



Hubermeister

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WILLIAM McMASTER.*

In 1834, at the age of 22, William McMaster landed in "Muddy Little York" to fight his way in a new world. He was engaged as a clerk by a dry-goods merchant, and two years later was admitted into partnership with his employer. In ten more, when only thirty-four years of age, he became sole proprietor of the business, and soon afterwards gave up the retail trade and became one of the pioneers in the struggle to make Toronto a great distributing centre. In twenty years more he was able to retire with what—judged by the standard of those days—was a large fortune. For this result he was ever ready to give a large share of the credit to the co-operation of his two nephews—Arthur R. McMaster, who passed away ten years ago, and James Short McMaster, whom we are fortunate in having still with us.

For another twenty years William McMaster was a prominent figure and a potent factor in the financial and political affairs of Canada. Suddenly, four years ago, the summons came to him within these walls, and in a few short hours he had passed to his account. In the memorial service held in this chapel a few days later, three of his friends spoke to us in affec-

*An address delivered in McMaster Hall, on the occasion of the inauguration of Founders' Day, December 22, 1891.

tionate memory of his sterling character and many benefactions. How suggestive it is of this fast fleeting life that two of these—the Rev. Dr. Castle and the Hon. John Macdonald—have themselves since been called to follow him whose praises they spoke at that service. Only our chairman of to-night—Dr. Rand—is left to us of the three who that night led our thoughts. Long may the survivor be spared to continue that service in the development of this institution which has already been so fruitful.

Mr. McMaster's conversion took place in childhood—at the age of ten. He became a member of the March-street church, Toronto, at an early period in its history. From that day to the day of his death, through sunshine and shadow, he gave his adhesion and support to Baptist interests in Toronto and elsewhere in his adopted country. Many may have thought him dull in not perceiving that his business and social welfare would have been greatly promoted by his union with one of the larger and stronger bodies. It is safe to assume that such a thought never even crossed his mind. To quote the language of Dr. Castle on the occasion referred to, "In his early life the denomination to which he belonged was in these Provinces an obscure one. But with a fidelity which never faltered he identified himself most thoroughly with the people who held truth as he understood truth." Such has ever been the record of the lives of highest achievement and service. Ready facility in adjusting one's self to changing currents may give a temporary appearance of success, but the life that would achieve permanent results must have firm anchorage.

Not only was William McMaster content to "abide with his own people" and to share their gains and losses, but he had a strong faith in the value of the message to humanity which had been entrusted to their hands. Though never a sanguine man, he always believed that the Baptists were "a people of destiny;" he was fond of calling them a "peculiar people."

It seems not out of place here to urge that unless we have the same deep conviction that we are the chosen bearers of a vital message from God to humanity, we are without warrant for our separate denominational existence. Unless we have a distinct message that the world needs, let us disband our organi-

zation, remembering that of sects there are too many. If, however, we are set for the defence and propagation of great abiding principles, we have the best of all warrants for our separate existence, and for the existence of this University. So thought its founder.

He early reached the conclusion that the future of society depends upon the formative influences brought to bear upon the characters and lives of the young, to whom he was in the habit of referring as "the hope of the country." Following this, and thinking of unborn generations, the conviction deeply impressed itself upon his mind that the point at which the energies of the future might be most successfully touched, was in the education of those whose native endowment pointed to unusual ability. Such lives he deemed, when liberally trained, would not only influence their own generation, but in a still more marked degree the generations to follow. This constant projecting of his thought into the far future, and these convictions are what led him to take so deep an interest in higher education.

Following the same line of reasoning, and filled with the idea of the importance of the mission entrusted to us as a people, he became increasingly convinced that of all men we had the most urgent need to foster this work. In speaking of the Christian ministry he would say, "You see the Baptists are a peculiar people: they cannot train their sons for the ministry from their childhood as a profession, because they do not believe in anyone entering that holy calling without his being chosen of God, and now, as always, God seems to choose chiefly from the ranks of the poor. If we are to have a properly equipped ministry this makes our obligation greater than those of other denominations." But he was a true Baptist in other respects also; he had no faith in ecclesiasticism, and would dilate quite as often on the importance to our churches of having in their membership thoroughly trained men, and women too, whose influence might give potency to the distinctive plea of Baptists in every community. These two thoughts were ever side by side in his mind. He had no doubt been largely influenced, first by the ideals early imparted by the clear visioned Dr. Carson, and later by his frequent and protracted discussions of the subject with the Rev. Dr. Fyfe.

Another influence which told strongly in the same direction,

so far at least as liberal education of the ministry is concerned, was his union with her who is now his widow. Her individual views on this subject were well defined and strong, her sense of the special need of Canadian Baptists in this respect early became clear, bringing with it the overmastering thought that her husband had been raised up of God and blessed with wealth to do this very work. Nor did she content herself with simply urging upon him his duty, as is attested by her own gift in his lifetime of a considerable fund for students' aid, as well as by the founding since his death of Moulton Ladies' College as one of the academical departments of the University.

The important part played by Dr. Castle in this whole question, and especially in giving practical shape to the beginnings in Toronto of this great enterprise, is too well known to require detailed mention here. For this, and much other invaluable service to the Baptist cause, his memory will ever be tenderly treasured in our thoughts. It has now been determined—certainly not too soon—to place in this Hall some memorial of his devoted and fruitful life.

It would be easy to trace the evidences of the mental attitude already alluded to in Mr. McMaster's relation from time to time to the changing phases of our educational work. It seems sufficient, however, to refer to the final development of the problem. In this connection I am in a position to know that when the work assumed such a shape that it seemed possible for the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec to have a well equipped, independent institution to carry on the work of higher education in harmony with their ideals of soul-liberty and individual right and obligation, it appeared to him the realization of the yearnings of a lifetime.

Those who remember his personal diffidence will not wonder that the use of his name in connection with the institution was always a trouble to him. When the theological school was removed to Toronto, the name first chosen—Toronto Baptist College—was his selection, and he absolutely refused to listen to the many suggestions for coupling his name with the gift. As Dr. Castle told us at the memorial service four years ago, it was without his knowledge or consent that subsequently the name "McMaster Hall" was given to the building. In the final

development of the problem the same disposition was so apparent that by tacit assent all the other members of the committee refrained from saying a word about the name to be given to the University until matters had gone too far for him to recede, when his protestations were overborne by the unanimous voice of his brethren, in which action they will surely be upheld by you and by future generations. "No man liveth to himself," and least of all he whose work has given him a large place among his fellows. His name in this connection had ceased to be his own merely. Not his personal feelings alone, but also the judgment of those who had to carry on the work was entitled to be consulted in naming the new University. Recognizing this, he loyally accepted the decision of his brethren.

Has the thought ever struck you, how great a trust in his brethren is implied in the terms of his will and of the charter of this institution? It has no parallel. Without being imbued with the pessimism of a Carlyle on the subject of democracy, one might well hesitate to leave the administration of a great endowment, and the shaping of the policy of an institution of higher learning to the hands of representatives chosen by the individual churches. But the founder, it is conceived, rightly judged that if there was a people on earth who might be trusted with such a power it was the Baptists, whose principles necessarily schooled them in the art of government.

How shall we best justify the confidence reposed in us? Surely by striving to catch something of his spirit, who, especially in his last days, must have felt that he was in some measure rewarded for the struggles and toils of a lifetime, when, in prophetic vision, he saw generation after generation of graduates passing from the halls of McMaster University into the battle of life, disciplined by strong and broad courses of study, with high views of life, and filled with growing confidence in their message to humanity. Let us honor his memory by a willing recognition according to our ability of the obligations this great trust has cast upon us. McMaster University is *our* University—the University in a peculiar sense of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. It is ours, not to build up for our glorification as a people, but to be made in conformity with our principles the greatest blessing possible to all within the far-reaching scope of

its influence. The University is ours to defend, to strengthen and to develop until its work and influence are everywhere felt and acknowledged as a gracious power in our fair land, and in the world. We shall best honor William McMaster by recognizing in his gift the opportunity to bring greater honor to the Name of our Lord and Master and more powerfully to serve our own and succeeding generations.

Most gratifying are the evidences from time to time that this conception is acquiring an ever deepening hold upon our people. And well it may, as we look back upon the solid advance of the past four years. Our academical department at Woodstock and Moulton are fully equipped, and doing a noble work. The Theological Department, while it has necessarily suffered during the period of transition, is fast shewing the advantages of truer adjustments and of the unification of our work. Though the heavy hand of death has twice removed the head of its teaching staff—which has also sustained other losses scarcely less serious—the faculty never was stronger or more efficient than it is to-day, nor did it ever possess so bright an assurance of conditions favorable to the satisfactory attainment of the ends for which it has been established.

What shall be said of the success of the Arts Department, which is henceforth to be central in our work? What response has come from the denomination? Let the number and the quality of the students enrolled in its first two classes answer. Nay! rather let the quality of the work that has already been done answer.

The success has been so much more marked than the most ardent supporters of the movement hoped for, that already we realize our need to be warned against over-confidence, rather than strengthened against despair. Instead of vainly seeking students to fill its classes, we are even now face to face with the urgent need for greater accommodation. The governing bodies, and the denomination behind them, must immediately address themselves to the obligation thus imposed. If our courage and faith have not failed us in all the struggles of a trying past, they will not fail us now. Let us thank God for new difficulties. Without them the opportunity for the development of true strength must ever be lacking.

But in our gratitude for progress made let us not forget to give "honor to whom honor is due." These results have not been brought about without wise planning and patient devoted toil. To you, Mr. Chairman, and to the other members of the faculty who have cast your lives into this great work, and who have not spared your own selves in this gracious ministry, our acknowledgments are due. We are your debtors. Nor should we forget at this hour our indebtedness to Dr. MacVicar, whose plans on our behalf have approved themselves by the test of experience, and if one may venture a prophecy, will gain truer appreciation as they are unfolded in the years to come.

What a complex thing is this University! When we mention the name we think of the professoriate—of the graduates—of the students—of those who through all time are to succeed them in our classes. We think of Woodstock, with its record of toil and struggle—of Moulton, with the wide open door before its work—of the faculties, students and graduates of both. We think of the Board of Governors—of the Senate—of the churches of the Redeemed whose servants they are. And above all we think of the vital relation of the whole work to the other great enterprises of the denomination. And when we remember how clearly defined in these Provinces is the mission of that body, and that it now possesses an organization, which is simplicity and directness itself, for bringing its energies to bear on each branch of its work, we may well thank God that we are permitted a place among the "peculiar people" to whose fortunes, through evil and good report, the founder of this University yielded such whole-hearted loyalty throughout a long and unsullied Christian life.

D. E. THOMSON.

✓ THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

II. THE CONFLICT (1618—1648).

1. Frederick and Ferdinand.

The Protestants soon had a small and poorly equipped army in the field. After months of indecision and inaction, Matthias and Ferdinand had come to appreciate the fact that force must be met with force. The Bohemian Protestants appealed to the Evangelical Union; Matthias and Ferdinand appealed to the Catholic League. Frederick of the Palatinate and Christian of Anhalt took a deep interest in the cause of the Protestant Bohemians and soon had armies in the field. They induced the Duke of Savoy to interest himself in the Protestant cause. He sent Count Mansfeld, a soldier of fortune, with a small army. Silesia soon joined the Bohemian Protestants in the struggle. Moravia, under the advice of the noble-minded, but perhaps too peace-loving, Protestant statesman, Zerotin, refused for some time to take part in the Protestant struggle. The Elector of Saxony counselled peace and would give no aid to the cause of the Bohemians. Frederick, of the Palatinate, was son-in-law of James I. of England, and it was expected that for Frederick's sake James would furnish material aid to the Protestant cause, especially when it was proposed to make his son-in-law king of Bohemia. Several reasons prevented James from responding favorably to the solicitations of the German Protestants: 1, his income was never equal to his own supposed necessities; 2, he was a staunch defender of the divine right of kings and thought the effort of the Bohemians to dethrone Ferdinand unwarrantable; 3, he was planning a Spanish match for his son Charles and did not wish to become embroiled with the House of Hapsburg; 4, he had little taste for warlike enterprises. The Evangelical Union, apart from Christian of Anhalt and Frederick, took little interest in the conflict. The Dutch sent a little money, but were not in a position to do more. At one time

Ferdinand was on the very brink of ruin, and had it not been for his Jesuit training he would doubtless have yielded to the demands of the Protestants and have withdrawn from the conflict, leaving the entire empire in the hands of the Protestant aristocracy. Besieged in Vienna, where he was supported by only a few hundred troops, Thurn thought he had him at his mercy; and if he had not stopped to parley with him might easily have destroyed him. Ferdinand's dogged refusal to compromise his position stood him in good stead. Relief arrived and his enemies were glad to make good their own escape. Matthias died about this time (March 1619). Through the inability of Frederick of the Palatinate and the Elector John George of Saxony to agree upon any common basis of action in the interest of Protestantism, Ferdinand was elected Emperor in August following. Two days before, the Bohemian Protestants, having repudiated the claims of Ferdinand to the Bohemian crown, had elected Frederick king of Bohemia. The war was now well under way. Maximilian of Bavaria, who up to 1620 had held aloof from the controversy, now threw himself into the conflict with all his powers. By this time Spain also was ready to support with an army and with treasure the cause of Ferdinand. John George of Saxony, Lutheran though he was, could not endure to see Frederick succeed in so ambitious a scheme as that of adding Bohemia, and perhaps the rest of the territory of the house of Austria, to his hereditary possessions and thus have his own relative position dwarfed. Having secured from the Catholic League assurances that Protestantism would not be interfered with in his own territory, he joined hands with the Catholics in war against Frederick and the Bohemians. Frederick accepted the Bohemian crown against the advice of James of England, the Prince of Orange, and all the Electors. The result it would not have required prophetic foresight to have foretold. By this time Moravia, Silesia, Hungary, Lusatia and Austria were all in rebellion against Ferdinand; but he had the resources and the trained armies of Spain and Bavaria at his back, besides the help of the Protestant Elector of Saxony. The Bavarian army was led by Tilly, one of the most honorable and one of the most accomplished generals of the age. The Spanish army had for its head the famous

Spinola, who had had his training in the Netherland wars. Frederick must depend very largely upon his own limited resources and upon the resources of the Protestants of Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, Moravia, Silesia and Lusatia. Christian of Anhalt, one of the ablest statesmen of the time, was faithful to him; but success, under existing circumstances, was altogether out of the question. While he was in Austria contending with the armies of Ferdinand and Maximilian, led by Buquoi and Tilly, and suffering terrible defeat at their hands, his own Palatinate was being ravaged by the Spanish army under Spinola. Mansfeld fortified himself in the mountains of Bohemia, where the Taborites in the Hussite wars had defended themselves so valiantly, and as long as he could maintain his army by plundering the towns and villages within his reach, and by laying waste the agricultural regions far and wide, he was by no means anxious for peace. In fact, when Frederick was in a position to sue for peace, and when peace might have been had on pretty favorable terms, Mansfeld's independent position was the chief obstacle. Probably no greater mistake occurred from the beginning to the end of the war than that of committing to this unprincipled but able general the defence of the Protestant cause. It is doubtful whether the combined forces of Tilly and Buquoi, terrible as were their ravages, caused a greater amount of desolation than did the army of Mansfeld, which was ostensibly maintaining the cause of the Bohemian people. When Mansfeld transferred his army to the Palatinate, and when, in addition to his other allies, Christian of Brunswick and the Margrave of Baden-Diirbach had taken the field in support of Frederick's cause, prospects seemed brighter for a time: but, in June, 1622, after other serious reverses had been suffered by Frederick's allies, Mansfeld's army was almost annihilated in the battle of Höchst. This was a decisive blow. Frederick retired to Sedan and gave expression to his feeling of ruin in a letter full of pathos to his wife: "Would to God," he wrote, "that we possessed a little corner of the earth where we could rest together in peace." A meeting of the princes favorable to the Imperial cause transferred the Electorate of the Palatinate to Maximilian of Bavaria, to whom the victory over Frederick was chiefly due. But even now Mansfeld refused to quit the field. With a

valorous remnant of his army, soon recruited by adventurous spirits, he was opposed to peace except on terms sure not to be granted. Christian of Brunswick was equally determined to continue the struggle. They remained in Alsace until the resources of the country within their reach were exhausted. Thence they went to Lorraine and lived on plunder as long as they could. They were invited thence to the Protestant Netherlands to assist in troubles with Spain renewed by the Jülich-Cleves affair already referred to. When they were no longer wanted there Mansfeld betook himself to Westphalia and East Friesland, and Christian to Lower Saxony.

2. Ferdinand Extirpates Protestantism.

It need scarcely be said that Ferdinand followed up his victories in the Austro-Hungarian Empire by vigorous measures for the extirpation of Protestantism. The Jesuits were on hand in full force to aid in the terrible work. I shall not attempt to describe the process by which Protestants, who in Bohemia at the beginning of the war constituted 80 per cent. of the population, were in an incredibly short time almost wholly exterminated. The Counter-Reformation did its work here with an amazing thoroughness. Roman Catholicism had an opportunity here to exhibit itself in its true character. The time for expediency had ended. The rigid carrying out of the principles of the body now had place.

3. England, France, Denmark and Sweden succor the Protestant cause.

If any of those interested flattered themselves that peace was at hand, they were destined to be sorely disappointed. What has gone before is as child's play in comparison with what is to come. Apart from the determination of Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick to maintain their armies at the public expense, the Lutheran princes of North Germany and of Denmark and Sweden were becoming alarmed. The ruthless way in which the Counter-Reformation was being carried out in Austria and its dependencies opened their eyes to the possibility and the probability that similar methods would be employed in

the North as soon as a suitable opportunity should occur. The transference of the Electorate of the Palatinate to the ablest, most determined and most aggressive of the Catholic rulers, the close bond that united him with Ferdinand, and the intimate relation—natural, religious and political—in which Ferdinand stood to Spain, could not fail to convince even John George of Saxony, who heretofore had thrown his influence on the Imperial side and had resolutely held aloof from actual participation in the conflict, that Protestantism was in imminent danger. In 1524, the negotiations which had long been pending between England and Spain, looking to the marriage of Prince Charles to the Spanish infantina, and to the restoration of the Palatinate to James' son-in-law, Frederick, were broken off. England was now free to deal with continental questions on their merit. Moreover a marriage alliance had now been formed with France, and both England and France were jealous of the growing power of the House of Hapsburg. An agreement was reached between England and France to unite in sending an army under Mansfeld to the Palatinate. This attempt to succor the Protestant cause proved abortive. France refused to allow the twelve thousand English troops under Mansfeld to pass through French territory, and the King of England proved unable to furnish money for the maintenance of the army after it had with great difficulty reached the scene of proposed operations. Left destitute in the midst of winter the English troops died by thousands.

But already there were looming up in the distance interests and personages that were destined to play a great part in working out the destiny of Europe. The Cardinal Richelieu was coming into power as the prime minister of Louis XIII, of France. He was far more a statesman than an ecclesiastic. Magnificent schemes of French aggrandizement from the first floated before his vision. While he had no sympathy with Protestantism and did what he could for its destruction in France, he would sooner have seen Germany Protestant than have suffered the interests of France to be jeopardized by the Spanish and Austrian branches of the House of Hapsburg. From now on Richelieu is to be regarded as one of the elemental forces in the great conflict.

But of even greater immediate importance was the resolve

of Christian of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus to come to the rescue of the imperilled Protestant cause. Prolonged negotiations took place with a view to uniting England, Denmark and Sweden in a vigorous movement against Ferdinand and Maximilian. Gustavus was the noblest and ablest of the Protestant rulers of the age. He combined statesmanship of the highest order with the rarest military strategy and courage. Few military men of history have had their powers in more complete control, and few men have ever shown more ability to understand the complicated problems of their age. He knew how to act with promptness and expedition, when such action was called for, and he knew just as well how patiently to bide his time, when circumstances required patience. He was withal an earnest consistent Christian and Protestant, and he sincerely lamented the down-trodden condition of Protestantism in the Austrian dependencies. Charles I. found it utterly impossible to carry out his part of the agreement that had been reached. He lacked the confidence of Parliament, and Parliament was resolutely opposed to voting large sums of money for continental wars. Gustavus was unwilling to precipitate the conflict, until he should make sure of the means of success. His realization of the seriousness of the undertaking and his unwillingness to run dangerous risks are well expressed in the following sentences, with reference to the proposal of Christian of Denmark to enter at once and without proper assurance of support on the perilous undertaking: "But if any one thinks it easy to make war against the most powerful potentate in Europe, and upon one too who has the support of Spain and of so many of the German princes, besides being supported, in a word, with the whole strength of the R. C. alliance; and if he thinks it easy to bring into common action so many minds, each having in view their own separate object and to regain for their own masters so many lands out of the power of those who tenaciously hold them, we shall be quite willing to leave to him the glory of his achievement, and all its accompanying advantages." Gustavus felt obliged to hold aloof until he could see such an amount of co-operation as would give a chance of success. The less statesmanlike Christian of Denmark took the field with Mansfeld and an uncertain English subsidy as his principal support. Even

Protestant Germany was not yet ready to enter heartily into the war against the Emperor. The cities especially were opposed to the continuance of war.

4. *Wallenstein.*

Another great military figure now comes to the front on the Imperial side. Assailed in the east by Bethlen Gabor, the Protestant Prince of Transylvania, who was aided by the Turks, deprived for the time of active Spanish support, with Denmark supported by England actively engaged against him, with France likely at any decisive crisis to throw her whole strength on the side of his enemies, Ferdinand felt keenly the need of reinforcement. Wallenstein, a Bohemian, of Protestant parentage, had been trained by the Jesuits and had already shown extraordinary military ability. He proposed to Ferdinand to raise and to support, without subsidy from the Imperial exchequer, an army of 20,000 or more in the Imperial interest. Next to Gustavus Adolphus he was the most brilliant military leader of the Thirty Years War. From this time onwards he was the chief dependence of Ferdinand. As his operations were more extensive than those of Mansfeld had been, and as he had a larger army to maintain, his campaigns were by so much the more destructive. Like Mansfeld, Wallenstein supposed he had a vested right in the perpetuation of war, and he could dictate terms even to the greatest potentate in Europe.

Time forbids my attempting anything like a detailed narrative of the campaigns of 1625-'28. Wallenstein came more and more into prominence. Military operations extended from Hungary to the Baltic. Christian of Denmark was ably sustained by Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick. Christian died soon after the battle of the Bridge of Dessau, April 1626. Mansfeld died a few months later in Hungary, whither he had gone to assist the redoubtable Bethlen Gabor. The oppressive measures of Wallenstein made him a terror even to those that favored the Imperial cause, and Ferdinand himself tried in vain to restrain him. There was no denying that the decisive victories that had been achieved for the Imperial cause had been due to the great brigand. Ferdinand and Wallenstein attempted to treat with

the Hanse towns of Northern Germany, holding out to them tempting promises of trade monopoly with Spain, and other advantages. But they knew too well what it would mean to be at the mercy of the rapacious soldier and the bigoted Emperor. By the close of 1627 nearly all the Baltic towns were in the hands of Wallenstein. Stralsund held out and gained an important victory over its besiegers. The inhabitants had bound themselves by oath to spend the last drop of their blood if need be in defending their religion and their liberty. Sweden came to the rescue. The reverse suffered by Wallenstein was of decisive historical importance. War with the Huguenots prevented France from taking an active part in war against the Emperor. Charles I. of England had espoused the cause of the French Protestants—the only creditable act of his life so far as I am aware, and coöperation of French and English in opposition to the House of Hapsburg was for the present out of the question. Peace was made in 1628, and Richelieu was once more free to take a hand in German politics. The Protestants gained another decisive victory at the siege of Glückstadt in January, 1629, over the combined forces of Tilly and Wallenstein. The influence of Sweden and Gustavus Adolphus was beginning to tell in favor of the Protestant cause. Seeing that if he carried on the war further, he must do it in dependence on Gustavus Adolphus, and unwilling to take a secondary place, as he knew he must if Gustavus entered heartily into the struggle, Christian of Denmark hastened now to make peace with the Emperor on as favorable terms to himself as he could.

The Peace of Lübeck has little historical significance. Christian was to receive back all his hereditary possessions and to surrender all claim to certain of the bishoprics for whose possession he had contended.

5. The Edict of Restitution (1629.)

Encouraged by the success of the Counter-Reformation in his Austro-Hungarian domains and in the Palatinate under Maximilian's rule, and by the success of Wallenstein's and Tilly's arms on the Baltic and elsewhere, Ferdinand now thought it opportune to promulgate his policy with reference to the conquered portions of Germany. The Edict of Restitution, March,

1629, restored to the Roman Catholics "the two archbishoprics of Magdeburg and Bremen, the twelve bishoprics of Minden, Virden, Halberstadt, Lübeck, Ratzeburg, Misnia, Merseburg, Naumburg, Brandenburg, Havelberg, Lebus and Camin, with about a hundred and twenty smaller ecclesiastical foundations." These foundations, we must remember, had been appropriated by the Protestants since the Augsburg Treaty.

5. Gustavus Adolphus.

But if the Emperor and his friends imagined that the struggle was reaching its end they were soon to be sorely disappointed. We are now approaching the most momentous period of the conflict. Richelieu having made peace with the Huguenots led in person an army of 20,000 into Italy to compel the King of Spain and the Emperor Ferdinand to grant to a French prince his hereditary right of succession. This business was soon despatched and he was ready to use the resources of France for the humbling of Ferdinand. Gustavus had made peace with Poland and was now eager for the fray. John George of Saxony saw at last that his only safety lay in taking up the defence of Protestantism and in joining hands with Gustavus. Wallenstein had increased his army to 100,000, and was becoming so odious to the princes that were loyal to the Emperor that his dismissal was urgently demanded. The Protestant Netherlands were again aggressive, having gained decided advantages in recent years over Spain. The Elector of Brandenburg, and the Margrave of Hesse-Cassel, along with many of the less influential nobles saw themselves compelled to choose between Ferdinand and the Edict of Restitution, and Gustavus Adolphus with a firm French alliance against the Imperial cause. It is easy to see, without going into further detail, that the fortunes of Protestantism were rising and that the Imperial cause was becoming beset with discouragement. It would be a pleasure to describe the splendid tactics of Gustavus during the years 1630-32. It was a period of almost uninterrupted success. The battle of Leipzig, in which Gustavus gained almost a complete victory, over the veterans of Tilly, gave the noble Swede a prestige that rendered future victories easy. Wallenstein con-

gratulated him on his victory and proposed to enter his service. If Gustavus would place him at the head of 12,000 Swedes he would chase his former master across the Alps and would divide the riches of the Jesuits among the soldiers. Among many other conquests was that of Donauwörth, which had been cruelly wrested from the Protestants a few years before by Maximilian. In another engagement Tilly was slain. Before the end of 1631 all Germany, except the hereditary possessions of the house of Austria, was in his power. John George of Saxony marched through Bohemia almost without resistance. There seemed no limit to what Gustavus could accomplish. The cause of the Emperor was growing desperate. Is it to be wondered at that he felt compelled to make terms with Wallenstein, who had just been pleading for an opportunity to drive him beyond the Alps, or that he should have given to this crafty soldier the dictatorship? The two greatest soldiers of the age were now arrayed against each other. Wallenstein tried in vain, at least for the present, to entice the Elector of Saxony from his allegiance to Gustavus. After a number of not very important or very decisive engagements the battle of Lützen was fought, Nov. 16. 1623. Wallenstein was strongly entrenched and had greatly the advantage as regards position. After singing Luther's hymn "A mighty fortress is our God," and engaging in other acts of worship under Gustavus' direction, the Swedish army made the assault. Gustavus refused to put on armor, and as he set forth he looked heavenward saying, "Now, in God's name, Jesus, give us to-day to fight for the honor of Thy holy name." He then waved his sword and gave the command "forward." He was shot to pieces; but the victory was won. Just as the Protestant cause seemed to be triumphant, the only man who could command the Protestant forces was taken away. The victory had been gained at too great a price. We can scarcely exonerate Gustavus from blame in thus recklessly sacrificing the hopes of the Protestant cause. Wallenstein was soon at cross purposes with Ferdinand. He insisted on making terms with the Protestants, which Ferdinand was too good a Catholic to grant. He now succeeded in seducing the Elector of Saxony from his support of Protestantism by leading him to believe that he had power, even against the will of Ferdinand, to re-organize Europe

on a liberal basis which would guarantee to Protestants their rights. It was no more than the Elector deserved, when he was ruined by the Swedes a few years later. Wallenstein refused to fall in with Ferdinand's scheme which involved more and more dependence on Spain. He tried again to make terms with Sweden, and would no doubt have been willing again to join with the Protestants in driving the Emperor beyond the Alps. Ferdinand once more threw him off. He retired to a garrison supposed to be faithful to him. Some Scotch soldiers, who though Protestants had been fighting the battles of the Emperor, determined on his assassination. An Irishman named Devereux was deputed to commit the crime. Thus passed away the most striking character of the age from the scene of mortal conflict, Feb. 25, 1634. In September of the same year a decisive battle, resulting in favor of the Emperor, was fought at Nördlingen Bavaria. The influence of France became greater and greater as the war advanced and the great leaders were one by one removed: and French intervention was not much more palatable to Germans then than now.

i. The Peace of Prague (1635).

In May, 1635, another peace—the Peace of Prague—was attempted. The Emperor agreed to abandon the Edict of Restitution, or rather to make the date for determining the ownership of church property 1627 instead of 1555. This arrangement left the Palatinate in the hands of the Catholics. Most of the Northern Bishoprics were to be given to Protestants. Lusatia was to be ceded to the Elector of Saxony, and Protestantism was to be protected in Silesia. Calvinism was excluded from recognition as in the Augsburg Treaty. This treaty failed to satisfy Sweden, France and the Calvinistic princes. The French and the Swedes won many important victories. By 1543 the fires of war had well nigh burned out. Negotiations looking towards the pacification of Europe now began. The situation was as complicated as can be readily conceived. Conflicting interests and conflicting demands were so numerous and so intractable as often to fill with discouragement those who were seeking a basis of settlement.

8. The Peace of Westphalia (1648).

The Peace of Westphalia was the final result. This was signed by plenipotentiaries of the various sovereigns concerned on the 24th of October, 1648. As it marks the close of the most destructive war of history, so it was the most influential treaty ever made. There were in reality two treaties signed on the same day, the one at Münster, the other at Osnabrück. The former was between the Emperor and the King of France and his allies; the latter between the Emperor and the Queen of Sweden and her allies. They are substantially the same. Their substance can be given only in a condensed form. The treaties guaranteed "a peace Christian, universal and perpetual, and a friendship true and sincere," between the contending parties and their allies, each party pledging itself to "observe and cultivate sincerely and seriously this peace and friendship," and each to be zealous for the "utility, honor and advantage of the other." The various nations were to perform the part of good neighbors one towards the other. There was to be a perpetual forgetting of past differences, and an universal amnesty. Anything tending to awaken ill feeling was to be studiously avoided. To Maximilian of Bavaria the Upper Palatinate and the Electoral dignity were given in perpetuity. An eighth Electorate connected with the Lower Palatinate was created in favor of the son of Frederick. Sweden received Western Pomerania, with the control of the mouths of the great German rivers. The Elector of Brandenburg received Eastern Pomerania, together with the bishoprics of Halberstadt, Camin and Minden, and part of Magdeburg. Denmark received the bishoprics of Bremen and Verden, with the control of the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. France secured Alsace, the city of Stassburg, and certain vassals of the Empire being excepted, and the bishoprics of Metz, Verdun, and Toul. Switzerland and the Protestant Netherlands were recognized as free and independent countries. Provision was made for paying off the armies, which without a satisfactory settlement of past claims would hardly have consented to the peace. The religious settlement was much like that of the Augsburg treaty, only it was far more definite, and

made full provision for the recognition of Calvinism. It still belonged to the prince to determine the religion of his subjects, and to tolerate or exclude dissent according to his own good pleasure. The year 1624 was now fixed upon as the date of reckoning, as regards the possession of ecclesiastical property. This left the northern bishoprics in Protestant hands. The war had taught Protestants and Catholics alike, that nothing could be gained by violent efforts to exterminate each other. Both parties were now willing to live and let live. The proselytizing spirit was for a time at least almost extinct. Each civil ruler could now feel that his right to his territory was undisputed, and was guaranteed to him by the most solemn covenants of all concerned. Each ecclesiastical party could feel sure that no rival party was plotting its ruin, and it was now possible, as it had not been before, for two or three forms of religion to exist peaceably side by side. The universal longing for peace that prevailed, and the universal and profound joy with which the peace was greeted, we can scarcely appreciate unless we are able to realize the horrors of the war. The papal nuncio Fabiano Chigi, to use the language of the Jesuit Bougeant, pleaded, protested, fulminated against the bishops and Catholics who were present at the signing of the treaty. The Pope, finally, seeing that all the remonstrances of his nuncio were in vain, himself published a protestation in the form of a bull, in which he represents the treaties of Münster and of Osnabrück as "prejudicial to the Catholic religion, to the divine worship, to the Apostolic Roman See—in granting to heretics and their successors, among other things ecclesiastical goods—in permitting to heretics the free exercise of religion—the right to ecclesiastical offices, dignities," etc., and declares them "perpetually null, void, of no effect, iniquitous, unjust, condemned, reprovèd, frivolous, without force and effect," and declares that no one is bound to observe their provisions. So little regard did Rome have for the peace and happiness of Europe, and so determined was she to leave herself free for the future, as in the past, to use every available means for the destruction of all religious opposition!

The extent of the destruction of life through the Thirty Years' War cannot be estimated. If we take into account the

multitudes who died of starvation and exposure, the hundreds of thousands of women and children who were slain in the sacking and destroying of the towns and cities, the fearful waste of life that must have been involved in camp-following, the deaths caused by the war would amount to many millions. In Bohemia at the beginning of the war there was a population of 2,000,000, of whom about eight-tenths were Protestant; at the close of the war there were about 800,000 Catholics and no Protestants. Taking Germany and Austria together, we may safely say that the population was reduced by one-half, if not by two-thirds. And the deaths were in most cases the result of untold sufferings and as horrible as we can conceive. So far as the cities and towns were not utterly destroyed, they were the mere shadows of what they had been. Their buildings were dilapidated and large numbers of them unoccupied. Business of all kinds had been almost entirely destroyed. Agriculture had equally suffered. Live stock had been almost exterminated; farming implements had become scarce and rude. Desolation was everywhere.

The physical deterioration of the people must have been very marked. It is pretty evident that there had been a decided intellectual, moral and physical decline between the beginning of the Reformation and the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. This process was greatly promoted by the war. The persistent, universal and destructive plundering of the peasants left multitudes of women and children to die of starvation or to become camp-followers. An army of 40,000 is said to have had a loathsome camp-following of 140,000. The misery and the moral ruin involved in such a state of things, who can describe? There is no reason to think that the army mentioned was exceptional in the number of camp-followers.

Education and all the arts of civilization except war must have suffered enormously. But enough. We are prompted to inquire whether this war was a necessity; whether this was the only way in which Protestants and Catholics could be taught to respect each other's rights? We cannot answer; but we have grave reason for doubting whether the destroyer of old evangelical Christianity and the father of the great politico-ecclesiastical Protestant movement, which called forth the Counter-Reformation and the Jesuits, and which directly and indirectly led to the Thirty Years' War, was after all a benefactor of the human race and a promoter of the kingdom of Christ.

THE BUCOLICS OF VERGIL.

The origin of bucolic poetry is hidden in the past. It is probably the offspring of Arcadia and Sicily, and may have arisen as follows: In Arcadia, the things of rural life were celebrated in rude songs. Colonists going thence to Sicily combined with theirs the mimic poetry of their new-found home and established a literature containing three elements—rustic, erotic and dramatic. In this way a distinct style of literature arose, which was never perfected until Theocritus practised it and delighted the world with his singularly fresh and beautiful Idylls.

The age in which Vergil* wrote was least attractive to the rustic Muse. Discord reigned. Instead of the bleating of sheep and the soft tones of the shepherd's flute, there were the clash of arms and shout of battle.

“It caelo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.”

Rome was turbid with foreign and domestic war, and her streets slippery with the blood of assassinations and proscriptions. Society, too, had grown strangely artificial. The simplicity of earlier Roman manners had yielded to wealth, luxury and vice. That one in time of domestic brawl, in which he himself was a sufferer, could write successfully about the peaceful things of country life, and be enjoyed by a people steeped in affectation, is remarkable: and yet under such conditions, pastoral poetry has always been most cultivated. Theocritus belonged to an imitative age, Milton and Pope to corrupt and turbulent times.

If any man of talent, at Rome, in her eighth century, was to write bucolic verse, it must have been Vergil, for, with all his natural refinement of mind, he never lost his home-spun air, nor ceased to love the country. Indeed, it became his good fortune as it was to his praise, that he bore ridicule because.—

“Rusticius tonso toga defluit et male latus
In pede calceus haeret.”

* This spelling is more correct than the popular *Virgil*.

for his country life gave him sympathy with subjects that brought him favour and wealth, while his character never lost the virtuous bent received upon the farm. Having completed his education and returned to his estate, he seems to have employed his leisure in poetic studies. At this time, he doubtless closely read Theocritus with great admiration, and perhaps imitated his style in various bucolic poems. The second in our list may be one of these, which he afterwards published.

Shortly, however, his best bucolic talent was rudely awakened. The crisis in the struggle between Brutus and Cassius, on the one hand, and Cæsar and Anthony, on the other, culminated at Philippi, A.U.C. 712, in favor of the latter. To reward his veterans (who were almost his masters), Cæsar confiscated the lands of many Italian towns which had been opposed to him. Cremona had favoured the republican party, but Mantua

"Mantua, vae, misera nimium vicina Cremona"

suffered only for her vicinity to Cremona. Vergil's farm was seized. In great concern he applied for redress to Pollio* who secured its return from Cæsar. In gratitude, Vergil composed the first Eclogue in our collection, and finding it well received, persisted in this kind of composition, until he courted a more exalted muse in the Georgics.

There have come down to us ten bucolic poems of Vergil's, but, that these are only selections from a larger number, the name Eclogue attests. They were written during a space of about seven or more years, beginning about A. U. C. 710 or 711, when the poet was shortly past twenty-five years of age. Perhaps, however, some of them were written at a later date than the critics are disposed to allow.

As a bucolic poet, Vergil does not display great originality. While his poetic taste and keen delight in rural scenes makes the descriptive element of these poems singularly beautiful, and while he had enough sympathy with human nature to manage the erotic element fairly well, he has failed in producing a striking dramatic effect. Whether Menalcas or Thyrsis, Moeris or Corydon is supposed to speak, one feels that an author is describ-

*Varus performed a similar office on a second occasion.

ing what somebody said. Nor is this impression due to the fact that Vergil frequently identifies himself with his characters. The fault is universal. Vergil was unable to sink his personality.

The poet was furthermore too refined to bring out to great extent the coarser side of rustic manners. His shepherds and cowherds are not the redolent swains of the barnyard, but rather elegant youths enjoying a holiday. These must indeed be shepherds of Saturn's reign :

In his descriptions, Vergil was no slave to geography. In the seventh Eclogue, for instance, Arcadian shepherds engage in a contest of song beneath an **ilex* on the banks of the marshy Mincius of Cisalpine Gaul, and in the first, the mountains, caves and rocks of Sicily have with impunity been transferred to the neighbourhood of Mantua :

The explanation of these faults is that Vergil wrote bucolic poetry, not from stress of genius, but from the inspiration of a fresh reading of Theocritus. In every poem Theocritus was consciously imitated. Where scenery is confused, as above described, it is due to his careless fidelity to his master. The characters, the colouring, even the language is closely imitative : yet Vergil's pastoral poems have been read more generally and with greater delight than have been the Idylls of Theocritus. This is because cultivated people and not shepherds read poetry, and so the sweetness, pathos and elegance of Vergil are more attractive than the greater originality, faithfulness and dramatic power of Theocritus.

A defect of a moral kind that mars a truly noble character is exhibited in the *Bucolics*. This is a most subtle skill in flattery. For Vergil directly to express to Caesar thanks for his restored farm, would doubtless be gratifying to his benefactor, but when the poet puts praise in the mouth of a slave, describing to another the kindness of a god

" Illius aran

sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

it becomes the very extravagance of flattery, which a potentate must reward with patronage and—gifts. In justice to Vergil, we must add that he was not slavish in his thanks, praising Pollio, and even Varus, as much as the greater Caesar.

*The *ilex* belongs to Sicily not Lombardy.

The occasions of the poems are various. They sometimes express gratitude, or friendship. Frequently the author castigates his rivals. In structure they take the form of dialogues and singing matches, or of simple narration. Perhaps his treatment may be best understood by special reference to specimens.

In the first eclogue, Vergil praises Caesar for his bounty in restoring him his estate. In form it is a dialogue between "Tityrus, who has received benefits from a patron, similar to his own good fortune, and Melibœus, who has lost his all without redress. We sketch a rude analysis:—

MELIBŒUS—Ah, Tityrus, thrice happy swain,
Reclining 'neath the spreading birch,
Piping fair Amaryllis' name,
While we must fly our pleasant fields.

TITYRUS—This ease a god vouchsafed to me.
His altars oft our lambs shall stain.

M.—I envy not; but sad my lot!
Though sick at heart, I drive my flock,
And hardly drag this late-yeaned dam,
Whose young must die upon the rock,
And yet the stricken oak oft warned!
But who's this kindly god?

T.—The city Rome, a fool! I thought
Like Mantua, where we drive our flocks.
Rome's like a tree 'mid humble shrubs!

M.—And what dire cause took you to Rome?

T.—'Twas Freedom. Thriftless was my state.
Till Galatea jilted me.
And Amaryllis won my love.

M.—Ah, Amaryllis, now I know
Why'erst thou wert so sad! Thy thoughts
Were on thy absent love! The pines
And fountains missed thee, boy!

T.—What could I do! I could not scape
My servitude, nor elsewhere find
Strong friends. 'Twas there that godlike youth
Gave kind response, "Still feed your steers,
Still raise up bulls to increase your herds."

M.—Oh lucky swain, you keep your fields!
And with them all you need, 'tho stones

*This theory rid's us of the difficulties of directly identifying either Vergil or his manager with Tityrus.

And marsh impede your arduous toil.
 No unaccustomed food, nor dread
 Disease shall hurt your growing flock.
 'Mid streams and founts and 'customed shade,
 And bees' soft hum you'll sink to sleep!

T.—In air shall dwell swift stags: on land
 The fishes swim; but still his face
 My bosom true shall always hold.

M.—But we must go to chimes remote:
 Ah, me! shall I again these fields
 Behold? Shall soldiers have these crops:
 Graft *now* your pears, set out your vines:
 Go on my she-goats, go, no more
 A happy flock You'll browse no more
 Yon shrubby precipice, no more
 I'll sing, nor feed you bitter herbs.

T.—Yet rest with me to-night, I pray.
 'Tis humble fare, but all we need.
 Behold afar the roof-trees smoke
 And longer fall the mountains' shades:

In the seventh Eclogue, Meliboeus describes a rustic singing match. Daphnis sat under a "whistling holm oak." Corydon and Thyrsis drove their flocks together,—

"Arcades ambo,
 Et cantare pares et respondere parati."

Meliboeus, rustic like, quits searching for his truant he-goat to listen to their songs. Corydon begins, while Thyrsis seeks to match him, until they cease and Corydon is pronounced victor. This poem abounds in picturesque expressions, such as "sweeter than thyme of Hybla," "softer than sleep," etc.

Most famous of all the Eclogues is the fourth, entitled the "Pollio." The language is so analogous to the majestic prophecies of Holy Writ, that scholars of a bygone age devoutly included Vergil "among the prophets" and thought that the Messiah was the "Child" of his prophecy. We believe that the true explanation of this striking similarity is not that Vergil imitated Scripture, but that apocalyptic language naturally seeks the same channel. We select a few translated extracts:—

"Comes the last age, of which the Sibyl sang—
 A new-born cycle of the rolling years:
 Justice returns to earth.

* * * * *

" For thee, O Child, the earth untilled shall pour
 Her early gifts,—the winding ivy's wreath,
 Smiling acanthus, and all flowers that blow.
 She-goats undriven shall bring full udders home.
 The herds no longer fear the lion's spring;
 The ground beneath shall cradle thee in flowers.
 The venom'd snake shall die, the poisonous herb
 Perish from out thy path, and leave the almond there.

* * * * *

" Then shall the plains
 Glow with the yellow harvest silently,
 The grape hang blushing from the tangled briar,
 And the rough oak drip honey like a dew.

* * * * *

" The glebe shall need no harrow, nor the vine
 The searching knife, the oxen bear no yoke;

* * * * *

" Come, claim thine honours for the time draws nigh,
 Babe of immortal race, the wondrous seed of Jove!
 Lo, at thy coming how the starry spheres
 Are moved to trembling, and the earth below,
 And wide spread seas, and the blue vault of heaven!
 How all things joy to greet the rising Age!"

How ironical a fulfilment when the infamous Julia became
 the vile offspring of Pollio's consulship:

L. STANLEY HUGHSON.

Students' Quarter.

ZEROLA OF NAZARETH.

CHAPTER III.

PRISON TO PALACE.

During these four years Saul had become a Nazarene. And hearing, in a way which will be mentioned further on, that Zerola was the daughter of Mary, he earnestly set about the task of finding her. On account of the records of her sentence having been destroyed by the jailer in Jerusalem who was intriguing with the captain of the ship which conveyed her to Rome and who wished to have her for his own purposes, to ascertain her whereabouts was exceedingly difficult. Paul had searched in Athens, Corinth and Ephesus, but without success. Now he had come to Rome and enlisted the services of Pilate's friend, Corbulo, who was himself seeking the slave, and also the captain who had dared to set aside his will.

"Paul, farewell," answered the Roman, his voice apparently telling his companion that feelings the countenance had been kept from expressing were at conflict in his mind. Receiving a letter from his friend which he at once concealed beneath his toga, the general and the apostle separated.

The two men had been slowly walking along one of the secluded avenues near the Tiber. Little had they thought that the subject of their conversation was then so near as to be listening to the great bell tolling in the Capitol announcing in mournful and muffled tones the death of the Emperor.

The general had proceeded on his way but a short distance when he drew forth the letter, broke it open, and in the characters of the Grecian language read :

"Pauli to Corbulo :

"Most noble friend, peace.

"If the slave be not found before midnight write to me at Nazareth. I thank thee for obtaining the permission of the Senate allowing me to visit my home. Have I not sworn—never shall my pledge be broken. Before the runes of October

" Paul will return to Rome. E'er to-morrow's sun shall shine
 " upon thy legions, thy swift galley will bear me leagues upon
 " the water.

" But now I go to visit the Egyptian woman who dwells
 " across the Tiber. Still she refuses to become a Nazarene :
 " friend to the followers of the Christ, forget her not. She it
 " was who sheltered the holy mother of Him who is now the
 " Saviour of the world, when before the wrath of Herod Joseph
 " and Mary found refuge in that land where once their race
 " were slaves. O Roman, remember the Egyptian ! But beware :
 " Thou knowest the truth—the woman longs to dagger thee.
 " Her love is deeper than the Nile, but her hate is stronger than
 " the pyramids.

" To-night, O Corbulo, I will preach the religion of humanity
 " to the chain-kings of Italy. Once more the proud citizens of
 " the Seven Hills shall hear the despised story of Calvary. Ay,
 " to-night Paul will uphold the cross of the Nazarene in the very
 " Forum of Rome !

" Rebuke not thy friend,

" Peace to thee, Corbulo,

" Again,

" Farewell.

" PAUL."

This letter the Roman re-read, then placing it carefully
 away, proceeded towards the place whither he was going when
 met an hour before by the apostle. A group of Senators greeted
 the general as he emerged into a more crowded street of the city,
 and together they hurried off to attend the funeral rites at the
 palace of the Emperor.

Zerola, at the hour these solemn ceremonies were drawing
 to a close, was lying on the floor of her prison, her head resting
 in calm repose against the iron bars across the crack in the wall.
 As she lay in the kindly rays of the evening sun you would have
 said the girl of Palestine possessed that charm of presence, that
 symmetry of form, that beauty of countenance which poets and
 historians of ancient times have ascribed to Eastern queens.

" Whether is it nobler," Zerola was thinking, for she was no
 passionless angel, "to bear the troubles of misfortune, or to strive
 for freedom ? But I will. I will be free ! Had I liberty I

might again labour among the poor in Jerusalem—as on that fateful morning. Had I liberty I might again help my mother in our home at Nazareth. And more, I might again return the fond greeting—why should I be ashamed to say it?—the kiss of my lover, and walk with him by the blue hills and laughing streams of Galilee. Where thou art now, my beloved, I do not know: nor do I suppose that thou can'st tell where is thy Zerola. Yet I feel that supreme happiness, the consciousness that I am loved by the one I love. Still, sometimes I fear that we have been separated—forever! But, to-night, as the changeless stars look down upon us I know that thou art thinking of me. For I love thee: I love thee Theon, more than”

Suddenly Zerola was aroused from these reflections. She shrank from the bars in very terror. The girl thought she heard again the dread tones of that voice which last she had heard urging on the mob in Jerusalem.

The voice was drowned a moment in the shouts of the people. Again the Forum was silent.

Had that man of so princely an appearance come also to Rome to persecute? Surely Zerola had suffered enough!

The girl creeps closer to the bars. Listens! The man is addressing the populace. In the tumult she can hear only here and there a phrase or sentence:

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. As an Athenian poet has said—”

“Quote no Greek in Rome!” shouted one of the crowd, whom Paul, could he have seen, would at once have recognized as one of the leaders of the gladiators then so numerous in the Imperial City.

“As one of the poets has said,” continued the Apostle, “we are also His offspring, for God hath made of one blood all nations of men. The common origin of the human race, and the common yearnings of the human heart therefore it is that I preach that kingdom foreseen alike by poets and philosophers, which they both join in predicting and aid in establishing, a kingdom where there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free a kingdom whose one law is love,—love to God and our fellow men.”

But Zerola seemed to feel a charm of mellowed strength about the voice of the man now addressing the people in the Forum, which in addition to his theme—the religion Jesus taught by word and deed—caused her to conclude that it could not possibly belong to the leader of the mob who had caused her imprisonment. Still, so glad was she to hear the gospel of the Nazarene, she again listened eagerly.

The Forum now thronged with a vast crowd, over whom the Apostle was gaining that mysterious power of eloquence as he continued:

“Men and matrons of Rome, look now across the darkening sky of the Campagna! See ye yon cloud, warning of a coming storm? Behold therein a picture of your destiny,—ay, a prophecy of your doom! Already the forests of the North swarm with men sworn to hurl death to Rome. . . .”

But there was one in that listening crowd who wished not to hear such words. Corbulo saw the corruption which even then was destroying the spirit of patrician and plebeian. Still the General cared not to think that Rome might ever find a grave. As the orator enlarged upon this theme, Corbulo turned and walked away.

He had not gone far when, just as he entered the shadow of a huge statue, a woman grasped his arm. The night was now dark; he could scarcely see her face. Only a few moments elapsed, however, when a flash of lightning—for the storm was approaching rapidly—revealed to the Roman the hard features of the Egyptian to whom Paul had referred in his letter.

Long and sullen hatred had given the woman a scowl which you could easily have seen was not hers by nature. The last living descendant of the Pharaohs—a fact which had caused her exilement from her native land—she once had been if not a beautiful, at least a pretty, and certainly an attractive child, worthy of her royal ancestors. Now she was one of those hags from whom children instinctively shrink.

“Ha, ha!” she said, in a bitter laugh. “the Egyptian at last has found the Roman! Corbulo, if you river were the Nile and not the Tiber, before another lightning flash thy flesh would be as lifeless as this marble,” and the woman raised her bared and bony arm, and with a rusted dagger pointed towards the statue.

standing cold and spectral-like in the rain. "Though I dare not kill thee—else I would: yet, torn by thee from friends and home, an exile in this hated city, here I stand and hate and curse thee, curse thee with a woman's, ay, with a hag's curse. Upon thy perjured head shall be wreaked the wrath of fallen monarchs, and beyond the tomb, in caverns of eternal darkness, thou shalt writhe forever in the awful agonies of a deathless dying, for fiends shall hound thy spirit,—and to crush thy fated soul with the fiercest tortures of revenge, the very heavens shall join with hell!"

"Egyptian," calmly interrupted Corbulo. "thy curse I scorn, thy life—I take!"

A dagger gleamed a moment in the lightning, then a shriek was heard—the steel had pierced the woman's heart. And the hag in whose royal veins coursed the proud blood of Egypt's Pharaohs lay dead on the stones of Rome.

Corbulo looked a moment on the corpse, then, placing a cloth over its face, walked away. And as he walked his thoughts were in a far-off land,—in a palace built on the ruins of an old Egyptian temple on the banks of the flowing Nile. A most fascinating vision was alluring his mind. He saw,—but why divulge the reverie he ended with so significant a muttering: "This passion in its blinded power would hurl me from the Future's throne, this passion must be crushed." For in these pages are described neither the perfect, preternatural heroes and heroines encountered only in the pages of romance, nor the selfishly tender-conscienced persons of the "good books" in which the characters are never human and always pious, that is, their talk is pious—pious cant, but men and women of the world as they lived and struggled among the perils and pleasures of the first century, people with thoughts and passions very similar to our own.

The storm was now nearing its fiercest. Fearless as he was, a man whose personal courage in battle had often inspired the bravest of the Imperial legions, yet, as he saw the lightning flash and glare, as he heard the thunder crack and rumble, the slayer of the Egyptian trembled beneath the fancied anger of the gods.

Soon he was within reach of the apostle's voice. "Preaching still," thought Corbulo. "the gladiator delays long: if I

remember rightly, the third interruption was the signal agreed upon by the conspirators. Paul passed off the first; surely he cannot suspect the priests. They pray by day, but by night—! Yet I will defeat the holy plotters, I will save the apostle, save him from the lion and the Tiber!" He hastened to the Forum. There, instead of a scattered few, was a crowd still blacker and denser, although moment by moment the wild fury of the storm was growing greater and more intense. Seemingly the theme of the preacher had changed; to silent and eager thousands Paul was now speaking the thoughts of his very soul.

Corbulo has reached the edge of the multitude. Now watching the scowls of the clouds, now scanning the faces of the people, he pushes his way through towards the apostle. "How fierce the storm," he thinks, "how swift the rain. In north or south sings no nightingale, gleams no star. The heavens mock, scorn the earth Again I feel the Egyptian's clutch, hear the hag's curse. But why do I fear, am I a child? Such spectres, I despise them What magic power keeps this crowd so silent in the storm?"

This last question was addressed to one of the listeners. Before he had time to answer, however, the apostle had directed the attention and gaze of all to a board which hung almost above his head. And on this board was the superscription:

<p>JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.</p>
--

that Pilate wrote in Greek and Hebrew and Latin, which Paul last had read when he stood among the crowd surrounding Golgotha, and with feelings and thoughts the world can never know, beheld the Son of Mary die for mankind, on the cross of Calvary.

"Ten such mighty souls," thought Corbulo, "and in as many years all Romans would be Nazarenes. No wonder this Paul almost won the noble Agrippa. But where are the priests and their minions?" He glanced around; then his face grew sternly passionate. "I see the gladiator, he is rising, he speaks—inter-

rupts! O gods, can it be the third? It is, it is the signal! I hear the clash of their sworn daggers. Paul sees them,—yet trembles not! Priests and gladiators rush on—on—on for their victim's blood!"

Crash—crash! A roar—a rumble. The Forum a seething mass: the audience a mob: the Capitol in flames! The deadly lightning has fired the house of the Cæsars! On rush the mob—crushing, trampling the fallen and the falling. Cries and shrieks of terror, mingling with curses and yells of vengeance, make more awful the intense and sullen glare of the distant flames as they devour the timbers and lick the gold from the tumbling dome of that proud palace and proclaim with forked tongues of fiercest warning the impending doom of Rome! Corbulo hurries on with the mob, thrusting in his haste, to right and left, the weaker and the slower. Columns of dense black smoke, bursting here and there with flame, tell him that other buildings have suffered by the lightning. Afar, he hears the faint cry of a girl—it seems a voice not unknown! He leaves the roadway, guided by the voice. It draws nearer, yet grows fainter. Men, women in terror; palaces in flames, lightning crashing, still Corbulo rushes on—impelled by a strange power within, drawn by a mysterious cry without. He passes the statue, nears his destination—it is the sepulchre! The lightning has wrecked it! The Roman heeds not the inscriptions on its broken marble; he stands on its ruins, amazed,—for now the tumult drowns no voice, the tomb is silent as its dead! No sound of life—or death—issues from that living grave.

"I was deceived," he says, half aloud, "it was not the slave's voice; it was a fancy, a dream, a hope—perchance an echo from the crowd." He listens, though, eagerly listens.

A suppressed cry!

A moment,—he is in the tomb; all is dark there, dark as that dim unknown to which it leads. He is creeping over the broken masonry, over the crumbling skeletons. He waits for the lightning to flash. How long it seems: how dank the tomb. It comes; what a horrid scene its light reveals,—there on the mould, held by three fallen stones, lies the blind slave, Zerola of Nazareth!

An hour later—and the girl of Palestine was sleeping in the palace of the Roman General.

"For years Paul has been searching for the slave," said Corbulo that evening when he was relating to his wife the history of the girl whom he had rescued, "Mary or Joseph he dared not meet. To tell the mother of her daughter's fate he was ashamed. But one morning, at one of the gates of Jerusalem, the Damascus I think, on the very scene of Theon's martyrdom, almost at the same hour as Zerola's enchainment, the apostle came face to face with the woman whose child he had enslaved!"

"He met Mary?"

"Yes. She and Joseph were on their way to Egypt, having received a letter from a friend there which said that the jailer who was the accomplice of the captain, had confessed his guilt to an old priest—both are dead now though—and thought to atone for his crime by telling where she was imprisoned."

"How did Mary treat him, Corbulo?"

"That I do not know, Corthene. Paul would not tell me."

This question the Roman's wife asked out of no idle curiosity, but for a far different reason. She was almost persuaded to become a Nazarene, but before taking a step so perilous, and perhaps fatal, wished to know if the disciples of this new religion really did live the life of the Crucified. For it was that which was winning her.

Then Corbulo and Corthene said good-night, for it was very late: and as he kissed her it was with the blush of youthful love, whose warmth had never chilled; perhaps because it was a passion with them deriving its beauty from a sincere constancy, and its power from a suppressed intensity. In addition to this they both knew that faithfulness seals love and makes it changeless.

"Had I found that base captain," Corbulo muttered, as he lay awake, surrendering himself to different thoughts, "I had sent him where he might welcome the Egyptian." For the captain of the ship which brought Zerola to Italy, little thought that the General, upon arriving home from his visit to Pilate and learning that his wife had not received the present sent her, had heard of the intriguing captain and his thwarted purpose which had caused the coward in his revenge to have Zerola imprisoned in the foulest cell he knew of. Nor had the wretch even surmised that his own crimes were about to win him the

same doom ; that first he would carry the keys of a guard in the corridors of the prison, and then wear the fetters of a slave ; that his easiest duty would be to lower on a chain through a hole in the ceiling of her cell, the single meal a day, which for four years had been the only food supplied to the sister of the Nazarene. But the captain had not escaped, for Corbulo had seen his body in the ruins of the prison, with all its life crushed out by the falling masonry. Yes, well might it have been for him if he had known the conspiracy, and told it !

A day later—and the girl of Palestine was in the swiftest galley of the Roman General, speeding towards her native land across the blue waters of that waveless sea. However, this voyage was not waveless nor dreary, a gentle breeze helped them onward, on towards home.

Delayed by the storm Paul had waited until the following night. Now he too was on the Mediterranean, speeding across the waters to his native land. Stranger than chance, the scholar and the slave, apostle and sister of the Nazarene going home to Palestine in the same ship : neither being aware of the presence of the other.

“ How bright the waters, how fresh the wind, how clear the sky ? ” thought the daughter of Mary.

Now the blind slave is no longer a slave, and more—no longer blind ; her temporary loss of sight having simply been the result of dwelling for a considerable period where it was impossible to use the eyes.

Sight restored ! Darkness gone ; sunshine come !

For many days the ship sailed merrily on and Zerola felt that secret pleasure which all girls love and deny, the pleasure of being in the fond admiration of a noble mind.

Yes, sunshine had come : very soon she would be in Nazareth, and then—what happiness !

But the sunshine always brings the shadows. Thæon full of hope, had now arrived in Rome.

W. J. THOROLD.

(To be continued.)

THE PROS AND CONS.

*"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."*—POPE.

I.

These are the words of a poet, but, though they are poetry, they express no mere poetical dream. They express a thought which has been much revolved in the minds of men. The poor man in humble circumstances, toiling for his daily bread, and who is endeavoring to live honestly and uprightly, gladly believes these words. The man of wealth, who is striving to attain fame and honor through his wealth, condemns these words as being incorrect and false.

The man in humble circumstances holds his belief, because he is, by honest living, gaining honor, and I believe he takes the right position. Pronounce the statement false and you make it at once impossible for some to attain to honor and for others to come into shame.

If a person is placed in humble circumstances and can not be honorable there, that person can never rise to a higher condition and obtain honor in it, but our honor does not consist in the position we may hold in society, politics or business.

True honor is in being honorable, whatever your sphere. That eminent English writer, John Ruskin, places on an equality the English school girl and the savage maiden. The school girl with "All her pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations," is no better and no more honorable than "any poor, little, red, black or blue savage, running wild in the pestilent woods or naked on the hot sands of the earth." Now the school girl may attain honor, not because of her surroundings, her family, or the society in which she moves, but by making the best and most honorable use of what God has given her. The savage maiden, too, may attain honor, and perhaps greater honor, in her sphere. Let her too make the best and most honorable use of what God has given her, and who can say that she is not worthy of high honor? So we, too, if we would be honorable, must become so by making the very best use of all that our condition affords.

A very natural question here is, "How can we best use what our condition affords?" A hint from Ruskin may assist. He advises the girl to learn to do, and then to do the things that will be most useful, not only to herself and friends, but to whomsoever she may be able to benefit. This advice, carried out, would make the life of the girl a use-

ful one, and if we will take it to ourselves and carry it out, our lives cannot fail to be useful. We may thus render our lives useful, irrespective of condition, and in their usefulness they will be honorable. On the other hand, how great our shame if we neglect to do the useful things, and our lives become utterly useless and valueless to those about us.

Pope's lines are indeed true. The humblest peasant and the most exalted prince may alike attain to equal honor, but the peasant is the one more likely to attain to the highest honor.

JOHN F. VICHERT.

II.

The above quotation is supposed to embody the thought of a paragraph from the preface of "Sesame and Lilies," the gist of which paragraph may be gathered from the following quotations: "Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions . . . this is the foolishest, that you have been so much the darling of the Heavens and favorite of the Fates as to be born in the very nick of time, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the error of the Nations." "You are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage running wild . . . and of the two you probably know less about God than she does."

As much as I respect the opinions of Mr. Ruskin, and admire his efforts to shake the false security of the soul that, self-satisfied, rests its hopes for present fame or future glory on its superior advantages in birth, till it is puffed up with conceit, yet I must say that I think he has overstepped the bounds of fact when he says that a Christian girl probably knows less about God than any little blue or black savage. It is too sweeping a statement. I offer the same criticism on the title of my essay.

As God honors those who honor Him, and as to know God is to honor Him, it follows that the man who has learned of God is on the high road to true fame. Those, then, are favored by Heaven, who, through birth or some other unmerited favor of God, have an opportunity given them of knowing Him. Yes, it is a great privilege, and a condition necessary in order to secure the highest honor, that a man be born "in the very nick of time," and so favored, too, by Providence, as to be reared "where a perfect theology may be expounded," where He has revealed Himself through His written Word.

Does honor come to any one through his birth? My observation of the dealings of God with mankind compel me to answer in the affirmative. Indeed, I can see that there are beasts and worlds as well as

men born to honor. Men have been set apart and fitted in their birth for exalted stations, for places that God pronounced honorable above all others. Jeremiah was not the only one of whom it could be said, "Before I formed thee in the womb I sanctified thee and ordained thee a prophet to the nations." Mary the wife of Joseph could not have had the honor of being the mother of the Lord had she not been the descendant of David. This was not the result of acting well any part, but by the ordination of God, who bringeth all things to pass, according to the counsel of His own will. She was called honored of the Lord before she acted any part in that for which she was considered honored. We are specially enjoined to honor the king, not on account of his acts, but because, through birth, he holds that distinguished place that demands honor. We are to honor our father and mother, not on the ground that having acted well their part they are worthy, but because, by the ordination of God, they are placed in a position to us that demands respect.

Now, have we not come to that point where we are at liberty to say that some have advantages, through birth and conditions of environment, that help them strongly on their road to honor. Surely the one who is born in a Christian land, and has been from his youth up taught the truth, as it is in Jesus, is in a favored condition. What a slur it is on the holy religion of Christ to say that a Christian probably knows less about God than a heathen. Is the revelation which Christ gave of the Father so imperfect that it fails to accomplish its end? If all the honor lies in acting well our part, and none arises from condition, then let us never thank God for our birth in a Christian land and our so-called Christian privileges.

A. J. DARROCH.

FOUNDER'S DAY.*

It certainly is most befitting that not only those immediately connected with the College, but that every Canadian Baptist should be reminded of the great blessing they receive in the founding of this University. But while the Baptists of Canada are made the heirs of the late Senator McMaster's fortune, only the merest fraction of the rank and file of our people can hope to ever enter this building and listen to a lecture in its class-rooms. The great majority must be content to receive the blessing second-hand. The direct and greatest gainers are the students. To them also is given the honor of distributing the bread to the multitudes. May the loaves multiply on their hands.

*An address given on Founder's Day.

To-night, we, as students, are gladly reminded of our indebtedness, and wish to publicly record our appreciation of the privileges we enjoy, recognizing that they are largely the outcome of Senator McMaster's bequest. To many of us this institution simply means our salvation from ignorance and inefficiency. Coming, as we do, from the farm or the workshop, it would be impossible independently to equip ourselves for life's work. But now, with these splendid facilities—a comfortable home, a magnificent library, a Faculty of the finest Christian scholars, and all located in the centre of this beautiful city, where we may come in touch with the hearts of all classes and creeds—there is no excuse for any one beginning work unprepared.

We are few to-day compared with what we shall be, or compared with the enormous beginning of the new Baptist University in Chicago. But we are content to be the tortoise in the race. Satisfied to have our beginning small as a grain of mustard seed, if the after growth will be natural, steady and strong. This school is a seed of God's own planting; the soil is rich, the climate congenial, and we believe the future will see it one of the most fruitful for good of educational trees.

As yet the workmanship of but one department has been given to the world, and already their influence has touched the ends of the earth. Besides the McMaster men scattered over this Dominion and throughout the States, our representatives, as missionaries, are in the heart of Africa and in the Canadian and American mission fields of India.

No one acquainted in this College need be told that we love and are loyal to the institution and proud of its founder. At a mass meeting of the students, a few days ago, when it was suggested that in our new College colors should be incorporated the McMaster tartan, a unanimous shout of applause rang through every corridor in the building.

Few of us ever saw more of Senator McMaster than yon marble bust—even that tells of a mighty soul—but we are assured that the endowing of the University was but the supplement of a life of faith and prayer for Canadian Baptists.

Of Mrs. McMaster's Christ-like spirit we know something by experience. Her visits to the Hall are always a delight and profit to us. Not long ago, after taking tea with us, she, as an affectionate mother, spoke to her "own boys," first collectively, then individually. Every heart was won, and we felt proud of our *Alma Mater*.

In after years, when the graduates of this University are in the struggle and conflict of life, if any human name can buoy up the sinking spirit and infuse fresh hope and strength into the faltering, that name is the one over our door—McMaster.

A. N. FRITH.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Henry C. Vedder's "A Short History of the Baptists," published as a serial in the *Standard* a few months ago, has just appeared in book form from the press of the American Baptist Publication Society. It is by far the best book on the subject, and should be read by every Baptist. The price is \$1.00. It can be supplied by the Standard Publishing Co., Toronto.

It is fitting that a portrait of Senator McMaster should adorn the first number of the MONTHLY issued after the inauguration of Founder's Day, and that Mr. D. E. Thomson's admirable address should have the place of honor in our table of contents. No less appropriate was it to publish the students' contribution to the occasion, through their representative, Mr. A. N. Frith. The establishment of the day itself was a happy thought, and will tend to keep the memory of our great benefactor ever fresh and fragrant in the University and in the denomination.

Every lover of Canada must be gratified to observe the progress of the Grand Ligne Mission in Quebec. The Feller Institute was never doing more efficient work, and the missionary activity manifested in disseminating the Gospel among the people, is a feature of surpassing interest and moment. Great responsibilities are devolved, in behalf of this Mission, upon the Baptists of Canada, West and East. The Board having the work in charge expect the hearty support of the denomination in the forward movement undertaken. The results of this movement are encouraging. What is now specially needed is that our Baptist Churches give this Mission a larger place than hitherto in their annual contributions. The three students from Grande Ligne, now in attendance at McMaster University, are, we believe and fervently hope, a prophecy of a day near at hand when Quebec shall provide hundreds of noble men, thoroughly equipped, for the highest service in the ministry of Truth among its people.

While believing strongly in the independency of the Churches of our denomination, we believe also in making the most of every legitimate influence by which the correlative truths of the inter-dependency and unity of the Churches may be realized. We were glad, therefore,

when, at the recent Convention, a resolution was heartily passed recommending the Churches to adopt the *Canadian Baptist Hymnal*. For a number of years past, instead of one hymn-book bearing the general endorsement of the body, there have been a dozen hymn-books in the market, with little to guide the Churches in making a selection but the accident of profits to the seller. It is not reasonable to expect that the Churches whose hymn-books are of another kind, and are comparatively new, will at once make a change; perhaps it is too much to expect that there will ever be perfect uniformity; but we do hope to see a general uniformity brought about. The judgment of a competent committee, endorsed by the Convention, is that, all things considered, the *Hymnal* is the best and cheapest book the churches are likely to find. Add to this the consideration of convenience and economy to those moving from one church to another, and the desirability, to which we have already referred, of exhibiting our denominational unity, in every possible way, and the reasons are sufficient, why the recommendation of the Convention should be generally adopted.

Frederic Harrison's "Thoughts on Education" in the December *Forum* form an article well worthy of careful perusal. We have long believed that uniformity in education is a mistake for any people. In the Public Schools we cannot but regard it as a drawback on a system which has many things to commend it. There, we are not in a position to obviate the difficulty. But surely when it comes to University work, it is better that variety of life should obtain, and here it is easily possible. This has always seemed to us a strong reason for *McMaster's* taking and maintaining the position of an independent University. And, if we mistake not, opinion in the future will, more and more, tend to a consensus in this view. Mr. Harrison also deals with the religious element in education, and, Positivist though he be, he recognizes the importance of the moral and religious factors in all true education; but along with that goes his emphatic declaration that "the normal and noble education can only be given in families." That is a great truth which we are sadly overlooking to-day. Between the Public Schools on the one hand and the Sunday Schools on the other, parents are being quietly relieved of a deep sense of their own responsibility. They should see to it that the moral and religious training is given in the home; and when the young man or woman leaves home for higher training they should seek for them those institutions in which Christian training is given its proper place. We commend the article to our readers.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The Christmas-tide draws near. In a day or so the term will end. Then the boys will stow away the Greek and Latin worthies, whose dusty secrets they have struggled hard to fathom; will forget to conjugate in their dreams *βουλεύω, βουλεύεις, βουλεύει*; and cease at last, their chase after that teasing vixen, co-ordinate geometry. Schiller will be forsaken, and even the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare forgotten. With a last frantic plunge they will cross the boundary into the fairer land that lies beyond the jungle of Biology. Then down will come the grip; into them will go—what? Many a Christmas gift, I warrant. That day they will be on many a train, hither and thither they will go; to the north and the south, to the east and the west. May bright eyes smile upon them in greeting; may sleigh bells jingle merrily; and may their vacation be the "maddest, merriest time of all the glad old years," while yet it is the sweetest, tenderest and best; and for those who remain, may the heart of the dear old Hall throb warm with Christmas cheer.

OUR cheery friend, Mr. R. Trotter, has gone to Chicago. The big Western metropolis will be in all the bustle of the Christmas time, and there will be loads of things to see. And we know of no one who can use his time better in this respect than Mr. Trotter. No doubt he will ramble through the grounds of the World's Fair, and note with careful eye the preparations for the great exhibition of '93. And when he returns, we shall, doubtless, hear a recital of his adventures, in that bright, racy, story-telling style, in which he has few equals. Meantime, may good fortune speed him.

THE Ladies' Modern Language Club met at the house of one of the members, on a recent Saturday for the purpose of reading aloud "Twelfth Night." As the characters of the play had been previously studied by those who were to sustain them, the reading was marked by much spirit and interest. Lively comments on the various characters, and earnest discussions were a feature of the meeting. It was decided that a meeting of the Club to carry out a prepared programme be held on the second Saturday afternoon of every month, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the next meeting. After partaking of *light (?)* refreshments, and discussing the advisability of taking lessons in elocution, the members dispersed.

Tuesday was the day for French conversation among the ladies, and the warm interest they take in each other's health and the weather, was plainly manifest in the frequent "Comment vous portez vous?" and "Il fait froid," etc., that were heard on every side. These two subjects of conversation, having been exhausted, are to be strictly tabooed hereafter, on French day.

We were pleased on the night of our Christmas dinner, to see Mr.

R. C. Matthews, of class of '95 back again, and in such good cheer, as his after-dinner speech bespoke. We were glad to know that he had so entirely recovered from the illness that rendered necessary his return to his home at Lindsay.

Last month we learned from these News and Notes that the lady students had organized a Modern Language Club. Afterward we learned that the organization of this society was attended by circumstances strange and mysterious. What the mystery was we never heard; but if the veil that shrouded it were lifted we should see some such scene as this:—The ladies' parlor, two lady students, big arm chair by table empty. A grave and sedate member arises and nominates Miss M. as president. Other nominations. Mighty contest. Miss M. victorious. Gravely and presidentlike she looks on the remaining four. Once again the battle was fierce; but from out its heat Miss S. appears with victory in her grasp. The three officerless ones sit mute. Again come nominations; this time for the important and onerous office of treasurer. The ballots fly quickly. The president counts them with puzzled brow. Has she marched triumphantly through the Binomial Theorem to be vanquished by the mathematical tangle of the voting done by four members? Ah, no; she has it; Miss T. is elected. (Applause from three). Now who shall be secretary? Who shall be the scribe to record the first doings of this young society—this society harkening even now to the steps of the future throngs of ladies who will fill its offices and vote its decrees? Ah, they will choose one who can write them in good, simple Saxon—Miss W. And then in the finally final Miss H. is elected by acclamation to the post of librarian. Is our picture true?

The twenty-third day of December, 1891, brought with it a drizzling rain and a thick fog. The sun had made several angry attempts to burst through the misty clouds that fettered him; but the only results of those attempts was a dampening of his ardent spirit, and a darkening of his brilliancy. The clouds were impregnable, and so the rain and fog held high carnival and gloried in the misery they brought to all. To all? Nay. Within the sacred pile of McMaster University all was hilarity. Rain and fog might conquer the sun but not the students. There were packing of trunks and strapping of valises; hand shakings and *bon-mots* were exchanged, for this day was the commencement of the holidays. At 8.30 a.m. a large number of the boys fell into line and marched to the station en route for the east. The train being about an hour late, the time was enlivened by college songs, yells and other gentlemanly conduct peculiar to the Knights of the Classics. J. B. W. was in his element, and gave "John McGaw" in his characteristic style to a large and appreciative audience of station loiterers, passengers and students. The Doctor was beaming, for visions of that "sleigh ride" were rising before him. Murduck made a speech and was bounced for it. Dominic's face was as red as a beet, trying to do two men's work "coming in on the chorus." The High Kakiac wore a perpetual grin of satisfaction gotten up for this state occasion. Merrill played the organ (horn). Norman thought of Christmas turkey, and was grave. Therrien was heard to remark:—

"Here's to ourselves,—we're the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praise aloud,
Vive-la Compagnie!"

Matthews said he "didn't care whether school kept or not, he was reckless," while Priest thought the occasion had given him an inspiration and impetus for his future life work. Cameron struck up a few bars of "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." Just then the train hove in sight; "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, good-byes exchanged and amid a hip-hip-hip-hurrah and a three times three the train glided out of the station, and the holidays had begun.

(Extract from a Letter).

Queen's University sent an invitation to McMaster to send a delegate to her Christmas Conversazione, and after a good deal of discussion as to who was to have the honor, the lot was cast in my favor.

On the Friday before Christmas I started from the Union Station on one of the G. T. R. trains that goes coasting down the lake shore. Reduced fares and reduced speed go hand in hand, and the orthodox twenty-five miles an hour was reduced to twenty. At last Kingston hove in sight and very soon I am on the platform. With that peculiar "birds of a feather flock together" instinct I soon stumbled upon another delegate who hailed from Wycliffe, and who turned out to be a first-rate fellow, and who, besides being thoroughly companionable, had the Master's interests at heart, which appeared by his making a diagnosis of my spiritual condition.

Three o'clock found us hard at work upon a good dinner, and I can heartily recommend the Kingston dinners, especially when sauced with a long G.T. trip. While at dinner some of the Queen's fellows found us, and after hearty welcomes had been uttered they said to us, "Why don't you fellows wear your colors, we should not then have missed you?" I was bound to answer, "Alas, my Alma Mater is a Quaker and thinks colors are wicked."

Our hosts drove us round the town in the afternoon to see the "lions." The Hospital was visited, and the Graving Dock of boodle fame claimed our attention. The visit to the Military School was interesting.

The Conversazione at the University was a grand affair. The building was very nicely decorated and every effort was made to take off the bookish appearance that colleges will wear. The room for apologetics was especially "decorated" in good taste. Here ice-cream, cakes and other delectable branches of this study were prosecuted with vigor. We wished that there was such a subject taught in McMaster.

About 700 were present, and judging from the animated looks all enjoyed themselves. The literary part of the programme was very good. The music was excellent, and Miss Agnes Knox sustained her reputation as an elocutionist. Lecturettes with experiments followed, and then the strains of music called the votaries of the "light fantastic" to the spacious salons up stairs where a long and varied programme of dancing was carried out.

It ought to be said that the courtesy and kindness of the students were such as to make a lasting impression upon the mind.

PETRO

Our Christmas dinner was a success in every way. Both the menu and the speeches were excellent. Mr. McDonald made a most efficient master of ceremonies, and in a very happy way introduced the several speakers of the evening.

The toast to McMaster University was proposed by Mr. A. White, who pointed out that a dream which the chairman of the Arts Faculty had related four years ago in respect to the successful future of the institution had come true; he also paid a noble tribute to its founder. Mr. H. C. Priest responded on behalf of the students, and voiced truly their loyalty to their alma mater; Dr. Rand spoke on behalf of the Faculties.

As each member of the different staffs received some well-deserved word of praise, it was greeted with applause by the students and assembled friends. All were made to feel that with men of such scholarly attainments, and Christian character in the service of McMaster, failure is an impossibility.

The toast to sister Universities was well sustained by Prof. Trotter, and replied to in characteristic speeches, by Mr. W. S. McLay, of Toronto; Mr. C. B. Freeman, of Acadia; and Mr. T. Doolittle, of Manitoba.

Our new Professor, J. H. Farmer, B.A., was eulogized in most fitting terms by Mr. A. N. Frith. The response was a noble and helpful one, full of brotherly affection and Christian sincerity.

Mr. C. J. Cameron had the pleasing duty of expressing the sentiments of the students to our Steward and Matron. It was praise in unstinted measure, and well they deserved it, for they are worthy. The prolonged applause of the students spoke their approbation with no uncertain sound.

The Freshman classes and married students were proposed by Messrs. B. W. Merrill and T. Murduck respectively, in a witty way as is customary; and were responded to by Mr. C. Matthews in a concise speech for the Arts; by Mr. Therrien in a brilliant portrayal of the future history of his class-mates, for the Theological Class; and by Mr. Bennett in a setting forth of the blessings of the matrimonial state, on behalf of his fraternity. After singing "God Save the Queen" we separated, hoping to meet again on similar occasions.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COLLEGE.—Never has a more beautiful spirit of harmony and good feeling possessed a school than is now to be found in Woodstock College. It surely speaks well for the government of the Institution, when one hundred and thirty or forty boys, of different persuasions and temperaments, can live together in one building, for a whole year, without a wrangle. Brothers could not live in greater harmony. There are no caste distinctions observed here, and there is no room for a spirit of jealousy.

During last month we had no sickness in the College worth mentioning; and our faithful Dr. McLay was, of course, jubilant. This month, however, La Grippe has filled his hands with patients. We are glad to be able to say that they are all speedily recovering, thanks of to the Doctor's skill and his little liver pills.

Our spacious dining room was the scene of a brilliant assembly on Monday evening, December 21st, when a dinner, given by the Faculty, was participated in by all. The boys were conspicuous in their brilliant ties and black coats. The members of the Faculty were none the less conspicuous by their smiling faces and pleased looks. The spread of delicacies was all that could be desired, in fact the best, some say, that has made its appearance for many a long day. Toasts were made to "Our Country," "The Faculty," "Old Boys," "The Ladies," and responded to by our "Orators."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Since the first frosty days of last month the boys have been laboring faithfully in the construction of a skating-rink on the College lawn. It appeared up to this month as if the best laid plans of "men and mice," etc., but now their untiring zeal has its reward in a fine sheet of ice. The boys of this school are noted for their patience and stick-to-itiveness, and generally bring every attempt to a successful issue.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

The meeting of the Mission Circle on Friday, February 15th, was both interesting and instructive. A talk by Miss Haigh on her recollections of Miss Fielde was especially interesting. Several new members joined and we hope they will be a great help in the work.

An almost unparalleled act of bravery was performed not long ago. One of the residents here actually succeeded in capturing, and afterwards drowning that much-dreaded enemy of womankind—a mouse. The heroic act is thought to be due to the influence of chest-weights and other apparatus introduced last fall for physical culture. What could not be accomplished if we only had a well-equipped gymnasium?

Man is proverbial: perverse, but why the most perverse of his kind should be the one selected to attend to our furnaces is a problem yet to be solved by the average girl at Moulton. Various theories have been advanced—the one meeting with most favour being that it has been thought well to give the dwellers here a correct idea of extreme climates. Hence on cold days, the temperature would remind an Arctic explorer of Greenland, whilst on warm days the atmosphere has approached that of the "hot room" in a Turkish bath.

We are glad to see, however, that workmen have been putting in more pipes in the music corridor. Henceforth, we trust, our piano students will not need to warm their almost frozen fingers at the fire of their own enthusiastic love of the "concord of sweet sounds."

The sleighbells had jingled and the fish-horns had tooted until the girls could stand it no longer; and they decided that they must have their annual sleigh-drive while the snow lasted. What if it *was* earlier than usual? It is cold comfort taking a sleigh-drive on wheels; and besides the moon and the weather are not always to be relied upon.

Accordingly, two large vans drew up at the door on Friday night. The young ladies, to make sure that they would not be left, all rushed into the first van, and it was with difficulty that some of them were

persuaded that there was just as much candy and much more room in the second one. Then they started—as the neighbourhood will testify, “and all went merry as a marriage bell”—until “Major,” the pet and pup of the college became weary and could run no longer. He had serious objections to getting into the van, as all proper people should, and had to be hauled up over the side by his ears. He wore a melancholy expression during the rest of the evening, and probably would have wished he had stayed at home, had he not found a box of chocolates under the seat.

The small boys evidently enjoyed themselves as much as we did; and threw snowballs at the opposite building to their heart's content. One boy, not quite so *small*, in his endeavor to pitch a curved ball, suddenly sat down and picked up his hat instead.

Of course, we all know that the second van had finer horses, even if they were not so fast as the others. When we arrived at 34 Bloor East again we all came to the conclusion that the drive had been a great success. And it is to be hoped that the young ladies will recover their voices in time for the next recital.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FORGETTING.—Allow us to place before your mind's eye a Moulton College girl, who was never known to forget anything. Her mind may be likened to a house, stored and furnished with the contents of every book studied in her life.

The house is now open for inspection. The foundations are all the different strata and fossils of various ages, arranged in chronological order, with fossil names and classifications embedded firmly in them. As you enter the house you at once detect a strong odor of musty books. In the hall you are greeted by a whole dictionary of polite French phrases; as you pass to the reception room you will notice the walls are hung with Latin declensions and selections from John Richard Green's “Short History of the English People”—in fact the French Revolutionary war has a frame all to itself. In one corner of the room may be seen, in a glass case, twelve hundred and fifty lines of “Paradise Lost,” which have been committed to memory; in another, all the arguments brought forward in the trial of Warren Hastings, learned and remembered by our young lady.

Passing on to the dining-room, we notice the table loaded with dates and the contents of books on Hygiene, Physiology, etc.

In the kitchen may be seen various tested experiments, the milk of her wisdom and the salt of her knowledge. Descending to the cellar, we find, lying around in careless confusion, a number of Greek roots and Latin stems.

In the bedrooms the atmosphere is heavy with Philology, Psychology, Ethics, Metaphysics, Natural and Moral Philosophy—in fact, all those delightful sciences which are calculated to induce slumber. Ascending to the attic, we find certain much-loved studies in Mathematics, and Seath's Grammar. Climbing to the roof we find it *steeped* with the science of Astronomy.

There is a railing around the roof, but tell me, dear friend, would you not rather, out of sheer despair, jump from it down to the deep abyss of forgetfulness below than be tortured by living in such a house as this!