



John Milburn

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
NOVEMBER, 1891.

JOHN McLAURIN.

On Saturday, November 28th, Rev. Jno. McLaurin and his wife sailed from Boston, Mass., for India, to engage in missionary work under the auspices of the American Board, thus bringing to an end seventeen years of faithful service in connection with Canadian Baptists. So far as their Canadian life and work are concerned, we must now speak of them in the past tense, although their influence, we may hope, shall be ever present in the carrying on of the work to which their early manhood and womanhood were consecrated. To sketch briefly the life and labors of Rev. Jno. McLaurin ought to be an easy task, as it is certainly a pleasant one. God has given but few such men to the churches, and but few men have for so long a time lived so conspicuously before the churches. As a student Bro. McLaurin took front rank in the days when a Baptist student in Canada was somewhat of a novelty, and he was known consequently in the east and west wherever the denomination had its gathering. He was the first Canadian Baptist missionary, and he went to his work at a time when the "romance" of missions was in full glory. For seventeen years his letters from India were treasured in the homes of our people, and upon his return on furlough nobody tramped our country from the Eastern townships to Sarnia more persistently than he. There will be no difficulty then, as to mat-

ter wherewith to fill out this sketch. The difficulty will be with the brevity, we hope, however, not to trespass unduly.

Jno. McLaurin was born in Osgoode, County Glengarry, Aug. 9th, 1839, and lived there until he was twenty-two years of age. During that time he was, of course, greatly influenced by the godly companionships and religious thought which were characteristic of his surroundings. Rev. Daniel McPhail was then in his strength, ministering to the Osgoode people; and with him were associated, upon frequent missionary tours, such men as Jno. Edwards, Robt. Fyfe, Jno. Dempsey, and Wm. Fraser. The country side was, through the work of these men, saturated with evangelical truth, and the young men breathed its atmosphere from their earliest thought. The preacher was the great man in the early day of that community, and the sermon was the one form of public address. Nor was Sunday the only religious day. The preacher and the sermon did duty seven days in the week, and although church edifices were few, green groves abounded, and log barns and school-houses sometimes nightly, and for weeks, received the consecration of godly eloquence and burning zeal. Wonderful meetings were those of Osgoode thirty or forty years ago. The memory of them still lingers. At "early candle light" the services began; and, as the evening shadows gather the young men and patriarchs after the day's toil in the fields, and the women and children so many of them as can be spared from the home, find their way through the woods and across lots to the low roofed log school-house, and there is the scene being enacted which more than may be suspected has influenced Canadian Baptist thought for over half a century. McPhail, as he was called, without prefix either Daniel or Rev. is at the desk—the school room is crowded with reverent listeners, and that honored servant of God delivers his message. It is a wonderful message. Simple, direct to the soul, and straight from the word of God. It is delivered with strong thought in rugged form—not much pretty talk about it—not much of the gospel of nature, dealing with flower and leaf and tint and bloom, but plenty of the gospel of grace, dealing with sin and death, salvation and everlasting life. Lost souls are before the preacher as he speaks, and God's woe is plainly before the trifler with the message; and so both preacher and sermon

are on fire, and the glow forces its contagion, and there are strong crying and tears among the people, and the inquiry prevails, "men and brethren what must I do?" And the older men pray and exhort, and the young men keep silence, as was the custom in a former generation. And as the hush of intense conviction comes over the assembly, broken only by an occasional sob, here and there some soul is released from its bondage and passes out of the darkness into the light of God. Such was the oft repeated scene at the assembly of the people in which John McLaurin and multitudes of others encountered the divine touch and passed out of death into life. And morning, noon and night, wherever the preacher went, he met those who were touched in the heart, and patiently, and earnestly, and lovingly led them to Jesus Christ; and the word of God spread mightily and prevailed. In this community and amidst such surroundings Jno. McLaurin's early days were spent. The log school-house was responsible for his early education; and no mean drill it gave him, as many who were his class mates at Woodstock can testify. And his home life—the Osgoode preacher and preaching were responsible for his religious convictions and mental moods. In March '54, Mr. McLaurin was converted to God, and in that connection so deep was the thought of God sent into his soul that his whole life must be henceforth given up to God's work amongst the perishing. In '60, having heard God's call to the special work of the ministry, he entered Woodstock College and began his preparation for the service of the Canadian Baptist churches.

At Woodstock College Bro. McLaurin was a painstaking student. There came to the aid of his natural ability, that good Scotch girl which made him sound bottom as he went along. Dr. Fyfe was his teacher, to whom McLaurin and all who sat at his feet owe so much for whatever they have been enabled to accomplish in after life. Under Dr. Fyfe his theological studies were directed and assisted. How the Canadian Baptist Educational idea has grown since that day. Then, it is true, we had the departments Theology, Orientals, Greek, Church History and Homiletics: but they were one chair, nevertheless, and in it sat Dr. Fyfe holding a five-fold professorship with a class every hour of the day! and there it was the privilege of Bro. McLau-

rin to sit with his class-mates, receiving the full round of theological instruction from that good man who loved to spend his great strength in the service of Canadian Baptists. There were grand students in those days too, notwithstanding the paucity of professors and appliances. Contemporaneous with McLaurin were Campbell and McArthur of New York, McGregor of Florida, Montgomery of Brooklyn, Cameron of Denver, Higgins of Lachute, Perrin of Chicago, and many others who are doing nobly their part in life, and others too who have fallen on sleep. As it may be judged that with such spirits at hand, there could be no lagging of student life at Woodstock on the part of one who had any desire for advancement. The College was impetuous in those days also. Whether this fact made for or against the weal of the students is not here stated. The fact was not without inspiration, however, for the students took it upon themselves to add somewhat to the meagre furnishings, as the college bell and the chandeliers and papers for the reading room came in response to undergraduate oratory and effort. Great audiences greeted student performances. On closing days the chapel and reception rooms were commonly packed to the doors, and even yet the famous Phrenological debate has not passed out of mind. Cameron and Campbell *vs.* McNeil and McLaurin engaged in full combat, during the course of which our young friend Peterkin's plaything, or the veritable relic of Yorick was laid under tribute, and so manipulated with knife and saw as to prove something for or against Phrenology as a science. Such debates occurred often. The school gave a fine opportunity, as it does to-day, of making more of a man than text-books or mere tuition could bring to pass. It gave the practical training so helpful in the student's after-career; and of this training John McLaurin was careful to receive his full share. In study, in society work, upon the Campus, and in his student friendships he made a fine impression, and graduated, respected and greatly beloved, in 1868.

Now came his short career as pastor. His field was Stratford. And he remained there for one year. Of that year's work the writer knows nothing, and consequently has nothing to say. This may be the place, however, to put down what should be said of him as preacher and teacher. The Christian minister is

to be first and above all things a preacher. He may be a gentlemanly fellow, very courteous, sweet-tongued and all that—he may have executive ability and be somewhat of a scholar too, but he must be a preacher. Failing as preacher he fails utterly: and so we have good right to expect of a minister first, that he be a preacher. Bro. McLaurin must have done more preaching than any of us. In his Indian work, this was his daily business. In his Canadian work when home on furlough, and while Secretary of the Board every Sunday almost he preached somewhere. And during every tour among the churches preaching was his daily occupation. Every church in Canada—perhaps but few exceptions, has heard his voice, and can testify that as to the true thought of Christ's Gospel and great power in delivery Jno. McLaurin has few equals in our ministry. Bro. McLaurin has also the teaching instinct in large degree. Early associations and training strengthened his natural aptitude. He did us good service in Woodstock College during one of his furloughs, but in this direction his labor was principally in connection with the founding and maintenance of Samulcotta Seminary. Of this institution he was president, and bore its burdens unceasingly until Bro. Stillwell went to his relief. What that college means to the work of Canadian Baptists perhaps it is too early to predict. It certainly will have a value equal to that of Ramapatam established by our American friends, and in all probability the future of our foreign mission work will find in this institution the highway to substantial progress.

But Bro. McLaurin's life work has been and will be chiefly missionary. This is the thought with which he was seized early in life and in this thought he has been increasingly held ever since. Indeed early enthusiasm has deepened into mature passion; and with him it is certainly "this one thing I do." In the year 1869, Bro. McLaurin offered himself for foreign service to the American Baptist Union and with Mary Bates his wife, began that career which so wonderfully aided Canadian Baptists to realize their obligation and opportunity, and which sent from India such a stream of blessing upon the home churches. He was not permitted to remain in the service of our American brethren very long. The going out of the beloved Timpany, and himself, together with the burning letters from them reaching

the home churches every few weeks, set on fire a desire for independent mission work. The churches awakened to the spirit of the movement. Counsel was held with the result—that significant cablegram which is preserved in the museum of Woodstock College. “Go to Cocanada on basis of letter.” In obedience to that message Bro. McLaurin founded the Canadian Baptist mission among the Telegus of India, and for seventeen years that mission received the strength of his life. Upon the field he wrought indefatigably. He found favor with the people. With his own hands he baptized 2,500 souls into the fellowship of our churches. He laid the foundation of the work which has grown so wonderfully in recent years. His counsel proved invaluable to the fellow workers who one after another arrived to increase the working staff of the mission, and finally as a broken man, and as many of us feared, dying, he was forced to leave his loved work and return to Canada health seeking and for rest.

In regard to his work at home as general secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, it is almost needless to write; his labor in that department being fresh in the minds of all. He brought to the counsel of the Board the ripe wisdom and experience of a veteran. The plans which he formed and developed, have resulted in large increase to our missions. In work he was abundant. His correspondence with all the churches and with the field entailed vast labor. In the interests of the mission he travelled constantly. The churches had the mission thought placed upon them most systematically, and apart from this, wherever he went he was not forgetful that he was, before all else, a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Through his peripatetic ministry not a few churches have been helped towards the divine ideal of Christian life and not a few souls have been born into the kingdom.

It may not be thought in good taste to say much in praise of one who will probably read what is written. Why not say it now, however, as well as in a few years hence! The writer may be permitted at least the following. In regard to personal characteristics, Bro. McLaurin has proved himself a true man. He has ever been perfectly fearless in his advocacy of righteousness, and has never regarded in the least the consequences which might follow any such action. In all his work he has shown

himself incapable of flattery or deceit. No man ever knew him to do obeisance to wealth or position. Bro. McLaurin has much of the spirit of Christ. In his seventeen years of missionary service he necessarily had to encounter many things which would try his temper. His position would of course provoke criticism. Men and measures alike must test the quality of his grace. Whatever he had to encounter found him true as steel. The writer who was admitted into the sacredness of his house and somewhat into his heart-life, never heard him say of any man anything which he could wish to recall at the great day. If he had enemies he had schooled himself to think of them as Christ would have him think. In all his work Bro. McLaurin was a safe man. He was true to Christ. He was a staunch Regular Baptist. And as he went up and down the land visiting the churches and enjoying the confidences of the homes of our people, every man's character was safe in his keeping. And with all this, there dwelt beneath the somewhat rugged Scotch exterior and behind the quiet reserve of his every-day life, a heart so tender and true, that in his going from us, Canadian Baptists suffer a loss that, so far as many of us can see, is well-nigh irreparable.

Our brother is now on his way to Bangalore, India, where he goes to superintend the Eurasian work of our American brethren. Why Providence took him from us is a problem not easily answered. Now that he is gone, however, we should like him to have the assurance that the love, and prayer, and thought, of the people in whose service he has ever been willing to lay down his life, are his now, as they were during those long seventeen years in which his words and work were our Foreign Mission inspiration.

E. W. DADSON.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.*

Yesterday as I travelled from Grande Ligne to Toronto I was struck with the difference that exists in the appearance of the country and the condition of the people. Here are seen on every hand signs of culture and thrift—there things bespeak ignorance and poverty. Why is this?

Was not Quebec settled earlier than Ontario? Flourishing colonies existed on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers, when explorers ventured as far as the site of the present Queen City.

Are not the natural resources of Lower Canada as great as those of Upper Canada? Nothing can excel the fertility of the soil of many counties in Quebec. Its forests are large and rich, its rivers are still abounding in fish, and its mines almost untouched. Are the French Canadians then inferior intellectually to their English neighbors? In spite of their having been kept in ignorance, secular and religious, by an ambitious and greedy priesthood, they count among their numbers distinguished poets like Frechette and Crémazie—celebrated historians like Garneau and Lulte—world-renowned artists like Albani and Calixte Lavelleé—also orators, novelists and scientists of the first rank. In almost every career the French Canadians, when given a chance, have made something of themselves.

What the Province of Quebec needs to-day is an *open Bible*. But the clergy, as you know, are opposed to its being read by the people. One of the pupils of our Institute, after selling several copies of the New Testament, in a French parish, saw one of them torn by the priest in his pulpit and the leaves thrown right and left, saying it was a bad book and that they must beware of those who sold it.

Only a few days ago, one of our boys, converted to Christ last year, went to mass in his village and reports that the priest of the parish speaking to his people about the night schools, said:

* Abstract of an Address delivered before the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University.

"I do not forbid you to attend night schools, but I forbid you to read in English Readers, unless I approve of them, for some of them contain passages of the Bible. Bring your books to me and I will tell you whether you may read from them or not."

Would the people receive the truth if it were presented to them in charity and in love? History answers. In 1835, when Madame Feller and Mr. Roussy came to our dark land, there was not a single French Protestant (as far as we know) on this continent. To-day they number not less than 45,000. Is not this result encouraging? Were the population of Quebec to increase during the next hundred years in the same proportion as in the last fifty years, and our converts also, there would not then be room for a single Roman Catholic.

Why may we not expect this blessed result? Error must give way to truth, and darkness be ever succeeded by light.

People, as a rule, are more disposed to listen to the truth than they were a few years ago. They are beginning to groan under the yoke, and to think for themselves on religious subjects though forbidden to do so. It is most remarkable that Mrs. Scott, our Bible woman in Montreal, has been able within three years, to distribute, sell and give away, into good hands, not less than two thousand copies of the Scriptures in the city, where Madame Feller, fifty years before, found every door closed. The denunciations from the pulpits were of no avail—people bought and are still buying the word of God. This same spirit of independence is also seen in the fact, that a much larger number of Roman Catholic pupils than formerly apply for admission at the Institute. I remember the time when they would not come, even when offered free tuition. Now they anxiously seek admission and pay according to their means.

The harvest is getting white and conscious of this our Board is spreading its work into fields neglected of late, for lack of men and money, and also into new fields. Seven new workers were stationed this spring and are meeting with encouragement and success. Our educational work is most cheering in its results and prospects. The aim of the school is threefold: to give a sound Christian education to the children of our converts; to reach Roman Catholics who are willing to come; and to train young men and women for missionary work. Some 2500 pupils

have passed through this school, spending from two to five years there. These are scattered over all the continent, and hold honorable and influential positions as ministers, Christian teachers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics and even missionaries in the foreign field, (one on the Upper Congo and one in Mexico).

Many are drawn away to the States by persecution, but those who have remained here have, generally speaking, the confidence and trust of their Roman Catholic neighbors. It is worthy of note that if a special office, requiring a little education and trustworthiness, such as Mayor, town councillor, secretary or treasurer of factories, etc., is to be filled, in many instances our French converts are appointed. If the Protestant religion is not embraced, its fruits are recognized.

Last winter twenty-one of our pupils before leaving professed their faith in Christ by baptism, while several others joined churches at their homes. Two of these were Roman Catholic young men, over twenty years of age, and of great promise.

This year we have one hundred and ten pupils, of whom fourteen are Roman Catholic. One has already sought and found the light. A good spirit prevails generally and we trust for blessed results.

Now what can you do for us? You can give us your sympathy and your prayers. Though many times, as we have felt almost too tired to think, have we felt relieved at the thought that thousands of Christians were praying for us daily! Then you might come and help us. Possibly some of you are contemplating work in the foreign field—this is well, and may God bless you. But why should not some of you apply yourselves to the study of the French language, which is not harder to acquire than the Telugu, and so fit yourselves to come and preach Christ and Him crucified to the French Canadians?

Think of this prayerfully, and may the Lord send some of you "over to help us."

G. N. MASSE.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

In 1847, Josiah Quincy, standing near what is now 10½ Beacon street, delivered an oration in which these words occur : " May it rise in architectural solidity and beauty, an ornament to our city, an honor to its proprietors! May it fulfil all the hopes of its projectors, early founders, and successive patrons! May it become a library of all that is valuable in the ancient and modern languages, a storehouse of the collected fruits of the wisdom of all ages and nations! May it be an abode of the Fine Arts, a home for sculpture and painting, where they may find models to imitate and patrons to encourage and reward them! By easiness of access, and by the variety of its treasures, may it allure our youth from the pleasures of sense to the delights of science!"

The orator referred to the building of the Boston Athenæum, the corner stone of which was laid that day with rejoicing and hope. To-day the building is still standing in "architectural solidity and beauty," though no longer likely on this account to challenge the special attention of the passer-by. Architecturally Boston has advanced in the last half century. Wealth has so increased that the great things of 1847 must be ranked with the little things of 1891. The Boston of to-day has better buildings, and worse blood than the Boston of the earlier date; and yet there is a solidity, an unpretentious massiveness, about some of the old buildings which challenges admiration still.

The square, solid, eminently respectable building at 10½ Beacon street, though unpretentious without, is one of the most interesting structures in Boston. Within it there are manifold treasures, literary treasures upon its shelves, treasures of tradition and of memory in every alcove and gallery. These books have been handled by men whose names have a world-wide celebrity, seventy-five years of tradition clusters round many of them. These rooms have been frequented by the *literati* of Boston for the last forty years. Edward Everett, noble in oratory and statesmanship, used this library; and James Freeman Clarke, whose work in Boston during the long term of his

pastorate over the Church of the Disciples will never be forgotten; and James Russell Lowell, whose recent death the literary world is mourning; and Jared Sparks and the Adamses; and E. P. Whipple and Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and Edward Everett Hale, eminent in the pulpit, in reform and in literature; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose genial life is now in its autumn, his eighty-second birthday having been celebrated a few days ago in his lovely home at Beverly Farms; and others of almost equal fame.

In 1804 a literary club was formed in Boston which was called "The Anthology Society." There were fourteen original members, men of literary tastes and aspirations, who, besides desiring the pleasures and helpfulness of a literary fellowship, wished to be useful in awakening an interest in letters on the part of their fellow countrymen. The founding of this club marks the revival of literature after the disorder of the revolutionary war.

Within twenty days after the club was organized, a library was started, the nucleus of which consisted of voluntary contributions from members. A Reading Room followed soon, and hopes of a Public Library were cherished. With enlarging plans and possessions the need of governmental recognition was felt, and in 1807 the Boston Athenæum was incorporated. At first the members apparently had an idea of making themselves the patrons of all the known sciences and arts. Bacon has said that young men "embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees." The members of the Athenæum in these early days showed some of the characteristics of young men. Among other things they established a "Society for Philosophical Knowledge;" but in 1814, convinced that they had 'embraced more than they could hold,' they sold the books and apparatus which they had gathered for this particular pursuit.

In 1823 a collection of paintings and statuary was begun. Many of the finest works of art now in the Museum of Fine Arts on Copley Square are owned by the Athenæum. For many years the Athenæum had the only large picture gallery in Boston. Now, however, the paintings and statuary having been removed to the Museum, it is distinctively a Library which is found at 10½ Beacon Street.

The Library consists of one hundred and seventy five thousand volumes. While some rare and costly books may be found in the collection, the merit of the Library depends rather upon its possession of books of real value for present uses. In 1849 it came into the possession of a collection of books which formerly belonged to Washington. Seventy gentlemen, not all of them members of the Association, contributed fifty dollars each that these volumes might be placed upon the shelves of the Athenæum. The books themselves are not of the greatest value, but many of them have Washington's name on the fly-leaf, written by his own hand; and this is enough to make them valued in the land of Washington.

The library is conducted on the proprietary principle. There are one thousand shares, held by seven hundred proprietors. Many have one share only, others have four or five each. The proprietors are assessed five dollars yearly, and non-proprietors—*i. e.*, persons who through the use of shares held by proprietors have all the privileges of the library—are assessed ten dollars yearly. This money is applied towards the payment of the running expenses. There are endowment funds also which have been accumulating during three quarters of a century. In 1846 John Bromfield gave twenty-five thousand dollars to the Athenæum. While in this day of munificent giving, when the gift of a quarter of a million makes no great stir, John Bromfield's benefaction seems but a trifle, in that day it was sufficiently great to make a sensation. The record shows that he realized how remarkable a thing he was doing, and those who received the gift could not find language in which to express fitly their delight and gratitude.

The Athenæum found itself in great embarrassment on one occasion on account of a bequest. The will of Ambrose S. Curtis directed that five thousand dollars should be paid over to the Athenæum society on condition that this should be put at compound interest until it amounted to a million dollars, when the income might be used for the purposes of the association. Various legal and other difficulties were found to be in the way, and at length by consent of the heirs-at-law five thousand dollars was paid over without any conditions. The good man's foolish will was not done, but a better thing was done; and if

from celestial heights he was able to look down, he doubtless pitied the embarrassment of the legatees and approved heartily the action of his kinsmen.

The affairs of the Athenæum are managed by various officers and a Board of Trustees. Among these Daniel Webster has had a place, and Robert C. Winthrop, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Parkman, and many others bearing historic names. A study of the names of the past and present proprietors is a study of the names of the old Boston families, the families which have played a conspicuous part in the affairs of New England. Times and names have changed. A few years ago a boast was made that Boston had been the city of "The Collinses and O'Briens." But the Athenæum is still in the hands of the Winthrops, Adamases, Amesese, Hales, Coolidges, Lodges, Amorys, Lawrences, Philippses, Searses and others whose names speak to us of the early, the Puritan, the better Boston.

Charles Ammi Cutter has been Librarian since 1869, a man who has distinguished himself in the position which he has adorned for this long period. He has so perfected his system of cataloguing and simplified the methods of management that the Athenæum library is considered by the American Library Association to be a model. The name of every author is catalogued, and also every subject. In addition to this an analysis of every book of value is given. This is of almost incalculable advantage to those who wish to pursue particular lines of investigation, and have not time to read through a library to get at the information desired.

The method of movable classification prevails in this library. There is no fixed location for a book. It is numbered and lettered to show in what class it belongs, and then is placed in the proper department; but it may be pushed right or left as other books of the same class are added. By this plan, instead of finding a book just where it had been first fixed by number, it will be found in company with other books new and old which treat of the same subject. The advantages of this method of classification can be appreciated by every one who has ever looked through a large library for the purpose of obtaining all the literature on a particular subject. By this plan every book on the subject can be found instantly.

While the privileges of the Athenæum library are designed specially for those who have a purchased right to them, it is conducted on the most hospitable plan. Visitors are welcomed cordially, and all possible assistance is given in the search for anything which the books of the library may contain. A stranger remaining in the city for a term of weeks can secure a permit by which he is allowed to make the freest use of the books and rooms for any reasonable period. Visitors are found here at all seasons of the year, but especially in the summer, when strangers of literary proclivities, tarrying in Boston for a day or week, make their way to this old centre of literary interest and influence. It may be that the eloquent forecast of Josiah Quincy has not been realized fully, but in some measure this noble old building of the Boston Athenæum has been "a store-house of the collected fruits of the wisdom of all ages and nations," and though the Public Library has arisen since, and has become a vast and beneficent institution, more popular and more potent than this Athenæum Library, the older institution is still exerting a wide influence, and is growing every year richer in historic interest and in the accumulation of literary treasures.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

Toronto, Ontario.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

The Sibyl's speech breaks from these leafen lips,
 Moved by soft airs from shadowy spaces blown:
 "We rear these giant boles amid eclipse,
 We workmen die, the work abides alone."
 The day has met the night beneath the sky,
 And the hot earth put off its robe of flame;
 Sweet peace and rest come with the night-bird's cry,
 Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim. . . .

'Tis very heaven to taste the wells of sleep,
 The founts of supersensuous repose! . . .
 The Sibyl's rune still murmurs on the breeze,
 The purple night falls thick about the trees,
 And blessed stars, like lilies, white and rose,
 Burst into bloom on heaven's far azure deep.

August.

T. H. R.

GOOD MEASURE.*

It is impossible for me to begin my talk to you this afternoon until I have congratulated you on the existence of this class. It has become a too common thought that Bible study does not come within the necessities of those who have left the Sunday School and have entered upon the active and absorbing duties of life. I am glad that in this church the good custom still prevails of pastor and people sitting down together and bringing themselves into contact with, on the one hand, the problems of the great throbbing world, and, on the other hand, the sayings of Him who spoke as never man spake. I assure you that this afternoon with much pleasure and gladness I bring to such a class my own small "handful of purposes."

If one were asked to state the most marked characteristic of this century he would be right, I think, in answering, the progress made in the sciences. Things become commonplace so quickly that we are liable to forget all that men of science have done for us. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone have ceased to be things of wonder, and so it goes. Every step of advance in scientific attainments becomes an ordinary commonplace thing, when the first strong burst of wonder shall have been exhausted. And therefore a comparison of times past with times that are, is good for us all that we may appreciate our present. I shall not endeavor to point out the advantages that have occurred because of scientific study in the domains of Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Biology and History. Men have given their lives to work in these fields and things have been revolutionized to an extent that would repay exhaustive treatment, but it is in my thought to direct your attention, not to the physical science, but to a field of study which is now attracting more attention than any other, namely the social organism. It is a truth that more books and more discussion concern the great problem of our social relationship than any other theme.

* A Bible-class Address.

Go where we may, listen to whom we may, the great absorbing topic is some social question; the relation of labor and capital, the ownership of the land, the nature of government, the duty of the state to the citizen, the relation of church to state, etc. And surely we must rejoice that universal thought is turning to these and similar questions, for the whole human race must be raised up and benefited. Certainly no more important matter can be dealt with than that of proper living, and of proper relationship to our fellows.

To the solution of the difficult and complicate questions that this age is now confronted with we have many answers widely differing in motive and in method. It has been my privilege to read and study many of these and to feel how cogent and how reasonable are many of the arguments advanced; and yet I have found none comparable for insight or for firm grasp of detail and wide oversight to the view propounded by one who was to the masses but a poor peasant philosopher, of but ordinary education, some nineteen hundred years ago.

The philosophy of Jesus Christ is marked by marvellous confidence, it is far reaching in its conclusions, yet it is so simple that a child can understand it, and it will I am sure commend itself to the common sense of those I now address.

Jesus Christ professed to have solved the mystery of existence, and to have a message that, if received, would enable men to make a success of life. "I am come," he says, "that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." It is my own belief that if men will apply to his theory of life the same kind of tests as they apply to the atomic theory, the theory of evolution, the theory of the conservation of energy, or the theory of sound waves, etc., they will be led on scientific grounds to adopt the theory of Jesus with respect to the method and manner of life proper to us, as members of one great society or family, the human race. This theory will be found in Luke VI. 38, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over will men give into your bosom." How simple a theory yet how true to the test of every experiment.

Here are two men at the same church building, at the same hour, and under the influence of the same words; one receives

benefit, is lifted up and inspired to a nobler life and to strong desires for things that are most excellent and of good report. The second man, however, goes away more skeptical, more cynical, more pessimistic. How is this? They have received back what they gave. The one brought with him reverence, humility, sympathy, a desire to be what he ought to be, and he received a great blessing. The other came in sneering mood, gave God no reverence, made light in his own mind of all that was said, and he went away hardened, and in a seven times worse state than when he entered the place.

Two persons read God's word daily: to one it is a savor of life unto life, and to the other, of death unto death. Why? Because one has given faith and hope and love to the reading of it; the other has given heedlessness, unconcern and neglect. They both receive back what they gave, in good measure.

Oh, friends, the responsibility is ours alone. "We receive but what we give," and we receive all that we give, in good measure.

Here is a man that is always grumbling—the whole world, if we believe him, is out of joint. Nothing pleases him. That man, he says, is niggardly, that one ungenerous, that one inattentive to duty, this one lacking in consideration and respect. You know the man. He is not uncommon. May I ask you, is it not true that he himself is all that he charges others with being, and that he is merely getting back what he gives? Like is begetting like.

Two teachers, teaching the same boys and girls in the same school, are, the one hated and the other loved. Upon one the boys delight to play mean tricks; they are pleased to annoy him. For the other they do everything to express their approval and co-operation. What is the reason? The one master distrusts the boys, regards them as incapable of affection and honorable conduct, and he treats them accordingly. He reaps what he sows. The other looks upon his pupils as human beings; and treats them as such with kindness, self-sacrifice and cordial sympathy; and from his class he receives these things back, pressed down, shaken together, yea, running over.

How great is our responsibility! Life is what we make it. We are the architects of our own fortune. How one trembles at

the thought! And yet we shall mistake if we get no joy from the consideration of this theory; or better let me call it *FACT*. There is a most comforting element bound up in all the responsibility. It is this. Not our circumstances, not our privileges, make our life successful. It is what we give, as we enjoy these. What we bring to the privilege, not what the privilege brings to us, makes us profitable servants. Away in the backwoods of Muskoka are men whose lives are incomparably superior to those of many in more favored circumstances. Men that are giving reverence, faith, honesty, perseverance and purity to their daily life of hardship and loneliness, and who are reaping a full measure of good things as a result.

You have no education. Do not repine. Give to every duty, to every fellow who meets you, your help and sympathy, and you are richly blessed. You are poor. Bring to your poverty contentment and joy, and trust, and you will get back riches of the best sort. You may be a cripple, but you may get strength and a cultured heart if you bring to your physical weakness a generosity and a freedom from envy and repining. Bring then to strangers friendly words, kind actions, and you shall have friends in abundance.

Not one's circumstances but one's use of his circumstances makes one good or bad. Give and it shall be given to you.

But I must leave you as individuals and speak to you collectively as to a church. To me it is an appalling fact—as revealed by the recent census—that in the United States there are not more than twenty-three millions of professing Christians, and of these only thirteen or fourteen millions of Protestant Christians. I cannot but feel that the churches are failing in their duty. Talk to the young men in our factories, to the older men in our streets, and the lack of confidence they show towards the churches, and to the Christian faith comes to one as an awful fact. Woodstock is thought to be a religious town, a better town than the average, and yet not one half its population is comprised in the membership of the churches. How natural it is for us to speak of the hardness of men's hearts, of the depravity of the un-Christian or anti-Christian element of our population. Men and women, let me persuade you that the fault, to a large extent, is our own. How much have we given them? How much

Students' Quarter.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

In presenting to you the ninth annual report of the Fyfe Missionary Society, we do so with deep thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the honor He has conferred upon us in using our feeble efforts for the upbuilding and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. We are sensible that the labor of the year has been marred by many imperfections, that youth and inexperience have often hampered our efforts, and that alas too frequently our own coldness of heart has prevented the descent of some of God's choicest blessings; but imperfect, as our work is, we lay it at the feet of Him who is able to cause even the defects to be to the praise of His glory and the treasure to appear the richer by contrast with the earthen vessel.

That you may have a correct idea of the work which this Society is endeavoring to accomplish, permit me to say that our aim is to foster the missionary spirit amongst the students, to give an outlet to such spirit through the existing missionary organizations of the denomination, to supply neglected fields with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and by supporting two native preachers in India to keep our members in touch with the work which is being done in that far-off land. Whether it has succeeded or not in realizing this aim let India, Africa and the home churches tell! From the membership of our Society there have gone to the foreign field during the last five years no less than *seven* missionaries. Laflamme, ardent in his love to the Master and to perishing men was the first to lay himself on the altar and with him we sent John E. Davis, to tell the glad tidings in the regions beyond. Garside soon followed, and John G. Brown, a year later, heard the Macedonian cry and bade us fare-

* Read before the Annual Meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

well, for he too was going to carry "the lamp of light" into the darkness of heathenism. W. B. Boggs, another of our members, is found on India's shores telling the old, old story of Jesus and his love. On the banks of the Congo too we have our representative in the person of Thomas Moody, noted while here for the fervor of his piety and his missionary enthusiasm, and last November we sent our latest contribution to foreign missions—George Brock, of the class of '90. Eternity alone will reveal the results of the work which these brethren are doing amid the appalling darkness of heathenism.

But as we look upon the home churches we are reminded that the denomination is largely indebted to our Society for the position which we as Baptists now occupy in not a few of the towns and cities of our Dominion. In Toronto alone *two* churches are the direct result of student effort, viz: Tecumseth Street and Ossington Avenue, and the church at Toronto Junction may be traced to the same source. Many of the other city churches and missions have been aided very materially by the members of our Society, without whose timely help many a promising field of labor would have been unoccupied. It may not be out of place to state here that the work which the Society has done and is doing in Toronto and vicinity, is purely voluntary and yields no financial return to those engaged in it. Numerous churches outside of Toronto have been established by the Society during the years of its existence, and other interests have been resuscitated and thus saved to the denomination.

Much of the enthusiasm which has heretofore been manifested by our members is due to the observance by the Society of a monthly missionary day. Our last meeting furnished a good illustration of the nature of our gathering on what has come to be regarded in the College as *the best* day in the whole month. The morning session was held at 10 o'clock, and, after devotional exercises for half an hour, a report was given of the proceedings of the Interseminary Missionary Alliance by one of our delegates; a paper on General Missionary Intelligence, June to November, followed, and an address on Medical Missions closed the literary portion of the morning's programme. At the afternoon session, after devotional exercises, Principal Massé, of Grande Ligne, gave an address on French

Evangelization and Christian Education. An animated discussion followed regarding mission work in and around the city to be undertaken by the Society, and the transaction of routine business terminated the day's proceedings. Only those who have been present at such a gathering and breathed its spirit can estimate the important part which it plays in forming the material of which heroic self-sacrificing heralds of the cross are made. No doubt many of our men in the foreign field, and many more that are doing valiant service upon hard and trying home mission fields, have received much of their inspiration and were led to greater consecration to Christ at the monthly missionary meeting.

Glancing at the work which the members of this Society have accomplished during the past summer, we have abundant evidence that the true missionary spirit characterizes the whole student body. The fields upon which students are called to labor are for the greater part the most difficult of the many trying fields where Baptists are endeavoring to preach the Gospel as we understand it. Were these churches not weak financially, and, sad to say, were not some of them weak spiritually, so many student-preachers would not be sought; and although we "thank God and take courage" as we think of the blessings with which He has followed the work of the members of our Society, we cannot but feel that it is a grievous mistake to leave churches without regular preaching for seven months of the year. If the flock is uncared-for, is it to be wondered at, that the lambs often stray away from the fold and that the old sheep are sometimes torn by the brambles? On these summer fields the student-missionary meets all sorts of discouragement, and his heart is often sore because of the apathy and lack of spiritual life on the part of the people. No doubt these trials in the earlier portion of his ministry lead him more frequently to the throne of grace, where he learns to lean upon the arm of Omnipotent love and to trust that Christ who declares, "Lo I am with you alway."

For a number of years the Fyfe Missionary Society worked in conjunction with the Home Mission Board and had representation upon the Executive, but as now organized it is an independent body. All the students, whether under the Board or

not, report to the Society, which is thus enabled to record what has been accomplished each year by its members. The following is an approximation of the work for the five months ending October 1st, 1891:—

No. of Preaching Stations.....	84
No. of Sermons Preached.....	2140
Prayer Meetings conducted.....	1681
Sabbath Schools.....	53
Additions:	
By Baptism.....	223
By Letter	122
By Experience	36
	——— 381
Pastoral Visits	7913
Tracts Distributed.....	6850

Two churches have been organized during the summer, viz, Wiedemann and Sheridan Avenue, Toronto, and the church at Bristol in Co. Pontiac, P.Q., has been placed in a more promising condition for effective work by re-organization. There have been erected three church buildings: Clarendon, Bristol and Edina, the last a mission of the church at Dalesville, P.Q. The most encouraging feature of our work on all the fields is the large number of baptisms we have to report, no fewer than 223 persons having put on Christ in this ordinance.

That work on these summer fields is no child's play may be easily seen, when we remember that one student had to walk twice a week from one prayer meeting to another seven miles, that another had a field thirty-four miles in length, that no fewer than fifteen students preached three times on the Sabbath—in the majority of cases having to travel long distances to fill their appointments, and that with few exceptions pastoral visitation was all done on foot. Truly the student-pastor has to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Turning aside from the labor of the summer, we are profoundly grateful to God that the present College session gives promise of more than usual zeal on the part of the students in forwarding the interests of our Lord in and around the city.

The Society has opened a new mission at Little York, where service is held every Sabbath evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and the prospects of establishing a New Testament church in this rising town are of the most favorable character. At the Woodbine preaching is being carried on in the Fire Hall, twice each Lord's day, and the residents of that quarter of the city are rejoicing that Christ crucified is proclaimed in their midst. At New Toronto we have found an open door, and on the day of rest our students tell of Him who alone can satisfy the hungry soul with the Bread of Life. Morning and evening services are being conducted here. A preaching service is held every Sabbath evening at Pape Avenue mission, a branch of the First Avenue church, and once a month at the Hillcrest Convalescent Home we are permitted to lift up Christ as the Saviour of men. In addition to this work, tract distribution and S. S. teaching has our attention, and it is within the range of the possible that other missions may be opened in the near future. All the missions just mentioned are being carried on by voluntary labor on the part of the students.

In conclusion, let me say that we ask your sympathy, your prayers and your help in making the work which we have undertaken abundantly fruitful in promoting the cause which we all love and which we are pledged to aid. We would not forget that all blessing comes from above, but our request is, that as the members of the Society toil for Christ, they may feel that their brethren are with them in spirit and ready to help them financially.

The whole respectfully submitted,

EDWARD J. STORO, JR.,
Rec. Sec.

ZEROLA OF NAZARETH.

CHAPTER I.

A DAY IN JERUSALEM.

Morning in eastern lands is frequently richer in its beauty than in this western world, perhaps because its brightness and its shadows have seemed so often in ancient times to be ominous of a coming tragedy. On a certain day in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius the golden dome of the Temple was glittering proudly in the morning sun of Palestine, the carved columns of stately marble were casting their long but shortening shadows athwart the silent statues of the cloisters when in the early hours of the dawning day a crowd of men whose robes told of their priestly offices issued from one of the porticoes of that sacred edifice, hurried down the mountain slopes and then dispersed on a dark and dismal errand through the awakening streets of Jerusalem. And Saul of Tarsus was their leader.

That very hour in a distant part of the city, in a region whose houses and inhabitants were huddled together in hopeless poverty and squalor, on the threshold of a tottering hovel a girl of seventeen years was bidding farewell to a group of people who had gathered around her. Their very voices echoed the horrors of sleepless nights, of foodless days. Their fear-carved faces marked them as the victims of the tiger tyrants of the god of gold. These people were poor, and therefore despised. But they felt through the girl's dark eyes that warm and mellow light which speaks of a soul within burning with human kindness. They loved their visitor's soft sweet voice, her cheering smile. They thought her hair was almost black, but it had that golden glow which Nature sometimes gives to a child of Palestine. They beheld in Zerola that beauty of form and countenance that has its origin in features which, though delicate, give to a face naturally happy and sometimes gay an expression often grave and always commanding. Nor did she lack those fine sugges-

tive curves which at once aid an Athenian mouth and brow in expressing a tender though proud spirit, at once resolute and impassioned. Whether she were the daughter of a prince they knew not, cared not—to them Zerola was a queen. The girl lingered long before they exchanged their parting words. Soon it was over, and she was hurrying along the winding streets of the Holy City. The people's last words, "Farewell, Zerola," were spoken with such evident love they immediately called to the memory of the girl the touching scene when her mother used the same words, as Zerola promised soon to return to where she was now going, their home in Nazareth.

No sooner was the Damascus gate of the city within view than she saw a vast crowd hurrying beneath its arches. The girl heard not the steady tramp, tramp of the Roman legions then stationed in Palestine, but the rush and roar of a Jewish mob. Maidens were there whose lovers were groaning in the cruel fetters of Herod; fathers whose daughters distained, dishonored were dying in the dismal dungeons of the monsters on the Seven Hills. Flash of spear or swing of club, groan of rage or yell of hate failed even to suggest the fierce revenge toward which that furious mob were hurrying a single man. The cursing priests laughed in satisfaction, for they heard the manacles upon the wrists and ankles of the captive clanking on the stones as their minions dragged Theon, the son of Stephen, staining with his blood the dust of a city unworthy of him who was to be the second martyr to the Christian faith. Only a week had passed since Stephen had been killed, now the son was to prove as faithful as his father. The Scribes and Pharisees shrink not from beholding the tortures of their helpless prisoner. But now, the crowd halt! They press upon their victim—spit upon him, scourge, stone him,—urged on by a man rather small in size, yet possessing a strong frame, whose heavy eyebrows scowl like threatening clouds, whose flowing robes, striking mien and cultured voice—so deep and rich—mark him as the scion of fortune and of learning, a very prince of Palestine.

Yonder lies the captive. Zerola sees his torn bleeding face. Alone! No water to moisten his parched tongue. No hand to raise his drooping head. No lips to kiss his throbbing temples. No voice, no human being to cheer his wearied heart. Despair!

alone! As he lies there dying in the cold damp dust, writhing in pain, let him die the death of agony—alone. Who cares? Ye Jews hurl more stones, hard as your hearts of iron! Let his flesh be carrion for vultures: let his bones bleach—rot in the scorching sun! Again the air rings with yells of anger, with curses. Again the mob stone the dying man. But look, the crowd push back, a girl approaches. What daring! Her dark eyes flash with scorn, her very presence is a stern command, "Room for a woman, back!" See, she nears the martyr, she takes his hand, holds a cup of cold water to his lips! The crowd are amazed—now they rally; they hear the same voice urge them on, "Ye sons of Abraham, behold the accursed deed. Yon girl must also be one of the blasphemers." And speaking thus, his eyes flashing like flames, the enraged Saul of Tarsus disappears. But his rich deep voice swelled with such bitter hate, such fierce revenge, that even the brave Zerola trembles as she sees him hastening through the crowd, and hears yet those fearful tones that sound like the angry roar of stormy waves on the Lake of Galilee.

For a few minutes the tumult ceases, and a silence of surprise or astonishment comes over the crowd. Thæon is arising! Yet he does not struggle to stand upright, but only kneels as he says to the people: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." What words to address to a mob of Jews! Silence now changes to anger; the mob as if moved by one maddened brain rush upon him as he prays, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." But Thæon is sinking, slowly sinking—see on his face the clotted blood—he prays again, "O Father, lay not this sin to their charge."

And that evening Saul thanked the Hebrew Jehovah that Stephen's son, for whom he and the priests had gone searching that morning had met his father's fate; and that that night the stars of Palestine were shining on his grave.

At that moment Zerola trembled, but not with dread, although she heard the same deep voice so full of rage and hate: for a band of Roman soldiers marched up, shown the way by Saul. "Where skulks that blasphemer?" demanded the pupil of Gamaliel. "Curse the wretch!" shouted the people. Zerola had now banished all fear, and looked at the accusing Hebrew

with eyes unquivering, firm,—yet beaming with compassion, with forgiveness. But as she glanced from Saul to the body of the martyr her face suddenly became resolute and wore an expression changing from grave to severe and even defiant as she said in a voice tremulous with passion barely controlled: “You ask for a ‘blasphemer’? Dogs of that kind often carry scrolls and skulk in crowns. Go look in the Temple or the Capitol! But perhaps I mistake your meaning. Blasphemer! If it is to have a human heart and a woman’s soul, if it is to be a follower of the Nazarene whom ye despise and crucified, then I am a blasphemer! You priests who only break the commandments you profess to keep, look upon the bleeding body of your brother, and behold in it the cruelty and the impotency of your corpse-like creed; for even now the man whose blood is on your hands and sacred robes is with that God whose servants ye kill as did your fathers, and whose laws YE blaspheme!”

Then a sullen anger lit up the faces of the priests and people; and they probably would have stoned her too but for the legionaries.

And who can tell whether revenge or grief would have been her masier if she had only known that the martyr before her was her lover. Not quite a year had passed since Zerola’s betrothal to Theon. But what she did say was prompted by neither grief nor revenge.

However, of such words, at such a time, in such an age, the result was sure. The soldiers immediately received their orders: the fetters were soon fastened upon the ankles and wrists of the captive girl, and she was dragged in disgrace through the streets of Jerusalem—the Holy City!

Of all the hates that reign enthroned in human breasts, perhaps none is at once so intense and so insatiate as that which has its source in theology. Swinging a sceptre draped in black despair, it rules and ruins with all the fierceness of a demon’s sway. The bigot has ceased to be a man. Often a heart far less cruel is hidden by the armour of the soldier than by the surplice of the priest, often a soul far less marred and maddened is expressed in the dagger of the assassin than in the sentence of the judge.

That night Zerola slept on the stones of a dungeon beneath

the walls of a Roman's palace, little dreaming that in the darkness of that same cell her brother had felt the pangs of a world's ingratitude and prepared to pay the penalty of a life of sacrifice and self-devotion; little dreaming that she might now be separated forever from her lover and from the fond mother who that very evening had seen the sun go down and the twilight darken into night, as she stood on the threshold of their home and watched for the return of her daughter across the hills and through the olive-groves of Nazareth.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLIND SLAVE.

"Perchance this flower may be a blossom from the orchards of some peasant dwelling in peace beyond the Palatine—for it has the fragrance of humility; it may have slept on the fair bosom of some maiden of Rome, perhaps the daughter of the Emperor—for it has the form of beauty; or it may have dropped from the strong hand of some conqueror returning in triumph to his native land; better still, it may be a lily from the grassy slopes of Palestine or the quiet valleys, from the hills of Bethlehem or the groves of Nazareth. No, that it cannot be! That loved land lies too far away across the blue waters of that waveless sea. And yet, O sweet flower, I thank thee for the message from the Father thou dost bring this lonely slave. Thou art crushed as I, but thy spirit is not broken,—nor mine. I cannot see thy tinted petals, yet I kiss thee for thy beauty, I love thee for thy purity." And speaking thus, Zerola fell asleep, for it was already night,—although she knew it not. To her all nights were days, all days were nights, all time an infinite calm of eternal darkness.

Some time after the voyage from Jerusalem to Rome, whither she had been sent the morning after her imprisonment, as the slave for the wife of a Roman general, by name Corbulo, who was on a visit to Pilate from the Imperial City, Zerola had become quite blind. Doubtless this was from the principle that if any part of the body is not used, it soon loses its strength.

The dark beauty of her large bright eyes remained, but sight was gone. Blind! No more to wander in waving woodlands and see in caverns of the arching pines the temples of the Father; no more to follow the crooked curves of noisy brooks and see in their winding waters a picture and a prophecy—the history of nations, the destiny of mankind. Life a sightless, starless night!

And yet this very blindness kept Zerola from seeing some of the gloom amid which she seemed doomed to die. But why conceal the truth? The girl knew it all. Four yearning years had she languished in those cankering chains. Four years slept with frowning stones above on colder clay beneath, a pile of mould having been heaped in one corner of her dungeon for a bed. Each pillar though gaunt as hard, each slab though dead and heartless, was a friend. Full well the captive knew the weary way around that lonely tomb, for years and years ago her prison had been a sepulchre—as if it were not now! No window dispelled the dreary darkness of that dismal grave. True, there were crannies and cracks in the walls, but only one let in the light; and over it had been placed bars of iron—to keep a demon out, but surely now to keep an angel in. Every day through this narrow crevice the sunbeams used to come and try to bring some ray of hope from the great world outside.

Zerola waited for their coming and knew the moment of their going. Beneath their beckoning, cheering rays her rusty shackles grew golden; but chains of gold hurt just as much as chains of iron. Those visitors from the skies were strong, yet very weak. How could a few waudering sunbeams alter the foulness of her cell, the hardness of her crusts? The single meal a day lowered on a rattling chain through a hole in the dungeon ceiling was of such repulsive food Zerola was glad to hear the distant echoes of the footfalls of the guard dying away beyond the bolted doors of brass and iron hanging in the long corridors of stone, ever deathlike in their silence.

On this morning there had been a triumph in Rome. The brightness and glory of the sun, coming in splendour towards the Campagna, had been almost rivalled by the magnificence of chariots plated with gold and silver, drawn by spirited horses prancing beneath robes of purple bedecked with jewels, trophies

of the war, for Corbulo had returned from abroad crowned with victory and glory, and was now marching in triumph through the proud portals and crowded streets of Rome. He rode beneath arches of flowers which kept dropping their blossoms to the pavement and the people as the chariot of the conqueror rolled on; and so they were eagerly picked up and carried to a thousand homes, patrician and plebeian, to be treasured as memorials of this happy day. In his hands the victorious Corbulo carried a cluster of the rarest flowers of Rome's most beautiful gardens, a present from the Senate. Several of these shaken from their fastening by the motion of the chariot had fallen to the stones of the roadway. And it was one of them, blown by chance winds from the route of the procession through the crack in her dungeon wall, that brought the kindly smile to the now often sorrowful face of Zerola.

How many chapters of the volume of her life were now written the captive could not tell; but often, with cheerful hand, did memory turn back the beloved pages of her youth and the blind slave wasting, though not pining, in the sepulchre-dungeon saw in a book that needed no light of taper or of sun the pictures of her girlhood days, and again the child of Palestine lived in Nazareth; for so it seemed to her—she thought so often of the loved days that now were past and gone.

"How happy were those bright hours," Zerola used to remind herself to chase away the gloom of her damp cell athwart whose dismal darkness would sometimes glance a gleam of joy, "when with my brother, my loved brother, I played beneath the waving palms and ran among the groves in my native land; no freer flew the birds! And in the evening when my father had finished his work at the carpenter's bench behind our cottage, and my mother could leave for a short time our two baby boys, the younger merry as the elder gentle, then would we three walk along the hillside slopes sleeping in the twilight, along the darkening shores of quiet waters lulled to rest by softest winds, and speak together of the folding past and opening future, speak of that dark night when my father and my mother lodged in Bethlehem, and lo, at the dread hour—yet the angels' hour—above the green fields, above the blue hills, in the dark and silent sky the star of the Christ was shining to tell the children

of men that a man was born who by a life of sacrifice and self-devotion was to show them the golden way of life—love to man the holy light that guides the soul to God—who was to be the Saviour of mankind, who was to teach by deed and word that wondrous truth whereby are fused the human and divine, whereby the sins and sorrows of earth shall be wiped away, whereby justice and harmony shall be king and queen of every nation and rule in world-wide empire—the Creator a Father, humanity a family, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men.

“So kind was my brother, so much a man, that holy angels might stand in the shadow of his cross and say to all the world, ‘This was a God!’ . . . How well I remember that morning when the clouds of a threatening storm kept the struggling sun-rays from shining on one of the cohorts of Rome which was marching through the streets of Nazareth dragging into exile a young man who for some crime against the oppressors of his native land, an accident the people said, had been condemned to toil the remainder of his life as a galley-slave.* Such a look of mysterious sadness darkened his countenance, so torn were his garments, so harsh were the soldiers, that the smile of human gratitude upon the captive’s face which thanked my brother for his kind deed was enough to soften the scowls and sweeten the curses of those heartless Roman warriors who seemed to think it an insult to the glittering eagles of their haughty Emperor that a Nazarene should dare to give a cup of cold water to a slave! . . . O Jesus, the slave in his chains in Nazareth thanked thee for thy compassion; and now the slave in her dungeon in Rome thanks thee for thy lesson. . . . On that fateful day in Jerusalem when I saw the mob and the priests scourge and stone that helpless man, who by his many wounds would have been even to his mother unrecognizable, then in my soul rose the remembrance of thy noble deed on the streets of Nazareth, then I resolved that I too would give a cup of cold water to one of the children of our Father. . . . And for that I am separated from my mother, from my father and from my lover, and buried in this sepulchre

*This is a reference to a slave who afterwards turned out to be the prince, Ben-Hur. See writings of his biographer.

—I fear, forever! Yet I had rather die in this dayless damp, this lightless gloom and know that I have walked in thy holy footsteps of sacrifice and self-devotion, than roam forever in some paradise of cloudless clime and starry skies and have in the haunted chambers of my memory such ever-criying spirits as the bitter remorse and clinging guilt of a brother's blood. Yet, wrong is bitter, too, and stinging! Why should I be the victim of such injustice?"

Just then the clanking of chains was heard on the stones of the silent corridors above her tomb and Zerola recognized the footfalls of the sullen slave whose duty it was to bring her food and lower it through the aperture in the ceiling of her dungeon—a slave whom she had of course never seen, yet near whom she seemed to feel a presence not unknown.

As the guard walked away he heard, just outside the prison-window, a man speaking rather sternly to several others: "The third interruption is the signal. Gladiators, remember, to-night in the Forum!" This was evidently the conclusion of his speech, but it was enough to make known to the guard at least the vocation of the conspirators. Well might it have been if he had known the conspiracy, and told it. However, of what was about to happen at the close of this eventful day he little thought as the gladiators drew their daggers and took the solemn oath, saying: "We swear, we swear. To-night in the Forum!"

How natural is optimism! Pleasant thoughts, imaginings, often made her forget the discomforts of the prison; for, girl-like, she used to picture her lover travelling through strange lands in search of her. And she was not wrong, for on that morning in Jerusalem her arrest had drawn the attention of the mob from their victim to herself. This gave two Nazarenes who were in the crowd the opportunity of carrying Thæon away. And in their home, after an illness of two or three months, he had recovered. Then, on being told the story of his rescue and hearing that Zerola had been sent away from Palestine, Thæon—who by all but his two friends was supposed to be dead—started to find his betrothed: for his was that love which sometimes conquers calmer judgment, that love which so often has made a man a hero.

And on this very night he was leaving Egypt to go to Italy. Will he ever find her? Who can tell?

W. J. THOROLD

(To be Continued.)

TO THE SUN.

O golden glory, banner of the world !
 Long hast thou known the searching gaze of man,
 Yet never, through thy history's unknown span,
 Hast paled thy lustre nor thy splendors furled.

Earth shews her beauty 'neath thy brightening rays
 And thrills man's soul anew with love and light.
 The lily pale and "glowing violet"
 By thy bright aid appease our longing gaze.

Without thee Earth were blank. But yet untold
 Thy greatest mission; for as with shaded eye
 And timid brow the Moon doth thee unfold,
 So thou, abashed, dost point to higher sky
 Where dwells thy source, a brighter Sun, unfelt
 Save by those who in God's pure light have knelt.

H. McNEILL.

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

In thee with runes all radiant God hath writ
 A history of man, and state, and world.
 Like thine their spring, when meshes closely knit,
 To smiles of suns, and showery tears unfurled.
 Wind-cradled, soothed by night, and schooled by gales
 Thy summer life was filled—while consort weaves
 The birds a kindly roof; and downs and dales
 Call back their songs and laughter of the leaves.

Then Time his sadder beauties thee bequeathed—
 The simple splendor of thy summer lost—
 On thee the autumn sun's cold kisses breathed :
 Last came the archer hoar with arrowed frost.

All life is like: its glory is a breath :
 Men, worlds and empires float away in death.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In issuing this our second number of the *McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY*, we have first to apologize for the delay in its issue. This may be partly explained by the fact that in reassembling the burden of responsibility could not be immediately located. However, we have formulated our plans and are now prepared to push matters through pretty rapidly. With this issue before our readers it will not be necessary to say we have made quite a new departure. Our second number may be taken as a sample of what may in the future be expected. The portraits are to be continued throughout the year and will be of a high degree of excellence. All our leading men will in time be represented. Dr. Castle, Dr. Davidson, and Rev. Daniel McPhail will be the next in order, and we have no doubt great interest will cluster around these attempts to embalm the faces and memories of our distinguished workers both of the past and the present. Believing that the general public will be especially interested in the work of the students, we have enlarged this department of the magazine and trust the change will be appreciated.

We take this opportunity of urging upon our readers the necessity of helping us to make the subscription list as large as possible. Only by this means shall we be able to reach our ideal and give the very best possible value in the magazine. Everyone receiving this copy may regard it as an invitation to subscribe, and one dollar sent by mail to the Business Manager, *McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY*, will secure the eight numbers for the year.

For the proof-reading of the first form, and especially of the first article, of the present number the Managing Editor is not responsible. It is the old story of Phaeton and Apollo's chariot. Some of the associates of the staff, with commendable zeal for the prompt issue of the number, took the responsibility, after "very carefully" reading the proof themselves, of having the form struck

off before the Managing Editor had seen even the first proof of the first article. The only really serious error is one that a warm-hearted Scotch undergraduate could scarcely have been expected to correct. Mr. Dadson wrote: "There came to the aid of his natural ability, that good Scotch *grit* which made him sound bottom as he went along." The compositor substituted *girl* for *grit*. The associate editors, no doubt, thought the idea an excellent one, and reflected on the beneficent influence that some other "good Scotch girls" might exercise on their own student life. A Professor would have been quick to recognize the dangerous tendency of the sentence as printed. There is no doubt a sense in which a "good Scotch girl" or a good Canadian girl either, for that matter, might enable a student of even the most transcendent "natural ability" to "sound bottom," as many married students have learned from sad experience; but how one's "natural ability" could be aided by such experience, except in the way of gaining strength through struggling against difficulties, the Managing Editor is not able to see. No, assuredly, for aiding an undergraduate's "natural ability" an ounce of *good Scotch grit* is worth far more than one hundred and fifty pounds of *good Scotch girl* any day.

During the ten years of its existence, Toronto Baptist College has graduated seventy-eight men. So far as we know all are living. Of this number, sixty-four are on the Canadian field, three have gone to India, while six are in the United States. Of the six who have gone to the United States, two, Messrs. J. Stuart and T. S. McCall, are engaged in educational work, while four, Messrs. Lamb, Jorden, Lee and Arthur, are, we believe, laboring in the pastoral office. Of these four, one received part of his education in the States, and was thus predisposed to settling there; two more labored for a while in the North-West, and then, for reasons which must have been developed there, slipped across the line; the fourth labored with us for years before going to our neighbours.

The above facts are respectfully commended to the attention of brethren who, at conventions and elsewhere, are wont to assume that the trend of life at McMaster Hall unites men for the simple hard work of our own field, and predisposes them to

seek soft pastorates in the States. This assumption is negatived by the history of the College, and finds not the slightest ground in the life of the Institution to-day, or in the character of the students at present in attendance.

Another gratuitous assumption, which perhaps calls for a passing remark, is one recently expressed, that the Faculty of McMaster Hall have an ungodly eagerness to get their graduates into city pulpits. The fact that out of sixty-four graduates laboring in the Canadian field, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there are but seven located in cities, hardly seems to make good such talk. Of course McMaster has grown big enough by this time to be easy game for gunners great and small. Nor do we object, so long as the shot is that of sound, enlightened, helpful criticism. We do object to criticism based upon false assumptions, and to all that sort of gunnery which has no more justification than a morbid impulse to bang at something.

Those who heard Sir Edwin Arnold a few weeks ago had the rare pleasure of seeing a poet of no mean talent, and of hearing a number of choice readings given in a delightfully free and unconventional manner. At the same time one cannot but regret that there should run through the entertainment such a subtly dangerous vein. This came to the surface in the pretty little poem about the Mummy Slippers, when Christianity was quietly charged with robbing the world of the joyousness that reigned in the old Greek days. Other selections rather suggested the idea that Christianity is after all only one of a sisterhood of equally worthy religions. Any one who knows the whole story knows how utterly mistaken both views are.

We would recommend a careful reading of Dr. W. C. Wilkinson's critique of Sir Edwin's works or of Dr. Broadus's review of "The Light of the World," as antidotes to the dangerous element referred to.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. This is especially true in the matter of our liberty to walk the streets without being offended by indecent pictures. The Show Companies will go just as far as they are allowed to go. The down grade movement is quite noticeable in Toronto to-day. A great inapetus is

given to it by the gymnastic performances at the Toronto Exhibition, given as they are under the apparent sanction of many leading citizens. We were sorry to see a theatrical cut of an objectionable character in a recent issue of the *Globe*, a paper which is usually so clean and sound on questions of morality. It is high time that an alarm were sounded, that the course of this plague may be stayed.

The second half of the article on "The Thirty Years' War" will appear in our next number. The lecture on "Roger Williams," given in McMaster Hall last winter, will be published in the January number of the *Magazine of Christian Literature*.

The movement for university extension in Canada is making some progress in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick through the individual action of their universities. The Dominion organization for university extension recently effected in Toronto, holds its first meeting in January next, when the several Universities and other constituents are invited to send their quota of representatives. We have no doubt the Senate of this University will, at its meeting to be held on December 23rd, favorably respond to the invitation to appoint three representatives.

The success of this movement in Canada will, we believe, depend mainly on the individual zeal and public spirit with which it is conducted. If it is to be sustained by subsidies from the Government, the movement will be marred and crippled. Of course, such subsidies would launch university extension with éclat, but we make no doubt in saying, that any progress thus secured would lack that *verve* and ethical quality essential to solid advancement. It is not the lack of money which is the great hindrance, but presence of false views,—the outcome of ignorance and the pursuit of low ideals. This movement for university extension may be used as an opportunity for an enthusiastic missionary effort for the elevation of the intellectual and ethical standing of our people. Enthusiasm is essential. Subsidies from the Government are fatal to enthusiasm. Taxation has already given us its highly organized machinery in the interests of education. To create a new machinery from kindred resources, is to reduce university extension to a common-

place and somewhat mercenary affair. If it has birth and fostering care in the voluntary efforts of the friends of the higher education, we have little doubt that a really fresh and most valuable instrument for intellectual and moral advancement is easily within our reach. We trust the leaders of the movement will not fail to see their opportunity, and by well-ordered and patient effort, gradually develop a lasting and ever-growing organization which shall at once strengthen our existing institutions and render their stores of knowledge readily available to an increasing number of communities throughout Canada. Local effort must be stimulated, and opportunity enlarged.

Only the other day we heard one learned professor ask another at his elbow how to spell *sibyl*. Even after hearing the two scholars discuss this word, we have not been able to write it here without first consulting Webster. Now why should citizens of a free and enlightened country, men of this age of unprecedented progress, need to hesitate for one instant over such matters? Why not simply write as we speak and speak as we write, as they do in Kaiser William's country? Why should any man of good morals be compelled to offend his sense of the fitness of things by writing *dough*, after having, but a moment ago, in all good conscience, simply written *so*? Why, we ask again, should any man in this busy age, be forced to remember, along with a thousand other things of vastly greater importance, that he may write *breeze*, but not *cheese*; or *berth*, but not *crth* or *derth*; and so on, through hundreds of instances? The persistency with which English speaking people, in whatever quarter of the globe they are found, cling to mediaevalism in spelling, while ruthlessly rejecting even the most cherished customs and beliefs of their fathers in so many other directions, is an inconsistency which cannot be praised or admired. Why should not the students of McMaster University be allowed and even encouraged to adopt phonetic spelling, and throw down forever another of the burdens which neither they nor their fathers ought ever to have been required to bear?

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

THE nucleus of a library has been formed in the ladies' room at the Hall by the kindness of Prof. Clark in presenting a number of valuable and useful books of reference, etc. The German paper which he places there weekly is also much appreciated.

THE GLEE CLUB has been organized for the present College Session, with the following officers: B. W. Merrill, President; E. Norman, Secretary; O. G. Langford and J. B. Warnicker, Musical Directors. The Club maintains an excellent quartette, composed of Messrs. Langford, McAlpine, Norman and Warnicker. The frequent calls from the churches in and around the city prove that the College singers have lost none of their old time popularity.

AFTER long and patient microscopic investigation in the Biology lecture room, of bacteria, green slimes, and similar inedible forms of plant life, it is encouraging to reach at last a higher stage in the scale of vegetation, and to observe the zeal with which eager students apply the tactual as well as the visual organ to such specimens as the esculent carrot, or the classic dried fruit of the grape. Truly, from this time forth, Hope will never cease to shed her cheering ray upon the path of the student of Biology.

THE lady students met recently for the purpose of forming a Modern Language Club. Officers were elected as follows: President, Miss McKay; Vice-President, Miss Smith; Treasurer, Miss Timpany; Secretary, Miss Wells; Librarian, Miss Harris. The objects of the Club are two-fold; 1st, to acquire facility in French and German conversation; 2nd, to become acquainted with the lives of French, German and English authors. Among other articles, the Constitution provides that all conversation between the members of the Club, on two specified days of every week, be carried on in French and German.

READING ROOM.—McMaster University, it is commonplace to say, is striding on apace. But nothing in connection with her has taken a greater stride than our Reading Room. Previously, it has been insufficiently supplied with what goes to make a Reading Room attractive. The boys saw this, and took hold; and when they take hold matters generally move. Things have been changed. We think our Reading Room will compare favorably with those of other Universities. The dailies, with their endless disputes and contradictions, illustrated papers, and the famous monthlies are there; and, moreover, German and French periodicals have come in, shaken hands with their English friends, and settled down to stay. And the boys are not unappreciative of this. Pass the Room when you will, you see through the open,

inviting door a knot of students, you hear the rustle of turning leaves, and catch glimpses of the pictured pages of some great Illustrated. Is this not as it should be? In addition to Mr. John Stark's annual donation of \$50, students and professors contributed about \$20 to the fund.

SPORTS.—Football is the only game in which the McMaster boys indulge, but as we have no campus of our own we are at a great disadvantage; the grounds upon which we practice are often occupied by other players. We played a match with Wycliffe College, which resulted in a draw. The great match of the season was played on the 7th of Nov., against a team from Woodstock College. The game throughout was stubbornly contested, but resulted 2 goals to 1 in favor of Woodstock. The following gentlemen comprised the team:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.			McMASTER HALL
Patterson,		Goal	McNeil.
McIntosh,	}	Backs	{ Schutt. Daniel.
Hoyt,			
Collins,	}	Half-backs	{ Hunter. Foster. Kennedy.
White,			
Pratt,			
Brown,	}	Right wing	{ McDonald. White.
Robertson,			
Goble,		Centre	Matthews.
Prin. Huston,	}	Left wing	{ Doolittle. McMaster.
Frost.			

THE SOCIETY.—We are known as "THE Literary and Theological Society of McMaster Hall." The bulletin board announces us as the "L. and T. S." It would be a great saving could we abridge our nomen, but would that be consistent with a due solemnity? We are, moreover, fond of our long, sonorous name.

The term now closing has been one of prosperity for the Society. The aim of the Executive has been rather to provide good than many entertainments. Each evening has been devoted to some one new and interesting theme. We have in this way secured variety, and the Board has been eagerly scanned from week to week for the next Society topic.

One evening, graduates of other Colliges spoke on life and methods adopted in their schools. On another, the question of Annexation was enthusiastically discussed, and, as you will have seen by the dailies, our tie vote was regarded as very ominous. Selections from Shakespeare's plays filled still another evening. We felt much flattered when our grave student critic arose and described our declamations as "just a little too theatrical, perhaps."

The Education of the Deaf and Dumb made an exceedingly interesting study. Three very intelligent mutes—graduates of Belleville Institute—were present. Their songs without words, highly dramatic recitations and touching prayer were beautiful expositions of the power of the language of gesture.

No University studies are felt by us to bear more directly and beneficially upon pulpit and platform work than the exercises of the

Society hours. In the conduct of public business, the Society is our most efficient educator. Very grave and stern has been the decorum of the countenance worn by our President when asked for some rulings this term, but he has been equal to every emergency and altogether one of the *whitest* of Society Presidents.

FAREWELLS.—This has been a month of farewells. Two brethren, who had endeared themselves to all the students, have left Canada for India—Messrs. McLaurin and Brock. The farewell service held in the chapel room was one long to be remembered. Dr. Rand, in a few tender words, told of his own personal attachment to Mr. McLaurin, and then called upon him to say farewell. All the students and teachers rose to their feet as he stood up to respond. Under deep emotion and with labored self-control our dear brother told us his heart. All were deeply interested in the work that awaits Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin in India, and every word was listened to with the most rapt attention. It is impossible to tell how dear Mr. McLaurin has become to many Canadian Baptists, but it is evident that he is by none more deeply beloved than by the teachers and students of McMaster Hall. Brother Brock followed with a few well-chosen words, after which an opportunity was given to all to express their regret. A very pleasing incident in the meeting was the touching way in which Mr. A. P. McDonald told how his mother had been the means of Mr. McLaurin's conversion.

On the morning of Bro. Brock's departure, a large number of the students of both departments marched down to the station to say good-bye. The scene was very affecting, as the students gathered about the car and sang, "Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling." Then, as the hour drew near for the train to depart, in the frosty air of the early morning, "God be with you till we meet again" was sung by those who were not too much affected to sing. Tears were shed by both students and the by-standers, who seemed deeply interested in this simple expression of brotherly affection.

Just as we are going to press we are called upon to say good-bye to Bro. E. J. Stobo. He has been ailing in health for some weeks, and has decided—wisely, we think—to rest awhile. As he stood, valise in hand, ready to depart, the horns and cheers rang through the building, and called all hands together to give him a right royal salute. Mr. Stobo is a devoted worker, faithful and well-beloved, and it was most pleasing to see the boys carry him down the stairs amid deafening cheers. As he disappeared in the distance, he could still hear the last strains of

"Blest be the tie that binds."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, so much has taken place that it is hard to decide with what word to begin our monthly notes.

When we separated last June, it was with hearts touched with sorrow, because of the knowledge that on our return new faces would look upon us from the chapel platform. To many of us it seemed that

the changes would injure the efficiency of the staff, but the words of our Principal have been realized: "If God calls men away He will certainly raise up others to take their place." Our new masters, Mr. Smith and Mr. George, are deservedly very popular, and are doing most efficient work. Even in the Manual Training Department, the work has seemed to go on with even greater enthusiasm, the classes being larger, and the organization being more complete. Mr. Clarke has taken Mr. Wolverton's place, and, besides taking a general responsibility, teaches the senior class in machine work. His class have this year made the patterns for five iron lathes, and were present in the foundry when the castings were made, and are now putting these together and placing the lathes in proper position for use. These new lathes will remove the pressure in the classes in wood-turning, in which the ten original lathes are insufficient to accommodate the relays of students who use them. Mr. Smith takes charge of the blacksmithing and does it well. Mr. George has charge of the classes in carpentry, and finds his strength taxed to its utmost by the large classes under his direction. The Board of Governors have authorized the purchase of a drill, and, accordingly, a beautiful machine from Hamilton has been placed in position, and is much admired, especially by the senior class, who have been somewhat delayed in their work because of the necessity of using the lathe to do the work of the drill.

The exhibit of carpentry, wood-turning, carving, and iron work at the County fair was much admired by the visitors, and was a good advertisement of the Manual Training Department. The artisans of Woodstock who saw it spoke in the highest terms of its excellence.

We have been fortunate this term in being well visited. The College Register records a host of names from which we select a few: W. Briden, Ingersoll; F. H. Russell, Toronto; W. C. Matthews, Toronto; Rev. W. S. Barker, Peterboro; H. J. Brownlee, Hespeler; Misses Stanley, Moore, Galbraith, and Karn, Moulton Ladies' College; Rev. J. B. Kennedy, Norwich; Rev. Ira Smith, London. In many cases our Principal has insisted on a word from the visitors and we have thus had most interesting talks. The Rev. Mr. Ware, and the Rev. Mr. Boville were especially inspiring and we are the better for their whole-souled words.

Of lectures we have had several, and every one has been a decided success. The Rev. Mr. Speller, of London, brought us to London, England, and took us through the streets where we saw the policemen, the passengers, the vendors, and listened to their cries. We can heartily commend Mr. Speller's "Scraps of London Life" as exceedingly interesting and profitable.

Mrs. Eva Rose Yorke, entertained us one Friday evening in a recital of literary selections of her own composition. Her friends in Woodstock were present in large numbers and enjoyed the programme very much.

"The Kind of Men we Need" was the title of the lecture by the

Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture. The evening of the lecture was unfortunately very stormy, yet the audience was very large. The lecture was a pronounced success, and made a lasting impression for good. It was practical, well arranged, entertaining, forcible and uplifting. For a long time there has been no lecture of equal merit delivered in Woodstock.

While we have been receiving we have also been giving. Principal Huston, in addition to his visiting the fields supplied by the ministerial students has spoken to the Bible Class of Chalmers' Presbyterian Church and has also delivered the opening address of the season to the workingmen of the the town. Mr. Robertson delivered the opening lecture of the Y.M.C.A. course on "Our Planet Neighbors" and Mr. McKechnie read a paper at the Inter-Collegiate Alliance Meeting in Kingston, and also addressed the Young People's Association of the Baptist Church in Stratford.

It was the right thing for the students and Faculties of the various departments of the University to invite Principal Masse, to visit them. Certainly it did us good to see him and certainly we enjoyed his presence. In the students' mass meeting Sunday afternoon he spoke with power and with the unction of the Holy Spirit. His words thrilled us, and the boys all appreciated Principal Huston's words: "We feel our hearts new-opened and we could wish this afternoon that in some way the limits of McMaster University might be extended eastwards to include our sister College the Feller Institute, at Grande Ligne." We hope it may soon be possible for Principal Masse to be with us again.

To describe at all adequately Mr. McLaurin's farewell would take every page of the MONTHLY. We hope that in a coming number there may appear the address of the Rev. Ira Smith, on behalf of the donors who presented to the College the portrait of Mr. McLaurin. We feel that this address is worthy of a place in the University Magazine because of its literary excellence and its historical value.

The work of the Societies has this term been marked by varied success. Some of the meetings of the Philomathic Society have been of unusual interest and the speaking and other proceedings have been of a very high order. In general, however, the Society has not realized its possibilities. It seems a pity that the senior students find themselves so burdened with work, that they cannot give the proper time to this most important branch of College training. The meetings of the Junior Society, the "Excelsior," have been remarkable for an excellence unknown in the last few years, and they keep improving. The "Excelsior" as at present conducted is doing fine work. The members have taken in hand the carpeting and furnishing of their room.

The Judson Missionary Society has been quietly aggressive this term. The work in the gaol has been conducted with vigor, the West-end prayer-meeting has been efficiently manned, while the East-end mission which during the summer vacation fell away in attendance and interest has during the last six weeks largely developed in interest,

while the numbers in attendance both at the Sabbath and mid-week meetings have surprisingly increased. It is intended to hold special services in the Mission Chapel during the Christmas vacation.

The "Judson" this term has opened a mission at Bond's Corners, some three miles east of Woodstock. The Sunday School in the afternoon is well attended, as are also the Sunday evening meetings.

Good work has been done by the Tract Distribution Committee in both the East and West-end districts of the town. The College prayer-meetings have been times of blessing, and the regular monthly meetings of the Society have been seasons of inspiration. The meeting addressed by Rev. John McLaurin and Rev. G. H. Brock will live long in our memories.

The work of Pulpit supply has been better organized this term than for some years. Seven fields have been regularly tilled: Wolverton and Ayr, Tavistock, Palmerston, Port Dover, East Zorra, Lobo, and Selkirk, and now Clinton is added to the list. Every Monday morning the Principal places on the bulletin board the list of supplies for the regular fields, and to this the "emergency" supplies are added as asked for.

Football, Cricket and Tennis have all had their partisans, but Football is the College game. We have no space to record our many victories or to narrate our calamitous defeats. Again and again our Juniors defeated the Woodstock Collegiate Institute Juniors; but in Galt we met with foemen of great skill and were badly defeated; this though, because of disparity in weight, age, and football experience. The Seniors defeated--unexpectedly to us all--our good brethren representing the Arts and Theological Departments. The match resulting in two to one in our favor, will probably be fully described in the notes from McMaster Hall, and so we do not enter into details.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

By no means the least important of our College Societies is the Mission Circle. This year we have a membership of over 50, most of whom take an active interest in the work of the Society. The Circle is a union one, every alternate meeting being devoted to the interest of Home Missions. The meetings are held monthly, and are very well attended.

A FEW weeks ago, Mrs. Dignam gave the young ladies a very enjoyable talk on the early History of Art, which she illustrated by showing engravings of pictures belonging to the different periods. Her talk was very interesting, as it showed the gradual development of Art and the continual striving after truth and nobleness to be seen in some of the old pictures which we are inclined to call stiff and unnatural, not realizing that painting, like everything else, must have its childhood.

FOUR and one-half days were allowed this year for the Thanksgiving holidays. The majority of the students spent them at home or with friends, and the remaining ten or twelve stayed in the building. Those who went away, came back telling of family gatherings, socials and tea parties. While those who stayed, told of all those new and delightful games such as "Flips," "Jack-straws," etc. All seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

THOSE who were interested in the Literary Society in connection with Moulton College have been much encouraged by its progress. When it was formed in November, 1890, there were sixteen members, while at the present time the roll numbers sixty. Readings and recitations from the best authors, with essays, music, and sometimes tableaux, offer a large field for the exercise of the varied talents of its members.

The first debate ever attempted in the Society, took place this term. It was an agreeable surprise to all; the debaters showing no little skill in handling their subject. The Resolution read as follows:

Resolved.—That the Ontario Sunday Laws are too stringent and should be modified so as to allow greater individual liberty of conscience.

Affirmative.—Miss Tomlinson and Miss Kennedy.

Negative.—Miss M. E. Dryden and Miss G. Edwards.

To those who recognize drawing as the foundation principle of all art, a glance at the work in progress in the Art Department of Moulton will be of interest. During an hour spent in the studios, I saw many phases of the study of Art. In the room devoted entirely to drawing and well-filled with casts from the antique, drawings could be seen in all stages from cubes and cones, eyes, ears and noses and block heads, to full length drawings of the Apollo Belvidere, Venus de Milo, and Skelsson, and certainly the spirit of drawing pervades this room, all are so interested. At three o'clock the students began to sketch from life—from the figure. The modelling in clay, is one of the most interesting features, giving a tangible feeling of form to those, who in drawing deal only with the aspect of it.

In the painting room the subjects chosen and their arrangement showed much originality. I was reminded of the old homely Dutch pictures, when I saw cabbages, brass kettles, pots and pans, old books and draperies, skulls and bones, grouped around in studies for the students to paint from. Some arrangements of delicate and lovely flowers here and there, evinced a more modern spirit.

Work of this kind enables the student to master the medium of expression, and to become familiar with accessories and textures, as well as construction and composition, which is the equipment of the artist and intelligent lover of Art, alike.

Altogether, the Department is pursuing the Course outlined, as consistently as possible with the very limited time at the disposal of the resident pupils, while the special students, and those coming in from outside for Art alone, have every opportunity to pursue their study in a most serious and thorough manner.

THIS year a Musical Course has been mapped out, and if it proves satisfactory will be adopted. It is intended to extend over five years. A student having taken up this course and passed successfully, will be entitled to a diploma. Following is a brief sketch of the course.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1st Year.

Germer's Practical and Theoretical School, Charles Halle's Practical Pianoforte School. Studies by Köhler and Lœschhorn. Selections from Sonatinas of Reinecke, Clement and Kuhlau.

2nd Year.

More advanced studies of Köhler, Lœschhorn, Czerny, Bertini. Technical Studies, such as Germer, Plaidy, Herz, etc. More difficult Sonatinas of Kuhlau, Dussek, Beethoven and Berens, with progressive selections from modern composers. The Study of Harmony to be taken up in this year.

3rd Year.

Czerny, Heller, Schmitt, six short preludes and two part inventions by Bach. Döring Octave studies, selections from the classical and modern composers. Continuation of Harmony.

4th Year.

Kalkbremer, Köhler, Jeuseu, Cramer. Dörings, more difficult Octave Studies. Bach three part inventions, and selections from the French and English Suites. Harmony.

5th Year.

Tansig daily studies, continuation of Cramer, Heller, Kuhlau Octave Studies. Sonatas by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, with selections from the works of Hummel, Schumann, Chopin, Greig, Brahms and other standard and classical composers. Completion of Harmony and the Theory of Music.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Seiler's exercises, Randegger, Solfeggi by Miksh, Concone Studies. Ballads, Arias, from the best Operas and Oratorios.

We hold fortnightly recitals to which all teachers and pupils are invited and we find these recitals of great benefit to pupils in giving them confidence and enabling them to criticise the playing and singing of others.
