



Rev. David Marsh.

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THE LATE REV. DAVID MARSH.

On the west side of the steep declivity then known as Hope Hill, reaching from the great Basilica and the market square of the city, down to the edge of the St. Charles, stood a plain two-story house, old as the French occupation. There was nothing of an ecclesiastical look about the building. An upper room, about forty feet in length, and twenty in breadth, plainly furnished with pine table and desk on which the Bible lay, unpainted seats and uncarpeted floor, was the meeting place of the few Christians who professed Baptist principles in the early forties and the birth place of the Baptist Church of Quebec. There was nothing to appeal to an æsthetic taste about the place. Outside, nature was lavish in her display. The great St. Lawrence to the right, bounded by that verdant gem, the Island of Orleans, and the Point Levis shore, in front the St. Charles river softly flowing into the St. Lawrence, while beyond the St. Charles the rich valley of the same name gently sloped up to the pine-clad Laurentian mountains, which curved in gentle sweep towards the west, thus engirdling the city, as of old did the mountains round about Jerusalem. Everything that met the eye outside of that plain building was grand and uplifting. All within was as plain and unpretentious as was the upper room of old in which the first disciples met. If the preaching room reminded one of apostolic simplicity, the men who ministered there were men of apostolic type, and the gospel they preached was a truly apostolic gospel. Dr. Davis, then principal of the Montreal Baptist

College, subsequently, a member of the Bible revision staff and principal of Regent's Park College; Dr. Cramp, so long associated with our educational work in the Maritime Provinces; Bosworth, pastor and professor; Girdwood, the honored pastor at St. Helen St., Montreal; and Landon, fresh from years of labor among the Six Nation Indians of the Tuscarora Reserve. These were men of more than ordinary ability, scholarly, and earnest in soul winning. David Marsh had no mean task laid upon him when called to follow these men, who gave the little Baptist flock not only solid food but rich variety. Intellectually he probably was not behind any of them; in educational equipment he would compare favorably with most. In other qualifications he was the superior of most of them.

In the summer of 1845 Mr. Marsh landed in Quebec with his young bride, having left his son James, the only child of a former marriage, behind to complete his education in England. He arrived just after the two great fires of May and June, 1845, which left nearly one-half of the city a smouldering ruin. His intention was to spend a few days or weeks in Quebec, and then move on to the West; God designed otherwise. The few days of his plan were lengthened out into over forty years, during thirty-eight of which he filled the pastoral office, and was intimately associated with the religious life and activities of the city. Towards the close of the year 1845, the Baptist Church was organized, fifteen members entering into covenant with the Lord and with one another; nine years later certain rules and regulations were adopted for the government of the society. The lot on which the present chapel on McMahon street stands was purchased from a French Roman Catholic on the 2nd of March, 1853, and the building rapidly pushed to completion and occupied. On ground and building £1,450, Halifax currency (the currency of the day, equal to \$5,800) was expended, leaving a debt of \$1,856, a large sum for a mere handful of people, most of them possessing but little wealth. In 1877 the Sunday school hall was added which must have cost at least a couple of thousand dollars more. After moving into the church edifice considerable accessions were made to the congregation, embracing not a few Godly officers, privates and non-

commissioned officers of the garrison then occupying the different barracks in Quebec. The first few years of his pastorate must have been a severe tax both on his physical and mental energies, and years that must have called for strong faith and much prayer. His salary was small, quite insufficient to support his increasing family, and had to be supplemented by teaching for some time, and subsequently by other means less exhausting. But never for a moment did he think of being on the outlook for something that might improve his position. God had called him to this work in Quebec, and he dare not turn aside, assured at the same time that He who called him to the work would provide for him and his. He was not disappointed. The promise failed not. What a lesson the long, useful and often discouraging pastorate reads to us in the present day, to pastors and churches, the one so often on the look out for something better, and the other restless for some change, what they know not, that may cure existing evils and bring the prosperity that comes not by a change of ministers but by a change of heart, in the people.

Mr. Marsh was born in Acsrington, Lancashire, England, Dec. 19, 1805, and educated at Horton College, Bradford, a county and an institution that have given Britain and Canada some of our best ministers. He held successively three pastorates in the old country before coming to this side of the Atlantic. In appearance he was about middle height, thick-set, of pleasing countenance, with a kindly look in his eyes. He seemed to me extremely careful of his personal appearance, but with no tendency to foppishness. While avoiding high church clericalism in dress, his garb indicated his sacred calling. He was a typical English gentleman, with such a genial play of features as at once challenged the confidence of old and young, of rich and poor. One of the occasions on which he first attracted my attention was at the monthly review of his friend Jeffrey Hale's Sunday school, the spiritual birthplace of a great many useful Christian men and women, and I think I may say, for years a great, if not the greatest, centre of spiritual influence in Quebec. He sat with other guests, present on such occasions, in the gallery. His kindly eye met mine in such a way as to

give me confidence in answering certain Bible questions put by our superintendent Mr. Hale. Thirty-five years afterwards I learned from a mutual friend that my answers had so impressed him, that for years he had followed me with prayerful interest. God only knows how much I owe to that good man's prayers.

As a scholar, a thinker, and a teacher Mr. Marsh held a place in the front ranks. He had a well furnished and a well trained mind, and possessed the rare faculty of being able to communicate to others what he himself knew. These old English colleges like Horton, Bristol and others, may not have had either the staff or general equipment of our modern schools, but beyond question they turned out many noble thinkers and workers. To supplement his meagre salary, Mr. Marsh for some time taught an English and classical school, and not a few of his old pupils have filled and some still fill honourable and successful positions both in the professional and business ranks of the community. Of his private pupils the daughter of the late Lord Elgin and sister of the present Earl, was under his care and tuition till his lordship removed from Canada.

As a lecturer, such was his popularity, that he could always command a well-filled house. His warm friend and mine, Jeffrey Hale, a liberal Episcopalian and consecrated Christian worker, in whose Sunday school hall he often lectured, purchased and placed at his disposal a splendid outfit of chemical apparatus, for his use in practical experiments; these are still to be seen in the anteroom of the now, I regret to say, unused school house. But whether the subjects of his instruction were English literature, classics, chemistry or what else, all instruction was made contributory to furnishing the mind with solid truth, and directing the prepared life into the channel of Christian service.

But it is mainly as a preacher and a pastor, that he has left behind his noblest record. He was a sound and instructive preacher, ever from a well stored mind and a well studied Bible, bringing forth things new and old for the up-building of the saints and the conviction and conversion of sinners. His preaching was eminently expository, and thoroughly evangelical. It was the old-fashioned gospel of a free salvation, through the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God. His manner on the plat-

form was quiet, his voice soft and flexible, his delivery deliberate and earnest. He never preached David Marsh, but only Christ and Him crucified. In listening you lost sight of the messenger in the message. He was a diligent student, but sought rather to have his mind well stored and ready for the demands of the occasion, than to exhaust himself in a carefully prepared essay, lovely as Ezekiel's song, easy to listen to and just as easy to forget before the amen came.

In the month of August, 1860, on my way from New Brunswick to my home in Brantford, where I was then pastor of Zion Presbyterian church, I was detained over a Sunday in Quebec. In the evening I went to hear Mr. Marsh. It was a very thoughtful and instructive expository discourse, so logically and carefully arranged that I concluded he must have spent most of the week in its preparation. In an hour's conversation with him the next day, I made some reference to the sermon of Sunday evening. I was surprised to learn that he had only decided on his text for that evening at the close of the morning service. "But you must not suppose" he added, "that all my preparation was confined to a few hours of Sunday labour. You know how I am situated with the business cares of the Bible Depository on my hands, and other demands upon my thought and time, I have little time for the elaboration I would like to bestow upon my sermons; but I am all the time trying to store my mind with sermon material, and then to the best of of my ability, with divine help, before preaching I give what attention I can to the arrangement of my thoughts. I use no manuscript unless a few pencil outlines." This was possibly the best plan for a very busy man to adopt, and indeed the only plan our dear brother could adopt. The young preacher, who has his study hours at his disposal, should not from this example find an excuse for not writing out, certainly in the earlier years of his ministry, and writing out carefully at least one sermon a week. Writing is a good discipline of both thought and expression. Mr. Marsh's plan gave him a freedom of eye and gesture, which he could not have had if confined by a manuscript, whether read or memorized. What he said was original in the only sense in which we can properly use that word in its

application to preaching. The thoughts of others with which his discourses were enriched were all passed through the mill of his own mental processes, and had become a part of his own mental resources before given to his hearers. Mr. Marsh spoke as he felt and his hearers could not but feel that the message was not his, but a message from God, of which he was only the bearer. Among his audiences in the early years of McMahon street, were some of the most cultured people of Quebec, and not a few devoted Christian men from the military, among whom he found warm-hearted and grateful sympathizers.

There was no man in my early days that I looked up to with more respect and affection and who to me appeared more nearly to realize the ideal of a perfect Christian man, than the late Jeffry Hale. No man possibly ever exerted in Quebec a more deeply penetrating and widespread personal and social influence for good along spiritual lines than he. From their first meeting Mr. Marsh found in him a devoted friend, and was subsequently honoured, as trustee or one of the trustees of the Jeffry Hale Sunday School property, of the Jeffry Hale Hospital, which is still doing such a good work, and of which he was for a time chairman of the board of trustees. In many of the Protestant charities and benevolent movements of the city, these men stood shoulder to shoulder for years. No man felt the loss occasioned by Mr. Hale's death more keenly than Mr. Marsh. In the management of the Ladies' Protestant Home, he took an active part, and to its inmates he was ever a welcome visitor. For years he held the responsible position of Depository of the Quebec Bible Society, in the management of which he was ably assisted by his wife, who was a woman of more than ordinary business ability.

But it was as a pastor, and in his pastoral visitations, that most of all he endeared himself to the people, not to Baptists only but to those of other denominations as well. I could fill this paper with testimonies that I have heard, some dating back over half a century, and some only confided to me during my recent sojourn in Quebec, as to the delight and profit which these visits afforded. A man with brilliant pulpit gifts may attract and dazzle, but it is in the closer contact of heart with heart, in the

minister's fatherly pastoral visits that the most permanent results are realized.

Mr. Marsh was a pronounced open communionist, and would never conceal (though he never offensively obtruded) his views, nor sacrifice his principles to the demands of expediency. No doubt this fact stood in the way of his personal advancement. "Had he remained in England," remarked a well-known literary lady, "he would doubtless have filled some of the most important pastorates in his native land." But he came to Canada at a time when regularism was extreme and intolerant. He earnestly wished to co-operate with his Baptist brethren—he saw no bar to his being permitted to do so; but his advances were repelled, concessions were demanded which his conscience would not permit; so he remained out in the cold. It was not only the exclusiveness manifested and which he could not understand, but the bitterness of spirit with which he was repelled, that left a wound not easily healed. But these were days of narrowness and intolerance, as a rule, on ecclesiastical and dogmatic questions. The intolerance that ruined the Baptist College in Montreal, that somewhat later threatened the Grande Ligne Mission, was laid with heavy hand upon our brother. Had a more conciliatory, and, we think, Christian policy of forbearance been pursued, as ultimately in the case of the Grande Ligne Mission, the results would have been different, and the end attained without the sacrifice of principle.

No doubt that Mr. Marsh's loose views on the communion question gave him access in many a quarter from which, as a strict communion Baptist, he would have been by prejudices excluded. The sphere of his deeply spiritual influence and of his clear evangelical teachings was thus possibly widened. But in denominational upbuilding and extension he never could have met with much success in such a stronghold of religious conservatism as Quebec. One thing is assured to all who knew him, that he always acted conscientiously and according to the light he had, no matter what the loss likely to follow. Was he a loser in the long run? By no means. He commanded the profound respect even of those who differed from him. He never was able to save from, or even to live on, his salary; yet he and

his family lived and dressed well, and never at the tradesman's expense. All his surviving children are comfortably settled in life, and all are professing Christians, loyal to Christ and to the Baptist cause, and one of them a useful Baptist minister in Michigan, U. S. Deeply do some of us regret the years of his isolation from the organized interests of the Baptist cause. We were the losers more than he. He received the hundred-fold in this world, and the life everlasting beyond.

Towards the close of his long pastorate he was assisted by our much respected brother, E. J. Stobo, who succeeded him in the pastorate of the church, and still lives to do good service for the Master. His younger son, W. A. Marsh, is one of the leading business men of Quebec, a director of the old Quebec Bank, an active worker and generous giver in the Y. M. C. A., and in almost all the religious enterprises of the city, and actively interested in all our denominational enterprises, and a deacon in the local Baptist church. So runs the promise, not only he, but his seed also shall be blessed.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

THE STORM-SPRITES.

The year wanes old ; and once again

The storm uprises through the shrieking night,
 And spirits of the winds—fierce demon-forms—take flight
 With wild and fierce halloo ; the falling rain
 Sweeps o'er drenched eaves and mists the window pane ;
 I feel a nameless horror, yet delight ;
 The far off woods are roaring in their might ;
 The cottage rocks ; the roof tree bends and strains.

And as I muse, on my rapt spirit swims

A passion, deep and holy as the tombs,
 Wild spirit voices meet my listening ear ;
 Out of the hollow void methinks I hear
 Vast diapasons, chants and holy hymns,
 That swell forevermore in vast cathedral glooms.

—*Glenn H. Campbell.*

A PASTOR'S READING.

Although this title looks a little exclusive, it is hoped that under it something may be said that will be of interest to many others besides pastors. Indeed, it sometimes happens that a worker in one department gains just the advantage he needs by looking at the work and the methods of those whose toil takes them to spheres different from his own. It is therefore hoped that the general reader may not be frightened away by the title of the present discussion. It is also hoped that something helpful may be said for pastors who, of course, are especially held in mind in what is here said.

It should be taken for granted that pastors ought to be readers. There are few men who have greater need of reading. To speak as often and as variously as the modern pastor has to speak, makes it needful that he should be informed as to a wide area of facts. And it will generally be discovered that those preachers who have permanently held the attention of any community, have been diligent and wide readers. The currents of thought that are influencing men are varied and are strong, and this makes it clear that the duty of one who aspires to lead religious thought, is to know what things are touching the minds of his hearers. Nor can a preacher keep his own thinking keen unless he keeps constantly whetting it. The mind is one of the most delicate of the organisms that go to make up that wonderful creature called man, and if it does not have the proper exercise—gentle or violent as the case may require—it cannot do justice to itself. It is a common experience with pastors that the weeks in which their minds have had the most generous and stimulating exercise—often on subjects remote from the sermons for the following Sunday—are the weeks that are followed by the Sundays whose achievements are the most triumphant. There are also strong reasons why a pastor should be a reader for his own peace of mind. There is a rest in books that will take him away from jarring and anxiety. When he is distressed by the perversity of men he may often find great relief in the pages of a Hebrew grammar. When he is overburdened with his work his mind may fly away on the wings

of a story to some peaceful place and be at rest. When he is haunted by the morbid fear that his work is not succeeding, he may find repose in the story of some one whose life has been beset with the same fear. And when he is chilled with the dread that no one is believing his report, he may find for himself a peaceful habitation in his books and rest in the assurance that he at least is believing the report of someone else.

Beside rest and relaxation, we seek in reading some more serious ends. There are three definite objects that a pastor should have before him in his more strenuous reading—to gain new facts or ideas; to see in a new light the grouping or coordinating of what he knows; and to acquire greater strength, clearness and beauty in his style. The attentive reader will find himself enriched in all these ways if he reads widely enough and persistently enough. That we need these three things in the pulpit is clear. We need facts and ideas, for these are the material out of which our sermons are made. We need the coordination of ideas and facts in order not to be involved in the entanglements of confused thinking, nor to be entrapped into the humiliation of contradicting in one sermon what we have asserted in another. And we need style, for however rich and varied may be the facts and ideas that we command, however clear may be the classification of our ideas, our material will neither influence the lives of men nor command their attention if it is not stated so that it will lay hold of the audience.

But we are often met with the question, "When are we to find time for reading?" The sufficient answer to this question is that we *must* find time for reading. When once this categorical imperative takes hold of a man, time becomes elastic. The use of time is one of our most serious responsibilities. All that we do in this world we do in time, and one great reason why some men accomplish more than others is that they lay out their time to better advantage. The chief battle has been won when a man has learned to be systematic without allowing his system to become his tyrant. No one can lay down a plan for another, but each man must nevertheless have his own plan. His time will otherwise go to shameful and criminal waste. But one point I should like to suggest because it seems to me to

be fundamental for us all. We should keep our heavy work for the time when our minds are freshest, for heavy work cannot be carried with jaded energies. And let the young pastor rest assured that he can accomplish something, and let him not be tempted to give up reading because there are so many practical details in a pastor's life. He can gain time for reading by refusing to spend it on little things that may be pleasing but have no profit in them; he may gain time by learning to do his pastoral work and his sermon-making quickly without doing it poorly; and he may gain time by increasing his facility in reading, for with steady practice this facility will come. There are pastors whose capacity for reading has doubled itself in two years. And when once the swing of a reading pastor's work begins to make itself felt, he will find that each department will help the other—his reading will help his pastoral work, and his pastoral work his reading; and his preaching will give zest to his reading, while the reading, done it may be years ago, will give richness and volume to his sermons. But, after all, for the question, "How shall I find time to read?" there is no other answer so important as, "You *must* find time to read."

In trying to tell what a pastor should read we find ourselves committed to a wide, an almost boundless field. It will be better at the very beginning to admit that we cannot read all that is printed, nor indeed all that we ourselves want to read. In so broad a field as this there is almost endless room for choice; and each man's choice will be, and doubtless should be, different from that of everyone else. In discussing this part of the subject, therefore, one is driven to set forth what his own tastes and inclinations lead him to choose, and since one's own reading is that with which he is most familiar, perhaps it is better that this should be so.

I would always advise a young reader to be sure that he is reading to a large extent the books that "find" him, for otherwise his mind will not be kindled to that warm glow of creative suggestiveness that is so important a factor in reading. At the same time even this rule should not be followed exclusively, for a certain amount of time should be given to books

which are by others recognized as good, but which do not appeal very powerfully to us. These books should be worked with until we have wrested from them the secret of their power.

In coming to specify the classes of books, I would put, as all of us would put, the Bible in the first place. After all that has been said, the Bible is still the one great incomparable Book. And the Bible should be not only the pastor's constant subject, but also his constant companion. It must be for him not merely a quarry for texts, but the Word of the living God for his soul. When he comes home on Sunday evenings it is most uplifting for him to read a long section from some prophet, or a large number of Psalms, or a generous portion of the Proverbs—and this not because he is an under-shepherd, but because he is a member of the Master's flock and needs for his own soul the green pasture and the still waters.

It should be the ambition of every pastor, as it seems to me, or of most pastors at least, to be able to read both the Old and the New Testaments in the original languages. There is a freshness and vigour here that it is serious for the Bible student to lose, and every pastor should give all diligence to arrive at that place where he can make his way through the Hebrew or the Greek chapters without finding the strange words and idioms irritating stumbling blocks to check him in his pursuit of the thought.

But if a pastor needs to study the Word of God as the food upon which he feeds, the position which he occupies makes another kind of study necessary. It is his duty to feed the flock of God, and this makes it necessary that he should understand how to prepare spiritual food. We take it for granted that we all see the need of the Holy Spirit's aid in this matter, for without that no pastor can begin rightly to divide the Word of Truth. This is fundamental, and an absolute necessity if there is to be any hope of success. But the preparation of spiritual food makes necessary also the scientific and critical study of the Scriptures. And for this kind of work many good books have been written. To mention all would be impossible, but I have found many volumes of the Expositor's Bible very helpful for the suggestion and discussion of topics, the Can-

bridge Bible for schools and colleges, for more detailed exegesis, and the International Critical Commentary for the discussion of critical and linguistic subjects. I would also advise the use of Old and New Testament introductions of various schools of thought, and the use at the same time of works that seek the more devotional truth set forth in the Scriptures. But the field of scientific Bible study is so wide that if one goes far in it he finds that he will have to specialize and choose some one department. Yet the working pastor should have a general knowledge of what is being done in the various spheres of Biblical research, and he should welcome all kinds of books that throw light from various quarters upon the Word of God—some from history, and some from geography and some from the study of manners and customs, or whatever relates to the life set forth in the Scriptures.

The pastor will also find help from books that arrange and state in order the whole range of Christian doctrine—books on Systematic Theology as it is usually called. Some of these are very dry and will yield but little return for labour, but others are wonderfully helpful in assisting us to classify our knowledge. It looks as if a new day is dawning for Systematic Theology. Dr. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology" is evidently one of the first notes in the new chorus, and we will look for other books that will approach the subject in the same spirit and by the same method.

Books of sermons are also very useful reading. But these should, most of them, be from preachers of our own age, for the very fact that a man is a preacher, usually makes his message for a subsequent age very limited. What we need in reading sermons is to see how the spirit of our own times is made to pulsate through the old and yet ever fresh truths of Revelation. Different pastors will be helped by different preachers. For my own part I receive most good from Maclaren and Spurgeon and Dean Church, with the possible addition of John Henry Newman. In Maclaren I find a keen, spiritual, and scholarly insight into the Scriptures, combined with a style that is marvelous for its grace and its simplicity. In Spurgeon I find the warm glow of a heart on fire with love for his Father, and lips touched

with the eloquence that is born of a rich poetic imagination. In Church there is the wealth of a scholar and the reverence of a chastened spirit, enlisted in the service of a keenly intense religious personality. In Newman we seem to hear the far-off tones of other worlds, as the preacher himself listens to them, and makes us stop to listen too.

This may be an appropriate place to point out that there are three spheres of knowledge with which the preacher should be more or less familiar. He should know about the nature and character and purposes and work of God, for his duty is to preach a true God; he should know about the dispositions and doings and possibilities of men, for it is his duty to preach to men; and he should know about the world, in its structure and its capacity, for this world is the house both of himself and those to whom he preaches, and hence the objects with which he and they are surrounded must be made channels for the communication of that spiritual truth that it is his duty to set forth. To bear in mind these three classes of knowledge will be a great help in guiding a pastor in his reading.

In regard to this world which is the house in which we live and think, it is quite obvious that there are vast areas of knowledge about which the working pastor must be content to remain in ignorance. And yet he will make a serious mistake if he allows the great book of nature to remain for him a sealed book. This did not our Master, for He knew about the flowers and the grass and the sunsets, and He used them to teach spiritual lessons. To be sure He did not speak in the language of modern science, because His hearers would not have understood Him; but He spoke to the men of His own age in such a way as to make us believe that if He had lived to-day he would have entered into the spirit of those who have made nature their study. While few of us can be intimately acquainted with the natural sciences, there are none of us who can afford to be without the freshness and vigour that a little knowledge of these things will give to our own thinking, and to the sermons that we preach. Not that we should attempt to teach science or that we should use its technical phrases; but familiarity with these things will often furnish an apt illustration or a

telling anecdote that cannot but be helpful to some one. A knowledge of the actual world as the abode of men is also very helpful, and the reading of an occasional book of travel will often serve to give a breadth and reality to our thought that can come in no other way. And from these sources one can often glean facts and stories that will be helpful, especially for the young.

But after all, the chief study of the preacher, next to the Bible and its truth, is man. This subject is so varied as to be practically endless, and we can never say that we are quite done with it. Our study of men must ever be based upon the knowledge that we gain by personal contact with them, and yet there are many useful things that we can most easily reach through books. The pages of history are full of important matter, for there we see the working out of principles whose real tendencies cannot be ascertained in the observations of even the longest life-time. And these things the preacher should know, lest in the movements he inaugurates, he make mistakes that are none the less serious because unconsciously committed. The study of Church History is especially important, and pastors may deem themselves fortunate in being able now to have the *Manual of Church History*, written by Professor Newman, a book that puts into a brief and orderly form the best results of present study in this department. A pastor will also gain greatly by the proper use of biographies of great men. But let him take care that he does not waste his time over poorly written biographies. There are so many good books of this class that there need be no fear of an inadequate supply. What we want here is a sketch that sets forth the man as he really was, a book whose outlines are as sharp and as clear, and whose figures are as life-like, as a statue or a painting of Michael Angelo. When a pastor is growing discouraged or slack or barren in his thought, the best remedy is often the reading of the biography of some godly man of marked character.

To history and biography, we perhaps ought to add sociology and economics, although these subjects are so vast that few of us can hope to advance very far in them. These

aspects of life are, however, becoming increasingly important for public men, and few of us can afford to be in entire ignorance with regard to these great problems. The teachings of the Gospel that shew the duty of man to his fellowmen are now being very vigorously pressed, and in this matter as in all others, that man is safest who understands something about the scientific principles that underlie the subject.

We said in the earlier part of this discussion that one of the purposes of reading is to secure the co-ordination of ideas. This is probably best done by works on philosophy. I understand that something of the same end is secured by the higher mathematics, but about that I am not able to speak. It seems certain, however, that a pastor should frequently read some book by a first-rate philosopher. Those who labour in this sphere are able to command such clearness of thought, and are able to survey such a wide area of fact and of experience that what they write is always helpful to the careful reader. Reading of this sort is both exhilarating and corrective and clarifying, and the philosopher has an important contribution to make to the pastor in helping him to avoid the entanglements of confusion.

In the reading of a pastor, I would give a recognized place to poetry and to works of fiction. Poets are heirs to an unusual strength of imagination, and are masters of happy phrases. If they did not have these characteristics, they would not be poets. In both these spheres they have much to teach us, and the preacher will often find a new power come to him as he wanders over the fields of poetry. None of the great poets should be neglected, but perhaps each one ought to have a special favourite, who will be to him a refuge in time of storm or a house of preparation for the day of battle. Some find most of what they need in Browning, and some in Tennyson, and some in Wordsworth, and some in Spenser. For my own part I gain the greatest help from Shakespeare, and I always esteem myself happy when on Saturday evening it is possible to read one of his plays. As for works of fiction, there is a variety of practice and a difference of opinion, but there are some classes of minds that cannot do their best work unless they read a fair

amount of this kind of literature. There is, of course, a vast amount of what is called fiction that is not worth the paper that it is printed on for the preacher or any other serious-minded man. But there is a saving remnant that is worth a great deal. All the great novelists of this century have been serious students and keen observers of human life, and while their works are styled fiction, there is a larger sense in which they are real servants of truth, for if they did not shadow forth the great principles that underlie human life, they could find no hearing at all. It is true that a preacher cannot read even all the good fiction that is written, but for most of us it is desirable to keep up our acquaintance with the older writers, such as Scott and Thackeray and George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, and at the same time to read each year a few of those books whose sales are large and whose tone is good. For there must be some reason why a book reaches a wide audience, and it will help a public speaker greatly to discover what is the secret of that success. There is also a lightness of touch that we gain by reading such books that will tend to counteract the effects of the severer labours of the minister's study.

We have also much to gain from the judicious use of newspapers and magazines, although the greatest care should be taken here lest we fall into a sinful waste of time. It is said that a certain distinguished statesman of to-day never reads the newspapers. But he can afford to pursue this course, because he lives in the atmosphere where newspapers thrive, and so he absorbs directly what they have to say. But the minister of the Gospel can hardly afford to neglect the newspapers, because he needs to know something about the public questions of the day, and the easiest way for him to hear about them is through the press. It is assumed that we all take our own denominational paper, and so we need say nothing about that. In addition to this, it is helpful to take some paper that is published in another country. There are denominational papers published in various parts of the United States that usually yield something to those of our pastors who take them. Many of our pastors are diligent readers of *The British Weekly*, and there are few papers that have so much for ministers. For my own

part, I do not know of any that has nearly as much, and the reading of this journal is for me one of the most pleasant and profitable duties of the week. There are many also who are helped by *The Outlook*. It serves as a general medium of religious information with regard to the United States, and it helps to keep one's mind fresh. There are also periodicals that deal more especially with Biblical exposition, and with the new books that are interesting for the theologian. Among these may be mentioned *The Expositor*, *The Expository Times*, *The Critical Review*, *The Biblical World*, and *The American Journal of Theology*. If at all possible, every pastor should take at least one of these. A pastor who would feed his flock aright must also be informed about the general state of Christian and missionary work throughout the world, and for this part of his preparation, such periodicals as *The Missionary Review of the World* and *The Record of Christian Work* are very helpful. And with regard to magazines in general, it is usually a good thing to take some, either one or more, with whose standpoint we entirely disagree. And if the pastor reads German or French, it is a good thing to take some periodical written in those languages. It is also helpful to keep an eye upon the great Reviews like *The Contemporary* and *The Nineteenth Century*.

Nor should the pastor neglect works on preaching and pastoral work. He will find it helpful to read this kind of literature all through his ministry. I think he should read at least one new book a year in this department, for each writer on this subject, if he has gained any recognition at all, has something worth saying, and something worth reading.

There are many kinds of reading that we have no time to mention, such as the Greek and Roman classics, the great English essayists, works on Apologetics, and the writings of the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches. As we have already reached the limit of our space, we cannot discuss these at all.

There is one other class of writing, however, that I will trespass upon our space to mention especially, because it seems to me very important. After all, the effect of our work depends greatly upon the spirituality of our pastors, and our pastors must be very careful to keep the springs of their spiritual life

well fed. For this purpose it is needful that we give due attention to books of devotion. Some find great help in *Imitation of Christ*, but it has been called a book of inaccessible heights, and I do not press that; and some are uplifted by the writings of the German mystics before the Reformation, but I do not especially urge these. There are, however, in our own time, books that are less tyrannical and better adapted to our own age. Of these we may mention the works of Andrew Murray, and the devotional writings of Henry Drummond, as well as *The Little Books on Religion*, edited by W. Robertson Nicholl, and *The Devotional Library*, published by Hodder & Stoughton. These are not, by any means, the only works on these subjects, and perhaps some pastors will be more greatly helped by works not here mentioned. But either these or some other devotional works should form part of a pastor's recognized reading, for no pastor can have power in the pulpit unless he is often led to the Mount of God; and there are some men who have special gifts in leading us across those uplands where no road can ever be surveyed by mere logic or scholarship, but where the soul finds that God who speaks with a still small voice.

It is hoped that nothing that has been said will lead any one to think that the task of the minister in his preaching is anything but the preaching of the Word of God. The only task that our Master has set us is to preach the Word, and everything else is to be sought only in so far as it helps us in this work. There are many books above referred to, that can never be distinctly brought into a sermon, while from others we may be able to glean only a stray anecdote or a stray quotation. But all will help to give that body to the preacher's thinking that tends to make a speaker masterful without the audience being able to tell why, and all will help to shed light upon the Book of Truth that it is our incomparable privilege to expound. If a book does not do this, the preacher should have nothing to do with it.

A few words as to how a minister should read, will have to bring our discussion to a conclusion. Most ministers will find it helpful to read by some system—either a course laid out for some degree, or a course that he marks out for himself. The advan-

tages of this are too great to need discussion. In reading we ought also to be careful to have variety of method. We ought to be always doing some reading that requires laborious and careful study. This will help us to avoid those inaccuracies of statement and reasoning that some hearers find so irritating in preachers. At the same time we should be always doing some reading that requires swiftness and speed. This will help to give that contact with life and movement that a public speaker needs.

One other statement should be made as to the manner of reading. A reader should always lose himself in what he reads and still find himself again. A large number of the mistakes that readers make are due to the neglect of either one or other of these. Some readers never lose themselves in what they read, and so they never see in a book anything that they did not know before, and some readers never keep their own feet when they read and so their mind becomes a mere basket of undigested thought. Good reading grasps the idea of the author, but at the same time is sleepless in its own judgment and accepts nothing that is not assimilated.

So much space has already been taken that we have no time for a peroration. If, however, anything has been said that will help our pastors in any way that will be a sufficient reward for the writing and the reading of these suggestions that are given by a pastor to his companions in the ministry.

J. L. GILMOUR.

A CASUAL FRIEND.

We meet and part, and go our way ;
A memory, nothing more ;
Nor dream that what we said to-day,
Floats to that further shore.

O. G. L.

"THE LAND OF SCOTT."

"On Ettrick forest's mountains dun,
 'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
 And seek the heath-frequenting brood,
 Far through the noon-day solitude."

The royal forest, where the kings of Scotland have so often chased the wild deer over hill and stream, has almost entirely disappeared. Only a few sparsely wooded hill tops remain as relics of the sylvan host which once encamped everywhere around them. Nature has been shorn of her glorious garb; the glens and ravines where the pibroch sounded and the fairies hovered over secret springs have lost something of the old charm. The land where "Belted Will Howard," "William of Deloraine" and "Wat Timlin," once led their moss troopers through the forest glades, is now lined with railways, and dotted with thriving cities. But, changed as it is from the old days of *Scottish Minstrelsy, clan feuds and border warfare*, the land of Scott still boasts some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland.

The summit of Buchholm Hill, near Galashiels, commands an extended panoramic view of this district. To the south-west the "silvery Tweed" flows through the beautiful vale of Melrose, past Selkirk, Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh and Kelso, to the sea; while south, just on the horizon, rise the Cheviots; in front of them Minto Craig, and nearer still, "Eildon's triple heights," flanking Bowden Moor. The traditions and legends of these scenes have been preserved in "The Tales of a Grandfather," and in the verse and romance of Scott. Even now, many an old resident delights to repeat stories of these scenes which have been handed down from father to son for generations. One of the myths which they never tire of repeating is that of the Eildon Hills, and the "wondrous Michael Scott," who flourished in the 13th century. He was a man of much learning, addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy and chiromancy, and passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. The story of

"The Words that Cleft Eildon Hills in Three," is best told in the words of the novelist. "Michael Scott was once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld or dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea sand."

At the base of the Eildon Hills is the old town of Melrose, now a retreat of wealthy strangers, and a centre for tourists. This town, which has shared the fortunes of the famous abbey through times of peace and war, consists of a few well built streets, some elegant, scattered outskirts and many landmarks of the past. Melrose Abbey, one of the most interesting ruins of Scotland, stands on a level tract of meadow adjacent to the north side of the town. It was founded in 1136 by David I, noted for his zeal in founding religious institutions throughout his kingdom. It has passed through most of the vicissitudes, which many of the abbeys of Scotland and England experienced during the long period of border warfare; was burned and refounded several times; was finally transmuted into a Scottish Established Church in 1618, and continued to be used as such until 1810. At present it is a well-preserved ruin, and though most of it is roofless, it still retains enough walls and decorations to be an interesting study for every artist and connoisseur. Within its walls are the tombs of some of Scotland's noblest heroes. A small oblong stone in the chancel marks the resting place of the heart of Bruce, and near it is the tomb of the Douglases.

The ruins of England and Scotland possess an indescribable charm. Looking at their moss-grown and ivy-covered walls, the evidence of age is so clear, that the mind is immediately taken back to the times when the clear voices of our ancestors

rose to the sculptured roof, and following the shafts and tracery, lost themselves in the naves and architraves beyond. The climate of Greece and Italy has preserved the works of those nations for centuries untouched by moss or fungus growth, but in Great Britain the moss and the ivy have crept over the abbeys and castles, and, as if wishing to guard them against destruction, have gradually enveloped them in a mantle of green. Nature in this instance is claiming her own; is absorbing again the materials which man took from her generations ago. Such has been the case with Melrose Abbey. The sunlight now falls upon its enmantled ruins, reflecting the scintillating colors of the moss and ivy, and throws its rays upon the crown of thorns of the South transept.

Melrose Abbey possessed a peculiar fascination for Sir Walter Scott. Often on moonlight nights he would wander amid its ruins communing with the spirits of the great departed who linger there; or perchance, receiving mighty secrets from his ancestor the "wondrous Michael." The well known lines of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" describe something of the spell which Melrose Abbey had for the poet.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery;
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave.
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

A few miles west of Melrose, on the right side of the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, the renowned mansion of Sir Walter Scott. From a neighboring ford, which had been used by the Abbots of Melrose for driving across their cattle, he took the name

Abbotsford for his new home in 1811. The bleak, moorish grounds of his estate became transformed into a beautiful landscape, comprising meadow, lake, glen, and a broad, low hill richly adorned with parks, woods and walks. The mansion stands on a low bank beside the river Tweed. Terraces rise gradually to this structure, which is inwardly and outwardly an architectural romance. The interior has been finished in the spirit of an antiquary, containing all kinds of relics of famous men, valuable works of painting and sculpture, and many costly presents which Sir Walter received from his admirers, among others an ebony table from George III. and a silver urn from Lord Byron. The study contains 20,000 volumes in carved oak cases. The building itself belongs to no one style of architecture, but is a composite structure, exhibiting a fantastic mixture of the picturesque, antique and modern, and possesses many parts and designs from famous old buildings throughout Scotland. It has now passed out of the hands of his descendants and is for sale. Efforts however are being made to purchase it, and preserve it for the nation, in honour of one of Scotland's noblest sons.

It is impossible in this short sketch to describe Jedburgh, with its old castle and abbey; Selkirk, where there is a fine monument of Sir Walter Scott, and Galashiels, a centre of the tweed industry of Scotland, and the largest town in this district. But no description of the land of Scott would be complete that did not mention Dryburgh Abbey, situated some four miles from Melrose, on the banks of the Tweed. It too is a picturesque old ruin, beautiful in its decay. Only the walls of the principal structure, and the cloisters of the monks remain. Within these the grass has grown, and in the corners and along the sides rose bushes bloom. Dryburgh Abbey is chiefly interesting now, as containing the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and lady, his oldest son, and J. G. Lockhart, his biographer. It was here that the great novelist was laid to rest after he had worn himself out in his noble effort to pay the large debt of his publishers. The struggle was too great even for his gigantic brain—the gentle breezes of the Mediterranean failed to revive the wearied frame and at the early age of 61 he laid himself down to sleep among

the great company of his ancestors, surrounded by the scenes he loved so well, and whose history he has embalmed in the finest works of art in the English language.

"A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power, assembled there complain,
For kindred Power departed from their sight,
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice, and yet again."

G. L. S.

THE "HABITANT" COBBLER AND HIS WIFE.

Bonjour, monsieur, I'm glad for see you! O, no, nevair too busy when good fren' come.

Sit you'self, if you please.

I t'ink maybe kin put patch on shoes an' talk jes' de sam', hey? He! He! He! I'm bin 'customed of dat many years.

Wal, you bin purty well dese col' weader? Yass, eh? Ma wife? O, she's ver' well, ver' well. Purty spry yet for ol' woman but not so spry lak twenty year ago . . . she bin purty spry dose tam . . . too moche somtam . . . p'raps you hear about dat? No? Wal, must tell you dat, shure.

I suppose it be 'bout twenty year ago one day young man pass on ma house for sell nittle book . . . 'es call Testament. Wal, I'm doan' know wha's dat, me, but 'e say she's tell all de troot' for shure. I'm nevair lak' lies so I'm t'ink I buy one cheap.

Dat book bin ccs' me lot what a'nt money before I'm git t'roo. Purty soon after I am read in him, I ha'n't Cat'lique no more. Dat nittle book tol' me I was git on wrong ca'ge* before, an' I onnerstan' for shure she's right. Ver' well, I t'ink I'm better débarqué; for go Hottawa doan' want be on ca'ge she sta't for Québec!

So I ha'n't Cat'lique no more.

De pries' she's tol' ma wife I'm devil shure; but after dat, look lak' we haf two devil in d' house den. Ma wife always

* Ca'ge=cars.

bin good woman before, but 'mèdiatement she's come I'm be caint tell what. Everyt'ing, everyt'ing she do she can for try mak' me git oncontent, mak' me hexcite, mak' me mad. Wal, inside maself I'm t'ink don't do no good, tip oil on fire for mak' it die, so I t'ink I better let dat fire die *tout seul*.

Long tam lak dat, you say? *Ecoutez, monsieur*, you ha'n't oblige believe me but she bin lak' dat six year an' half. Dat's so, for shure! Bin look lak sickesty year for me; but I'm arrange maself for keep it ma m-m-m wa't you call dat *colère* eh? *tempeur*? T'ank you, *tempeur*, c'est ç'a. Yass, I'm arrange maself kip ma *tempeur*.

Anyway, one day she's t'ink maybe she's tire for try mak' de mad w'at ha'n't dere come out on me; but she t'ink also she mak' her one good try again.

Das one day in mont' July. I'm bin work all morning in ma garden dat day. Ma wife she t'ink she have good plan an' begin put wood in d' big box stove. All day before noon she kip dat stove full so bimeby he's red-hot. When I'm come in for dinner, so soon I step ma foot in d' house, I'm onner-stan' wha' for ma poor woman she's t'ink to need fire lak' dat. But I'm ha'n't say naut'ing tout de suite. I'm hang ma hat on peg near de door, den I'm walk over by de stove an' hopen it wide de doors of de hoven—for get more heat. Den I'm hol' ma han's in de hoven an' rub dem lak' if dey was bin near froze. Den purty soon I t'ink I'm warm enough in front, I'm turn aroun' for warm ma back, an' wid ma han's behin' me so dey git little more dat nice heat, I'm look at de missis an' say so glad I can: "Ah, ma femme, dey can say what dey lak', but we've always find it nice de warm of de stove, hey?"

Wal, *monsieur* dat seem lak' too moche for her. She's start cry an' come put herself in ma harms an' I ha'n't shame for say it I'm cry too maself, because I see ver' well I'm gain de heart of ma wife for second time.

It ha'n't be long after dat she doan' be *Cat'lique* no more, too.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

CYGNUS EXPIRANS.

(Translated from a Latin poem in the same metre as the original. The poem is supposed to be the wail of a dying voluptuary.)

I must obey and yield straightway ;
 Life's curtain soon will fall ;
 My lot is cast ; this hour's my last,
 And death doth hoarsely call.
 Fond hopes, farewell ! death rings your knell.
 Thus ends life's tuneless drawl.

O ! mighty light ! earth's leader bright !
 The fates brook no delay !
 Haste, glowing sphere ! haste thy career !
 Thou'st shined enough, I say.
 Night settling down life's flame doth drown.
 My bark drifts towards death's bay.

Thou Cynthian maid of silvery shade !
 You too, ye planets golden !
 And you, ye stars ! white angels' cars,
 In heaven's high sphere beholden !—
 Will pale each dawn when I am gone,
 As have you in years olden.

A farewell twice ! A farewell thrice !
 I bid you, worldly world !
 And all thy mirth, O, sphere-shaped earth
 In lucid space fast twirled !
 'Mongst thy deceits and giddy cheats
 I've long enough been whirled.

A last adieu I cry to you,
 Begemméd heavenly halls !
 Bedecked with gilt, of ivory built
 And marble are your walls.
 To endless gloom in sombre tomb
 Dread death now harshly calls.

Ah, glittering pelf ! I tricked myself
 Pursuing thy vain glare !
 My mind's entombed deep in thy womb,
 O pleasure ! what a snare !
 Woe's me ! I cringe ! death's shadow-fringe
 Mine eyes makes coldly stare.

Cease your display, ye thoughtless gay !
 Ye fools whom pleasure lure !
 To judgment dire, the last court-crier,
 Wan death, O sinecure !
 Doth summon thee, and loud cries he
 This lesson, "I am sure !"

Brute appetites and vile delights
 That throng the festal board !
 Clear sparkling wines from divers climes,
 In vaults and cellars stored !
 I cast you off and gladly quaff
 The draught death doth afford.

Ye base alloys of life, false joys !
 That brutish passions lend,
 Away, away ! bright vesture gay,
 Thou foam and froth of men !
 As all things must, thou'lt go to dust.
 There you began ; there end.

Ah ! dizzy height of fame ! my flight
 From thee for aye I take—
 For aye alone in that night-home
 Where morning ne'er will break.
 Thy titles, earth, abound dearth
 Of good—no good they make.

Comrades, adieu ! Companions who
 Have drained with me life's lees—
 Lees bitter-sweet :—for me 'tis meet
 Through endless centuries
 To drain, alas ! death's bitt'r glass
 So end my gayeties.

Thou dust-made frame! body, thy name,
 Partaker of my days,
 Both of distress and happiness,
 Hope not for any grace;
 For equal fate doth all await,
 The good as well as base.

W. SHERWOOD FOX.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT MISSIONARY
 CONFERENCE.*

A movement among students which holds in its perspective all the colleges of the world should be of interest to every university, but when its distinctive purpose is spiritual and missionary it will be of double interest to members and friends of McMaster. The World's Christian Student Federation, which has just closed its second conference, is Christ-like in its aim and as broad as the world in its scope. "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation" is its watchword, and the consecration of trained intellects and dependence upon the God of the gospel is the source of its hope.

The organization is four years old, the first International Conference having convened in Liverpool, in January, 1896, when the watchword was adopted. The purpose of the London conference was to call together delegations from the various collegiate centres, to solemnly consider how the end proposed by the watchword could best be attained. Nearly two thousand students and missionaries met from every nation and denomination, united in one supreme desire to "make Jesus king." This is true Christian unity—oneness of spirit and purpose, and it was grateful to all in contrast with that loud-mouthed article whose shibboleth is "Union," and whose chief characteristic is a lack of intelligent conviction on anything. In the addresses there was no slighting of denominational tenets—no mention

* London, Exeter Hall, Jan. 2-6.

of them, but earnest deliberation on a common duty and a common purpose.

Mr. Egerton Young was there from the far North-west of Canada, telling of sleeping on winter nights under an open sky, or with fires built about to keep the wolves at bay, as he sought out a people for the Lord among the Indians. Mr. Grubb rehearsed the progress of Christianity far up the La Plata, and Mrs. Burleigh told of God's hand among the Terra del Fuegians. Mr. Johnstone, a native of West Africa, said that the fulness of time had come for that land, and Ethiopia is stretching out her hands for help. She desires and intends to worship God, but she knows not how. South Africa and Australia were represented. China, India and Persia paid their tribute, and all the countries of Europe. It was a chorus of all nations and sects saying, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father."

This is a new movement addressing itself to an old purpose, viz, *the evangelization of the world*, or in other words, the proclamation of the gospel so widely and in such a manner as to make it a reality to every man whether he accept it or reject it. Some will see in this only the broad optimism of youth, but others, consecrated energy and great reliance on God. There have been consecrated men before our day on whose work the watchword is no reflection. It is rather the result of the efforts of these former missionary heroes. Nor is there any intention of superseding established methods. It is rather the advent of larger energy into the already prepared channels. It is simply this, that the burden of a great commission has been brought home by the examples of the past and by the spirit of God to a host of trained men and women, who in faith in God go forth themselves and stir up others to go and preach the gospel to every creature.

To attempt any detailed report of the addresses is out of the question here. But certain general facts which sum up the subjects of all the addresses may be briefly enumerated.

1. *Evangelization is the primary duty of the Church.* She was formed to give the Christ-life and character to the world. It is the reason of her existence. If she fail to perform

this function she forfeits her charter and her right to be, and can make no demand of men, nor claim on the help of God. This does not overlook her obligation to edify her converts, but recognizes that edification can be perfected only in the work of evangelization.

2. *The world's need.* We hear of the light of truth among the heathen and the lofty characters found there, but those who are on the spot see little of it. "I have seen," said Mr. Owen, of Peking, "a crowd of people worshipping at a foxhole, and all the religion of China, either of Buddha or Confucius, gives nothing to lighten a sinner's burden, no Saviour—only law, which has indeed served to keep alive a sense of guilt, but brings no relief." The "Light of Asia" is the lurid glow of the fires of conscience, not the sunlight with healing in its wings.

. . . "Africa, is Darkest Africa," said one of her sons, "but not because the sun does not shine, but by reason of superstition, slavery, infanticide, murder, internecine, wars and immorality.

. . . In Mohammedan lands woman has no religious duties, for Allah has no interest in her. For him she has no soul to save. Only where the gospel has come is that blot removed from our race—the degradation of woman."

So, though some partial truths have been perceived by heathen philosophers, it has been of little avail to light up their gloom. Their actual state as found by the missionary, fully justifies St. Paul's description of them in the first chapter of Romans. Everywhere they are "sold under sin." Their partial truths do not save them. Some, guided by an inherent craving for an infinite object of worship, became monotheists, but their God was above all relation to human affairs and gave them no help. Others perceived that the highest perfection can be exercised only where there are relations to others, and became polytheists, as India with her thirty-three million gods. In both conceptions of God there was a truth, which only Christianity comprehends perfectly, in a Triune God. Here only does truth shine in saving fulness and satisfy the whole need of the soul.

3. *The need of trained men for the mission field*—men who have disciplined body, mind and spirit, both in exercise and restraint. No one is so exposed to the temptations of fleshly

desires as the missionary, and with no one is the mastery of them more urgent. The lassitude produced by many climates into which he is called is overpowering to the undisciplined in body. And as for a trained mind he will find that the social problems which confront him and the subtle philosophy of the heathen will require him to be well prepared for patient and painstaking and penetrating study. Habits should be formed in college days which will enable the missionary to glorify God in his body and with his intellect—to endure *hardness* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For the discipline of the mind let the Word of God not be overlooked. In this as in everything, let Christ be all in all.

The spirit too, must have its training, especially in prayer; for the power to do good lies ultimately not in bodily or mental strength, but in the hidden power of God working through these; and Divine help is vouchsafed only to those who learn the secrets of the Eternal in the closet of prayer. Prevailing prayer is no easy luxury. It is not merely pronouncing words, nor revealing thoughts. The call to prayer is a call to battle, and engages the soul's highest energies against the forces of sin and the "inertia of our mortality."

4. *The facilities for mission work to-day.* At the opening of this century most of the countries of the world were closed against gospel preaching, few men cared to go abroad, and those who were willing could reach their fields only by difficult, dangerous, and tedious routes, often through unknown parts to destinations equally unknown; very few of the churches favored the project, and many distinctly opposed it, while the government also hindered the work; and the Scriptures were not in the heathen tongues. As the century closes there are well-educated volunteers, numbered by the thousand, the Bible is in all the great languages, well-known and expeditious trade-routes bring us into intimate relations with every country, the government will guarantee the rights of the mission in any part of the globe, while fully seventy-five mission societies are organized to take advantage of these facilities. Already 12,000 missionaries are abroad, and the annual income of the various societies exceeds 15,000,000 dollars.

These figures represent great spiritual forces which have become active during the century, and are going out everywhere, conquering now and preparing the way for greater conquests in the future.

5. *The forces arrayed against us.* These are chiefly:— Classical Brahminism, with its caste system and its pantheism, which must be conquered as was classical paganism in the early centuries; the atheistic systems of Buddha and Confucius, that do not look beyond the grave at all; Parseeism, the fire-worship of Central Asia; Mohammedanism, as yet vigorous and growing; and the great apostasy of Rome. These Christianity must break in pieces and sweep away as usurpers, for they have failed to purge the carnal mind or regenerate the heart and life of their followers, and must give place to a better—the perfect. Against them the Captain of our salvation makes war. “Shall His work of a day take a thousand years through our sluggishness, or by our hearty consecration to it, shall the work of a thousand years be accomplished in a day?”

To conclude, our mission is not to carry into other nations the fruits of the gospel among us, but to carry the gospel itself, the original power, which working in them conformably to their national characteristics will produce in every nation a differing contribution to the glory of the Redeemer, and so *all saints* shall make known the height and the depth and the breadth of the love of God. What has already been done by the religion of the Bible is a sufficient answer to that criticism that would eliminate the Holy Spirit from it, and is an earnest of things yet to be done so wonderful as to enlist even the inquiries of angels.

May we not hope that before the Conference meets again, four years hence, so much will be accomplished that men will exclaim in wonder, what the son of Islam says so lightly, “What things God does!” “We have no might . . . but our eyes are upon Thee.”

W. P. REEKIE, '98.

Min-y-llyn,
Bethesda, N. Wales.

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY has been favored by the publishers with an advance notice of "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," of which some intimations have reached us before. From the notice we quote:—

"The 'Treasury of Canadian Verse' is an anthology of national importance. It will prove an open door through which the voices of our best Canadian singers may vibrate yet more widely on sympathetic ears, both at home and abroad. All English-speaking people will welcome it. In a compact volume of some 400 pages are presented worthy specimens of English-Canadian verse, largely lyrical, chosen from the entire field of our history. A number of the best of these are here published for the first time.

"The editor, Theodore Harding Rand, D.C.L., has performed his laborious task, not only with a critical and chastened taste, but in a simple and catholic spirit. Room has been found for the richer inspirations of our poets—the virgin freshness and promise of our country; the life and deeds of men everywhere; the yearnings of the individual spirit; and the aspirations of a people after the noblest and the divinest. Motives like these, with domestic loves, have kindled Canadian poets to beautiful expression that demands a wider appreciation, as supplying sustenance to fulness of national and imperial life."

The name of Dr. Rand, with his breadth of literary culture and faultless poetic instinct, will be sufficient to recommend the "Treasury" to all readers of this magazine. We are glad to observe that biographical notes of authors are to be incorporated in the volume. It will appear in May from London, Toronto and New York houses. William Briggs is the Canadian publisher.

ONE of the most notable features of the closing century has been the growth of the commercial spirit. The simple barter of our ancestors has developed into the gigantic and intricate methods of modern commerce. Primitive mediums of exchange have become transformed into our elaborate, complicated and delicately-adjusted banking systems. By the aid of steam and electricity methods of transport have been accelerated, and productive power has been increased. The telegraph and cable have facilitated business transactions and brought the most distant nations into communication with each other. The telegraph is at the heart of commerce, and its every tick registers the pulse-beats of nations. The East and the West now clasp hands and greet the North and the South, while commerce smiles upon all four. By her

command, as beneath the magician's wand, cities have sprung up, and fleets of merchantmen have covered the face of the waters. Into this vast whirlpool of commerce thousands of human beings have been drawn, the speculator, the stock-broker, capitalist, manufacturer and all classes of retailers struggle therein together. Many manage to keep their heads above the roaring tide by their own efforts, but it is a hard struggle; some are fortunate enough to keep above the surface by selfishly trampling upon the shoulders of others, while the great majority are swallowed up in the black gulf. As one stands in the centre of some busy thoroughfare in a great city, and gazes upon the stream of humanity pressing along in ceaseless ebb and flow; as one looks upon the multitude of faces, some radiating youth and joy, some care and sadness, and others marked by the sharp lines of business, the question arises, "Why all this continual rushing and trampling of each other down? Whence comes this host and whither?" From the old German philosopher in his "Wachtturm," in *Weissuichtwo* comes the answer to the latter "Aus der Ewigkeit, an zu Ewigkeit." From Eternity onwards to Eternity. But on the faces of that multitude, each created in the image of the Maker and possessed of a soul more precious than all the wealth of commerce, are the indelible marks of struggle. With the increase of population and commerce the large centres have been overcrowded, and daily the process of "hungry generations" treading each other under foot takes place before our eyes. Daily the struggle becomes fiercer, the finer emotions are gradually smothered by the dust of money-making, there is a tightening of the heart strings, and the product in the end is a human being admirably adapted for the business of making dollars and cents, but woefully deficient in the capacity to exercise the God-given attributes of mankind. Such are those who to-day are animated by the commercial spirit. A few, however, hover on the outskirts devoted to the higher forms of life, and it is a relief in these days of money-seeking to contemplate the lives of these men past and present, in which the welfare of their fellow-men has been the ruling passion. Thus it has been in the past, and thus it is to-day, humanity "plys at the roaring loom of time," some weaving their funeral robes and others garments of life. But the majority of people to-day, ruled by the commercial spirit, are in danger of selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It has been suggested that the life and labors of the late Dr. Dadson be commemorated by the publication of a volume of his sermons, and the securing of oil portraits for McMaster University,

Woodstock College and Feller Institute. No fresher, sounder, or more delightful preacher of the gospel has appeared among us, and a volume of his best sermons placed in each Baptist home of our constituency would be of incalculable benefit. McMaster students and Faculty will no doubt give their hearty support to any effort to honor our departed friend and brother and to perpetuate his influence.

THE Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books, a department of the Roman Curia, has of late shown much concern regarding the liberal utterances of Catholic writers. Professor Schell, of the University of Würzburg, has recently published a volume in which he bewails the inferiority of German Catholics in all intellectual pursuits and insists that Catholics can attain to their rightful position only by being allowed the utmost freedom in research and in the publication of their results. He insists further that ecclesiastical authority should in no case come between the believer and his God. The believer is inwardly taught by God alone. Personal experience of divine truth, and not priestly authority, is the condition of individual religious progress. Catholics can lead the world in its progress toward the goal of civilization only by enjoying and encouraging the utmost freedom of thought. News has recently come to hand that Schell's book has been placed on *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* and that he has humbly submitted to the authority of the pope. Zahm, an American-German Roman Catholic teacher, has lately been censured by the Congregation of the Index, or by the pope on the recommendation of this body, for the publication of a work in which the evolution theory is accepted and advocated. Zahm also has made the *amende honorable* and has agreed to the suppression of the book. It is coming to be very common for free-thinking Catholics to publish their opinions boldly, and then when censured to submit to ecclesiastical authority. No doubt, they console themselves with the thought that they accomplish something for the cause of freedom in the process.

A RECENT German Catholic writer (Dr. Adolf Müller), has presented some interesting statistics to prove that Roman Catholics are rapidly losing ground in Germany, and that the only salvation for Catholicism is in the direction of reformation. The reforms that he insists upon are chiefly those advocated by Schell, to whom he refers in eulogistic terms. In Baden, within a few years, Protestants have gained 40,000 adherents from Catholicism, in excess of Catholic gains

from Protestantism. In Alsace, Protestants have gained twice as many converts from Catholics as Catholics have from Protestants. In 1896, 18,000 Prussian Catholics became Protestants, while only 2,000 Protestants became Catholics. Protestant influence is everywhere dominant, and Protestant modes of thought are permeating Catholic communities. The chief reason for the admitted "Catholic inferiority" is the neglect of thorough education and the repression of freedom of thought and of research. Müller is careful to say some very strong things on behalf of the infallibility of the pope as occupying the chair of Peter, and the necessity of the "infallible teaching office," and his work may escape the Index.

THE philosophy of history teaches us that every nation has a leading part to play in the great drama of life. The history of Babylon, Persia, Greece, Egypt and Rome prove this statement. Each in their turn contributed something to the ages that have followed; each led the world in wealth, culture, conquest and power until the curtain of time shut out their declining glory, and the scene shifted. To-day the Anglo-Saxon race is predominant, and we fain would fancy that it should ever remain so, but the destinies of nations are not in our hands and all those fancies are useless. There may eventually come a time when the British Empire will dissolve into its component parts. Some even at the present time contend that there are evidences which point to the decline of Great Britain. The slow progress of the war in South Africa, and the failure to receive word of brilliant successes for the British arms, has had such a depressing effect upon some habitually pessimistically constituted minds that they have immediately thrown up their hands and prophesied a speedy dissolution of the Empire. To those who think soberly this is premature and wholly unwarranted. The British Empire has not yet played its part, and that part will not be accomplished until the principles of equality, justice and religion have been sown among the peoples under her control. The evidences which have been advanced as grounds for these prophesies are not those which history teaches have been the causes for the fall of empires. The Roman Empire declined because her subjects became enervated, morally, mentally and spiritually, by corruption. In fact, this is the primary cause for the decline of that power which had ruled the world for centuries. The British Empire does not show these signs. Who that has read of the charges made by British soldiers up the steep slopes of kopjes in the face of a withering shower of

bullets, can accuse the Anglo-Saxon race of lacking in courage and moral stamina? Who, casting their eyes over the religious, mental and commercial world, can say that the race is deficient in spiritual force, brain power or enterprise? To day the British Empire stands united, as it never has before; as able to maintain its position as a world-power, and as eager to disseminate the seeds of civilization. As long as the British Empire retains its present high ideals—and as long as its people preserve their moral, mental and spiritual vigour, so long will it continue to play the leading part among the nations of the world. This is the essence of the whole matter, whenever a nation has become weak in any or all of these three essentials, its decline has speedily followed. Such has been the case with Rome and other European nations. They may make a few spasmodic efforts in their dying days, as France did under Napoleon, and then the spark of life goes out and they sink into insignificance.

The British Empire has not yet reached the zenith of its power. The present is only one stage in the evolution which will ultimately cement one of the greatest empires of any age.

Book Reviews.

THE PATH OF A STAR.*

The Path of a Star is a book of contrasts. The principal characters in the story are drawn from widely separated classes in society, but in oriental surroundings this does not seem unreal to us. The Kipling vogue has made every one familiar, to some extent, with India, but Mrs. Cotes has chosen characters rather unfamiliar to the readers of that author. The star is the leading lady of a theatrical company playing in Calcutta. Various people cross her path. Among these is a Salvation Army captain, who is a very devoted young lady; another is a young Calcutta broker—a happy-go-lucky chap. A sister of a surgeon major—a tartan—and a very conscientious Clark Brother complete the list of principal characters. These weave the story. The life and scenes are described with great vividness, a vividness which becomes almost appalling at times, as we follow the Salvation Army

* The Path of a Star, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Toronto: W. J. Gage & Company.

captain through the scenes of vice and misery abounding in that ancient Indian city. A glimpse is also given us of the life of the official English class in India. The stage, with its difficulties and triumphs, is there much the same as everywhere. We see also the life of a Protestant brotherhood, and the devotion of its members to duty. Amid these scenes two pairs of lovers live at cross purposes. Both attachments are impossible. The author very cleverly appreciates this, and the termination of each story is the necessary one. In this respect, too, the book maintains its character for contrasts. One ending is tragic, the other is decidedly comic.

W. P. C.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOB, B.A.

REV. P. C. MACGREGOR, '99, has entered upon the pastorate of the Bergen Point Baptist Church, Bayonne, N. J.

WE are pleased to learn of the success of A. M. Overholt, '97, in his new position as Mathematical Master at Woodstock College.

C. L. BROWN, '99, has received an appointment on the public school staff of Victoria, B. C.

REV. S. SHELDON, '87, Theo., of Barrie, has accepted the call of Grace Church, Montreal. Mr. Sheldon is an aggressive man and an energetic worker, and cannot fail to succeed in his new field.

DURING the absence of Prof. Iddings, of Chicago University, R. D. George, '97, has been appointed to take his lectures. We understand, also, that he is to give two courses of lectures in mineralogy during the summer quarter.

A. M. McDONALD, '99, has been pastor of the Medicine Hat Church for nearly a year. He began work under most unfavorable and discouraging circumstances, but after "a long pull and a strong pull," a large measure of success seems to be at hand. We understand that the interest in the work of the church is greatly increased, and that, as an evidence of the fact, the congregation contemplate the building of a new chapel.

ROBT. ROUTLEDGE, '95, missionary to Bolivia, seems about to become a college president. With his accustomed energy and strength he has gathered a band of young students about him, and, with his wife, is busy night and day in teaching them. If a college with the spirit of McMaster does good to her students, and through her students to the country at large, why should not a college under a McMaster man, with the spirit of the Master, bring a blessing to Bolivia? Keep on "Bob," and when you need more men, send us word.

A PRIVATE letter from our Lecturer in English informs THE MONTHLY that Mr. W. P. Cohoe, M. A., of the Class of '96, who is acting as Assistant in Chemistry at Harvard, has received a similar appointment for the Summer Session of that University. Mr. Cohoe represented the Harvard Graduate Club at the meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs of America, held in New York during the Christmas vacation, and was elected Secretary of the Federation. He has also been elected a member of the German Chemical Society of Berlin.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

STUDENT at table, Monday. — Well, where were you yesterday, old man?

Second student, languidly.—Out for Sunday.

First student.—A lass! a lass!

MUSICAL SOPH., who has been asked to translate in Latin class.—I can't just remember how this part begins.

Another Soph., less musical, but more practical.—Try another key.

STUDENT at table.—I see by the bulletins we get pie for dinner.

Second student.—Did that come from the War Office?

First student.—No, direct from Kitchener.

AN interesting letter has just arrived from one of the former members of Century, Miss Dubensky. She is now teaching in Essex County, England, very near her own home in a private school, which takes up work from the lowest forms as far as preparation for matriculation into Oxford University. Miss Dubensky is very much interested in her new work, and enjoys teaching, though often, she says, she thinks of the old times at McMaster, and wishes she were again a student within its halls.

TENNYSONIAN.—The meeting of this society on the 16th was well attended, both by the members and visitors from the 3rd and 4th years. The first half hour was occupied with the discussion of a motion for disbandment, After many arguments had been advanced on both sides, the motion was laid aside, to be voted on after the next meeting of the "Lit." The following programme was then presented: Reading, Miss McNeill; violin solo, Mr. C. C. Lumley; reading, Miss Parlin; oration, Mr. V. E. Reid; oration, Mr. E. Mihell. Mr. Cornish acted as critic and gave many valuable hints to the society.

THE women students of the University have lately organized a Y. W. C. A., and great interest has been shown on the part of all the members of the Society. The need of a weekly prayer-meeting has long been felt, and we are all very glad to attend these meetings. During the last month a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the Society, and the following officers were elected:—President, Miss Gile, '00; Vice-President, Miss McNeill, '03; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Sanders, '01; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace Wallace, '02. Mrs. Armstrong was unanimously chosen Honorary President. We have already had three interesting and helpful meetings, and feel very glad that a Y. W. C. A. has been instituted at McMaster.

THE last meeting of the Ladies' Literary League for the year '99-'00 was held in the University chapel, Friday afternoon, March 9th. The meeting was a very enjoyable one, and yet it was a sad one too for those of us who may never attend another McMaster L. L. L. meeting, and who certainly will not do so as active members. We may always, however, have with us the pleasant thought that we are honorary members of the Society, and shall always be interested in the success of McMaster L. L. L. The programme, Friday afternoon, was opened with an instrumental duet by Miss Wallace and Miss Madge Wallace. Then followed an enjoyable reading by Miss Cornell, '03, and a very pretty vocal solo by Miss McLaurin, '01. After this our worthy President announced a "Short-speaking Contest" as the main feature of the programme. The subject of the contest was:—"Resolved that McMaster should enter into affiliation with Toronto University." No preparation had been made, and each member of the Society was supposed to take part in the contest, debating according to her conviction or otherwise, just as she pleased. No speaker was to speak more than three times or any longer than two minutes at a time. Great interest was taken in the debate, the arguments on both sides being both logical and amusing. One speaker on the negative propounded the question, "Which would you rather be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?" meaning by the former—the big toad in the little puddle—McMaster University independent of the State University; and by the latter—the little toad in the big puddle—McMaster in affiliation with Toronto University. A speaker on the affirmative decided in answer to this that we would

not necessarily have to be in either puddle, but might be in both. But quick as a flask an "anti-affiliationist" jumped up and affirmed emphatically that one toad could not possibly be in two puddles at one and the same time. The debate was decided by a standing vote of the members, and our President announced that it had been determined by the women students that McMaster was not to enter into affiliation with Toronto University. Miss Gile then sang very nicely for us, and the meeting was closed, after a few farewell remarks by our able President, Miss Dryden, with a verse of "The Land of the Maple."

ON Friday evening, Feb. 23rd, a departure was made from the usual programme in the Lit., and a Mock Parliament was held. The great questions that have long agitated our commonwealth were discussed, many grievances were aired, bills providing for the better management of affairs were introduced, large sums of money were voted to remedy great outstanding evils. The amount of work accomplished by the house in the one brief session was phenomenal. The government supporters were: J. M. Cornwall, Leader; G. R. Welch, A. T. McNeil, M. D. Coitman, G. H. Grant, E. E. Wood, and H. W. Green. On the opposition benches were C. H. Emerson, Leader; J. A. McLean, G. H. Campbell, G. L. Sprague, J. N. McLean, W. C. Gordon. These gentlemen were the flower of the country, and they represented constituencies around which hung many tender memories and blessed associations. Immediately upon the assembling of the house, Mr. G. H. Elliot was elected Speaker without opposition, and new members were introduced. After these formalities, the Gov.-Gen., Mr. S. T. Foster, was announced. The procession was headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. C. Lumley, who carried the mace. The Gov.-Gen. proceeded to the dais and read the "Speech from the Throne." This outlined the policy of the government, and gave an account of some measures to be presented to the house. All this was accomplished with becoming dignity. The Governor's speech was moved by Mr. Welch, and seconded by Mr. McNeil. The leader of opposition then attacked it, but it received an able defence. Mr. L. H. Thomas brought down the budget. Large sums of money were voted for public works, etc., and from all appearances the government will be well prepared for any growth in the country. The Department of the Post-Master-General was represented by Mr. Coitman, whose lines were criticised by Mr. Sprague. The Minister of Militia, Mr. Grant, was answered by Mr. Mann. A person that attracted much attention was the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. E. E. Wood. On account of his close resemblance to Gen. Cronje, a protest was nearly raised against his presence in the house by the loyal opposition. This fortunately was quelled at the outset. In a speech, wonderful for its outburst of oratory, he outlined his policy for the betterment of present conditions, and he was well received. He was answered by Mr. J. N. McLean. At this juncture, a telegram from South Africa, read by the Clerk of the House, Mr. T. H. Cornish, brought the members to their feet, and

with fervor they sang "God Save the Queen." Mr. Burnmah Allan earned the gratitude of all by furnishing refreshment to the Gov.-Gen. and others during the session. Amongst those in the galleries were the ladies from Moulton College, whom we always welcome heartily. Altogether an enjoyable evening was spent. Wit and humor were the order of the day. Several old scores were laid on the table. Many saw themselves as others saw them, and went out to lead a better life. We hope that in the future more of such meetings will be held.

THE monthly meeting of our Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Thursday, 15th March. The meeting was one of unusual interest and helpfulness. Rev. J. D. Brown, Foreign Mission Secretary, gave an inspiring address on "The present outlook in our Foreign work." Mr. Brown spoke of the way in which God is opening up the work in Bolivia. Until now, Catholicism has ruled in that country and has barred the door against missionary work; but religious liberty, though not yet realized, is steadily forcing its way into the minds and hearts of the people; and soon our missionaries will have perfect freedom to preach and teach in all that country. Then, after reviewing the work of the last quarter of a century among the Telugus, the speaker gave a very encouraging report of the progress of the gospel in India. There has been a great change in the attitude of the natives towards Christianity. Conservatism is losing its hold upon the people, and they are becoming enthused with the Christian's idea of God. Rev. John Neil, B.A., then spoke on "The relation that the Church should bear toward Missions." His address was very helpful and interesting.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—On Friday, March 9th, was held the public meeting of the "Lit." for the spring term. The meeting had been eagerly looked forward to, and the programme provided by the executive was of a high standard and greatly appreciated. Although the weather was unfavorable, a large audience composed of the friends of the University was present. Added interest was taken in the meeting by the students themselves, on account of the oratorical contests, and a large number at the back of the room entertained the audience with patriotic and college songs until the programme commenced. The musical part of the programme was very enjoyable. Miss J. Frances Byford gave two piano solos with artistic skill and expression, and Miss Lillian B. Stickle rendered two vocal selections which were heartily encored. The orations aroused much interest by their merit, and the opinions as to what the result of the contest would be were many and varied. Mr. J. T. Jones represented Theology and spoke on "Gladstone." Naughty-three was well supported by Mr. D. C. McIntosh, whose subject was "The Higher Patriotism." Mr. H. S. Arkell, for '02, gave a good review of the "South African Question." The honor of '01 was upheld by Mr. A. C. Watson, in his oration on "Purpose"; while old "Century" put her hopes on Mr. G. R. Welch, who spoke on "The White Man's Burden." The Rev. Morgan Wood, D.D., who is himself a prince of orators, acted as judge. In speaking of the

orations of the evening, he considered them all good and about equal as to material, and wished he did not have to say more; but with regard to both material and ease of delivery, he awarded the victory to Mr. G. R. Welch, '00. Among the other speakers he especially complimented Mr. Watson on his clear incisive method of speaking. Mr. Arkell's address was also especially worthy of mention and won much applause from the audience. After a vote of thanks had been given to the judge, the meeting came to a close by singing "Thy praises, McMaster."

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—It was with expectant hearts and attentive minds that a large number of the McMaster students crowded the chapel to listen to Rev. A. L. Geggie, of Parkdale Presbyterian church, at the morning session of the February meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

Mr. Geggie handled his subject, "The Young Man in Relation to the Present Age," in a manner calculated to call forth a quick and fervent response of true and noble aspiration. In introducing his subject he gave a very interesting account of the events which led up to and culminated in the Students' Volunteer Movement. Mr. Geggie was himself closely connected with these events which took place in Edinburgh University while he was a student there. Continuing, he said the need of the day is, 1st, men of conviction; 2nd, men of courage to follow up conviction; 3rd, men of self-control. This last we can learn only by putting ourselves under the control of a greater.

In the afternoon session, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, of Beverley Street Baptist church, gave a very helpful address upon Paul's success. The key-note of his address was "Christ in me" as the secret of every Christian success.

Several important events combined to make this meeting one of the best held during the year. The very marked deepening spiritual life which has been at work among our students during the past few months; the class prayer-meetings held in the different years at the January meetings; the services conducted by John R. Mott, in our city, during the first week of February, all contributed to this end.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS EDITH OLIVER.
MISS EDITH MACGREGOR.

MOULTON is haunted! By whom, we cannot say. It may be the spirits of those ancients who have trod the stairs (hence their creaks), slammed the doors, and faithfully paid their respects to the dining room; or it may be the ghosts of former members of the omnipotent faculty, who come to disturb our repose; or it may be—but why continue? The fact remains unaltered, Moulton is haunted. On

Friday last, the halls of the college witnessed a strange sight. Ghostly figures, robed in white trailing garments, thronged the corridors. The sitting room seemed to attract these spirit visitors, and thither they glided, extinguished by their chilly presence every light, while one of their members, more gifted than the others, rendered with excellent feeling, the Dead March in Saul. And now these ghosts, these obnoxious disturbers of the peace, settled themselves in a circle and prepared to make every member of the school as miserable as possible. With unspeakable groans and heart-rending shrieks they related tales of the land whence they hailed—that country “from out whose bourne no traveller e'er returns.” But even spectres are mortal, and as ice-cream and angel-cake are more ærial spirit foods, these they partook silently, gratefully—then vanished away in the darkness.

THE interesting and instructive course of lectures, which has furnished so much pleasure and enjoyment through the winter months, was brought to a close on Friday, March 9th, when Dr. Tracey, of Toronto University, gave us an insight into the mysteries of hypnotism. The lecturer dealt with his subject in a bright and pleasing manner, describing the various possibilities of this chapter of science. Among these was the power of quickening the memory of a subject ; but in closing, he advised the Moulton students not to depend upon this for success in the coming examinations.

ON the last two Fridays of February, the faculty and students of Moulton were “At Home” to their friends. The drawing rooms were decorated and arranged most tastefully. The tea table was loaded with good things, blinds lowered, candles lighted, and by half past four everything was in readiness for the arrival of the guests. And they did arrive in large numbers. Beaming friends and relatives who smiled indulgently on each of the “youthful hopefuls” in whom he or she was particularly interested. We hope these fair young creatures, so bewitchingly attired, as ably evinced their ability to serve, as their entertaining propensities. We hope, most sincerely, that no one went away with that distressing, unsatisfied feeling, caused, either by having been overlooked by some especial damsel on the entertaining list, or—equally lamentable condition—by the waiters. Yea, we pray that no such deplorable condition existed, and that those who visited us on the sixteenth and twenty-third of February, will, when occasion offers, once more make glad, with their presence their hostesses—once more drink with them “the cup that cheers but not inebriates.”

FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR: MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

DURING the recent stormy weather, there were a few days when Grande Ligne seemed cut off from the rest of the world. Huge banks

of snow lay in every direction ; there were belated mails or no mails at all ; not a mark of foot or hoof could be seen where the road should have been ; the furnaces were fairly roaring, in an effort to keep us warm, while the wind was shrieking in an attempt to penetrate every crack and crevice in the building. Of course, the boys went out, and a few of the more courageous girls enjoyed the use of their snow-shoes. On Sunday, service was held, morning and evening, in the chapel. The "new woman" has not come to Grande Ligne yet, and so when drifts are mountain high and ocean deep, figuratively speaking, it is not considered suitable for the gentler inmates of the Institute to venture out.

THE pupils of Feller Institute, in thinking of the approaching examinations, feel that among their teachers, they have, at least, one special sympathizer, Mr. E. S. Roy, who is at present in Toronto, awaiting an ordeal of a similar nature to theirs, but of far greater severity. Perhaps his intellectual work is less of a trial to him than the enforced absence from his home in the Institute. In his lonely hours, may the thought that "Absence but makes the heart grow fond," cheer him as he anticipates the welcome, whose warmth one may not describe. Mr. Roy's success is dear to all his Grande Ligne friends, and he has their good wishes united to really high expectations. We feel that we are fortunate in having the Rev. L. A. Therrien, of Maskinongé, with us, filling Mr. Roy's place temporarily. His coming was greeted with pleasure. He brings with him, enthusiasm for his work, energy, good spirits, and a very fair supply of fresh stories, jokes and songs. His varied powers of entertaining have been already proved.

GREAT expectation—rushing realization—happy reminiscence—such are the stages of "Students' Day" at Feller Institute, and taken altogether, they extend over almost the whole term from January to Spring, although the shortest, the middle period, is perhaps the most important. It fell this year on February 22. The weather had been threatening, but had cleared, and no one was deterred by it from coming. Quite a number of our guests came the day before, to attend a meeting of the missionaries, but the crowd came during the day, on Thursday. The forenoon was given up to the greeting of guests, most of them former students of the school ; and to sundry tours over the building, to note changes and improvements. The chapel and classrooms were prettily decorated for the occasion, and everything was looking its brightest and best. In the afternoon, the business meeting of the "Students' Society" was held in the chapel. Reports were read, officers elected, and plans for the future fully discussed. The routine of business was enlivened by two comic solos, which quite delighted the audience, "Do'an ye cry, ma honey," by Mrs. Arthur Massé, and "The Dixie Kid," by Mr. F. W. Therrien. The officers elected were as follows :—President, Rev. W. S. Bullock ; 1st Vice-

President, Mr. Ephrem Viens; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Léa St. James, B.A.; Secretary, Rev. L. A. Therrien; Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Massé; Assistant Treasurer, Mr. E. Norman.

The resources of the Institute, in regard to accommodation, were taxed to their utmost limit. The chapel was greatly overcrowded in the evening, and to provide sleeping quarters for about fifty guests, a system of doubling up was a necessity, cheerfully acceded to by our pupils. Other guests, who could not reach their homes that evening, were kindly entertained by the neighbors. The most cordial revivals of friendship and the most entertaining of programmes cannot long take the place of breakfast, dinner or tea. Our efficient and popular matron, Miss Piché, foresaw that, and so well had she made her plans, that visitors and pupils were comfortably served with little delay and less confusion.

THE evening entertainment given by the teachers and students of the Institute for the Alumni Society, was pronounced by all to be excellent. There was the usual diversity of tongues that has come to be characteristic of all programmes given at this place, so that every man may hear something in his own language. A brilliant piano solo was followed by several well-chosen and well-rendered recitations, interspersed with choice vocal solos. The Institute Female Quartette gave a bright selection entitled, "The Rustic Dance," which was warmly applauded, and, amid much laughter, Mrs. Roy and Miss Schayltz sang a French operette called "Les Deux Voyageuses." An English dialogue, "The Yankee's Stratagem," given by thirteen boys and girls, was much enjoyed, as was also a French dialogue entitled, "La Chasse Aux Vetolaus," in which the audience watched with great amusement the adventures of two hunters. The Institute Glee Club did credit to its name by singing effectively Anderton's beautiful cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," with Mr. F. W. Therrien, Miss Piché and Mrs. Arthur Massé as soloists, and Miss Rustedt, accompanist. Worthy of mention, also, was the added interest given to the occasion by the participation in the programme of three of the visitors, Rev. L. A. Therrien, who recited in a most admirable manner, "Le Coup de Tampau," while his sister, Miss Florence, gave gracefully the laughable account of "Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding," and Miss Duclos played a fine violin solo. All joined in singing the French doxology to close the programme, and after a little time spent in conversation, the company broke up, hoping to meet again for a similar purpose next year.

Here and There.

J. R. COURTS, EDITOR.

IN these days when the names of "Saxon" and "Slav" are so frequently repeated with ever increasing significance, when the press despatches almost daily report some fresh step in Russia's aggressive policy, we hail, as especially timely, the article that appears in the March number of the *Manitoba College Journal*, entitled, "The Empire of the Tsars," contributed by W. Manahan.

Our limited space permits but a passing word upon the contents that are of decidedly superior merit. In a brief running sketch we are given the main facts of Russia's unique history from her tribal days, one thousand years ago, down to the might of modern empire that she wields. Attention is then called to the vast extent of her domains, the many different peoples, and withal the striking solidarity that characterize the nation. This leads to a depicting of the Slav character, which the writer evidently regards with unstinted admiration. His military, civil and religious instincts are dealt with in turn.

The remainder of the paper bears upon the boundless natural resources of the country and the phenomenal development that has of late years marked her industrial and commercial life.

It might be said, in conclusion, that though the conspicuous optimism of the writer will not likely be shared by many readers, yet for a concise and interesting array of facts, "The Empire of the Tsars" deserves a careful perusal.

IN what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—*Standard.*

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in gray;
Her eyes were bright as the stars of night,
As she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the window and watched her face—
It was wise and passing fair—
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul;
Ne'er heard I a voice like that.
And I throw all I owned at her very feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.

—*Ex.*