

THE
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PEACE.

I have known those whose smile was benediction,
Whose voice was dropping balm:
Yet who had passed through storms of great affliction
To find the after-calm.

Perhaps within their hearts some voiceless yearning
Still longed for human love:
Yet did their thoughts, like constant incense burning,
Forever mount above.

Ah me! To learn their holy self-denying,
What bitter pangs it cost,
What nights of tears, what weary days of sighing,
The victory well-nigh lost.

For is there one, ah surely there was never,
Who loving yet could say,
"I will love on, although unloved forever."
And not have wept that day.

They strove in tears, at times almost rebelling
Against the guiding hand,
Sweeter to die of grief than passion quelling,
To follow stern command.

Sweeter to let the heart fulfil its breaking,
And sooner end its grief,
Than to return to patient labor, taking
A wound without relief.

Yet at the last, though without exultation,
Did they victorious rise,
And something that was more than resignation
Shone steadfast in their eyes.

And they had learned to love, but new divinely,
 Not looking love to reap,
 Like angels spreading gracious wings benignly,
 Where saints unconscious sleep.

Oh could I learn their deep self-abnegation!
 Then were my soul thrice blessed:
 Finding like them, enduring consolation,
 And long-desired rest.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Mary Stewart

WHAT DO WE STUDY LITERATURE FOR?

To serious students there is both satisfaction and advantage in the clear comprehension of the special benefits to be gained in each and all of the subjects of study taken up by them. Otherwise a student seems but a traveller without a destination, the aimless wanderer of a summer day, the listless steersman of a boat that drifts anywhere or nowhere. What then do we study literature for? The answers to this question are many, with some truth in all of them, doubtless. It is to be feared that the only definite object before the eyes of many students and teachers is the passing of this or that examination. Of all motives this is the least worthy and all studies so pursued will prove most unsatisfactory to the student. With this motive the work becomes drudgery and no fine effects can ever be attained. Literature is a liberal study; it must be followed in a liberal method and towards a liberal end. That end is the general development of the mind. This comprehends the formation of moral character, the production and cultivation of a taste for all things beautiful, and the acquisition of ideas, and the faculty of critical and liberal judgment.

The influence of literature on character is obvious and unquestionable. Character is largely a matter of imitation. We imitate most what we admire most. Hence the value of ideals. Woe to the boy who has no ideals. These many come to see first in books. In real life individual idiosyncrasies and weaknesses

prevail over the observation and the ideal is obscured. Not that we mould our lives to any individual character of any one book. Our ideal is rather a kind of composite photographic image on the sensitive plate of our minds of the characteristic moral features of all the people we admire in literature and in life. We are affected of course, by abstract moral reasonings in books, but these are most powerful when conveyed in concrete illustrations. The thoughtless cruelty of many a boy has been cured by that little fable of the old school readers where the old frog rebukes the boys who have been pelting him with stones. Much incipient snobbery has also been checked by such eulogies of the worthy poor as the *Deserted Village*, *Gray's Elegy*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and the *Village Blacksmith*. And surely nothing outside of the teaching of the Master himself has done so much to develop the spirit of Christian charity in readers of English literature as Hood's *Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt!* Examples of this nature are infinite in number: it is enough to have recalled these.

As to the cultivation of the aesthetic nature, it is evident that the mind craves the perception and enjoyment of the beautiful as much as the body craves food. For we do not live by bread alone in this respect also. The young child and the most untutored savage even are pleased with concords of sweet sounds and colors. Literature ministers to this sense, developing and refining it, and tends to prevent that hardness and coarseness of heart which come with worldly aims and struggles, too long followed and too eagerly carried on. In poetry, especially, the perpetual music of the rhythm and rhyme brings a delight directly to the ear, while the images which the writer employs to develop his thought, fill the mind with light and form and color harmonies.

The intellectual acquisition of ideas is but a small part of the end of literary study. It is more important that we acquire a capacity of accurate observation and liberal judgment. The college graduate has often missed this fine fruit of culture and remains prejudiced and narrow in his views of things. Or perhaps even his college course made him so. On the other hand many comparatively illiterate men show still a liberal and cultivated mind. So that it is really not so important that we read, as that we read right.

Such seem to be the chief objects of literary study. In a school course literature serves divers other ends, but these are entirely of subordinate and secondary importance. Thus it is now generally recognized, I suppose, that the art of composition or verbal expression, either oral or written, can be acquired only after literary study has given the student forms and models of expression. Again, spelling and verbal definition are not learned now from lists of individual words but from words in their varied literary relations as they appear in the reading of the student. The faculty of memory used to be cultivated by exercise on rules and definitions usually of little sense or value. It is better developed now in a finer and more intelligent manner by committing literary extracts.

Finally, simple recreation is a worthy end of literary cultivation. This we get best from humorous works. They rest and refresh us, and have thus a genuine value. We do not want always to be learning something or growing wiser. There is a time to laugh. But it is important that we laugh at the right things. You can tell a man's character from the kind of things he laughs at. This, too, is a matter of proper education. We can learn to distinguish the delicate from the coarse, and not foolishly to mistake for ludicrous what is really pathetic or tragic.

TORONTO.

A. Stevenson

HEATHEN RELIGIONS.

DO THEY DIFFER FROM CHRISTIANITY IN KIND OR DEGREE?

Admitting all that has been said in the preceding article on Heathen Religions (see article in April number) are we to admit that Christianity and these heathen systems are one and the same, only differing in degree? That they are all equally parts of the same mountain range, Christianity simply towering above the lesser peaks? By no means! The difference between Christianity and these is a *difference in kind*. The word religion, according to almost all grammarians and lexicographers, ancient and modern,

is derived from *religare*, to rebind, that is to bind anew the human spirit to its Author and Father. In other words, it is the science of our relations and obligations. There is, then, but one religion. It is in the very nature of things impossible that there should be more than one. "If any specific proposition, or set of propositions with reference to our unseen relations, be true, any other proposition or set of propositions covering the same ground, must be false. If Christianity be true then it is not a *religion*, as it is sometimes called, but *religion*. If Judaism also be true, it is so, not as a distinct form but as coincident with Christianity—the only religion—to which it can bear only the relation borne by the part to the whole." The truths in other religious systems are not portions of other religions, but portions of the one religion which have become incorporated with fables and falsehoods. The fact is that, so far from Christianity being of the same nature and kind with other systems of religion, it is wholly unlike them: the differences are *radical* and *many*. These differences concern:

1. *The being and character of God.* In no system outside of Christianity is belief in the personality and unity of God more insisted on than in that of Mohammedanism. This doctrine in the Koran is not merely a denial of polytheism: it is an individual, intense belief in one God, and in submission to him. This doctrine pervades the book. The short Sura called "Unity" is said to be equal to two-thirds of the entire volume. In this the attributes of God are expressed in ninety-nine names, which are deemed especially sacred, and are often repeated as an act of devotion. Expressions abound that often resemble those of the Bible, but the view of God given in the Koran is peculiarly its own. It is different from that of the Jews, which combined with the idea of *will* that of *righteousness*. And there is an aspect of the character of God not found in Mohammedan theology, which is the glory and mainspring of Christianity. We may read the book carefully, says Dr. Lees, and yet never come upon such passages as:—"The Lord is not willing that any should perish," or "who will have all men to be saved." Then the name "Father" which expresses so much to the Christian heart, has no place among the ninety-nine holy names of the Koran. The God of the Arabian prophet is not a God of love, who desires that his children should become one with him and should yield him their

affections. He is a God of will and power, withdrawn from the human world: the highest attainment in relation to this being is that expressed in the well-known name the religion bears—*Islam*, that is *resignation*—the state of unconditional passiveness.

This conception of a deity of necessity leads to a fatalism paralyzing the activities of life, and has been aptly termed the "Pantheism of Force." Palgrave has well said that in this view, "God is one in the totality of omnipotent and omnipresent action which acknowledges no rule, standard or limits, save one *sole and absolute will*. He himself, sterile in his inaccessible height, neither loving nor enjoying aught save his own and self-measured decree, without son, companion, or counsellor, is no less barren for himself than for his creatures: and his own barrenness and love of egotism in himself is the cause and rule of his indifferent and unregarding despotism around." This is not the God of the Bible --the God revealed in Christ. ;

Turn to Brahmanism,—it conceives of God as so absolutely One Being, that all finite objects, finite minds, and finite interests are deemed illusions, and that not even moral distinctions are supposed to exist in him or before him. It denies to him the intelligence, the freedom, the holiness, the love, which can only be found in a person: indeed, it denies to him all definite attributes, and so leaves to be worshipped merely empty abstractions, an infinite blank. It regards the worshipper's own consciousness of freedom and sense of responsibility as deceptive. It represents the loss of the finite in the infinite, as the perfection and ultimate goal of communion with God. No need to exhume the theistic teachings of the others—their gods are gods of cruelty and shame. Christianity alone, of all religions, gives a clear, self-consistent, adequate view of God. It presents him as the one God, eternal, infinite, omnipotent, omniscient: as perfect in wisdom, in righteousness, in holiness: and yet as gracious, full of goodness and love: a true Father in his feelings and actings towards men: the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose character and sacrifice his moral glory has found the highest revelation of its purity and beauty, its attractiveness and tenderness. It alone is the true religion: the only religion, since it alone prevails: the living and true God.

2. These differences relate, in the second place, *to the origin and*

nature of man. No other religion teaches the Christian doctrine of man's original moral state and of his fall in becoming a sinful being. It alone unfolds the true doctrine of man—*his dignity and his wretchedness.* It urges not one of these great verities, but both: for only when the origin and grandeur of the human race are fully apprehended, can we hope to understand the turpitude of moral evil. The Bible tells us that there is in man a high and God-like element: that instead of being fashioned on the lower model of the animal, he came forth into the world erect in stature and impressed with the divine similitude: that he was a son of God.

3. This naturally leads us to the third point of difference, namely, the *nature of sin.* Man was created in the image of God. The leading property in which the high original of man has ever been distinctly traceable is the freedom of his will, his power of self-determination. Here lay his greatest dignity and his greatest peril. He is never represented in the sacred writings as the victim of some stern necessity like that which is taught by the Mohammedan. It is the wilful transgression of law: it is the effect of self-complacency: it is a perverted quality of the creature, by which he is impelled into antagonism with the Creator, refuses to continue in the attitude of worship and dependence, and claims to be his own divinity.

The Scriptures hold men accountable for their acts. How different is this from Mohammedanism! How different from Buddhism! The Buddhist has no consciousness of guilt, because he utterly denies the freedom of the creature. Sin, in his view, is a necessary thing: it is a cosmical and not a personal evil: its vitiation is inherent in the world of matter, and inseparable from all forms of transient being.

Christianity teaches that sin is a spiritual disease: that it is from within. Its Founder said:—"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies—these are the things which defile a man." Denying the freedom of the human agent, Buddhism invests moral sentiments and relations with a kind of outsideness: they are parts of a great system with which the fortunes of the Buddhist are in some way connected: to him vice has no intrinsic hideousness, and virtue is only another name for calculating prudence.

Confucianism offers no explanation of the origin of evil in man,

It affirms that every man at birth is in possession of a nature radically good: they can be made vicious, but it is by no means their nature. We cannot say of evil that it ought not to be; it is something that must be. It is the shadow which gives harmony and contrast to the picture of the universe. Good and evil are both necessary modes in which the Absolute comes forward into being and conducts his operations in the region of phenomena. And as moral guilt is unknown to the Confucianist, so neither does he manifest a wish or craving after spiritual regeneration. He has no "word of prophecy that shineth in a dark place until the day-dawn, and the day-star arise in the heart."

4. A fourth difference is found in the *redemptive element* in Christianity. This is wholly lacking in paganism. The great central fact in Christianity is the incarnation of the Son of God and his atoning death. Pagan religions have their incarnations, but they are only faint adumbrations of the true. The claim that Christianity makes for Christ is unique: it is one which no other religion makes. *He was God and he became man.* Confucius is represented merely as a sage, Zoroaster and Mohammed only as prophets. Buddha alone can be set over against Christ as one deemed by his followers as both God and man. But what a contrast! "Do not these two great solitary figures rise up before us as if to show how vast a distance there is between the wisdom of God and the wisdom of man? Christ—the God-man—God in infinite love and condescension taking upon him human nature and becoming a brother. Buddha—the Man-God—with his vain presumptuous boast of having raised himself to Godhead by his own power and knowledge" Christ revealing the Father—Buddha proclaiming there is no Father, and that all existence is evil and vanity. Christ bringing life and immortality to light—Buddha setting forth only nothingness.

5. This brings us to the last difference we shall name—the *Christian doctrine of immortality*. This differs so materially from pagan teaching on this subject as to leave scarcely a ground of resemblance. The hope of the Mohammedan is a sensual paradise. The hope of the Buddhist is *Nirvana*, that is, nothing or annihilation. The meaning of the word, according to the best authorities, is "extinction," "blown out," "unconsciousness." The Brahman's hope is final absorption of self in the Divine.

How different the teachings of Jesus! "In my Father's house are many mansions:" "I go to prepare a place for you:" "I will come again and receive you to myself:" "Because I live ye shall live also:" "He that believeth in Me shall never die."

CHICAGO, ILL.



GOVERNMENT—ITS RIGHT TO RULE.

Advocates of liberty of conscience, which has made such rapid strides in the last hundred years, claim that no government has any right to enforce religious creeds or observances upon its subjects or to restrain them in purely religious exercises. The individual who chooses to take his own course may not be coerced in this matter by a majority of his fellows, nor will any neglect of duty or any wronging on his part justify any one whatsoever in compelling him to subscribe to a certain creed, or to support a church or religious school, or to refrain from so doing.

The broad underlying principle of this once unpopular doctrine was well expressed by the framers of the American Constitution in the familiar words "All men are created free and equal." The question has arisen whether this principle does not carry us very much farther than we are at present willing to go. With some of us there is a lingering idea that the government has rights distinct from, and superior to those held by ordinary men. Many who during our Northwest rebellion said "No circumstances can ever justify citizens in taking up arms against their lawful government," would be very much startled at the correlative statement that "No circumstances can ever justify a government in using force against its legal subjects." But if all men are by nature, free and equal, the right of a government or a majority to rule by force carries with it the right of the subject or the minority to rebel. Has a government as such any rights not derived from the people? Does it get them from God? Then by all means let us obey—

unless we can oust our present rulers and get ourselves or our friends into the favored position that entitles us to the God-given authority? Perhaps it is the person of the ruler that is sacred, rather than the office or the form of government? Away with such impious assumptions. God is no respecter of persons, and if the people wish to change the form of their government, who dares to say God has forbidden it? Any power assumed by government, which has not been freely accorded by the governed, is held by force and not by right.

Readers of *Maria Monk* will remember the story of the murder of a nun, after a form of trial, for refusing to minister to the passions of her "superiors." She was executed for disobedience to the authorities of the convent. What horror and detestation the story awoke in us! We condemned not only the deed, but the system that made such a crime possible in the name of justice, and we denied the right of the convent authorities to kill whomsoever, and whenever they thought fit. But when we read of some one ~~or~~ have hanged by form of law who has afterward proved innocent, we say "well, well! It is too bad!" and think no more of it than we do of killing a cat. Is there after all, as much difference as we think? We, a nation, claim the right to kill whom we please according to our ideas of right, and deny the right of the Roman Catholic church to do the same. The Roman Catholic church claims just such a right, and denies ours. We are 5,000,000, and are able to kill openly. They are nearly 200,000,000, but not being in power in this part of the world, are under the necessity of doing their killing privately. What rights have we that they have not? Our government is (or professes to be) by the people and for the people. All rights held by governors, judges, and executioners in excess of their own as individuals are delegated to them by the people. It is the same with the Roman Catholic church. It is clear that if the right to kill belongs primarily to individuals it may be delegated by them to the government of a nation—or of a convent. Why not a convent? How many people does it take to make a nation? Have not 500 people the same right to choose their rulers and delegate to them certain powers and rights as 5,000,000 have? Have not the convent rulers a better claim to exercise such rights, since their subjects entered their realm voluntarily, that is to say *gave*

up their individual rights, while most people in our nation simply happened to be born within the territory governed by the nation?

Perhaps no individual has any right to kill his neighbor. In that case no government, whether of convent or of nation could have such a right. It is hard for us to divest ourselves of the impress of our early training so as to look at this matter fairly. Taught from the cradle to submit to our rulers because they have the right as well as the power to rule us, familiar with the fact that men are imprisoned, flogged and even killed for disobedience to the government, we find it scarcely possible to assume even for a moment that no such right exists and that all these deeds are a monstrous wrong. To make it easier, let us remove the scene to a lonely island in the Southern Ocean inhabited by two castaways who have no hope of ever again reaching civilization. One was a landlord, the other his agent. The former claims the island because he is by birth a landlord, and demands service as rent: but the agent thinks all men are created free and equal, and does as he pleases. They quarrel, and the landlord, in anger, threatens the other with death if he will not submit. He claims, you see, the right to kill. The agent, who had not dreamed of such a thing before, now also claims the right to kill—in self defence, and soon makes an unsuccessful attempt to so defend himself in advance. They come to a parley:—

L. I demand that you submit to be executed. You are guilty of an attempt to murder me.

A. I acted in self-defence. You had threatened to take my life. I had then a right to kill you. My own life is not safe while you live.

L. I have a right to kill you, since you are a murderer in-tent.

A. And I you for the same reason

What is to be done? Has each the right to kill the other? If a third castaway comes along and sides with the landlord, does that make the landlord's right to kill supreme? or if he sides with the agent is the agent's right supreme? Have you or I the right to step in and say which shall die? Perhaps the will of the majority should rule. If so, what should be done in case both agent and landlord decide that No. 3 ought to die, No. 3 and the agent

agree that the landlord is worthy of death, and the landlord and No. 3 agree to kill the agent as a matter of justice? The good and kind have, of course, the right to torture and kill the wicked, and the wicked ought to submit: but who is to do the classifying? These rights are getting hopelessly mixed. In mathematical language there is no solution: the equation of such rights is impossible. How then can they exist?

Suppose No. 3 suggests that neither party has any right to kill the other under any circumstances, and that murder is murder, whether done by the majority or the minority of a community, large or small. The others would vote him a lunatic at once. For, though this would be a simple way out of the present maze, how could society continue to exist on such a principle? It is necessary to kill murderers for many reasons. 1, Justice requires it.—“Whoso sheds man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” 2, Protection to society,—murderers would continue to murder if not forcibly stopped. 3, Moral effect in deterring others. 4, Society ought to be purified of its worst elements. True, it has been held by some that justice means fairness and equity, and has nothing to do with vengeance: that the only way to satisfy justice would be for the murderer to give back the life he had taken, the thief restore the stolen goods and requite the owner for his loss, the seducer restore the purity, and the inquisitor undo the torture of his victim: and, failing in this, the deed must forever remain a violation of the law of justice which no amount of after suffering or loss on the part of the evildoer can ever make right. If this be true, justice does not call for the death of a murderer. It is revenge. And “Vengeance is mine, I will repay,” says God.

Then too, is it right for us to take a man’s life in order to prevent him taking some other man’s life? Is murder such a terrible thing that it becomes right for me to murder a man in order to prevent him doing such a wicked deed? Such a principle would land us in chaos. On the other hand “self-defence is the first law of nature.” Must it be subordinated to our ideas of right instead of standing as itself a highest law of right? If murderers are not to be killed, how could we repel an invasion, or save ourselves from the brutalized hordes that would gather for plunder in our cities? For, by the same reasoning, if the govern-

ment has no right to kill, it has no right to use force at all against any one. Robbery, outrage, murder would run riot. And yet would they? Those who know no law but force would respect individual power, and the fear of vengeance would perhaps deter them more than at present. There might be even less crime and less suffering than now. It would take a great deal of riot and plunder, torture and murder to equal the horrors of the last American war, or to keep pace with the hopeless grinning brutalities of Siberia and Russian prisons. Could things be much worse than Europe was at the beginning of this century, or than Africa is now, if not a single government were established by force in the whole world? Liberty, too, is the greatest educator. Laws not backed by prisons and the gallows might be obeyed as generally as they now are. When liberty of conscience is proclaimed does Religion die for lack of state aid? True religion is in the heart and soul, and lives without reference to law. Social order, kindness and justice are in the hearts of men and women. Law is only its expression, and penalty an unnecessary addition. But who would feel safe when a murderer might shoot him without being hanged for it? The whole idea of such liberty seems an invitation to evil men to do as they please.

This picture haunts me.—A reign of righteousness under a Prince of Peace, in which no man thought to judge his neighbor or condemn his neighbor; the kingdom that an ancient seer saw destroy and break in pieces all other kingdoms and grow till it filled the whole earth. Is it possible that men may yet sing the psalm "The kingdoms of the world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever"? Surely Daniel and John were optimistic dreamers, or they spoke of another world beyond the sun! But the vision will not down. It leaves a longing, oh so deep, for the promised time to come. Will truth and right never prevail? Are the sighs of the oppressed and the groans of the tortured and broken hearted never to bear fruit on the earth? Are the sorrows of the innocent, the gentle patience and wondrous love of the Master of heaven never to teach us the lesson of rest? Even now the spirit of men is better than their creed, as it has ever been; and dare we not hope that soon the spirit of the Christ will shatter our iron-bound cruelty, bring deliverance to the captive, bind up the broken

hearted and scatter life and light and liberty over the whole creation ?

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

J. P. Hall

A FEW NOTES ON RUSSIAN COLLEGE LIFE.

Any Russian who would spend in Woodstock College several days, as I did, would be struck by the general character of its daily life, it is so different in some ways from what we Russians are accustomed to at our home. Woodstock College makes on me the impression of a little community consisting of independent members, although many of them are only boys or lads, who willingly bind themselves to some restrictions of their personal liberty, for the purpose of enjoying some privileges of education and training, the great difference in age of the eldest and the youngest of its students, the variety of their dress, the flowers on the dining tables, the presence of women and little children, the announcement of coming meetings, showing that the students are supposed to attend, if they like, any of them, as any other citizen—all this is something which one would never witness in a Russian college. The students of our gymnasiums and real schools, which correspond to Canadian colleges, wear a certain uniform, and are very often punished if the authorities see them in civilian dress outside their personal homes. The Russian colleges of both types are intended to be institutions for teaching (tuition) only, and as a rule do not provide the students with lodgings and meals. Nevertheless, there are a number of Russian colleges with which so-called "pensions," or boarding-school institutions, are connected. Generally such a "pension" provides its students, for a certain sum, with everything—clothing, boots, and dress (uniform) included. The boys are permitted to enter a certain class (or year) of the gymnasium within the limits of a certain age. The population of such a "pension" for boys and lads is exclusively a male one, all the servants being men, and all the married teachers living

outside of the college; very often the chiefs of the college, or its *inspectors*, although having families, are living within the walls of it, but then they occupy a separate department of the building, and the members of their families (if not boys attending the school) are never seen among the students. The latter have no separate rooms, but sleep in common sleeping rooms, having only a separate bed, a tabouret, and something like a small cupboard. The recreation hall, as well as the rooms where the boys spend their daytime and are preparing their lessons (one for each class, or year, or for two or three of them) are also common, every student having a certain place on the long benches of the latter, with a desk before him. This desk, which the student in my time was permitted to lock (I am not sure whether he is still), contains all his treasures, which are not very extensive, as the reader may guess from the size of a common desk and from the fact, that the boy is not allowed to wear much of his own and his overcoat and the like are kept in a common school depot.

The natural inclination of every human being for adornment and individuality induces the boy sometimes to fasten some pictures on the inside of his desk's sloping board, which can be lifted up on hinges. But outwardly all the desks, as well as all the benches are alike; the only difference between them is made by the merciless cuttings, which every boy's knife makes in some moment of dullness and thirst for activity in his own way.

All these particulars make a Russian gymnasium-pension look very much like something of a military barracks for boys. The time at which I attended the gymnasium was decidedly the best which these institutions ever lived in Russia. This was immediately after the Crimean war. The Russian government got a lesson at too dear a price; it was seen clearly that the iron grasp in which Nicholas I. had held the whole country, trying to model out of it a monstrous barrack and to annul every sign of human individuality and spirit of independence, had ruined the nation and caused its defeat, although in ability it was equal to any other and in numbers, as well as in natural wealth of territory, it even surpassed others. A liberal era began, and a new atmosphere of comparative freedom, humanity and self-respect was felt in all the Russian schools and educational institutions. Flogging, which was practised under Nicholas in all of them, was annulled.

The old formal ways of teaching were replaced by more scientific and reasonable ones. The principals, teachers and tutors began to acknowledge the human individuality of the boys, to try to develop their faculties and to teach them to be kind, self-respecting free men in the future : while formerly they were regarded as living material for the experiments of their authorities, and were taught only to blindly obey them and the government.

The boys living in a Russian gymnasium, are roused from their sleep between six and seven in the morning by a bell ; they go for washing to a common washing-room and after they are completely dressed, wait in their common bed-chamber for prayer. The prayers are recited by one of the boys in a loud voice, while all the rest are listening, each of them staying at his bed. No singing is performed and the prayers are every day the same. After the service the boys go under the command of a tutor (who was sleeping with them in the common bed-room), to the dining room, to take their tea. Here a short prayer is recited, as it is before every meal. Between eight and nine begins the class-learning, and lasts until two, or half-past two or three in the afternoon. Every lesson lasts one hour, and between every two lessons there is an interval for rest of fifteen minutes: at about noon this interval lasts half an hour, during which the boys who are living at the gymnasium take their lunch. Thus you have regularly four, seldom five, lessons every day, on different subjects, and given by different teachers. After the lessons are over the non-resident boys go home, while the resident ones prepare themselves for dinner, which is served about three. The time between three and six is the merriest, especially when the weather permits sporting in the open air. Ball playing and running are the most usual games, and one of them is founded on the same principle as cricket; still it is not quite the same. At six in the afternoon tea is taken once more. I may add here that the reader must understand the term literally: nothing, except a large cup of tea, with some sugar, some milk, and some bread, is given both at that time and in the morning. Then the students go to prepare their lessons for the next day. Although they try to keep quiet, a hum of subdued voices is always filling the vast hall, where sometimes a hundred youngsters try to pack their brains with knowledge in the shortest amount of time possible. It is not always that everyone of them

contrives to succeed. Sometimes, while stooping over a book, his elbows on his desk and his ears stopped with both hands, the boy believes himself absorbed in his work; but in reality only his eyes take part in his reading, his young soul, tired by the barrack-like character of the school, is far away, contemplating his sweet home, his beloved mother, which and whom he has not seen for months. I may add here that Russian boys have no holidays on Saturdays. But as Sunday is not observed in Russia so strictly as in Canada (I mean it is not kept so quiet), the boys can have some harmless dissipation on Sunday and regard it as a holiday. As to the vacations—they last about a fortnight at Christmas, about ten days at Easter, and from two to three months during the summer. Besides these, such days as the transfiguration of Our Lord, the days of Trinity, of the Holy Ghost, etc., and some official days, as the coronation of the Czar, his birthday, that of the Empress and the heir to the crown, and the like, on the whole over a score in number, are also observed as holidays.

At my time the course of the gymnasium was seven years, which in Russia are called "classes;" but a boy might enter any class by passing his examinations. To the first class children were admitted when knowing how to read and write Russian, some preliminary knowledge in religion, some prayers, and the four rules of arithmetic. The course of all the gymnasiums of the empire was alike, founded on a programme issued by the Minister of Popular Education in St. Petersburg. The subjects taught in the colleges were: Russian language and grammar, Russian literature, religion (principles of Greek Catholic faith, the sacred history of the Old and New Testaments, explanation of the Greek Catholic service, history of the church*), Russian history, Russian geography, universal history (of the old, middle, and new ages), universal geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, and some notion of chemistry, natural science (zoology, botany, and mineralogy), Latin, French, German, calligraphy, and drawing. In some gymnasiums Greek was replaced by natural science; in others English and Italian were taught without extra charge, but they were not obligatory. Dancing and gymnastics were regarded as

*The only religion taught in Russian schools obligatory is the Greek Catholic; boys of other denominations are not compelled to attend the lessons, but if their parents will have them learn their religion they have to take care of it themselves.

corporal training, and taught in the afternoons: but they were not always well attended by the boys, and not much attention was paid both to this and to singing. As to instrumental music hardly a couple out of a hundred learned it, as its teaching was charged extra.

The scientific rooms in different Russian gymnasiums are not equally equipped: still, on the whole, they were at my time very rich. The scientific room of Woodstock College, although containing very good apparatus, and in some ways very well equipped, would form only a small part of a scientific room in a Russian gymnasium. Of course, the teaching depended greatly on the personal character and abilities of the teachers. Still, on the whole, it was very good in my time. The times, as already said, were liberal: the views of the Ministry of Public Education were in many ways sound. Teachers, who were too accustomed to old soldier-like discipline and formal methods, were replaced by young, progressing men, and no restraint was put on the teachers in general. The relations between them and the boys and lads became humane, and even friendly, their lessons comprehensive, instructive, and interesting. On the whole a lad of 17, 18 or 19, after having finished his gymnasium studies, had a clear, and sufficiently full knowledge of the past, the present, and the possible and desirable future of mankind, of the natural laws governing the material world, and, with some farther self-education, would deserve the name of an accomplished gentleman and a good citizen. If he wished to enter any faculty of any university, he was quite fit for it and had this right.

All this was altered, and not for the best, some fifteen or twenty years later. The reader must not forget that public education in Russia is in the hands of the government. Almost all the educational institutions are state institutions, with programmes and regulations planned by the government, and no person or institution is permitted to found a school with a programme which does not share the official views on the question. After the revival of liberalism, which succeeded, as said, the Crimean war, and the creation of local assemblies for the management of roads, bridges, schools, and popular medicine, many of them founded gymnasiums and maintained them at their own expense, because the liberal views of the government suited them. But very soon the

government was frightened by the very spirit of criticism and independence which was but a natural consequence of the liberation of the serfs and other reforms introduced by the government itself. A re-action began, and the more it was opposed by the population, which had already tasted some freedom and development, the more heavy and unrelenting it grew. As the young generation of educated Russians, connected with universities and gymnasiums, had resented the re-action more than any other class of the people, and was in the front ranks of the opposition, the government began and fulfilled a thorough re-construction of these institutions, with the purpose of going back to the times of Nicholas I.

Instead of former colleges just described there are now two of them. One preserves the name gymnasium, with the addition of the word "classical;" the other is called "Real School." The course of a classical gymnasium is now eight years, and more than one-half of the time is spent on Latin and Greek. Consequently natural science and one of the modern languages were banished from the course, and the courses of literature, history, and geography greatly condensed, as there was no more time for all this. The reader must know that the Russian language, being of a Slavonic root, has no such connection with the classical languages as the English has with the Latin, therefore the awful amount of time taken by the classical languages is spent without any use whatever. Besides this, they are taught in so formal a way that these studies only over-burden the memory of the youth, and deaden their mental abilities, without giving them any real knowledge. It is proved now by the reports of the examination commissions that since the system was introduced, the level of knowledge of the Russian language and mathematics among the youths entering the universities gradually fell so low that they hardly can be admitted. At the same time the social atmosphere of the colleges changed to the worse. The boys are required to know by heart the names of all the members of the Imperial family, who number now from 60 to 70! otherwise they are punished and even expelled from the school. They are required to stop in the street and uncover their heads when meeting a general or any other official of the same rank. Any carelessness in the uniform is punished severely. Denouncing comrades is encour-

aged and the boys are taught that blind obedience to the authorities is the highest moral law. The childish eagerness of the government to keep the boys far from any thought of liberty is so great that in the first edition of a manual of history (of a certain Bellarminov), adopted in the gymnasiums of to-day, the fact that Louis XVI. of France died on the scaffold is concealed!

The Real Schools are aimed to be practical colleges. Chemistry, mechanics and manual work are taught there. Mathematics are there on a better footing than in the classical gymnasiums. But the discipline and the moral atmosphere are as unsound there as in the latter and the authorities try to make out of the young men narrow-minded business men without any general development. Still the learning of mathematics and natural science make them more fit for the University course (except the faculty of philology) than their brethren of the gymnasiums. Nevertheless, they are not allowed to enter it as graduates of a Real School. Only the graduates of the Classical Gymnasiums have this right. All other young men, the graduates of the Real Schools included, for the purpose of acquiring the right of entering the university, are submitted to an examination, which corresponds to the classical course. The result is that while the graduates of the Real Schools are better prepared to attend the faculties of mathematics, of natural science, and of medicine, than the graduates of the classical gymnasiums—they cannot enter the University because they do not know the Latin and the Greek of which at least the last is useless. On the other hand the graduates of the gymnasiums enter all the faculties, although they are ignorant in Natural Sciences:

Woodstock.



F. Grant

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

A MAN OF MEN.

Away, far down the ages, in a deep, dark cave, the dim, golden light of the morning star, with the silver streams from the eastern sky tinged the drops of dew, gemming with diamonds the moss-edged apertures in the cavern's rock roof, as on thousands of previous mornings; but on this morning the quivering star-beam seemed laden with a sweeter message than ever before, for as the purple twilight softly sped away over the blue hills the first faint flushes of dawn seemed gladder with a newer brightness, the blossoms blushed in purer beauty, the birds midst leafy boughs sang in sweeter harmony and the grand forest cedars, wagging their tall tops, kissed in very joy,—on that morning, in that cave, was born one of those men, who, at crises in the world's history, arise to pilot the ship of humanity through the rough waters of tempestuous time.

He first breathed the breath of earth, not in princely palace surrounded by the proud pomp and dazzling splendour of royalty, for no insignia of king or potentate accompanied his lovely youth, still less his after life—no jewelled diadem of sapphire and ruby crowned his brow; no, he lived not amidst these glittering baubles which he despised, but among the poor, the oppressed, the slaves. He saw their sorrow, he felt their woe, he joined their joy—while yet a child.

He played the games of other boys. He loved to climb the mountains, sometimes he prayed beneath the temples of the trees. He lingered midst the flowers, and whispered to the lilies. He wandered through the valleys, and listened to the streams. He stood before the rocks and wondered at their history. He looked along the sunbeams and felt the thrill of gladness.

He assisted his father by labouring in the workshop behind their cottage. In the evening, when they lingered long around their humble hearth, he listened to the stories the neighbors used to talk about—the stories of the past, the troubles of the present; and when the hour would come to go to rest he bade his younger

brother, rocking in his little cradle with the dimpled joy of baby-land, a fond good-night, and kissed his loving parents with the tender kiss of boyhood, of boyhood budding into youth to blossom into manhood: though slumber closed his eyelids his soul was far away—far away in the dim, distant future.

He loved to read the poets because his soul was full of love. He used to read philosophy because his heart was bubbling with compassion. He pondered o'er the history of the past, this mighty soul, destined to mould and carve the history of the future. One evening, sitting alone in the woods, thinking of what he had been reading, as the shadows of a dark night were falling on the moss-grown ground, the sun of a brighter day was rising in his loving heart—he saw that all the world is one, that all the men and women and boys and girls are brothers and sisters, children of one Father, God. Then he resolved with the strength of all his mind and sou' that he would do his best to persuade his fellow-men, by his life and by his words, to recognise in their thoughts and in their deeds, this truth. He believed that as the light of heaven had dawned upon him, so would it dawn upon them, and upon the world, giving to humanity a new, sweet impulse, an impulse from beyond, an impulse of immortality begun before the grave. He looked upon the world. He felt the message that trembles on the golden sunbeams and peeps from out the purple petals of the lilies. He loved the world. He saw its idols could be wrecked by no iconoclast, its millions saved by no idolatry; he felt the sighing and the yearning of the ages: heard the echoes of the past, the whispers of the future. He felt the union of humanity, the yearning for divinity, the love of and for the Deity,—the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God. One pure and lofty motive, one strong and mighty purpose swayed his deepening soul: and so his life rolls on resistless to its great eternal source.

His words were flowing kindness, and sometimes flaming fire. He led all humble spirits and drew all noble natures. He chased away the frown and beckoned out the smile. His days were nights of toil, his nights were days of work.* No time had he for scorning, the world wants men. His deeds were facts—bright waters of compassion bubbling from a soul of love, sweet buds of kind pity bursting into blossoms—thus the atmosphere around

* "Laborare est orare."

him was ever filled with fragrance. He loathed the wrong, he loved the right: and so, with voice and mind of soul, he battled for the rights of men, and fighting fell the victim of the tyrants' hate. Amidst the darkness of death forgiveness filled his heart and his soul arose in love. Thus he died, yet lives: goodness is forever. His grave glistened with the tears of the poor and oppressed, yet sculptured stone treasured not his unwritten epitaph: this, angel hands engraved in eternal gold deep down in the unvoiced thought of man. To-day no eye beholds his tomb, to-night no shadows fall upon his name: and so, with reverent lips, I venture to pronounce it,—*Jesus*: born beneath the guiding star of Palestine, which shone above the dark cave of Jewish theology, made to grow, at length outgrown, made to help, destined to fetter; *Jesus*, a lovely youth, a loving soul, deep and broad and high, in very truth, a man of men.

W. J. Thorold.

Woodstock.

MR. BRANT'S LECTURE.

For some time the general public has taken a great interest in Russia and Russian political affairs. George Kenman's articles in the *Century* have done much to arouse the sympathy of Americans on behalf of the poor down-trodden serfs of that country. And, therefore, being so much interested in this question the students of Woodstock College considered themselves fortunate in having the story of Russian injustice narrated to them by one who has been a personal sufferer. Mr. Felix Brant, a political refugee, described to us what a man who in Russia believes in freedom has to pay for his opinions.

Mr. Brant began his lecture by telling a story of his child life. He had seen one of his grandfather's serfs beaten; and, as he saw the poor slave groaning with pain, his blood recoiled at the deed, and, with boyish impetuosity he rushed with doubled fists at the one who had given the cruel blows. This incident had great influence on his after life. It led him to think of the inequality of men, to devote himself to the cause of the Russian peasant, and, finally, to become a martyr for liberty.

When a student at the University of Moscow, suspected of having incited the students, he was twice arrested and thrown into prison. Although the government failed to produce evidence of his guilt, and finally discharged him, he spent about three years in prison on these false charges. After his release he went to the southern part of Russia to recruit his health, but having joined a secret society at Odessa he was again placed in arrest, and this time he fared even worse than before. He spent three years in the dirty prisons of Moscow and St. Petersburg, where he almost lost the power of speaking and hearing, and saved his reason only by composing a Russian historical poem. The poem consists of two hundred and seventy-eight verses, and, when we consider that it was composed without the aid of writing material, we must acknowledge it to be a great feat of memory. At the end of three years he was brought to trial, found guilty of trying to better the condition of his fellow beings, and was exiled to Siberia for life.

His life, in this land of exiles, was one continued scene of persecution. Driven from place to place by government officials, he was compelled to eke out an existence upon a small monthly pittance. After spending five years, of continual hardship in this barren country, he took advantage of a favorable opportunity to escape. He made his way to one of the Pacific ports, secured passage for Japan, where he met a Canadian who persuaded him to come to Canada.

After Mr. Brant had thus told his story, he referred to the kindness of the Canadian people, and very eloquently appealed to Englishmen to unite and drive out the foul system of slavery that at present disgraced Russia. Mr. Brant's appeal carried great weight and excited much enthusiasm among his hearers. He stood a living example of all the sufferings that had been described. And although property, health, and friends had been taken from him, he showed no spirit of revenge and displayed only a feeling of pity for those who still remained in the prisons of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and in weary exile in Siberia.

W. H. Moore.

Woodstock.

EDITORIAL.

A SUFFERING COUNTRY.

We have had more than usual pleasure in giving in this number a place to the article from the pen of the Russian refugee, Felix Brant. It is almost incredible that a quiet, thoughtful, well educated man—a man that in Canada would be regarded as a most desirable citizen—could be treated by any government as has Mr. Brant. One almost feels ashamed of himself when he thinks of the really deplorable state of affairs in Russia. To arrest a man on no stated charge, keep him years in prison without a trial merely on the authority of a single individual—even if he be the Czar of all the Russias—seems to a Briton, not only an iniquity, but also an impossibility, yet so it is. And indeed it is even worse, for the treatment in prison, the secret police surveillance, and the continuous interference with what seem to us natural liberties, that are the unquestioned right of all men, make life in Russia a horror to an honest, thinking, liberal-minded man. To meet Mr. Brant and converse with him is delightful—his spirit is so marvellously free from bitterness—but it is sad to perceive how shattered is his physical system, and to think how greatly his life's work and enjoyment have been lessened by the severe treatment encountered in prison and in exile. We are glad that sympathy for Russia has grown in Canada and that a committee has been formed to collect money for the relief of the wives and children of the Siberian exiles. Sad to say exile means to a Russian not only the loss of his own freedom, but also the suffering, perhaps, the starvation of his family. Persons wishing to help their Russian brethren may do so by sending their contributions to the Managing Editor of the Monthly who will forward them to the central committee in Toronto to be sent on to Russia. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

GOOD-BYE.

The editorial columns are not the place for personals. Yet it is quite proper to express in as public a way as possible, the regret of all connected with the college at the departure from Wood-

stock, of the Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson. College life and feeling are very composite, being made up of many elements. One of which the influence of the Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson has been very helpful in giving, we mean that breadth, culture and finish that result from contact with a ripe and generous mind such as he possesses. We unite in bidding our parting friend, who stood to many of us almost in the relation of a father—God speed on his journey to England, and in his work there abiding success. We hope, in a coming number to give our readers a contribution from his pen, and thus endeavor “to keep unbroken the tie which memory gives.”

“FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.”

THE MONTHLY would be untrue to its mission, were it to fail to comment on the coming departure of Dr. J. P. Hall, the Science Master in the College. The trustees of the recently established, but already famous Clark University situated at Worcester, Mass., have presented him with a scholarship, and in the light of the the advantages there afforded for original study in his favorite department of Physics, the Doctor has concluded to leave us. We are sure that Doctor Hall will do grand work at *Clark*, and we shall be disappointed—we speak carefully—if in the course of ten years he do not rank as one of the most eminent electricians on the continent. The Doctor leaves behind him the best record of all—that of a pure and simple life. Childlike faith in God, and humbleness of spirit, are, we think, not often combined to such an extent as in him. One of the principles of THE MONTHLY is never to exaggerate nor flatter, and what we have said is therefore high praise. The Doctor's influence has, we believe been always for good, and though quiet and often imperceptible, has been for this reason all the more lasting. He leaves Woodstock, carrying with him, the respect and good-will of all.

NOTE.

We have pleasure in inserting a second paper from the pen of our esteemed contributor, Doctor Perren. We believe we have succeeded better in reproducing this second article than we did the first. We regret most sincerely a few very serious typographical errors then occurred, and did much to obscure the meaning of some sentences, and to mar the effect of the whole article.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Master Harry Robertson was recently the recipient of a very rare present in the form of a box containing nearly three dozen fine speckled trout. Four of them measured each 15 inches and over in length, and among the others were also some very fine ones. They were much enjoyed by the large number who had the good fortune of sharing in them. They were caught and sent by Harry's father from Brewster Lake, some distance above Orangeville. It is a long time since we saw so fine a collection, and it naturally filled us with an envious desire to cast a fly in the waters where such beauties were to be captured.

The lacrosse match played on the College grounds, May 26th, against a team from Upper Canada College, resulted not very favorably to the home team. The Upper Canadians had played the game too long for our more inexperienced team, and the College was defeated, not so much by the superior merits of the visitors, but by their very superior tactics. Owing to the near approach of examinations, the team has been obliged to refuse the invitation to play the return match this month.

The College sprinter, Geo. Porter, again delighted his friends and surprised his fellow competitors by the comparative ease with which he secured the first prizes in several of the races of the Amateur Athletic Association. He won easily both the 100 yards and the 440 yards races, and had he not been so heavily handicapped would have secured the 150 yards also. His prizes are very valuable.

E. O. Basicoe also captured a share of the bicycle prizes. The feeling of the college is, that had he been in proper training, many more races would have been secured by him, for he could then have pushed the champion of America, Windle, very hard and would certainly have beaten the other competitors.

Some interesting games of lawn tennis have been played for the college championship. The great conflict now is between, Messrs. Basicoe and Cameron, on one side of the netting, and Messrs. McCulloch and Boyd on the other. Each side has won a game, and the final will soon be played off.

THE HOUSE-MASTER.—Who nightly doth the corridors tread,
With shining lamp and martial head, Exclaiming, "Time to get to bed"
!—The house-master. Who knocketh gently at the door
Of him who lives in forty four, And tells him in a subdued roar
He must not study any more.—The house-master. Who stoppeth
every pillow-light, Who sleepeth at the dead of night
With one eye open, one shut tight, Who never can do aught but right,
And catcheth us in every plight—The house-master.

Saturday, the last day of spring, saw a crowd of the boys walk-

ing down the G. T. R., with neckties and coats under their arms, to have their first swim of 1890. Both the Faculty and boys were well represented. It was a beautiful sight to see them (about 25 in number) struggling for mastery with the angry surf of the great tributary of the Thames. After an hour's good swim they started to "homeward plod their weary way," a refreshed and reinvigorated crowd.

Farewell! We understand that the College will be filled from the very beginning of the next term. At this we rejoice, and yet not without sadness, for it is not likely that any of the *seniors* will be with us then. With all their faults, and these are not many, the "leaving class" have been a credit to the school. They have one and all done faithful work, and yet have been really jolly fellows, ready to sympathize with others in the difficulties of school life, and, at the same time, to take part in all those innocent amusements that go so far in making life happy.

Dr. Scott, of Forest, writes that he will contribute "some Indian relics" to the museum. This is a kindness to be appreciated.

The Rev. C. A. Johnson of Batavia, N. Y., dropped in on us for a short time a few days ago, and gave his son Lester a very pleasant surprise. Mr. Johnson expressed himself well pleased with the college, as also with our Toronto sister college, "Moulton," which he had visited the day before.

Lack of space prevents more than a mere mention of the names of our visitors this month. Among these were Rev. Chas. Irvine, of Bay City, Mich.; Rev. A. Turnbull, of Denver, Colorado; Mr. A. F. Edwards, of Thurso, Que.; Mr. E. Taylor, of Fonthill; Mr. B. Taylor, of Welland, Miss E. L. Mitchell, Berlin; Mr. J. M. Stevens, Chatham; and Mr. Felix Brant. Several of the young ladies from Brantford Ladies' College, accompanied by Miss Lee, their Principal, also paid a short visit to the Observatory to enjoy the advantages afforded by the telescope in the pursuit of astronomical knowledge.

Our readers will kindly note that there will not be another issue of *THE MONTHLY* until after vacation. This is in accordance with announcements made in previous numbers. We are hoping that our September number will surpass all its predecessors.

We had a pleasant gathering the other evening, when the ministers of the town united with us in bidding farewell to the Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson. While the feelings of all were saddened at the thought of Mr. Cuthbertson's leaving, it was a goodly sight to see the representatives of the various churches meeting at the College in this friendly way.

Farewell! School closes on June 25. No one, although the year has been most pleasant, can think of holidays without a thrill of pleasure at the vision of crystal streams and secluded islands, and home and rest. Welcome holidays.