodspeed. The engraver considers the effect better than could have been secured from a photograph. The sketch by Dr. John McLaurin has been printed before; but it is so thoroughly good that we thought it would be a work of supererogation to have another written.

THE *Young People's Baptist Union*, of Chicago, recently published a series of well-written articles on the Grande Ligne Mission, by our friend Mr. A. A. Ayer, of Montreal. That readers might the better be able to appreciate the articles, a good sketch and portrait of the author were also given. Mr. Ayer's profound interest in the Grande Ligne Mission, and his readiness to spend and be spent in this good cause, are well known. He is one of the brethren on whom the MONTHLY has for some time had its eye as worthy of a sketch and portrait.

OUR friend, Rev. J. B. Kennedy, B.A., is not just the sort of man that one would have expected to write a book. In the pastorate he has shown himself to be a man of marked energy, tact and success. But

he has done the unexpected thing and has written a little book entitled, "Afloat for Eternity; or, A Pilgrim's Progress for the Times." The religious problems and the practical difficulties that encounter the Christian are here treated with freshness and point. The book will prove interesting and helpful to many. It is beautifully printed and bound by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

The suggestions of Chancellor Rand, approved by the Faculty, and endorsed by the Senate and the Board, whereby those engaged in the pastorate who have not enjoyed the special advantages of theological training may, on due notice being given, reside in McMaster Hall for three weeks during the month of May, have free access to the Library, and attend special lectures in Homiletics, English Bible, Church History, and Theology, are worthy the careful attention of those in whose special interest they have been made. Kindred suggestions in the interest of those wishing examination for the degree of M.A. have also been adopted. We have no doubt these suggestions will meet with a response.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

GRADUATING CLASS—ENGLISH THEOLOGICAL COURSE.

THOMAS CLARK ROBINSON was born at Hamilton, Ontario, of Iro-Scottish and English parentage. His father was a Congregational minister, but Thomas became a Baptist through the study of the New Testament, and was baptized by Rev. J. P. McEwen at Owen Sound. He taught school twelve years, and was in business some years before entering the ministry. Bro. Robinson is a hard student. Before coming to McMaster he had had only three years schooling, but he had studied privately in connection with his teaching and completed the English Course at McMaster in a very short time. The cares of a home and a large family did not prevent him from doing excellent work, he graduated with honors in April last. His first preaching was among the Lake Huron fishermen, before he became a Baptist. His first charge was that of Woodford Baptist church near Owen Sound. With the assistance of Pastor Vansickle in evangelistic meetings a good work was done and many converted. Soon after this the work of the ministry so pressed upon him that he had to give up his business and devote himself entirely to it. Mr. Robinson is a good thinker, has a well informed mind and is a most patient student. We predict for him a career of usefulness in the Master's service.

MR. STONE is a native of Bristol, England. His father, a Congregationalist, was the tax collector of that noted borough. The son, who was suffering from weakness, was advised to try the climate of America and came to New Westminster, B.C., in November, 1877. Mr. Stone's conversion had taken place when he was in his 18th year, he had immediately, in the zeal of his first young and fervent affection for Christ, begun to preach to the poor of Bristol. The power of public speech thus developed was manifest to the brethren of New Westminster, and they "laid violent hands upon him and compelled him to preach" to them. He was blest in his labors, and was led to give his life to the Gospel ministry. Bro. Stone very interestingly writes to a friend, regarding his doctrinal views, thus: "My attention was drawn to the subject of baptism in this manner: After office hours (I was in my father's office), I used to do mission work in the poor parts of the city. Finding many, when spoken to regarding their souls, would reply 'I have been baptized,' I came to understand what this baptism was, in which so many were trusting; I knew that I had been sprinkled, but that did not prevent me from undergoing great torture when under conviction of sin. I was trusting in Christ only. These poor people were trusting in their baptism. I began to doubt baptism right there, and said to myself 'What is the thing anyway? What is its use?' For the answer I went to the New Testament and soon found that children had no right to be baptised, but that believers had. I saw at once that as a believer I had not been baptised." Rev. E. G. Gange, now of Regents Park, London, had the privilege of baptising Brother Stone, not thinking, perhaps, that he was ushering into the church one who was to spend his life in its interest. He is known in College and among the churches with which he has labored as an able and graceful speaker, his presence is attractive, and his style persuasive. The College men who know him best speak most highly of his Christian character, while his uniform courtesy and loyalty to his fellow-students have made him one of the most popular of undergraduates. As he now goes from us "Prosperity be his page." Mr. Stone added N. T. Greek to his course.

J. B. WARNICKER.—Years ago the city of Liverpool, England, received a minute addition to its population. 'Twas a gleeful, chuckling babe. Well, as it will, the world wagged on in much its usual fashion, scarcely heeding the new recruit and certainly untroubled by his existence. Now, in life's warfare, there are two great armies engaged, and strangely enough, each new recruit on presenting himself, enlists in *whichever army he prefers*, no matter where, when or how he may appear. His is the choice. The one great army is called The Pessimists, the other is known as The Army of the Perseverers. Our new recruit was a cautious chooser. From his father, a German, he inherited a calm, contemplative demeanour (which, alas! disappeared in later days), and from his mother, who was half Welsh, half Scotch, he derived honest simplicity of purpose on the one hand, and on the other, keen tact and foresight. So his choice was pretty sure to be founded on wise consideration; he enlisted in the ranks of the Perse-

verers, under the name of Private John B. Warnicker. Our Perseverer, however, was not at all content to rest on his oars after this wise choice. He had now pretensions to sustain, so he set to work immediately, and joined a society inaugurated amongst his comrades, the members of which were termed Truth-Seekers. After a diligent study of the New Testament, he handed in his name to another earnest body, the Baptist Church. Among this goodly company he thrived exceedingly, and performed his best work, his *best fighting* in the bloodless warfare upon which he had entered.

Let us look at him in another aspect now. Everyone knows J. B., good, old, rollicking, kindly, captivating J. B. Within it all, he hides a warm and tender heart, overflowing with love for the loveable, and sorrow for the downcast ones of humanity. After his school life in England he was employed for a number of years in the offices of freight and passenger departments of Canadian railways, thus obtaining a large knowledge of human nature. Then the divine call became manifest, and he, rejoicing and obeying, entered Woodstock College as a student for the ministry of The Word. He spent three happy years there, and became intensely and deservedly popular with all his associates, in class and out of it. The writer remembers one celebrated Hallowe'en episode—the attack of the West upon the East Building. The conspirators assembled beneath the tables of the Dining-Hall, and when at length the number was complete, were marshalled by the valorous J. B., and led on to triumphant victory, despite water, missiles and housemasters. Ah! how we all proudly contemplated our leader upon that memorable night. But, as Samantha Allen says, "wot's the use of eppisodin?" "To continue and resoom;" he matriculated into McGill University, spent one year there, another at the Congregational College, Montreal, and then entered the English Theological course at McMaster, whence he now graduates. It can truly be said of him that physically, mentally and spiritually, he has continued to broaden. His popularity did not wane in McMaster. In office-holding, as president of the "Lit.," and one of THE MONTHLY staff, he inspired confidence and appreciation, no less than in private good fellowship he endeared himself to all of us. J. B. is a *man* in the best sense of the term, and an Englishman. He leaves for Olivet Baptist Chapel, Montreal, where a great work awaits him. May the Lord bless him and keep him! From all the boys there comes a hearty, united "Amen."

MOULTON COLLEGE.

GRADUATING CLASS.

The closing exercises of Moulton College have been this year of an unusually varied and interesting character.

AN exhibition of pupils' work was held in the Art Studios on June 2nd and 3rd, when a large number of visitors found their way in by the western entrance through the grounds to the Art Building on Bismarck Avenue. The walls of the two studios were pretty well covered with the work of the year, which consisted of drawings from antique casts,—always a special feature of the school,—and a large number of charcoal drawings from life. Judging from the drawings, the models were both young and old, grave and gay, and of different nationality, and evidently the class was very enthusiastic and enjoyed their work. The children's Saturday morning class had a creditable exhibit of paintings and drawings. The modelling in clay by Miss Ware and her pupils, was full of merit and interest, as were also the paintings of still life and flowers, in both water-colors and oils, the work of her class. The sepia drawings by Miss Clarke were especially good. The pen and ink drawings and sketch books also came in for their share of interest. This innovation of having the exhibition in the Art Studios instead of in the Library of the College as usual, was appreciated by the visitors, as the *tout ensemble* of the rooms, seemed to add interest, and explain the work the pupils enjoyed the privilege of doing in the rooms at any hour during the week. Many odd hours can thus be spent in work.

Two successive Saturday afternoons, June 10th and June 17th, were given up to recitals by members of the class graduating in the musical course. Misses F. Johnson, Lailey, Porter, Wilson and VanEtten did themselves and their teachers great credit, and showed clearly the results of the careful painstaking work which is being done in this department.

On Tuesday evening, June 20th, a third musical recital was given, the chief number on the programme being a cantata by Lohr entitled "Fairy Music." It was sung by a chorus, with solo recitations by Misses Fowler and Millichamp.

The energy with which the pupils entered into the spirit of the composition, and the ease and sprightliness of their rendition were specially enjoyable. Miss Smart is to be congratulated on her success in this most difficult department of voice culture.

Of course no closing exercises would be complete without the social element. This was fully provided for on Thursday evening, when the Faculty entertained nearly four hundred friends of the College. The reception-room, the library, the chapel, and the lawn outside the house were thrown open, and presented a gay appearance with their moving throngs of bright faces and many-hued gowns. Refreshments were served in the dining-room which had been trans-

formed, under Miss Harper's skilful direction, into a perfect bower of loveliness. The coolness of the weather added greatly to the comfort of the guests, and all went away well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

But the greatest interest centred in the graduating exercises of Friday evening, which were held in the Bloor St. Baptist Church. The class is the largest yet sent from the College, numbering fourteen, nine from the College Course, and five from the Music Course. At eight o'clock the platform was taken by Chancellor Rand and Principal Smiley, while the students walked in procession down the aisle to the seats reserved for them.

The programme consisted of the reading of the Scriptures by Chancellor Rand, prayer by Pastor Wallace, essays by Misses Johnson, Sheridan, Jeffery and Wilkes, a duet by Misses Smart and Millichamp, a solo by Miss Millichamp, choruses by members of the College, the presentation of diplomas by Dr. Rand, an address to the graduating class by the Principal, and the benediction by Professor Trotter.

The essays were all of a thoughtful character, showing considerable mental reach and grasp of subject, and were listened to most attentively. The musical selections were appropriate and exceedingly well rendered. After a short but earnest and forcible address, the Chancellor presented the diplomas, and Miss Smiley gave a brief address to the graduating class. She spoke of the ideal womanhood toward which she had sought to lead them while at Moulton, as characterised, 1st, by a certain fineness of moral fiber, out of which grow gentleness of speech, refinement of manners, the gracious courtesies of social life, and all generous impulses for the happiness of others; 2nd, by that power of Love, which is the greatest thing in the world, glorifying the home life, and taking the whole world into its philanthropy; and 3rd, by the religious sensibility, *binding* the soul *back* to God in worship and service. Then she emphasised the importance of such a development of the intellectual powers as should quicken all these womanly qualities, and broaden and enrich the whole social and religious life, and bade them go forth from Moulton College as the representatives of educated womanhood.

ALL interest, of course, centres at this time upon our graduating class, and we extend to them our hearty congratulations upon completing their respective courses. At the same time we proffer our sympathy because of the loss of one-third of their number. They began the year full of pride in their numerical strength—twelve besides those in the musical course. Now, alas, there are only seven. Even the fact that we have this year the first graduates in music, and that they number five, can scarcely atone for the disappointment in losing four from the Matriculation Course. Let us introduce to you those who remain.

CLARA CLARK CRANE.—Miss Crane has been a day pupil in the Matriculation Course for four years at Moulton, and has shown herself to be a young lady possessed of no ordinary ability as a student. Her most striking characteristic is calmness in pursuing the even tenor of

her way. Even the pressure of examinations nigh at hand could not prevent her taking a walk, if so she chose, instead of presenting herself at class. This faculty will, no doubt, be of great use to her in her future life, as it will prevent her using up much of that nervous energy dissipated so extravagantly by the present generation. Miss Crane intends to spend a year at Harbord St. Collegiate before entering upon a University Course.

GERTRUDE MARION EDWARDS.—It is with sincere regret that we bid farewell to Miss Edwards. She has been long a favorite among us, winning our admiration and love by her brilliant conversational powers, her geniality, and her out-spoken denunciations of all that is mean or untrue. She takes with her our best wishes for future success and happiness.

LILIAN GLADYS HOLMES.—Miss Holmes, a day pupil, has just completed the Modern Language course. In it she has shown the perseverance necessary to a successful student, and we wish her continued success in her after life.

ETHEL EUGENIE JEFFERY.—Miss Jeffery came to Moulton four years ago intending to devote herself largely to the study of Art. After a year or so, she determined to matriculate, and so entered regular classes. As a student she possessed unusual ability. We hope she will not allow her talents to rust for want of using, and that to whatever she may devote herself, she will be truly successful.

BERTHA LORRAINE JOHNSON.—Miss Johnson, a boarder for more than two years, has proved herself to be a most persevering and ambitious student. She graduates from the Classical course. During her stay at Moulton, she has won, by her brightness and unvarying kindness, the love of all here.

FLORENCE LEE SHERIDAN.—Miss Sheridan, a day pupil, has been among us a little more than three years. She has completed the matriculation work, and contemplates, we believe, entering the University. Her work here promises much for the future. May she continue to be very successful.

MARY VAN ZILE.—Miss Van Zile represents us in the east of our Dominion, going to her home in St. John, N. B. Her faithfulness in study is known to all who knew her. We are sorry she could not have remained with us a longer time, but are confident that she will meet with the success due to one of so pleasant disposition, studious and scholarly habits, and sterling character.

EDITH M. WILKES.—Miss Wilkes, another day pupil, graduates from the Modern Language course. Possessed of talent, she has yet shown herself to be very modest and unassuming.

MABEL FRANCES WOOLVERTON.—Miss Woolverton completes the work for matriculation. Her perseverance in study is well worth imitating, whilst her modest, unassuming Christian life amongst us is an example that might well be followed by all.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Not long since we had the pleasure of listening to a description of the World's Fair grounds, by Mr. R. W. Sawtelle. Mr. Sawtelle visited the scene of the Fair before it was opened, and being a very close observer he was able to give a glowing account, not only of the Fair grounds, but also of the City of Chicago.

MAY 24th, with its attendant sports, has come, and now is numbered with the days that are past. Of course it was a holiday, and of course everyone had a most enjoyable time. We fear some of the students wish it came more frequently. The day was begun at the College by "Three cheers for the Queen," led by Principal Bates, who took breakfast with us. The trades procession, in which the leading manufacturing establishments were represented, was an interesting spectacle and one of the best of the kind ever witnessed in Woodstock.

THE Orchestra and some of the other students held a concert in the church at Bond's Corners, for the benefit of the student who is to go on that field for the summer. We were pleased to learn that they were quite successful in their efforts.

ON Thursday, May 18th, at our regular Judson Missionary Society meeting, Rev. Mr. McGregor, of the Congregational Church (town) addressed us on "The Church of Jesus Christ as the grand missionary agent for spreading the Gospel." He spoke of the liberty that everyone now possesses of studying theology for himself, that equality is the watchword of to-day, and all may be informed on the Bible irrespective of a minister. He said all that is best and dearest on this earth we owe to Christians, and that more good work has been done in the past eighty years than ever had been done before.

WE had the pleasure, a few weeks since, of listening to some remarks from Mr. Kennedy, of Norwich, and Mr. Richmond, both old students. Their words were very interesting.

ON the 8th of May, Mr. Hector, the "Black Knight," addressed the students in the "dining-room," chiefly on the subject of temperance. He handled his subject well, and made some very interesting and highly amusing remarks.

WE are sorry that neither of the societies for which Woodstock has long been famed, could be kept running. Those who were chiefly instrumental in having them started this term seem to have been the first to desert, presumably through press of work. Be the cause what it may, the next meeting of the societies will be in the College year '93-94.

A VERY interesting game of football was played on the College grounds, June 5th, after supper, between the College team and the Y.M.C.A. team from the town. At first the College ran the ball well up to their opponents' goal, but soon they retaliated and put up a good game for the remainder of the first half, scoring twice. In the second half the College seemed to realize that they had "foemen worthy of

their steel." and settled down to hard work, scoring two goals in spite of the giant back of the Y.M.C.A. The score when time was called stood 2 and 2. The teams were :

<i>College.</i>		<i>Y.M.C.A.</i>
McCrimmon	Goal	Gilmour.
Hoyt (capt.)	Backs	Hendry
Petherbridge		Harrison
Torrie		Powell
McIntyre	Half-Backs	Codling
Hollinshead		Plaskett
D. E. Welch	Right Wing	A. McMeekin
Thomas		J. McMeekin
Robertson	Centre For.	Morrison
Huggart	Left Wing	Hamilton
Therrien		Ramsay

J. Gunn, Referee.

The playing of Morrison and Codling, and McIntyre and Therrien was worthy of especial mention. A return match is soon to be played.

THE CLOSING.

Aweary, I came unto the town of Woodstock, concerning which the Ingersoli bard, McIntyre, has so truly written :

"Old Oxford is a seat of knowledge,
Woodstock has a fine new college."

Bethinking me of these never-to-be forgotten lines, which jingled and jangled in my head to the music of the car-wheels, with such variations as Mark Twain's famous 'haunting' lines, click, click, clickety-click :

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengare,
A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a six cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a three cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengare."
"Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passengare."

But, as the train left me behind, it sped on with those tiresome, wearisome rhymes ; my brain grew restless : I sought the college, registered, and retired.

On the morrow, Sunday, Prof. G. B. Foster, Ph.D., of McMaster University, preached to the graduates and the students in general, on the tolerance of Christ,—a sermon of joyful thoughts and intense reality.

The heavy shadow of examinations now began gradually to lessen and fade away, until, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., the beaming holiday sun had routed every vestige of gloom, and burst forth at last in glory to honor the closing day.

It was nearly three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when the eight graduates proceeded up the aisles of the handsomely-decorated chapel to the platform, where seats awaited them to the right. The eight are these :—Enoch Wellington Brown, Woodstock, Ont. ; John Harvey

Cameron, Metcalfe, Ont.; Frank Howard Karn, Woodstock, Ont.; Joshua Isaac Manthorne, Mill Village, N.S.; Arthur Milton Overholt, Fonthill, Ont.; Walter James Pady, Hespeler, Ont.; George Henry Sneyd, Garden Hill, Ont.; William Richard Telford, Paris, Ont. To the left sat the Principal and Faculty, while to *their* left were Chancellor Rand and Hon. John Dryden. On the platform were also G. R. Patullo, Esq.; Dr. McLay; D. W. Karn, Esq.; Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A.; Rev. W. T. Tapscott; J. J. Hall, Esq.; and his worship Mayor Hay.

The competitors in elocution for the Jas. Hay prize were (1st) David Bovington, who eloquently extolled "The Nineteenth Century"; (2nd) J. W. Hoyt, on the "Influence of the Public Platform"; and, lastly, Frank L. Packard, who brilliantly and vigorously upheld "The Supremacy of the American Union in the Abolition of Slavery." Music followed: "Boys of the Old Brigade," by the Glee Club, after which came the graduating essays.

The first of these was on "Imperial Federation,"—and the writer, Frank Karn, proved a right worthy patriot; J. H. Cameron read a good, thoughtful paper on "The National Wealth of Canada"; and, then, the valedictorian, W. J. Pady, delivered a stirring address on "Tact, Push and Principle," concluding with earnest thanks and loving farewell to faculty and school.

The presentation of prizes and scholarships now occurred. Rev. E. W. Dadson presented the Hiram Calvin Scholarship (third year) to Walter J. Pady; the S. J. Moore Scholarship (second year) was not awarded; Mr. D. W. Karn presented the remaining prizes; the D. W. Karn Scholarship (first year) to D. Bovington and G. R. Welch, (equal); the Davies Scholarship (preparatory) to Wm. H. Walker; Manual Training prizes: Senior Year Prize, presented by Mr. W. J. Copp, Hamilton, to W. A. Christie and H. M. McIntosh (equal); Middle Year Prize, presented by Mr. F. C. Bartlett, to Robert Harper; Junior Year Prize, presented by Dudley & Burns, Toronto, to Gerald Dickson.

The Principal's address to the graduates will linger long within many hearts. Thoroughness, faith and helpfulness were its keynotes.

Chancellor Rand now presented the diplomas to the graduating class, welcoming each one kindly and felicitously to the goodly fellowship of the college alumni. He said it had been publicly announced that he would formally address the audience on this occasion, but owing to the state of his health it was imprudent that he should do so. Briefly referring in terms of high appreciation to the labors of the Principal and Faculty, and deftly complimenting Hon. Mr. Dryden on the new interest everywhere manifest in the department over which he so happily presided, he introduced the latter as chairman of the Board of Governors, and requested him to occupy the time which had been allotted to them both.

Mr. Dryden, who was received with applause, acknowledged the honor accorded him. He loved Woodstock College for its past history,—short, but eventful, paying high tributes to the founder, Dr. Fyfe, and the missionaries Craig, McLaurin and Timpany. He was glad of its present existence. "Why do we keep it here?"

asked he, and waxed eloquent in answering. Education, he thought, was more than knowledge; it was such training as would enable one to make the best use of himself. Woodstock College does this; here are Christian environments, helpful, not harmful, associations; true, keen sympathy. He eulogized the Woodstock campus and gymnasium. There are those who perceive and appreciate these advantages,—and yet grumble at the expense. Such narrowness he deprecated, urging and emphasizing the imperative necessity of favouring conditions in the working out of our educational problem. He *warned*, "take care lest your boy be stolen!" Then he *advised*, carefully, practically, earnestly. He exhausted all meanings of "*monéo*." The truth, said he, is in itself sufficiently attractive to supersede error; hold it up faithfully, therefore!

The Principal and the Chancellor announced encouraging prospects for the ensuing year; the Glee Club sang the "Hunting Chorus" right lustily; and the proceedings terminated with the benediction by the Rev. W. T. Tapscott.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

W. R. TELFORD claims England as the land of his nativity, and when we observe his calm determination to win we do not dispute the claim. W. R. has had a good deal of experience as a public school teacher. His work has been mainly in the classics, as his teacher's certificate secures him admission to the University in all other branches. In his quiet genial way he has, in the one year of his student life at Woodstock, endeared himself to a large circle of friends, and few will be more missed than he. The purpose of his life cannot be better indicated than by repeating a remark heard a short time ago: "Mention missions, and Telford is on hand at once."

ARTHUR M. OVERHOLT'S home is the beautiful old village of Fonthill, in the heart of the Niagara district. In this slender, beardless boy, not yet out of his teens, we have a most satisfactory student, and if we may judge from his three years at Woodstock, McMaster University will yet be proud of him. The College orchestra under his leadership has frequently delighted us with their sweet strains, and that their services should often be in demand is not a matter of much surprise. Students and masters wish him the success which his faithful, earnest work merits.

J. I. MANTHORNE, a stalwart Nova Scotian, towers head and shoulders above most of his fellow-collegians. Strict attention to business, loyalty to college, country and —, are prominent characteristics of Manthorne. He has lived in several parts of the continent, but none suits him so well, we fancy, as Nova Scotia. Good, faithful work always tells: "We count our lives by deeds not years."

WALTER J. PADY is in every respect one of the College standbys. "A man he is to all the College dear," and we are loath to part with him. If any man's student life will bear the test of "square and plumb-line," his will. We are glad to have had three years of his active life spent among us. He is a typical Englishman, and will make his way or die in the attempt. In every College work or sport he is a leader,

and besides his regular school-work he has done a grandly faithful work in the East End Mission of which he has had charge. He is a friend to everybody except the idler, and is the very embodiment of pluck, push and principle.

PORT HOPE sends us George H. Sneyd, of whom nothing is so characteristic as are hard work and genuine whole-souled manliness. Three years of most unrelaxing study have brought him to the end of his Woodstock career. Who has not a friend in George? and who can fail to be his friend? His years at Woodstock have been pleasant, and we know that many have been encouraged to persevere by the examples he has set. If this same untiring zeal follows him through life, its influence must be far-reaching.

J. H. CAMERON, a Cameron of Clan Cameron, and worthy of the name, spent his boyhood in Osgoode, Carleton Co. He has shown himself not wanting in that energy and perseverance which characterize the young Scotch-Canadian. After a short career as "knight of the birch," he entered Woodstock in September, '91. Throughout his course he has steadily forged ahead, till now he stands in the front rank of the noble grads. of Woodstock, and, if we judge aright, J. H. has before him a distinguished scholastic career. He leaves with the hearty good wishes of all.

E. W. BROWN, who has spent several years in the ranks of the teaching profession, is an Oxford boy. It would be no exaggeration to say, "He is as regular as clockwork and as true as steel." The greater part of his time in the College has been devoted to the delights of the classics, and if faithful work will accomplish anything, we have little fear of failure in his case. While regretting his departure from us we hope to have the privilege of frequently seeing him.

FRANK H. KARN, the only son of our esteemed citizen and friend of the College, D. W. Karn, is light-hearted, buoyant and good-natured. His enthusiasm for science and manual training does not prevent his taking a high standing in all his studies. He intends pursuing his studies in applied science at McGill. Many a time have we kept step to Frank's marches as we left the chapel for our classes at nine o'clock. While we can no longer claim him as a student, we hope he will favor us with frequent visits.

A FEW OTHERS.

Besides the graduates, there are a few other students taking a final leave of Woodstock, a half-dozen of whom should have special mention here:

ARTHUR CREASY is an Englishman and likewise an old teacher. In his six months at the College he has covered a great field of work. Here we have a self-made man. Coming from England when but a small lad, he set himself the task of acquiring an education, and he can well say to others:

"Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road,
Alike, he peer and peasant
Must *·iimb* to her abode."

Woodstock wishes him the richly-deserved success of a hard, earnest worker.

WARREN A. CHRISTIE also comes from the Maritime Provinces, which have sent so many good men to our Western colleges. He has been taking a special mathematical and scientific course with manual training, and expects to pursue his studies in the Faculty of Applied Sciences at McGill College. His fondness for mechanical work and his faithful application are sure to have their due reward. By his kindly spirit and true manliness he has won for himself a place in the hearts of students and teachers.

J. W. HOYT is a St. Mary's boy. What will football do without Captain J. W.? He is at home in the field after the bounding ball, and with him at the head our boys are confident of success, and many a glorious victory proves that their confidence is not misplaced. Then we are told that he is one of our "best preachers," which is no mean distinction. We cannot yet say what his tendencies toward annexation may lead him to, but we have grave misgivings along at least one line. He is a hard worker, a heavy kicker, a good singer, and a genial fellow, and many besides students and faculty will regret his departure from us.

FRANK L. PACKARD hails from Montreal, and we are ready to extend a hearty welcome to many more like him. Though his career at Woodstock has been short, it has been deep, for he has reached down to the hearts of the boys, the masters, and ——. He is an enthusiastic student in the Manual department, and expects to enter the School of Applied Sciences of McGill.

GEORGE E. WILLIAMS represents Toronto in our third year. We all know George as a lover of good company, a hard working student, an enthusiastic editor of our *Philomathic Oracle*, and an aspiring preacher. If McMaster literary societies want a good worker we can heartily recommend him. Though his course has been somewhat broken, he has made a good finish, and will enter upon his theological studies with a good foundation.

HAROLD GRANT is from British Columbia. He is looking to science in Montreal. Harold will be missed in the science classes and the manual training department, and his entertaining talks on his travels will no longer delight us in the diningroom. Electrical machines, dynamos, cameras and chemical experiments have an absorbing interest for him. We shall not soon forget him, and we believe he will always have a warm place in his heart for Woodstock.

WESLEY WEST represents our own town, and has been a day student for the past six months. We do not know which of his brothers he intends to follow professionally—the doctor or the preacher, but we all unite in wishing him prosperity in the further pursuit of his studies.