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ALEXANDER LORIMER.

Modest worth always commands the respect of the best people. This is especially true among Baptists, who are characterized by the simplicity of their religious life, and cannot tolerate ecclesiastical pomp, or the exaltation of one man above another in the church of Jesus Christ. "One is your Master," they say, "even Christ, and all ye are brethren." This characteristic was prominent to a remarkable degree in the person of the late Rev. Alexander Lorimer, whose life we sketch in brief as one well deserving a place among the records of worthy Canadian Baptists.

Born of a small but sturdy Scotch clan in Portsoy, Banffshire, Scotland, October 20th, 1821, he inherited that pluck and perseverance so essential in one who has to overcome many formidable obstacles in attaining the objects of his ambition

His parents, John Lorimer and Isabel Brodie, were earnest Christians who so highly valued the services of the Lord's house that they never hesitated to travel on foot to a Baptist church a distance of fourteen miles each way, every communion Sunday; and seven miles to a Congregational church on intervening Sundays. The children walked with them and the time returning was profitably spent reviewing the sermon, and the scriptures

on which it was based. Thus, Alexander was early trained to know the Scriptures and to let no obstacle prevent his regular attendance at the services of the house of the Lord.

When the boy was nine years of age, his parents came to Canada and purchased two hundred acres of land near Beebee Plain, Stanstead, Quebec, where, in 1834, at the age of thirteen, he was converted under the preaching of Elder Newel. In his boy's journal he writes,—

"Oct. 4, 1834. This day I have found hope through the blood of Christ. I can now say like the Psalmist, I joy to go into the house of the Lord."

"Dec. 14. This day I have put on Christ visibly to the world by being buried with Him in baptism and raised to newness of life. It was very cold, 26° below zero."

His brother, Mr. James Lorimer, now living at Grimsby, well remembers the occasion, and says it was bitterly cold for an outdoor baptism; the ice had to be broken and the water kept constantly stirred for the ordinance, but the boy was determined and would not be put off.

The very next year he decided upon his life work, "A minister to preach the everlasting gospel." He immediately began Latin and such other studies as would prepare him for matriculation, studying with Mr. Elder at Stanstead, and afterwards taking Greek with Mr. Colby of Derby Centre, Vt. In 1839 he entered Dartmouth College, taking an honorable standing, and after four years received the degree of B.A., with gold medal for proficiency in the Greek language and literature.

His college diary has only an occasional entry and that more about the new thoughts given him in the lectures than about himself. But under date July 19th, 1840, he writes,—

"The summer term is now drawing to a close. At such a season as this, it is profitable to take a retrospective view of my college course, and from any experience and knowledge I have acquired to profit in the future. While my mind has been gradually expanding in intellectual knowledge, I am reluctantly obliged to confess that I have fallen behind in moral improvement. Many more omissions of religious duties, more hardness of conscience, and a continued disinclination to the exalted end of my being, than when I first entered college. My progress in

intellectual pursuits has been considerable when compared with that of many of my associates, but when I take a peep at the lives of the illustrious of the earth, I am abashed at my little advancement."

In the winter vacation he writes,—“During twelve weeks of this vacation I have been teaching the school at Derby in which my first attempts were made two years ago. Many of my evenings are spent in attending conference and preaching meetings, conducted by Mr. Kinsman, Mr. Davis and others; while the meetings of our own church give me no considerable exercise in composition and speaking.”

“Feb. 23, 1841. To-day I left home again to proceed to Dartmouth. It is trying to part with my friends, and chiefly with my beloved father, whom I may never see again. He exhorted me, as far as his strength permitted, not to dig too deep into heathen philosophy, but rather into the Scriptures, for it was from the latter he now received his chief comfort.”

That he delighted in his college course is evident. Writing of it April 2, 1841, he says,—“Seated by the cheerful blaze of my little fire, surrounded by the works of departed genius, and the privileges of college life, I may well say, ‘My lines have fallen in pleasant places.’

“May 26, 1842. After finishing the study of Bakewell’s “Geology,” Professor Hulbard and about thirty members of the senior class made an excursion to Moose Mountain, at the east of the town. We saw some trap rock, found some small quartz crystals and red hematite and enjoyed some fine prospects. A pentagonal piece of trap and a rhomb of quartz were brought back and placed in the cabinet.”

“July 28. I must bid adieu to my Alma Mater, and I cannot leave these halls without emotion. The world is before me—may He lead me on, who has conducted me thus far.”

In September, 1842, he entered the Canadian Baptist College at Montreal, then in its palmyest days. Here he met such worthy men as Dr. Davis, Dr. Cramp, Dr. Fyfe, Dr. Davidson, and others whose lives have been an inspiration to Canadian Baptists.

His father having died during his college days, he determined not to be a burden to his widowed mother, and supported

himself during his course in theology by teaching in a private school and taking private pupils; and the overwork thus made necessary very much impaired his physical strength.

His first church was the one at Kingston, of which he was pastor from 1844 to 1852. He was satisfied to settle on a much smaller salary than our young men of to-day, for this church in those early days gave only \$300 a year and furnished no parsonage. Yet in 1846, he married Miss Ruth Baines who still survives him, and whose sister, Grace, was well known as the wife of the Hon. Dr. John Rolph, founder of the Victoria School of Medicine, Toronto. Mr. Lorimer was highly esteemed by his church in Kingston, where many still remember his able and consecrated ministry.

In 1852 he was called to the church at Seaconk, near Boston, where he remained for a year and a half. It was during his pastorate in this place that he was offered the position of Librarian of the University of Toronto, an office for which he was eminently fitted, not only on account of his love of books and his extended scholarship, but also by reason of that system and order which characterized his every undertaking. This position he held about fourteen years, and here he could hold happy converse with those books which were the delight of his heart. It was while he was occupied in this office, that the writer first became acquainted with him and learned to value his friendship, and his wonderful knowledge of books, which made him the constant reference of the diligent student. He knew every book in that vast library and just where to lay his hand upon it. Frequently Dr. McCaul would send up a Latin quotation saying he had forgotten the author, and would the Librarian please send him the book, and Mr. Lorimer was always equal to the occasion. His indefatigable labors in cataloguing and classifying that immense library were represented by the ponderous volumes compiled by him, which lay on the tables of the reading-rooms until destroyed by that unfortunate University fire.

It was not in his nature to refrain from intellectual or religious work, and we find that during his years at the University Library, he was constant in the Master's service, either preaching the Gospel, or writing for the press, according to opportunity, and usually refused any money consideration, though it was

freely offered him. Many of our readers will remember seeing the old "Baptist Union," which was published in Toronto, and edited by Rev. A. Lorimer during the period between 1856 and 1863, and which was an excellent contribution to Canadian Baptist literature.

The subject of our sketch died on the 4th of September, 1868, leaving behind four children, Eliza Brodie, now Mrs. Robt. Cameron of Boston; Sarah Frances, now Mrs. L. Woolverton of Grimsby, Alexander R. and Benjamin D. of Toronto.

Just as he was passing away, a sister in Christ, Mrs. Childs, recently herself also departed, sang to him his favorite hymn which he had so often given out at religious gatherings,—

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word
'Tis immortality."

LINUS WOOLVERTON.

Grimsby, Ont.

SOME WINTER HOMES.

(Concluded.)

Beavers, too, are quite comfortably housed for the winter. They, like the muskrat, build houses. And they, like the rat, take care that they know of some safe hole in the bank of the pond or stream in case their house is disturbed.*

Beavers have a great fancy for wandering during the early summer months. They have been known to appear in localities where they have been extinct for many years. A few years ago the farmers near a small lake in the County of Lanark were astonished to find the waters of the lake suddenly rising and overflowing their meadows. When they came to seek the cause

*When beavers are found along rapid, spring-fed streams, such as the Saugeen, in the County of Bruce, they seldom build dams. Open water insures them access to timber along the margin of the streams even in winter. A supply of logs cut and laid up for winter is therefore unnecessary. Not having to do this laborious work the beavers (called bank beavers) become very lazy and very fat. A friend of mine caught an unusually large bank beaver just where the Beaver River joins the Saugeen near what is now the town of Paisley.

they discovered that a single pair of beavers had built a dam across the small stream that formed the outlet to the lake, and so had raised the water! Where these beavers came from no one knows, as they had been extinct in that locality for nearly a century.

When, after his summer wanderings the beaver gets back to his old stand, he immediately sets to work to prepare for winter. The first thing is to repair the house and dam, if these should happen to have been injured by the spring floods. The house is always built near the head of the pond: and is a mass of sticks and mud. It is much larger than that of the muskrat: and differs from it in the absence of grass and aquatic plants in its construction. The internal arrangements are similar to those found in the rat-house. The large warm chamber is not used except for a living room. The eating is done outside as we shall see. As a number of beavers occupy one of these houses provision is made for ventilation, by leaving a small aperture in the thick roof giving communication with the atmosphere. This is absent in the rat-house.

The house having been seen to, the next point is the dam. These dams are often very old: but always kept in repair by successive generations of beavers. What are known as "beaver meadows" are found wherever small sluggish streams are found; but are more plentiful in the country east and north of Kingston than in any other part of Canada that I know of. I have visited one beaver meadow that is more than a mile long, and nearly half as wide: and the nature of the ground is such that in order to dam the small creek that formed their water supply, the structure must have been more than a mile in length! In every case these meadows were formed by the back water from the dam, which killed the trees in the valley through which the stream flowed. Through countless ages the deposits brought down by the stream formed a rich, black soil at the bottom of the pond. When the settlers came the beavers left; the dams fell into a state of ruin, or were purposely destroyed by the settlers. Then the stream subsided into its original channel, where we find it to-day, winding through the fringe of alders that have sprung up along its course. In a few years this black, level soil was covered with a very good quality of grass, which still fur-

nishes a large part of the winter's feed for cattle in some of the less thickly settled parts of eastern Ontario.

A beaver dam is one of the most interesting and instructive objects in nature. Solomon says, "Go to the ant": he said that because he never saw a beaver dam! One of the best I ever saw is built on a small stream running into a lake which forms the head waters of Rainy River in the Nipissing district. The stream runs through a hardwood forest, beech, maple, and yellow birch. At the point selected for the dam the ravine through which the stream flowed is about sixty feet across. This is the narrowest place for some distance either way; and in the middle of the hollow grew a tamarack tree about a foot in diameter. That tree had a good deal to do with the selection of this particular spot at which to build the dam. Both banks are high; and that on the south side is steep, moss-grown rock. The dam was nearly eight feet in height, and the centre rested on this tree as a support; thus adding materially to the resisting power of the structure. The dam was constructed of sticks and mud; fully six feet through at the bottom, and three or four at the top. On the down stream side no pains had been taken to make a finished job; the sticks projected in all directions. But on the upper side the wall was nicely smoothed off, and plastered with clay. The top was as level as a floor, finished off with what seemed to be blocks of hard clay. The structure was, and I suppose still is, perfectly solid and substantial; and the men from the shanty used it as a convenient bridge in crossing the stream.

The most wonderful thing about the dam was the slide over which the water flowed when the pond was full. This was directly over the original bed of the stream. It ran at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the top of the dam to the stream below. It was two feet wide, and the sides six inches high. The angles were as true as if they had been made with a mason's square and trowel. The whole thing was a work of art; and in some way the beavers know how to mix and temper the clay with which they line their slides, so that the water in its swift rush has no effect whatever upon it. The water, when I saw it, was rushing down the slide four inches deep, and had been so doing for months; and yet the clay was perfectly intact, and smooth as a piece of asphalt!

When the dam is in process of erection, the water is allowed to escape through a hole left in the bottom. The water is not then needed. But when the autumn approaches, and preparations are about to be made for the winter supply of food, this hole is closed, and the pond fills up until the water runs over the slide. Then the beavers under the charge of the patriarch of the colony, begin to lay in their winter store of food. This food consists of the bark of trees; the poplar and birch are the favorites. Beavers are able to cut down trees of considerable size; but they rarely do so. I saw where they had cut down a great deal of stuff that was mere brush, also some birches from one to two inches in diameter. The largest I saw was about four inches through. This they had started to cut down about three feet up, evidently in the spring before the snow was gone; afterwards they came back when the ground was bare and finished the job by cutting it off close to the ground. When a tree is cut down it is again cut into lengths from three to four feet in length. These are dragged to the pond, and floated down to the deepest place. Then several beavers will seize one of these logs and, by diving, they manage to fix one end securely in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. This is repeated until there is sufficient food thus placed where they can get at it when the pond shall freeze over, and they are no longer able to get out to forage. The small saplings are more easily disposed of. A single beaver will seize one of them, and diving with the end in his mouth, stick it into the mud beside the pieces of larger growth. This work is kept up till the pond freezes over. For some time after this the beaver is able to get out of the pond at the upper end of the slide, where the water is swift. But soon even this place of egress is closed, and then the beavers resort to their winter store. They are able to partake of their food under water, and in the spring these logs will be found entirely stripped of their bark.

The trapper takes advantage of this peculiarity when, during the winter, he invades a beaver pond. One would think that the inmates of the pond would be perfectly safe beneath several feet of ice. But it is not so. When the trapper approaches a pond he at once proceeds to cut a hole with his hatchet in the ice covering that part of the pond where the food

is stored. Then selecting a nice, fresh poplar or beech log, he pushes the end down into the mud, leaving the upper end just below the surface of the water. He then sets one of his large double-spring traps, fastened to a light pole, on the bottom about eighteen inches from the log. Trappers always use a dry tamarack pole to which to fasten the end of the trap-chain. The end of the pole is placed through the ring, and a wedge driven in to prevent the chain from coming off. A dry pole is used because a beaver would soon cut to pieces a green one, and so escape with the trap. But even a beaver cannot cut a dry tamarack stick. This pole is called the "tally pole." The sharp frost of a Canadian winter soon covers this hole with a sheet of clear ice. When night comes on the beaver goes out for supper. He soon discovers this fresh log, which is a great deal better eating than those that have been some time in the water. But alas! no sooner does he rise on his hind feet to commence his supper, than the poor fellow is caught in the trap which holds him fast till he drowns. The hunter comes in the morning, and looking down through the clear ice sees the victim, cuts a hole, draws up the tally pole and then the trap with the dead beaver. He re-sets the trap, and the operation is repeated until, perhaps, nearly the whole colony is taken.

While the beaver shows a wonderful instinct and a surprising skill in his engineering operations, yet it is very often a foolish and blind instinct. On this same stream where I saw this dam, evincing so much skill and foresight, there were four or five other small dams which were mere abortions, and which served no useful purpose that I could discover. They were evidently built merely to satisfy this strange propensity for building dams and for cutting down trees which distinguishes the beaver. Growing not far from the dam were several large sugar maples. The beavers had commenced on two of these the utterly hopeless task of cutting them down. One of them was certainly two feet through, and yet they had made a circle of cutting round the entire tree, though they had not succeeded in getting through even the bark, and had to leave off in disgust. Then I saw several trees cut down but not severed from the stump, and of which no use had been made. What that wonderful thing which we call instinct is we do not know; but between it and Human Reason there is a great gulf fixed, and this our Evolutionist friends have not yet begun to span!

SORROW AND SOLITUDE.

(IN RELATION TO THE PREPARATION OF THE PREACHER).

It is often said that the patience with which many congregations endure poor preaching is one of the marvels of the age. There is truth in this saying. Defend the average preacher of this day as we may, point as often as we will to the examples of able and effective preaching, apologize as we like for the quality of the sermons which are confessedly poor, it remains a solemn and portentous fact that the preaching of the day is not on the average up to the mark which defines efficiency. It is not enough to declare that the average preacher is fully equal to the average lawyer. That may be freely admitted. The average preacher should be much superior to the average lawyer—more effective in argument, more powerful in appeal, more masterful in the presentation of his case, inasmuch as the end to be gained by the preacher is infinitely more important than that which the lawyer seeks. If the average lawyer is weak the effect upon the world will not amount to much, for men will still seek the aid of lawyers when they need them; but if the average preacher is weak, and fails to interest the congregation in divine truth, the day will come when men will pass him by, and, not recognizing their need, will fall into habits of religious neglect and spiritual apathy. While people are still in the congregations on the Lord's day they should be addressed by men whose power shall be felt by them.

A thousand things might be written in admonition of preachers. Let two suffice for this article. Two conditions of power in a preacher are sorrow and solitude. The heart never grows great until it aches; it is never divinely tender until it has been bruised; until it has suffered alone it will not suffer with others. Here is the initial demand for the growth of a sympathy without which no preacher can be powerful. Jesus suffered the agony of the temptation before He began to preach. Because He was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief He entered with infinite tenderness and understanding into the sorrows and griefs of others, and the common people, and the publicans and sinners, heard him gladly. John the Baptist, mighty

in rebuke, as fearless as an angel, standing as a preacher upon the summits of power, was prepared for his great ministry by lonely sorrow. Who can tell what throes of heart he knew, a sad orphan student in the wilderness, as he waited for the day of his appearing to Israel! Having suffered as he contemplated the sins of his time, and the far lapse of his people, he was competent to preach in the spirit of Elijah.

Each of the two great examples cited knew solitude as well as sorrow. The value of solitude was appreciated once; it is forgotten now. Once meditation was known to be as necessary to strength of soul as sleep to strength of body; now men hurry and bustle, and look here and there to see new conditions and learn novel methods, and think that they will be powerful in proportion as they are "practical;" and what use have they for meditation? What virtue is there in mysticism? they ask, as they stop, breathless, for a moment. There is room for an argument to the effect that there was never yet a full-orbed Christian life from which mysticism was absent; but this is neither here nor there, for meditation and mysticism are not necessarily linked together. Meditation upon God and his works; upon man and his destiny; upon this age and its perils; upon life and its obligations—is absolutely essential to a proper understanding of the opportunities which are at hand. Unless we meditate we are like gunners who do not spend time to locate the target: like pilots who, regardless of a specific port to be sought, think it sufficient if they are steering through water. By meditating we become more fully possessed of truth; come into more full accord with the spirit of service; grow quiet and steadied, and know better what path to take as we go our way for speech or action. The late A. J. Gordon pleaded with his brethren to live a part of their life alone with God. Phelps' "Still Hour" shows how solitude may enrich the soul. Thousands have read such books as "The Imitation of Christ" until a new light was in their eye and a new power in their message.

If those who preach would reach the heights of power which are accessible to them, they must understand that preaching is no child's task. Among men no sublimer task is known. There is mighty power in good preaching—in preaching which has in it thought, and force, and fire, a divine fury in rebuke, a divine

tenderness in persuasion. Does any man think he can gain this power by reading an easy book, and making an easy sermon according to the canons laid down in that easy book, and putting his trust in tones loud and low, and in swaying body and swinging arms, and in the flash of the eyes and a dash of tears? Does he think that strong activity of nerves and muscles and vocal chords will make his easy little sermon mighty to the tearing down of strongholds?

Men can learn to preach well if they are willing to pay the price; but not without headache and heartache, pain and sorrow, tribulation and tears, long toiling, long enduring, and after many failures. To many preaching has become a profession, and they for hire will act their little part until they die, or find more pay and less pain in some other occupation. But the men who in entering the ministry have found a vocation, and tremble before God as Isaiah did in the Temple, are the men who, understanding their duty and opportunity, will wrestle and pray and agonize for power so to preach that men shall by their teaching be brought to salvation.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

AY ME!

Silent, with hands crost meekly on his breast,
Long time, with keen and meditative eye,
Stood the old painter of Sienna by
A canvas, whose sign manual him confest.

His head droopt low, his eye ceased from its quest,
As tears filled full the fountains long since dry:
And from his lips there broke the haunting cry,
"May God forgive me—I did not my best!"

THEODORE H. RAND.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM BE MODIFIED, AND HOW?

To the consideration of this subject Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University, devotes twenty-two pages in the last number of *The American Journal of Theology*. He is very strongly of the opinion that the theological curriculum should be modified, and he does his readers the favor of indicating how it should be done. The limited space at our disposal will permit only the briefest condensation of the article, leaving no room whatever for the discussion of its several points.

Dr. Harper begins with saying that "many intelligent laymen in the churches have the feeling that the training provided for the students in the theological seminary does not meet the requirement of modern times." "Nor is this disaffection restricted to the laity." It is shared by many ministers "who speak most strongly against the adequacy and the adaptation of the present methods in the seminary"; and students for the ministry are often asking the question whether a preparation for the ministry may not be got in some other way than through the seminary. Some of the number "are securing this preparation by taking graduate courses in the universities," while others "prefer to adopt the so-called short-course plan."

Dr. Harper's contention is that the model according to which "the modern theological seminaries have been organized had its origin a century or more ago," and that "while the environment of the seminary has utterly changed in this century, the seminary itself has remained practically at a standstill."

Assuming that the curriculum of the seminary should be modified, Dr. Harper lays down two general principles in accordance with which such modifications should be made. The first is that these modifications "should accord with the assured results of modern psychology and pedagogy, as well as with the demands which have been made apparent by our common experience, so far as this experience relates to the student and the preparation for his work." If this principle were adopted, certain ends would be held in mind:

1. "An effort would be made so to adjust the work of the seminary as to render it attractive to the best men." Dr.

Harper thinks that the quality of the men who enter the ministry is on the whole below that of those who enter the other professions and occupations, and he traces the fact largely to this lack of proper adjustment.

2. "The curriculum must be of such a character as to give the training which is best adapted to the individual taste and capacity of the student." The phases of the work which are distasteful to some men should be passed over for those in which they can take a deeper interest and make better progress.

3. "An effort should be made to give the student that particular training which will enable him to grow stronger and stronger in future years." Some men "begin to lose intellectual strength from the moment they leave the seminary," because in their course they have not learned to think for themselves, instead of simply receiving and adopting other men's opinions.

4. "That training is demanded which, upon the whole, will best adapt the individual to his environment." Many a minister fails from lack of ability to adjust himself to his surroundings.

The second principle in accordance with which these modifications should be made respects the character of the field in which the student is to work and the state of the society in which he is to move. "Here, again, certain conclusions follow:

1. The training of the theological student should be adjusted to the modern democratic situation."

2. "Changes should be made which will bring the work of the theological student into touch with the modern spirit of science. Here, indeed, a real difficulty presents itself. If a prospective theological student is sent to a state institution, or to one of the larger universities in which he would learn directly and definitely this scientific spirit, he is in danger of being drawn away from his purpose to preach. If, on the other hand, he goes to a small denominational college, he fails to secure any adequate preparation in science or psychology."

3. "Some adjustment must be found by which the curriculum will meet the demands that are made by the present peculiar social conditions." "The country is full of men who have become wealthy. Something is being done in sociological lines to train men to exercise influence among the working classes. Nothing has yet been proposed to provide a training

which will enable the ministry to do successful work among the richer classes."

Dr. Harper divides his general criticisms upon the present curriculum into groups, the first of which "includes criticisms relating to points of a more or less external character."

1. "The curriculum of a hundred years ago which prepared men for only one kind of Christian work, namely, preaching, will not suffice for these modern times, in which many phases of Christian work are conducted by those who are not preachers. The curriculum should be broadened to include this work.

2. "The present training of the theological seminary too frequently cultivates on the part of the students a narrow and exclusive spirit." This results in many cases from the seminary being located in out-of-the-way places, where they cannot be in touch with modern life.

3. The student should not be allowed to preach during the first year of his theological course. Many seminaries, however, not only encourage, but compel him to do so.

4. "The usual practice in theological seminaries of providing free tuition and rooms, and of furnishing financial aid indiscriminately to all who may apply for the same, is greatly to be deprecated."

The second group of criticisms includes those which relate to the special subjects of study of the curriculum.

1. The theological seminary should provide for laboratory work in science, which many theological students have not been favored with in the colleges from which they have come.

2. Instruction should also be provided in psychology, pedagogy, and English literature, nor less in the English language and English expression.

3. The study of Hebrew should be made an elective.

The third group includes those suggestions which bear upon the general scope of the ministry.

1. Some men are intended by nature to preach, but they can never become scholars. A special training should be arranged for them which would enable them to become strong preachers."

2. "Other men should be advised to select their subjects for study in a line that would train them for pastoral work or general Christian work."

3. Provision should also be made in the seminary for men whom God has intended for teachers rather than preachers; for men also who have an administrative turn of mind, and could be specially useful in the administration of Church affairs; and for men who have a gift for musical work.

The fourth group of suggestions pertains to the methods of instruction.

1. The elective system should prevail in the theological seminary.

2. The work of the student should be correlated, and he should be encouraged to follow single problems, wherever they may lead, whether into one department or another.

3. "The so-called seminary method should be more widely adopted."

The following are among the specific recommendations presented by Dr. Harper for the improvement of the theological curriculum:

1. "That an opportunity be given to those who may so desire to spend four years in the seminary instead of three, and that the stronger men be encouraged to take the longer period."

2. "That the work of the first year be prescribed and be carried on in common by all students, whatever may be their special predilection."

3. "That the study of Hebrew be required of those only who make the Old and New Testament the principal subject, and that a knowledge of Greek be required of those only who are to be preachers or teachers."

4. "That for those who are to be pastors, administrators, and general workers, the English Bible be made the principal subject, and that the secondary subjects be psychology, pedagogy and sociology."

5. "That in all cases tuition fees be charged, and that all money to be used for the aid of students be distributed in the form of scholarships on the plan adopted in colleges and universities, in return for which the student shall render actual service of one kind or another to the seminary."

D. M. W.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MOSE, B.A. D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

V.

To review Canadian poetry and confine the examination to that which is produced in the English tongue, is really to cover but half the ground. We Canadians are a dual people. Each race keeps greatly within its own borders. We each have different institutions, our traditions are drawn from different sources. Our religions are not the same. Nor do we speak one language. All these influences tend to keep us apart, and one consequence is that the English speaking people of Canada know very little about the French Canadian writers of the great Dominion.

This condition of affairs is to be regretted. The literature of Lower Canada is rich and varied, and Frenchmen outside of Canada who speak with authority give it very high praise. The French Canadian's tendency is decidedly literary in opposition to the scientific bent of his English compatriot. His favorite studies are classics, belles-lettres and oratory. He is fond of light philosophy, poetry and romance, and naturally turns to history, poetry and romance in writing. The characteristics which mark his work are animation and polished elegance of diction, though, on the whole, there is lack of deep thought. The French Canadians appreciate their writers: and one practical way they have of expressing their appreciation is by presenting their books as prizes in the schools, and thus introducing them to the children.

This diversity of the two races existing side by side is the strongest factor in our national life. It is a bar to our progress. Our leaders on both sides are oppressed by this dead-lock of separation! Crémazie cries out in his impassioned patriotism,—

“ Ah ! Bientôt puissions nous—O drapeau de nos pères,
 Voi tous les Canadiens, mis comme des frères,
 Comme au jour de combat se serrer près de toi.”

while Roberts in his “Collect for Dominion Day,” makes a still stronger appeal for greater national unity.

“ Father of Nations ! Help of the feeble hand,
 Strength of the strong to whom the nations kneel,
 Of our scant people mould a mighty State !

To the strong stern—to Thee in meekness bowed !
 Father of unity,—make thy people one !
 Weld, interfuse them with a poet's flame,
 Whose forging on thine anvil was begun
 In blood, late shed to purge the common shame
 That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
 Banish old feud in our young nation's name !”

The poet's enthusiastic dream of Canada, an independent power, is an ideal way of settling the difficulty, and yet the politician may not see his way clear to accept the suggestion. But poets are priests and seers, not workmen. They walk apart and are filled with dim glorious visions. Their mission is to come down and impart this holy fire to those who are engaged in the conflict, and strengthen them in their labours. So while in their efforts towards the present and future welfare of our country, our Canadian politicians may not feel materially aided by the poet's practical solutions of their problems, they may be encouraged and inspired by the spirit of purest patriotism which rings throughout his verse. What we must strive for, is a less passive and more sincerely heartfelt union between the two races in our country. Without it we can never feel that full inspiring impulse which comes from mutual encouragement and full political concord. Once before in British history the Norman and Saxon races united to form one of the greatest nations and literatures the world has ever seen. Why may we not hope for great things from a like union in our land ?

In looking toward the future, Canadians cannot but be thrilled with that buoyant hopefulness that belongs to youth and growth. The possibilities of what a future lie before us ! Our territory alone is almost as great as that of Europe : our

waterways are the finest in the world: our mineral resources are without rival: our fisheries, our forests, our fur regions are of the richest: we have unequalled wheat-raising districts: the grandest variation of scene is to be found within our boundaries. Every natural resource seems to be given us. Our literary resources are no less wealthy. We have the heroic tradition of the discovery and taking of our new country. We have the picturesque romances of the time of French possession. We have delightful tales from Acadia. We have a store of Indian legends, traditions and quaint nature-lore. All these are stores original and native. Then, too, representing different races as we do, while the fountain heads of the native literatures of each are not strictly open to us in forming a national literature, yet a certain contribution is added in that each one brings with him his peculiar literary bent and different way of looking at things.

Such are our resources. All we need now is time. We need time to effect a closer internal union, time to get a population, time for that people to develop our natural wealth, and time to convert that wealth into its great ends for man, leisure and culture. Let us remember for a moment that the literary output which we are so anxious to stamp as a national literature, comes from a country that has but three million English speaking people, and an entire population of only five millions. Let us glance again over the names of our principal poets, and see if there is one whose time is free to devote to his art. Doubtless each one of them could echo the cry of Archibald Lampman,

“ O for a life of leisure and broad hours,
To think and dream, to put away small things,
This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts.
To wander like the bee among the flowers,
Till old age find us weary feet and wings,
Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts.”

We must have a more general diffusion of wealth and culture, so that there may be greater opportunity for those who are gifted among us to develop their talents. We are striving toward that goal, but at present we are so absorbingly engaged in the converting process, in digging out the wealth, that the end seems to be almost obscured. Yet we feel that we are

working toward an end, and while we may not reap the benefits ourselves, we are laying a firm foundation for those who will come after us.

Then we must have ideals. The higher the ideal the higher the attainment. "There are indeed those men whose souls are like the sea. Those billows that ebb and flood, that inexorable going and coming, that blackness, that translucency, that democracy of clouds in full hurricane, those wonderful star-risings reflected in mysterious agitation by millions of luminous wave-tops, the errant lightnings that seem to watch those prodigious sobbings, those half-seen monsters, those nights of darkness broken by howlings . . . then that charm, those gay white sails, those songs amid the uproar . . . this marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony . . . all this may exist in the mind, and that mind is called genius. You have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare, and it is all one whether you look at these souls or at the sea." Let such be our ideals.

We Canadians are proud of our country. We are proud of our people. We are proud of our literature. We are proud of the flower of our literature, our poetry. We look toward the future with confidence. All we need is time.

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

DIANE OF VILLE MARIE.*

To all who are interested in the early history of our country, this book ought to prove both entertaining and instructive. The author, Blanche Lucile Macdonell, carries us back into the seventeenth century and introduces to us some of the men and women who lived in Ville Marie, as the Jesuits called Montreal. Even at that early date there were people of wealth, fashion and culture in the New World, and it is with representatives of this class that the story is chiefly concerned. The writer has thoroughly mastered the history of this period and entered into the spirit of the age. She brings vividly before us the perils and hardships endured by the early colonists, the rivalry be-

* *Diane of Ville Marie, A Romance of French Canada*; By Blanche Lucile Macdonell. Toronto, William Briggs.

tween the French and English, the treachery of the Indians and the means used to gain their friendship. She displays also a keen insight into the French character and a thorough acquaintance with the language; for although she very seldom quotes French, the arrangement of the words, and the idioms used in the dialogues have an unmistakable French coloring. This is of course far more artistic than the introduction of a great many French phrases, which would not be understood by all of her readers.

There is a great diversity in the types of character presented. We have first of all, the wealthy merchant Jacques Le Ber, bourgeois but ambitious to become a noble. Through his own energy and thrift he had built up a vast fortune in New France. Although worldly considerations occupied most of his time and thoughts, he had a tender and compassionate heart and no one in Ville Marie was more generous and hospitable than he. His beautiful home, although very large, was always full to overflowing. (All the important characters in the story were members of his household).

His daughter Jeanne was a religious recluse, and although she did not confine herself in a convent, she lived a life of absolute seclusion in her father's house and was never seen except by the one woman who waited upon her. Pierre, one of her brothers, was also of a religious turn of mind and like her an extremist and lived an ascetic life. He was an emotional man and somewhat inclined to mysticism. In sharp contrast to him was Du Chesne, the youngest son of Jacques Le Ber, and the hero of the story. He was a man of action, strong, brave and energetic. As a leader in war he was beloved by his followers—in fact his handsome face and agreeable manners made him universally popular.

The Marquise de Monestrol is a very well drawn character. She is a type of the "grande dame" of the French court, highly polished, witty and sagacious in worldly things. In Le Ber's household she was the social leader, and her "apartement" was the centre of attraction on cold winter evenings. Nanon, her maid, is an amusing character. She is a handsome French girl with dark complexion, rosy cheeks and black

eyes and hair. Her sharp tongue and ready wit furnish most of the humor in the story, while her loyalty and devotion show that she has a warm heart.

The heroine of the story is Diane de Monestrol, the niece of the Marquise and the ward of Jacques Le Ber. She was the fairest girl in New France, as everyone said. At eighteen she was as fresh and innocent, as free from care and as unconscious of the serious side of life as a child. Her piquancy and vivacity, combined with an unselfish and affectionate disposition, made her a favorite in Ville Marie. Her character was as yet untested in some respects, but had great possibilities which we see actualized during the course of the narrative. The perils of frontier life had already given her bravery and self-control in face of danger, and the frequent tragedies that occurred in the little settlement had developed her tact and sympathy in comforting those who were in sorrow. Her chief companion from childhood had been Du Chesne, and the two were as fond of each other as a brother and sister. But now, as Diane is on the verge of womanhood, the affection of childhood expands and gradually she comes to realize that she is in love with Du Chesne, nor does she dream but that he reciprocates her feeling. She is blind to the fact that he loves pretty Lydia Longloy, the fair-haired English captive whom they rescued from the Indians. She does not know that it is Lydia's timidity and childlike simplicity that have won their way to his chivalrous heart. When at last she learns the truth from his own lips, the light goes suddenly out of her life; yet so composed is she that Du Chesne does not suspect what desolation he has wrought. Soon after this incident he goes in command of an expedition against the English and is slain. Lydia's grief is piteous but brief; Diane's is silent, deep and enduring. It is only a short time before Lydia loves another and is happily married. The disappointing part of the story is that Diane finally sacrifices her life to a man she does not love, dutifully consenting to a marriage which secured her a great establishment, in order to please her aunt, the Marquise de Monestrol. Thus, as the Duchesse de Ronceval, she spent the remainder of her life in France, finding her only happiness in making others happy.

As a story "Diane of Ville Marie" can hardly be called a success. The plot is too simple and transparent and only a very few of the characters bear any part in it, while all the others serve merely as a back-ground. In fact the back-ground, including the characters and the historical setting, seem considerably too elaborate for so simple a picture. Several chapters of the book have practically nothing to do with the development of the plot and would almost seem to be thrown in just to fill up space. It is true that these chapters are interesting as descriptions of some phase of colonial life or of some types of character, but we would enjoy them more if the author had succeeded in weaving them into the story. However, faults like this are of minor importance, and the historical interest of the book is so great that we can easily pardon the author for not working out a more elaborate plot. The book is thoroughly wholesome and abounds in excellent descriptions and thrilling situations, and we can heartily recommend it to all who have the time and inclination to become better acquainted with the men and women who so long ago lived in this fair Canada of ours.

E. N. N.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES.

Horace Greeley said, "Go west." This advice is being largely followed in these days. The tide of emigration is toward the setting sun. Manitoba's undulating prairies, golden with ripening grain—the forest clad mountains and tumbling rivers of British Columbia—and that more northerly Yukon land, the home of the golden nugget—each is claiming a goodly share of the world's attention at the present time. It is the purpose of this brief paper to touch upon a few of the many interesting features of that wonderful portion of our grand inheritance, British Columbia.

Whenever mention is made of this province, we at once begin to think of mountains. And such mountains! What variety in height, and form, and color! There, the grass-covered foot hills, the babies of the system, here, the sky-piercing giants with cedar-covered sides, naked crags and snow-capped crowns.

In British Columbia you are never out of sight of the mountains. One butts close up to the other in endless succession. Here and there between the ranges there are long narrow valleys containing sometimes hundreds of square miles of very rich arable and grazing lands, but they are hemmed in on every side by the eternal hills.

Another striking topographical feature of the country is its wonderful waterways. It would seem as if nature, with kindly foresight, had provided these extensive and beautiful highways for man's convenience in these otherwise inaccessible regions. British Columbia is well watered. There is a perfect network of long winding lakes and rivers affording hundreds of miles of navigation. These lakes and rivers are wondrously beautiful. They abound in cascades and waterfalls, some of them being of great height and volume. The country is a paradise for artist and poet, as well as for the seeker after wealth. When this country becomes better known it will be a popular resort for tourists. The scenery is sublime, and many who speak from personal observation, affirm that it surpasses in beauty and grandeur that of the Alps. The forests and valleys abound in many kinds of game, large and small. The cougar, lynx, wild-cat, bear, cariboo, deer, mountain sheep and goats, etc., are native to the country. The waters, salt and fresh, teem with every variety of the finny tribes. The hunter and angler are here in a heaven of delight.

The climate of the Province is a variable quantity. One can get there almost any kind one may desire. It varies according to altitude and distance from the sea. The coast climate, owing largely to the influence of the warm Japan current, is very mild. The summers are dry and balmy, and the sea breezes most invigorating, while the nights are always delightfully cool and refreshing. The rainfall is very heavy during the winter months, though there are frequently pleasant periods of dry, invigorating weather of several weeks duration. There is little snow and frost. When there is a fall of snow or a few days skating everybody turns out for a jollification. Our Eastern people would wear a broad smile on such occasions if they were to see the dry-goods boxes, hen-coops, etc., pressed into service as improvised sleighs. The coast is profuse in flowers and fruit.

For many months the air is heavy with their fragrance and not infrequently blossoms may be plucked, and a few strawberries gathered, at Christmas or later. The district around Kamloops, some three hundred miles inland from Vancouver, is the sanitarium of British Columbia. Here the atmosphere is dry and bracing the year round, and many of those troubled with lung weaknesses come to this place for relief. The Kootenay districts, still farther inland, are dryer and hotter in summer and colder in winter than the more westerly places, but here climate is largely conditioned upon altitude.

Visitors to this western land are always impressed with the hopefulness and confidence in this country, of the people of this portion of the west. And a glance at their boundless and varied resources will at once convince one that this confidence is well placed.

British Columbia must become a populous and wealthy province. The timber is almost inexhaustible. Logs, six feet in diameter at the butt and one hundred feet long without a knot in them, are by no means uncommon. The fir lumber cannot be excelled for bridge-building and all kinds of framework where strength and durability are required. The cedar of the country has gained for itself world-wide fame. The many large mills are kept busy the year round supplying lumber to all parts of the world.

There is also the fishing industry. All along the Fraser and other rivers there are many large canneries that annually supply the world with shiploads of that kingly fish, the salmon. This industry gives very lucrative employment to thousands of men, Whites, Chinese, Japs. and Siwashes. There are three species of edible salmon, and each has its own distinctive run each season. First comes the spring salmon, a large delicate-flavored fish. These, being few, are not canned, but are shipped to Boston, New York, etc. The "rockeyes" come next. This is the principal run. They are a comparatively small fish, but being very plentiful they form the chief source of supply for the canneries. The last run, which comes later in the season, is that of the "cohoes." These are a medium-sized fish, and the run is not so large as the preceding one. Every fourth year the run of fish is very similar and the fishermen argue from this

that the salmon are four years old when they enter the river to spawn, and that the fish always return to the same river where they themselves were spawned. It is supposed that the salmon that ascend the river never return, but die at their journey's end. Yet in spite of the large numbers caught and those that die, the salmon does not seem to decrease. This, doubtless, is largely due to the good work of the salmon hatcheries.

Besides the salmon, the British Columbia waters supply an abundance of halibut, codfish, herring, smelt, trout and other varieties of fish too numerous to mention. This industry is only in its infancy, but eventually it will yield a great revenue.

Then there are the mines. It is only quite recently that these have been developed to any extent. The mineral wealth of the British Columbian hills is incredible. The *bona fide* mines that have been honestly and scientifically developed have more than satisfied the wildest expectations of the most sanguine. Already, mines are changing hands whose value is estimated by millions of dollars. There are vast deposits of coal, anthracite and bituminous, adjacent to excellent markets, and these, also, are employing thousands of men.

It is generally supposed that British Columbia is not an agricultural country. This is true, as compared with the Territories and Eastern Provinces, and yet there are large valleys of the most fertile soil that will supply the province with a large percentage of its farm produce. The soil and climate are admirably adapted to the raising of fruit, and the North-west and Manitoba provide an excellent market for this product. The agricultural interests are no small consideration as a wealth-producing agent.

Besides the sources of wealth already mentioned, there is a large amount of shipping, and some manufacturing. When we think of all these resources that have yet to be properly developed we can only predict, as far as their material welfare is concerned, a bright future for the people of the Western Province. The present need is more capital for the work of development, and this is rapidly being supplied.

The people of British Columbia are of a heterogenous character. First, there are the natives, who are called Siwashes. Their women are called kleutchmen. These people are very

different in appearance and habits to the North American Indian. Their features and figure tell the story of their Eastern origin. They are rather short and stoutly built, strong, and good workers. They are skilful canoe builders and workers in matting. Some are very clever engravers of metal and ivory. They find employment in fishing and sealing in the logging camps and saw-mills, and on the river-boats, etc. They receive no financial aid from the Government. They are mostly pagan and worship their hideous "totem poles" or images. The Roman Catholics are getting a strong hold upon these people, and the Methodists and others are doing a little for their evangelization. In their native state they are not bad characters, but, unfortunately, contact with the whites has made them very degraded. I say this to the shame of the former. These people are interesting, but they are fast disappearing before the onward march of a stronger race.

Then there are the irrepressible Chinese and the enterprising Jap. These are a source of irritation to many of the white population because of their competition in the labor market. "John" is an indefatigable, thrifty, cunning, unscrupulous individual, with a few good points about him and a host of bad ones, that the adjectives of our language are inadequate to describe. The Jap is a far superior being to his Mongolian cousin. He is energetic, eager to learn, and susceptible to our Canadian customs. Besides, he spends much of his money in the country where he earns it, which is something Mr. John does not do. The problem, however, regarding these Orientals is a serious one, for they are fast taking possession of our homes, our workshops, our stores, and much of our wealth. Besides these people from the far East, there are representatives of nearly every nation under the sun.

The white population, of course, predominates. These are principally from the British Isles, the other provinces of Canada, and the United States. A noticeable feature is the large proportion of young people among them. The British Columbians are energetic and enterprising, and are for the most part endowed with indomitable pluck, backed up by more than average intelligence. This, however, cannot be said of all. They are a species of biped in British Columbia who left their

country for their country's good, much to the detriment of the land of their adoption. They spend their time in casting the fly and lounging about the hotels, spending over the bar the bribes they periodically receive for staying away from the parental roof. There are these, unfortunately, but the great majority are made of the stuff of which strong nations are built. It costs money and grit to settle in that far-away land, and so the standard of intelligence and manliness is above the average. That prospector, clad in mackinaw jacket, slouch hat and heavy mountain boots, may be a university graduate or the honored son of an honorable family. The clothes are not the measure of the man in this country.

Society is well organized in the West, and one can find as talented and refined people there as anywhere on the American continent. But the great curse of the country is intemperance, gambling and immorality. The imperative need of society in the West is more true men and noble women, who will live clean lives and frown down all that is degrading and unworthy. The people of British Columbia are open and ingenuous. They carry their worst side on the outside. They are open-minded and reasonable, and if approached in a kindly spirit are easily susceptible to truth and good influences. In most places there are excellent churches and schools, and though the population is increasing very rapidly, yet the educational and religious life of the people is, as far as possible, being provided for.

The country is big with possibilities, and if only there are "good men and true" forthcoming, who will lead the affairs of the Province in right channels, it will yet be known as the banner province of our beloved Dominion.

G. R. WELCH, '00.

COR PROMETHEI.

I.

O my heart aches watching ever
How the down-trod drag their way.
Struggling hard with brave endeavour
To repel the fateful day
When to live is gained by dying,
When to die is doubly sweet,
For they leave a world of sighing,
And they hope true love to meet.

II.

I would rather help another
Climbing up the steeps of life,
I would rather cheer a brother
Warring 'mid an endless strife,
Than be lifted high above him,
Coldly casting largess down,
Never bending low to love him,
Passing by with haughty frown.

III.

Man to me is more a brother
In the hour of direst need.
If he stoop to raise another
Then I know him and his creed—
And his creed is worth the owning
For it makes him more a man,
And it proves a strange atoning
Though he be Samaritan.

IV.

O the world is full of sadness
Through the cold disdain of some,
When the earth would ring with gladness
Were their baser feelings dumb ;
Were they more of men and brothers,
Thinking less of self and theirs,
Given more to naming others
In their daily lists of prayers.

HENRY A. PROCTER, '99

PALLIDA MORS.

PROLOGUE.

Out of the infinite gone, into the future vast,
Whither O soul so borne, will rest thee at last ?

NIGHT.

From one, far out of the wild waste of dark,
Comes a strange voice, borne low upon the wind,
Which bids me loose the moorings of my bark
And launch to sea. To heart and mind
That message brings strange awe :
Back rushes thought on thought in fear of dark
Which seems instinct with foes, and raw
The night wind strikes my blanched cheek.
Yet I must go, ah me ! across the silent waste
To some strange bourne, I know not where,
God grant it be a haven sure and fair.

DAWN.

Soft, rocking slow, the cradle sways
To the low crooned song of mother love,
That in those sweet toned childhood lays,
Brings down the glory of a world above :
Low dies the light in eyes which have not long
Looked out upon this world deep set in wrong
Of human sin and agony. Loosed from the loved strand
Out slips the tiny bark across the darkened billows rife
To far beyond our ken, beyond our helping hand,
To where, above these myriad voices, ends life's strife.

EPILOGUE.

Peace ! let them rest on God's kind breast,
For He who made us loves us best.

Editorial Notes.

In another department of *THE MONTHLY* we give a digest of President Harper's views on the present-day training of students in theology, and of his suggestions as to how the methods of the theological seminary may be improved and its effectiveness increased. Anything that President Harper has to say concerning education, theological or secular, deserves thoughtful consideration, not only because he speaks out of the experience of a long and successful career as an educationist, but particularly because, in virtue of his position at the head of a large and liberal, if not radical, university, he has the means and opportunity of putting his ideas into practice. It may be taken for granted that Dr. Harper has not thought so deeply on this subject of theological training merely to write an article in his *American Journal of Theology*: without a doubt he intends to work out his ideas in the theological department of the University of Chicago. Should he do so and should the experiment prove in any respect successful, his example will be followed in many other theological seminaries, with the result that their character and scope will be changed, in some degree at least. Inasmuch as this result may follow, we have thought well to give our readers an outline of what Dr. Harper's criticisms and proposals are, and we now invite an expression of opinion concerning them. A perusal of what he says will inevitably call up certain questions that ought to be answered. For example, is it a fact that the theological college of to-day is out of harmony with its environment? If so, why is it so, and how may the defect be remedied? Can it be fairly charged that the course of training offered is not the best one to fit young men for active service in this democratic age? If so, what is lacking and how may the want be supplied? Should Hebrew be an elective instead of a compulsory subject? These and many other questions will arise in the minds of all who read Dr. Harper's article. We should like to have an expression of opinion from our theological graduates, and shall be glad to publish a symposium on the subject if any of them care to send us their views.

It is with a keen sense of personal sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. John Burns, of the firm of Dudley & Burns, for so many years printers of *THE MONTHLY*. On Wednesday evening the 15th inst., while on his knees leading in family devotions, Mr. Burns was stricken with paralysis, and on Friday evening he succumbed to the

stroke, having never recovered consciousness. Funeral services were held in Jarvis St. Baptist church on the following Monday, and were largely attended by representatives of the denomination, of the University and of the citizens of Toronto generally. In the absence of Pastor Thomas through sickness, the services were conducted by Rev. Elmore Harris and Chancellor Wallace. At some future time we hope to give our readers an account of the active and godly life of our departed friend. For the present we can only say that he was a good man, a generous and lovable man, a fine type of the Christian man practising Christian principles in business life.

He took a deep interest in everything connected with our University and rejoiced greatly in its prosperity. He seldom or never failed to be present at all the services in connection with Commencement, and his presence on those occasions was but the outward manifestation of a real interest in professors and students. Those of us who were brought closely into touch with him in connection with *THE MONTHLY* will never forget him and his genial good nature.

He was particularly interested in *THE MONTHLY*, and frequently it was due to his patience and consideration that we were able to tide over financial difficulties. He read its contents from cover to cover, and frequently uttered shrewd criticisms that showed him to be possessed of more than ordinary literary taste. All this being so, it will not appear strange that the present and past editors of *THE MONTHLY* should have had a strong affection for dear Mr. Burns, and that we should now desire to offer some feeble tribute to his memory. May the Father in whom he trusted and whom he so faithfully served be a strength and consolation to his widow and children, is the prayer of all who knew him.

In discussions concerning the value of a college training it is generally assumed that, if graduates of a theological college frequently prove a failure as pastors and preachers, the fault must lie with the college and its professors and their methods: it is seldom remembered that the cause may be found in the students themselves. We professors have much to answer for; we humbly confess that we do those things which we ought not to have done, and leave undone those things which we ought to have done. And yet we sometimes feel that it is not all our fault if the finished product of our hands is not all that it should be. It was then with no little degree of satisfaction that we read an excellent article in a recent number of *The Westminster* on the subject, "Why Go to College". The writer

says so many fine things concerning what education ought to do that, had we space, we should gladly reprint the whole article. We quote, however, some of the more striking paragraphs, and commend them to professors and students, preachers and laymen, to all interested in education.

A more dangerous, because more common, answer to the question : Why go to college ? is that of those who go to college in order to be furnished with a supply of opinions on certain great theological subjects which they may repeat to the examiners and in after life work over into sermons. They are at infinite pains to secure the *ipsissima verba* of the professor's lectures and their ambition is to give these back on examination day with all the mechanical exactness of a phonograph. . . . To this source can be traced much of the ministerial inefficiency which produces congregational complaint and arrests the progress of the Church. The men who reach the dead-line at forty are those who went to college to be fitted out intellectually and theologically, and who never outgrow their college measurements. Let there be no misunderstanding. We do not under-estimate sound doctrine. Far from that. Truth is of first importance. A teacher must know the truth ; believe strongly the truth as he knows it, and teach positively, even dogmatically, the truth as he believes it. But that student stultifies himself and sins against all the possibilities of his after life who accepts unhesitatingly his professor's teaching as his own creed, and puts away, as things of Satan, all vexing doubts and shuts his eyes to whatever might disturb his peace of mind or endanger his academic standing. He becomes a parasite, as truly a parasite as is the hermit crab when it crawls into the dead whelk's shell. . . .

The only real service a college can render a student is to train him in habits of study, to help him to think for himself on the great subjects of theology and life. That is education, because, in the end, it is character ; and education is character—intellectualized character. No greater injury could be done to a student than to encourage him to accept the opinions and formulations of his teacher as being the truth for him to hold and preach. Truth is the same to no two minds, and no truth can be truly preached that has not been made the preacher's own through personal experience. In the end the "stronger faith" is his who would not make his judgment blind, but who humbly, deliberately, bravely faced his doubts and laid them. During his college days it is not of first importance what a student believes touching the problems of science, philosophy, literary criticism, or even theology ; the important things are that he think for himself, be loyal to truth, follow the light, and live the clean and holy life. . . .

The criticism which is passed, and many times justly, upon our entire educational system is that it is an affair of the memory. It is often true in the theological colleges that a premium is put upon a verbal memory and a rapid penmanship. Men are told a great many things which it is proper they should believe and preach. They store these things in memory against the days of examination and of ser-

mon-making. For a while they thrive in the ministry, but after a time their sermons are as twice-told tales, lacking freshness, life and power. They wonder why they are not as popular as when they were students, or why those who are now students are preferred before them. The reason is not far to seek. It is not altogether in the "itching ears" of the congregation. The fact is that the minister made his memory a tank, into which he poured the supplies of theology served to him during his college days and to which, from time to time, he has been adding from homiletic magazines and anecdote-books ever since. While it was fresh it was wholesome, but, becoming stagnant, it is neither sweet to the taste nor good for food. Is it any wonder people turn away from stagnant theology? The fresh thinking of an undergraduate, even though it be *non sequitur*, is better for them than the tank-smelling learnedness of a doctor in divinity. The people's judgment may not be acute, but their instincts are generally right. They can distinguish between water taken from the tank and that drawn fresh from the living quicksand spring.

The chief function of the college is to start men thinking on its great subjects, to teach them how to study, how to use the tools they will be handling in after service, to discipline their minds, to give them the bias of their profession, to awaken and set free the genius for preaching which is in every man called to be a prophet, and so to make them self-contained, masterful men. All this means character.

Book Reviews.

A HABITANT TRAGEDY.

That any novel in the year of grace, 1898, should reach a second edition, is enough to mark it out from the numberless stories that crowd from the press, "writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on fellers"; that a Canadian novel should be so distinguished is worth special note. Such a triumph has fallen to the lot of Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus) and no one who reads her tale will grudge her her laurels.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie"* is pathos from the opening chapter to the end. Old Mikel le Caron, great-great-grandson of Messire Jules-Gaspard-Noël-Ovide Delaunay-Colombière Caron, heir of the Seigniorship of Bourg-Marie, appears first as a gloomy, broken, forest-ranger, living alone with his heart-ache and his vanished dreams. His life-long fancies of the restoration of the old Manoir

* "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," S. Frances Harrison. Toronto: George N. Morang.

and of the elevation of his grandson to Parliament and to his rightful place as Seigneur, are shattered by the running away of the boy, Magloire, and any faint, remaining hopes are cruelly dashed by the return of Magloire in all the vulgar crudeness and bombast of one who has been barber, coachman, Socialist and gambler in the western city of Milwaukee. When the old man's hopes fasten themselves about Nicolas Laurière and love and light seem to come into his closing years, it is only the beginning of a terrible end—all hope, and joy, and love to go out in despair. "A moody, reticent, embittered old man, betrayed by his kith and his kin, and shorn of his adopted son," he stalks silently off the stage, the heart going out to him in pity and in admiration.

The character of old Mikel is done in black, with hardly a touch to relieve it, yet it has such solemnity and dignity that the character of Magloire, the scapegrace grandson, seems almost too great a contrast to be within the bounds of probability. It is a great psychological problem to account for such differences in kith and kin, and yet the problem is rather of the heart than of the mind. "There goes John Bunyan but for the grace of God," says one; "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," says another. Latent possibilities for evil are within us all; in some hearts to be checked and mastered; in others to master. Magloire possessed many of the physical and mental qualities that made the Carons a distinguished family. He was handsome, debonnaire, keen-witted, imperious, daring. He was a social success in his circles at Milwaukee and the popular idol in the little French-Canadian village of Bourg-Marie. But he is conceited, vulgar, shameless, a scoundrel at heart, with no sense of justice, decency or gratitude. He brings to Bourg-Marie only evil—distrust and discontent to the people in general, blasphemous thoughts and death to Pacifique Peror, death to Nicolas and despair to Mikel.

Nicolas Laurière is the finest character in the book and in his portraiture Mrs. Harrison has done her best work. His qualities of heart and mind and his motives are not all good, nor all bad. He is on the whole a noble, true-hearted son of the great forest. He is "the handsomest young fellow in the parish. He held his tuque in his hands and his dark hair lay black and dank on his brown forehead. His shirt, slightly open at the neck, showed his vast and splendid throat, a column of ruddy bronze. His teeth were exquisite, regular and white, and his fine chin, broad brow, and melancholy dark eyes, all denoted a purity and strength of

character, rare, not alone among the habitants, but among wiser and more ably-trained communities of men." His life as trapper did for him what Nature did for Wordsworth, intertwined

"The passions that build up our human soul,
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying
The elements of feeling and of thought."

The tragedy of his life is well told and his death makes "the eye cloud up for rain, the mouth to twitch about the corners."

The other characters are not so well done. The plot is simple and yet far enough away from the beaten track to awaken and sustain interest. Of the style, one cannot speak with much enthusiasm. It is, on the whole, simple and sufficient and its descriptive passages are generally good ; but, in places, notably in the first chapter, there seems to be an effort at fine-writing, a sort of strained Ruskinian effect, that betrays a lack of sureness of touch. Here and there is a wrong use of a word, as "avocation" for "vocation," p. 115, or an obscure use, as "brows," p. 110, or a paragraph that could be re-written to great advantage, *e.g.*, p. 50. It is questionable taste to call our attention more than once to Mr. Murray Carson's "elegant habit" of picking his teeth with his pocket-knife, or to mention a second time Rosalie's moustache, or to apply the quotation referring to the fall of Mulciber, to Nicolas Laurière's painful period in the old Manoir, p. 45. Fortunately, such blemishes are few.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is a credit to Canadian literature and incites in its readers a desire for further stories from Mrs. Harrison's pen. The number of Canadian fiction writers is steadily increasing : Roberts, Parker, Marshall Saunders, Miss Dougall, Mrs. Harrison, Machray, Lighthall, William McLennan, Mrs. Cotes, Joanna E. Wood, Oxley, E. W. Thomson, Sheppard, Ralph Connor, and some names that occur readily. There need be no fear of exhausting the materials for a Canadian literature. So far, old Canada has received almost exclusive attention ; the Canada of to-day, the Canada the young man of 35 and under knows, has not figured as yet in the work of the novelist, with the possible exception of Ralph Connor. Her politics, her commerce, her great railways, her waterways, her educational institutions, her cities and her farms, her ideals and her aspirations, teem with material and with inspiration. Who will arise to mirror this Canada we know and love, and to voice her nationhood ?

E. A. HARDY.

College News.

THE Rink Committee is receiving numerous applications from noted mouth-organ bands to supply delectation to the skaters.

THE representatives of McMaster to the conversats at Queens, and 'Varsity, and to the Osgoode dinner, report good times and royal treatment.

PROF. IN PHILOSOPHY to "Weary Willie": "Please tell the class what you know of the life of Descartes." Weary Willie, aroused from slumber: "He was rich, and didn't have to work for a living."

THE character of Class '00 has been thus described by our rising poet:—

Figures don't lie, alas!
Lend me your ears—
This is the "noughtiest" class,
For a hundred years.

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY.—The first regular meeting of the Tennysonian, this term, was held on Friday evening, Feb. 3rd. Mr. Mann, the newly elected President, occupied the chair and delivered a very witty and eloquent inaugural address. The program consisted of a debate and music. The proposition, *Resolved*, "That the greatest efforts of the human race are due to the love of praise" was debated by Messrs. McLaurin, '01 and Buckborough, '02, who upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Armstrong, '01, and Bellamy, '02, who took the negative. Miss Blackadar and Mr. Bowyer gave, respectively, instrumental and vocal selections. Mr. D. B. Harkness, '99, acted as critic for the evening, and after summing up the arguments of both sides of the debate, decided in favor of the negative.

THE "Century" Class held their third annual Rally at the residence of Chancellor Wallace on Friday evening, January 13. The members of the class and their friends met shortly after seven o'clock and proceeded to enjoy a sleigh-ride around the city and suburbs. The good citizens of Toronto who might have been ignorant of the existence of the Century Class of McMaster previously, can plead ignorance no longer, after the celebration of January 13th. After the sleigh-ride the Class returned to the Chancellor's where refreshments were served, and a pleasant social evening spent. Mr. Newcombe, the President of the Class, welcomed all in a few felicitous remarks; and Miss J. E. Dryden, the Bard, read the class poem, which was excellent. Much of

the success of this year's rally is due to the efforts of the Executive Committee and the lady members of the Class.

THE women students are pleased, this term, over the augmentation of their number by two new faces. They extend a hearty welcome to Miss Belle Monroe, of Port Arthur, and Miss Selton, of Toronto.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Mathematical Society this year was held Friday night, February 10th, the President, Mr. C. L. Brown, in the chair. The evening was given up to the consideration of "Astronomical Phenomena. Mr. R. Shaw gave an interesting paper on "The Sun," and Mr. E. Wood on "The Planets." The magic lantern was operated by Mr. C. L. Brown, and some excellent slides shown. This was the first of a series of meetings to consider "Popular Astronomy." These meetings should be heartily supported, not only for the rarity of the mathematical element, but also because they afford an opportunity to those whose astronomical education has been defective, to increase their information in this department.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held January 20. The program being "An Afternoon with Canadian Poets." Miss Bertha McLay's reading of "My Lattice" by Frederick George Scott, was followed by a brief sketch of the life and works of Alexander McLachlan, by Miss E. McLaurin. Numerous quotations from his poetry were given in justification of his title the "Burns of Canada." Miss Delmage then read an essay on Charles G. D. Roberts, outlining his career and illustrating his most prominent characteristics as a poet. William Wilfred Campbell was next presented in an appreciative essay, by Miss Grace Wallace, and in the reading of "Mother" by Miss Dubensky. A short address by Miss Dryden on the "Saul" of Charles Heavyside, brought to a close a delightful and refreshing hour.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The friends and members of the Theological Society were much pleased to have with them at one of their regular meetings, the Rev. Mr. Patterson of Cook's Presbyterian Church. "How the Church was Getting Away from the Masses," was the subject of his address, and in a humorous and very forcible manner he explained the various ways in which this was being done. The churches were seeking to take their houses of worship out of the communities in which the masses dwell. Good business men, capable of carrying on the finance of a church could not be found in such communities, because their homes were in other parts. Again, the kind of singing we have in our churches is taking the church away from the masses. The chant was described as "the mostest words to the leastest music." The kind of preaching too, has also a great deal to do with the church getting away from the masses. The masses do not care anything about philosophy. What they *need* is the Gospel; what they *want* is the Gospel. The address was most interesting and practical.

WEDNESDAY evening, Feb. 1st, the resident students gave an oyster supper in honor of Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, S. E. Grigg, D. B. Harkness, and A. M. McDonald, the men who so ably represented McMaster University in the Intercollegiate Debating Union. At the close of the festivities, toasts were proposed by Mr. J. E. Hawkings, '99, and Mr. C. L. Brown, '99, to the first and second debating teams respectively, in which they spoke in a most appreciative manner of the work done by the debaters. That they voiced the sentiments of all was evident by the hearty applause that greeted their remarks. Messrs. Cohoe and Harkness, the leaders of their respective debates, replied in a few words, thanking the boys for the honor they had done them. McMaster is justly proud of the way these four gentlemen acquitted themselves, and although we may hope to be still more successful next year, we cannot hope to have more worthy representatives.

THE RINK.—Many are the appreciative words spoken of the rink during these bright days of Canadian winter weather, when J. Frost is the regnant power. A large number of the students are availing themselves of the opportunity which it affords of driving away dull care. Clear minds and buoyant spirits, which all the children of the northern zone should possess, are the contributions which the rink is making to the life of humanity. On several occasions the band has been present, and to a skater it is sufficient to mention good ice and music, memory completes the picture.

On Thursday evening, the 19th ult, the formal opening took place. A large number were present, together with a company of musicians from the band of the 48th Highlanders. Amid the strains of music the McMaster Rink was dedicated to health and enjoyment.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.—A meeting of the Club was held on on Thursday, February 2. The discussion of Mackenzie's Social Philosophy was continued and two interesting papers were read on "The Social Aim," by Messrs. Newcombe and Brownlee, '00. In the first the necessity of an aim and the various kinds of aims were described, the conclusion being that the true aim must be some definitely ascertained end recognized as good. In the second, this end was shown to be neither pleasure or utility, but a self-realization which involved the highest perfection of society. A brief summary of a paper by Henry Shutt, was given by W. J. Wright, in which the principle of self-realization was attacked and declared to be secondary to the true principle of "Work Where You Can." Dr. Ten Broeke briefly reviewed the two papers and gave a concise summary of Hegel's view of the social aim, defining it to be the attainment by man of harmony. Two more meetings will be held, at the latter one of which Pastor C. A. Eaton will deliver a lecture on the "Social Outlook."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The Literary and Scientific Society has organized itself again into a harmonious system, with B. R. Simpson, '99, as the central sun. Around him revolve the following

satellites: 1st Vice-President, Mr. L. C. Lauchland; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Dryden; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. E. Jordan; Corresponding-Secretary, Mr. J. E. Faulkner; Councillors, Miss Gile. Mr. A. M. MacDonald, Mr. A. G. Campbell, B.A.; Editor-in-Chief of "Student," Mr. J. J. Nicole; Assistant Editors, Mr. C. L. Brown, Mr. R. D. Echlin.

The first regular meeting of the Society was held Friday evening, January 27th. The musical programme consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Cohoon, and two solos by Mr. H. N. Newman. The leading feature of the evening was the final debate of the inter-year series between Messrs Echlin and A. McNeil, representing '01, and Messrs. Huddleston and Lamont, representing '02. '01, took the affirmative of the subject.—"Resolved that Gladstone has rendered greater service to Great Britain than Bismarck to Germany." After profound logic and overwhelming eloquence on the part of the debaters, Dr. Newman ably summed up the arguments and gave the decision in favor of the negative. The second meeting was held Friday evening, February 10th. The programme consisted of a mock trial, the case being one of breach of contract on the part of Mrs. Flynn. Judge Wood presided over the court with his usual fairness of mind and great ability; the lawyers for the prosecuting parties, Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall, were Messrs. J. C. MacFarlane and Coltman; the counsel for the defence consisted of Messrs. Vining and Echlin. The costumes of Mrs. Flynn and her daughter Nora won the admiration of a large audience. After much evidence had been produced, serious and otherwise, Lawyers MacFarlane and Vining appealed to the feelings and reason of the jury in a most eloquent manner. The jury then withdrew, and after thirty seconds earnest deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The court adjourned until 10 a.m. the following day.

HOCKEY.—Invigorated by the addition of new blood from the first and second years, the McMaster hockey team is rising in its might. The first game of the season was a practice one with Victoria. Our team scored 9 goals to their opponents' 3. The next team with whom sticks were crossed was the U. C. C. second team on the Caledonian ice. U. C. C. scored 1 while McMaster tallied 7. Well done, boys! The inter-year series promised a good deal of excitement, nor were we disappointed. Ninety-nine and Century were the first team to face each other. Ninety-nine, with thoughts of valorous deeds done on the football field still fresh in their minds, were there to do or die. Century with redoubtable Wood in goal was smiling and confident. But in spite of the heroic defence of '99's citadel by Tighe and Hannah, "Century" scored 9 goals, while "Ninety-nine" scored 3. Next in order came the Sophomores and Freshmen. Fourteen determined looking young men firmly grasped fourteen sticks and the whistle blew. One, two, three, four, five goals were scored in rapid succession by the Sophs, and then—the scene was changed. The Freshmen had recovered themselves, and the procession started the other way. One,

two, three, four, five goals for '02, and thus it stood when time was called. Ten minutes each way is the decision, and they are at it again. Time up, 7-7. Five minutes each way. Who will win? Time up, 9-9. It meant another game which was won by the Freshmen by 6 goals to 3. It remained for Century and the Freshmen to decide which should be the winners of the inter-year hockey series for '98-'99. The Freshmen played the better game and won by 7 goals to 2.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Thursday morning, January 26th, the regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held. The principal feature was an address by Dr. Rand on the duties of a Christian college. The tendency of the age is to explain everything by reference to inexorable law. But social problems cannot be solved by science. These problems are ethical in their nature, and only the gospel of Christ can make proper adjustments. The Christian school must follow Christ whose teaching was of liberty; whose words were active, not passive. The Christian school must follow Christ in the matter of prayer. His words and teachings indicate his belief in the power of prayer. The reason our educational work has not a greater hold upon our denomination is that the people do not see the connection between a Christian education and the Christian life. Our work should be to teach the people this close relationship.

In the afternoon the annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed. Chancellor Wallace presided. Mr. J. B. Paterson, B.A., gave statistics concerning the number of ministerial students, etc., in the Arts Departments of several universities. Chancellor Wallace also gave statistics regarding the number of Christian students in our University, and the instrumentalities by which they were led to Christ, etc. A number of letters from other universities, colleges, and from former students at McMaster were read. The different classes then went to the different class rooms and spent a very profitable half-hour in prayer.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.—The semi-final debate in the series of the Inter-College Union of Toronto took place in the Conservatory of Music, on Friday evening, January 26th. The subject of this debate, contested between University College and McMaster University, was the proposition: "*Resolved*,—That an immediate alliance, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the United States would be in the best interests of the world's civilization." Messrs. D. B. Harkness and A. M. McDonald, of McMaster, spoke on the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. W. F. McKay and J. McKay, of University College; President Loudon officiated as chairman; Dr. Caven, Dr. McKenzie, and Mr. W. R. Riddell, were the referees. Students from both Universities were present in large numbers to cheer their champions on to victory. The programme was opened with a vocal solo, by Mr. A. Gorrie, and a reading by Mr. H. F. Cook.

The debate was then begun by Mr. Harkness, who argued that such an alliance must spread beneficent influences not only in Eng-

land and the United States, but upon all nations. The fact accomplished, the danger of war would be greatly lessened. France and Russia, he said, might combine as allies, but Germany would not. If, as was quite probable, she along with Japan would support the united efforts of Great Britain and the United States, it would make the peace of the world an absolute necessity. This proposed alliance would aid in ensuring the perpetuity and supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and with it the highest types of civilization. It would also give, as one of its most beneficial results, an opportunity for a free and progressive missionary enterprise, which would foster and promote civilization.

Mr. W. F. McKay in speaking for the negative, said his impression of the proposition was that such an alliance was for no particular purpose, that an offensive combination is only a menace to civilization, and such alliances last only so long as mutual interests keep the parties together. Each nation would be continually involved in the settlement of each other's difficulties. With the probability of such an alliance the European nations would increase their armaments, and only further burden the already oppressed people.

Mr. McDonald stated that the reason for such an alliance, as opposed to any other nation, was the fact that no other countries in the world have such high standards of civilization and religion. The American people possess the best modes of civilization, and require a strong ally, such as England, to assist her in extending it in the east. One of the great problems of future civilization is the settlement of the question, whether England or Russia shall prevail in Asia. Russia is pushing forward, England is standing still, she must have the help the United States can give. Friendships amount to nothing between nations, something stronger and more binding is necessary.

Mr. J. McKay argued that of the immediate necessity of such an alliance, there was none. Germany would be a more desirable party for England at the present day, when three centres of danger are—the struggle between Austria and Russia, the problems in the East and Turkey. Russia is only seeking for an ice-free port, and it would be to her disadvantage to crush Britain, for in so doing she would destroy her own wheat market. Mr. Harkness was allowed the customary five minutes to reply, which he used to excellent advantage.

While the referees were considering the matter, the musical part of the programme was continued. Mr. E. Hardy, Mus. Bac., gave an instrumental solo, and Mr. W. J. Knox, B.A., gave as the closing number a vocal solo, both of which were well received. Mr. J. W. Bengough, by request, gave one of his witty recitations. The referees gave their decision in favor of the negative, but were unanimous that the debate was very close.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS B. STEWART, AND MISS E. OLIVER, EDITORS.

DURING the month we have been pleased to have with us at different times, to conduct our prayer-meetings, Miss Gowans, a returned missionary from China, whose earnest words, spoken in behalf of that darkened country, awakened much interest, and Mrs. T. M. Harris, Toronto, whose helpful words from the passage found in 1 Cor. 12 : 28, were appreciated by all.

ON the evening of Friday, February 10th, a very interesting lecture was given by A. F. Cringan, Mus. Bac., on the "Basis of a Musical Education." Special interest was added by illustrations on the piano and violin, of the music of earlier times. The last lecture of the course will be given on March 10th, by Prof. Alfred H. Reynar, LL.D., Victoria College, on the "Religion of Shakespeare."

At the business meeting of the Heliconian held January 20th, the following officers were appointed for the term: Pres., Miss M. Nicholas; Vice-Pres., Miss K. Duncan; Secretary, Miss M. Younie; Treasurer, Miss A. Cronk; Executive Committee, Misses Duncan, Gertrude McGregor and Throop; Editors of Heliconian, Misses Cronk, Nicholas, McGregor and Watt; Committee for MCMASTER MONTHLY, Misses B. Stewart and E. Oliver.

THE services at Moulton in connection with the Day of Prayer for Colleges, were of special interest. In the morning, before the regular service, a prayer meeting, earnest and helpful in its character, was led by Professor Farmer, of McMaster University. The regular service at eleven o'clock was taken, most acceptably, by Dr. Ten Broeke of McMaster University. In the afternoon an interesting talk on Hymnology was given by Chancellor Boyd, and in the evening, Miss Ross, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the students.

ON the afternoon of January the twenty-seventh, and February the third, receptions, informal in their character, were given by the Faculty and students to their friends. Despite the cold, a large number of guests assembled in the drawing-rooms, which with lights, flowers and music were especially attractive. The students assisted in announcing the guests, and in serving light refreshments. On both occasions an enjoyable time was spent in pleasant social intercourse.

AN event of more than usual interest took place Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 13th, when, through the kindness of Mrs. A. R. McMaster, a "Moulton College Reunion" was held at her beautiful home on Isabella Street. About sixty former students of the College assembled and spent a very happy two hours talking over "old times." Our principal, Miss Dicklow, received with Mrs. and Miss McMaster, while the members of Class '99 assisted in the tea-room. Mrs. McMaster, whose interest in the College has evidenced itself in so many thoughtful ways, has done much to endear the name of "McMaster" to the students.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE return of Mr. David Alexander to College after a year's absence in Manitoba, and a short visit to the land of heather is greatly welcomed.

A VERY enjoyable "At Home" to the Fourth Year was given by Mrs. McCrimmon, on the evening of Friday, Feb. 17th. The providing of entertainment for about sixty guests was most successfully accomplished by the hostess.

SINCE the last appearance of THE MONTHLY the graduating class met and organized for the year. Mr. D. K. Clark, B.A., was unanimously chosen Honorary President; Mr. Chas. Beck occupies the President's chair, Mr. R. A. F. McDonald, is his worthy Vice. The duties of Secretary are being performed by M. S. McArthur. Mr. R. Borrowman enjoys the position of poet. The class at present numbers about thirty stated art men.

PLANS for an Open Meeting in March are now well under way. A play entitled "Go," is to be one feature of the programme; a "pickaninny band" promises to be unique and noisy. Mr. Ivor A. Thomas, is very kindly training a Glee Club Chorus for the occasion, [organist of the First Baptist Church.]

GREAT interest is taken in the meetings of the Philomathic Society this term. Early in the year the critic, Mr. D. K. Clark, B.A., proposed that the amendment of the By-laws should come before the Society for consideration. The first discussion took place on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, when the present by-laws were subjected to severe criticism by Mr. Beck, Mr. Ellis and Mr. McDonald. After discussion, a motion to appoint a committee to revise the By-laws came before the meeting. The discussion on the motion and its amendment, if such there were, was of the most interesting nature. Some contended that the amendment carried, others that there was no legal amendment, while still others maintain that they can clearly show the whole thing out of order. The legal lights of the Society might have been seen till a late hour that night, trying to persuade their fellow students that they held the only right view on the question. The President, Mr. Hilts, kept his wits about him pretty well, and although the matter is not settled yet, we have no doubt but he will bring it to a successful issue.

THE spiritual condition of the College at the present time is one which no doubt will long be remembered by the students who are now in attendance. It is a time which calls forth rejoicing when we see the young men of our number coming out for Christ. It has certainly been a time of rich ingathering, and the harvest has been truly great. Especially does it bring joy, when it has been in direct answer to prayer. This has not been a matter of a few days enthusiasm, nor of a sudden revival, as the unsaved boys had ever been on the hearts of the Christian students. But a greater effort has been put forth this year, and the numbers which have been taking the step and testifying to God's saving power in their hearts are a manifestation of prayers answered and the working of the Spirit. We ask for the prayers of God's people.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

WE mourn the lack of a "Literary Society" this year. This kind of a society has generally been flourishing in our midst ; but this year, for no apparent reason, all is quiet. Let us hope that next year the boys will make greater efforts to organize such a society, which is so helpful to young men.

THE Temperance Society of the Institute held its last month's meeting on the 27th. Among the different reports given, the one of special interest was given by those who had been appointed to canvas the school for members. They reported the whole school with only five exceptions had become members of the Society. After the business part of the meeting we listened to a most interesting programme which had been prepared by Miss Mosely and Mr. Larose. It was both entertaining and profitable.

OUR Institute again victorious ! Our second team played an interesting game of hockey on the 1st inst., with the Sabrevois boys on our own ice, and defeated them by a score of six to one. Another match is expected with the Montreal boys soon, and possibly a return match with Sabrevois. We hope to serve them with the same spoon as we have served them with for the last six year, for the Feller Institute boys have never been defeated in their sports on their own grounds.

THE eighteenth birthday of the "Christian Endeavor Society" was celebrated here on Jan. 28th, the whole school by special invitation being present. Miss Piché conducted an exercise appropriate to the occasion, in which the colors of the rainbow were used to symbolize, violet, the Bible ; indigo, prayer ; blue, meditation ; green and yellow, the giving of greenbacks and gold ; orange and red, service for the Master. Dr. Clarke's picture on a large easel was prominent among the decorations. Mrs. Massé gave a short account of the birth, development and wonderful growth of the Christian Endeavor Society. There was plenty of spirited singing, and altogether the evening proved interesting, instructive and impressive.

La Grippe is a monster
So hideously bad,
That to be hated,
Needs but to be had,
Yet had so often,
As we've had it here,
Wrings from the dryest eye,
Tear after tear.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE.—On Friday evening, February 10th, the students and near neighbours of Feller Institute who felt so disposed, had the opportunity of enjoying a musical and literary enter-

tainment, devoted to the works of the late Poet Laureate of England, Lord Tennyson. After a lively instrumental duet by two of the school girls, a short biographical sketch of the poet was read by one of the lady teachers, Miss Mosely. The poems included "Lady Clare," "May Queen," "The Mermaid," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Minnie and Winnie," and selections from the "Song of the Brook." The young people threw themselves so enthusiastically into their several subjects and spoke with so much expression that their hearers were delighted. The "Charge of the Light Brigade," the favorite of the school boy aspiring to "honors in elocution," and the dread of teachers, was rendered by Mr. F. W. Therrien in such a realistic manner, that several of the girls fairly jumped in terrified surprise, and the hair of the smaller boys stood on end.

Miss Rustedt read some well chosen selections from "Enoch Arden," giving the thread of the story, from time to time, in her own words. "In the Children's Hospital" was sympathetically read by Principal Massé's little daughter. The solos "Break, Break, Break," by Mrs. A. E. Massé, and "Ring out, wild Bells," by Miss Piché, were much appreciated.

"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," as a quartette, was very pretty; and "Crossing the Bar," so well-known and loved, was beautifully sung by Mrs. Massé, Miss Piché, Messrs. Roy and Therrien. Perhaps the favorite number on the programme was "Sweet and Low," a quartette.

To those who understand but little English, the best part of the entertainment was certainly the tableaux, "Lady Clare as a peasant maid," "The Mermaid," "Jephtha's Daughter," and "Cleopatra" from "A Dream of Fair Women" and "Elaine." In spite of our limited appliances and the lack of money for such purposes, the tableaux were really beautiful, and elicited hearty applause from those present.

Contrary to general custom, an entrance fee was asked, and the modest charge of ten cents each has given us about \$14 to be spent for things urgently needed.

Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

UNTENANTED.

Triolet.

Maud's locket fashioned like a heart,
 With tiny jewels set,
 Is filigreed with dainty art,
 And pictured, too, with Cupid's dart,
 This locket fashioned like a heart
 She hath inscribed "To Le t"
 Maud's locket, fashioned like a heart,
 With tiny jewels set.

—H. W., in *Bowdoin Quill*.

IN FAIR CANADIE.

(Written in Scotland.)

O bonnie, bonnie mune in the lift sae hie,
 Wham saw ye in the Nor'land awa ayont the sea?
 Where stars lik' diamonds shine an' a fervid sun glows fine
 On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye on the prairie where flowers blaw free,
 'Till a' the land's like sunset on a rainbow rippled sea?
 Where nicht's but gentler day on river, wood an' bay,
 An' wild things daff and play in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye, bonnie mune? 'au what said he?
 What message sent my ain love to me frae ower the sea?
 Said he ne'er a word ava?—will he no come when the snaw
 Fa's deep an' covers a' in fair Canadie?

O mune that winna tell, tak this kiss frae me,
 An' when his sleep ye smile on ower there ayont the sea,
 Looe to my love fu' fain, be kind an' dinna hain,
 Till he dreams o' me again in fair Canadie.

—JESSIE KERR LAWSON, in *Canadian Magazine*.

STUDENTS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- Thou shalt study ten hours a day.
 Thou shalt always be a gentleman or a lady.
 Thou shalt take daily some vigorous exercise.
 Thou shalt sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four.
 Thou shalt make thy calls short upon thy fellow students.
 Thou shalt seek widely for other knowledge than that of text books.
 Thou shalt pay close attention to thy books and be penurious of thy movements.
 Thou shalt not use tobacco or strong drinks; neither liquor, nor tea nor coffee.
 Thou shalt not study when thy head aches, or when thou art sick, but shalt rest for better feelings.
 Thou shalt turn thine eyes from bright sunlight by day, and double shade them from lamplight by night.—*Ex.*

Once a freshman was wrecked on an African shore,
 Where a cannibal monarch held sway,
 And they served up that freshman in slices on toast,
 On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of Heaven followed swift on the act,
 And before the next morning was seen,
 By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
 For that freshman was terribly green.—*Ex.*

“He who incessantly reads trashy literature becomes, if permitted to live long enough, a mental imbecile.”—*Dr. Savage*

OPPORTUNITY.

A full-sailed ship that comes from foreign shores
 With costly bales and still more costly hopes,
 The haven near, and in the tugging ropes
 The winds of home singing their old time lores,
 A fugitive abreast the city doors
 Pressed by a foe whose footfalls he can hear,
 Life, rest ahead, behind blank death and fear
 And drifts of darkness sweeping o'er the moors.
 The ship delays to list the mermaid's song ;
 The outcast turns to mock his enemy.
 A storm-cloud splits, a ship sinks in the sea ;
 An arrow whistles from an angry thong,
 Without the harbor sad waves fall and rise ;
 Abreast the city doors a dead man lies.

--L. P. N. S. in *Athenaeum Acadia.*

A WOMAN'S FACE.

Her soul looks out through hazel eyes,
 Where all the light of paradise
 In their pools of shadow lies.

Her lips are gates of constant song,
 Whence melody clear, rich, and strong,
 Pours its quivering tide along.

All her face is pure as night,
 When its orbs swim into sight,
 And her eyes are starry bright.

Sunbeams straying down the air,
 Fall'n upon her shining hair,
 Have left a crown of glory there.

Rests a nameless, saintly grace,
 Like a glory, on her face,
 As she moves from place to place.

From her dress sweet odors sway ;
 O'er her richest censers sway,
 Dropping incense on the way.

Round about her zephyrs sing,
 O'er her perfumed garlands fling ;
 In her footprints blossoms spring.

Low by hers my spirit bends,
 Unto her each thought ascends,
 All my life on her depends.

In her service I am free,
 For the bond is sweet to me ;
 Love is highest liberty.

—ROBERT MACDOUGALL,
in Presbyterian College Journal.