



Augustus H. Strong

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AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG.

In response to a request which comes to me from a Toronto friend, and in the midst of all the demands upon me arising from a series of special services in the church of which I am pastor, I sit down to write a brief sketch of President Strong. And so it results that a work which I should like to do leisurely, and with much care and discrimination, must be done hurriedly. Accordingly I take my pen with the uncomfortable conviction that I shall do no sort of justice to the subject of this article. Another difficulty also confronts me. Doctor Strong is still with us, and is in the very prime of his noble strength and of his commanding influence. Moreover my relation to him as his pastor and in other ways, is intimate; I meet him almost daily. Through eleven years of constant intercourse I have learned to know him, to appreciate him. Doubtless this constitutes my fitness to be the writer of this sketch. But any reader can see, in addition, that my task is a delicate one. I must not say all that I know and feel. If I did, Dr. Strong would be the last to forgive me. Where, then, shall I draw the line? Truth must be told, yet becoming moderation must be preserved. In short, this sketch will only be a bald outline: it will not be, in even a small degree, an appreciation.

Augustus Hopkins Strong was born in Rochester, N. Y.,

August 3rd, 1836. After passing through the Public School he was prepared for College in the Rochester Collegiate Institute of which Professor H. W. Benedict was then the Principal. This was in 1849-1852. After this he had a year's experience in the counting-room and the business of the Rochester Daily Democrat, of which his father, Alvah Strong, was the proprietor. In 1853 he entered Yale College, and from this College he was graduated in 1857. At his graduation he was Class Orator, and also De Forest Gold-Medalist. It was during this period, in a revival in Rochester under the great Charles G. Finney, that Mr. Strong was converted to God. The fruit of that revival under Finney abounds in Rochester to this day. Dr. Strong often recalls that time with gratitude to God. In 1857 he entered the Rochester Theological Seminary, of which Doctor E. G. Robinson was then the President. Doctor Robinson was a man of unusual vigor and independence whose teaching and whose personality left their mark on every student. Associated with him in the Faculty were Doctors V. R. Hotchkiss, and G. W. Northrup. Here Mr. Strong spent two years. Then in 1859 he went to Europe where he spent a year at the University of Berlin, and in traveling in Italy, Palestine, Egypt and Greece. It will thus be seen that he enjoyed great advantages in preparing for his life-work. How well he used those advantages his subsequent career plainly shows.

His first regular preaching to a church was to the North Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill., in 1860-61. From 1861 to 1865 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Haverhill, Mass. In 1865 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, and this position he filled until the year 1872. In the year 1872 he was called to succeed Doctor E. G. Robinson as President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary, which position he still occupies. It was a sign of the great confidence with which he was regarded that he was called to so responsible a place at such a comparatively early age; that confidence he has never disappointed or betrayed. Indeed, it is characteristic of the man that the longer he is known and proved, the more he is trusted; no interest for which he is responsible ever suffers because of him; no friend ever finds him lacking in anything which true friendship implies.

The twenty-six years of Dr. Strong's work in the Seminary have assuredly been busy years, and they have been fruitful years as well. In 1872-3 the English department of the Seminary enrolled forty-two students, and the German department, nineteen; a total of sixty-one. At present the figures are one hundred and three for the English department, and forty-nine for the German department, a total of one hundred and fifty-two. Then the permanent funds were \$161,641, now they are \$603,947. Then the Faculty all told numbered seven; now it numbers fourteen. The course of instruction has been constantly developed, and in the English department almost every student is now a college graduate before he is received. These facts are signs of a portion of President Strong's work.

During these years he has been a hard student and an untiring literary worker. His "Systematic Theology" is known in many of the seminaries of this country, of all denominations, and is regularly used in not a few of them. It is also recognized across the sea. It was first published in 1886; and in 1896 the fifth edition of it appeared. His "Philosophy and Religion," was published in 1888; and in the autumn of 1897 he gave to the press that most delightful and most instructive volume, "The Great Poets and Their Theology." Of these different works there is no space to speak here. Doctor Strong's standing as a scholar and a theologian, both in the Baptist denomination and outside of it, is in a measure signified by the following facts. The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon him no less than three times, and that by the leading institutions in the country: in 1870 by Brown University; in 1892 by Yale; and in 1896 by Princeton. In 1895 Bucknell University gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

These, then, are the dry bones of his life and work up to this time. To those who know him how dry they will appear. You do not really know him until you know him in his domestic life, in his social life, in his literary associations and companionships, in his life as a church-member, in his deep, steady, growing, mellowing spiritual life. Take a fact like this. It is a principle with him to refuse no request for any service, if it is in his power to render it. Imagine the labor and sacrifice which such a principle involves in the case of such a man. Or take a

fact like this. He regularly teaches a Sunday School class nine months in the year, and of all the attendants at the church prayer-meeting not one is more constant than he. In all his teaching and his manifold labors, and in his own life, loyalty to Christ is the principle which transcends all else. As my space is exhausted, I cannot do better than to close with this testimony.

J. W. A. STEWART.

Rochester, N Y.

WINTER FLOWERS.

When tree and bush are comfortless,
 And fields are piteous bare,
 A garden blooms upon my heart,
 And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
 Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
 Like the far flashings of the stars,
 Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tipped,
 Their petals softly blow;
 Now clear as water in the sun,
 When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
 To the breath of soundless airs,—
 The memories of wooing winds
 That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
 Shares with the burning tree!
 Elusive sweet as the witching flow
 Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
 And lo! it hath no form.
 I only know 'tis dark without,
 And here 'tis light and warm.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

THE INNER LIFE.

Never in the history of the world was greater attention given to the cultivation of the mind than to-day. The advantages conferred by a liberal education are all but universally recognized. But the greatest want of to-day in our churches is not learning; nor is it organization. Our churches are, one might say, weighed down with ecclesiastical machinery. Nor is it a larger number of educated ministers. Most of our pastors realize the importance of mental discipline, and so wisely expend many years in patient and laborious study before undertaking the weighty responsibilities of the pastorate. And yet the number who fail in the ministry is not few; nor can their failure in many instances be ascribed to defective education.

Incalculable, indeed, is the amount of good effected through money. Money builds our chapels, our schools and colleges; money supports our pastors, and sends the missionary to the ends of the earth. You can often tell the genuineness and depth of the Christian's consecration by his liberality to the cause of his Master. But the greatest want of to-day is not money. What then is the greatest want? The lack of spiritual power.

The evidences of spiritual impotence were manifest in New Testament days. This we see in the failure on the part of the disciples to cast out the deaf and dumb spirit; in their unseemly rivalry; in Peter's shameful denial and the disciples' cowardly desertion of their Master in the moment of trial. Nor would the great apostle to the Gentiles have administered such a stinging rebuke to the Christians at Corinth for their carnality had he not found them to be mere babes in Christ—spiritual weaklings. But notwithstanding our greater privileges no less abundant among us, to-day, are the manifestations of a weak and sickly spiritual life. Why do we fail so frequently in temper, word and deed to exemplify the spirit of our Master? Why do so much envy, jealousy and strife exist among the followers of Christ, when He made love the supreme test of discipleship? Why is there not a more consuming zeal for the advancement of His kingdom?

Failure to cultivate the inner life, is, it seems to me, the

correct answer to all these questions and to very many others that might be pertinently asked. Christians seem to forget that the spiritual kingdom has its laws to which strict obedience must be given, if the soul is to possess strong, vigorous and abounding life. The transgressor of the physical laws invariably suffers. In like manner the transgressor of the spiritual laws brings upon himself sure retribution.

What, then, are some of the laws of the spiritual kingdom? For our answer let us go "back to Christ." In His life and utterances we shall find a solution for all our problems.

I. *Search the Scriptures.*—Jesus emphasized the diligent study of the sacred writings. He was Himself saturated with the word of God. The assaults of the tempter He foiled by reliance on the sacred oracles. God's word was constantly upon His lips, "Ye do err not knowing the scriptures." And after His resurrection, when He opened the mind of the disciples it was with a view of disclosing rich treasures stored for them in the written word. Nor need we wonder that as He expounded to them the truth they exclaimed, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He opened to us the scriptures?" Passages might be multiplied to show the value which our Lord placed on the Old Testament writings. In them He saw Himself and the path which He must tread, and from them He derived strength and courage for His work. Christ was not a Higher Critic, but He was a devotional student of the word of God. If Jesus Himself, the living Word, could not dispense with the written word, how can we, His followers, live without it. The disciples at Berea were declared to be more noble than those at Thessalonica, because they examined the scriptures. No Christian who fails daily to assimilate the word of God can grow strong in the life divine.

II. *Meditate and pray.*—The necessity of taking time to hold fellowship with God, and of having a quiet spot for the purpose, was also emphasized by our Lord. "But thou when thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." He would not part from His disciples without again dwelling on what He had so often sought to impress upon their minds, the absolute necessity of the cultivation of the inner life—"But tarry ye in the city until ye be

clothed with power from on high." And our Lord's command was in complete harmony with His practice. He did nothing without prayer. No one realized as did Jesus the need and the value of unbroken fellowship with the Father. To meet this need He was wont to arise long before the light of day appeared and betake Himself to some solitary place to pray. He knew the dissipating influence of being constantly in the presence of man. He could more easily dispense with daily food for His body than with daily food for His soul—fellowship with the Father.

In His baptism we find Him praying and before He sent forth the twelve He spent the whole preceding night in communion with God. And so profound an impression did His praying make upon the minds of the disciples that on one occasion they cried out "Lord teach us," not to preach but "to pray."

Jesus took time to study the scriptures and time to pray. And he requires each of His followers to have a secluded spot where he can daily meet Him. This is the place where "He daily anoints with fresh oil each waiting heart, and where blessings are bestowed with which they are to bless their fellow-men." "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

Time was when Christians thought it necessary to shut themselves up in monasteries in order that they might thereby give themselves undistractedly to meditation and prayer. They forgot the Master's petition, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." But if the Christians of those distant days made the great mistake of withdrawing themselves altogether from contact with the world, if they lived too much in doors, it is to be feared that the average Christian of the present, busy, bustling age, lives too much out doors.

Jesus' life and words would teach us that no soul can possess a sound spiritual life that does not take time daily to study the word of God, and daily to hold fellowship with the Father. "In stillness and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength," says the prophet Isaiah. And a like thought is expressed by the Psalmist—"Be silent to the Lord and wait patiently for Him." Indeed, he is the most active and most aggressive in the work of his Master who is the most passive instrument in His hands.

The marvellous activity of the Apostolic age was due to the fact that many of the disciples gave themselves up to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Before the disciples were invested with divine power for witnessing they had waited on God. It took ten days' praying to melt away the icebergs of coldness and to remove the mountains of unbelief from their hearts. Mighty was the change wrought upon the disciples. Peter who a few days ago, frightened by a maid, denied his Master, became at once as courageous and strong as a lion. Filled with unwonted power, he speaks with great boldness, directness and simplicity. Three thousand hardened sinners are convicted and converted. It is the Spirit's work. But let us not forget that before this great work could be done God's own children had first to be prepared. This was His method in carrying on His work in the first century, it is His method still. Physicians tell us that hurried eating is productive of injury to the health of the body. In like manner the soul of many a Christian can trace its chronic dyspepsia to nothing else than to hurried meditation and prayer.

III. *Obey His voice.*—Jesus lived a life of absolute obedience to the will of God. He had a will of His own, but He gave His will to the Father; "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me." He counted it His joy to do the Father's will—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." It cost Him much to do the Father's will. It meant Gethsemane and Calvary. Jesus died rather than do His own will. He could not have revealed the character of the Father had He chosen to do His own will. By His life He shewed us how to live, and by His death and resurrection He obtained for us the power to enable us to do His will rather than our own. Jesus abode in the Father's love because He kept His Father's commandments, and He assured His followers that they could abide in His love only as they yielded obedience to His commandments. To be conformed to Christ in life and character the believer, too, must be willing to count the cost and choose to do Christ's will rather than his own. This is the secret of a strong, aggressive and progressive Christian life. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

IV. *Have faith in God.*—Jesus lived a life of absolute de-

pendence upon God. He could do nothing from self as the centre. "Even Christ pleased not Himself." No man ever lived a life so dependent on the Father as did our Lord. This life of dependence He did not regard as a humiliation. He knew that the sin of Eden arose from the desire to be independent. To the Father He looked for guidance in regard to every detail of His life. "The Son can do nothing of Himself; but what things soever He seeth the Father do, these the Son also doeth in like manner." Nor did His implicit faith and perfect obedience go unrewarded. The Father communicated to Him all His purposes. This life of dependence although not pleasing to the flesh not only delivers the soul from care and worry, but brings to it the calm and peace of God.

All the resources of heaven are placed at the disposal of the believer who yields implicit obedience to these laws of the spiritual life. "He that believeth on me, out from within him shall flow rivers of living water." All things are possible to him that believeth. "I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me."

Mighty and glorious are the results which attend the cultivation of the inner life. You will give up your selfish aims and unhallowed ambitions. You will consult your heavenly Father in regard to every detail of life. You will receive divine help and guidance. The word of God will become unspeakably precious to you. Your conscience will become sensitive to the presence of sin in all its forms. You will live soberly and righteously, and godly. You will have abundant opportunities for service, and you will turn them to good account. You will have many difficulties, trials and temptations, but you will have grace given you to believe that all things are working together for your good. You will be regular in your attendance at the house of God, and you will deem it a privilege to contribute regularly, as the Lord prospers you, to the support of the gospel and the spread of the glad tidings to the ends of the world.

The character of your Master will be reproduced in your life, His patience, humility, meekness and gentleness; His love, His forgiving and self-sacrificing spirit. You will be ever conscious of your own imperfections, and you will make the language of the Apostle your own: "Not as though I had already attained or am already made perfect; but I press on, if so be,

that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended ; but one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and stretching forward to things which are before, I press on towards the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

P. S. CAMPBELL.

SONG OF THE PEE-DEE-DEE.

A bird sat singing alone on a limb,
 A sweet, little, plaintive, woodland hymn ;
 And its bright eyes sparkled with glad delight,
 As it plumed its pinions of grey and white.
 "Pee-dee-dee ! 'tis a pleasant thing,
 Here, midst the rustling leaves, to sing ;
 With the blue sky above me so soft and clear,
 And the murmuring rivulets singing near ;
 With beautiful blossoms everywhere
 Loading with perfume the balmy air :"
 And the gushing trill of the happy bird
 Again the o'erhanging foliage stirred.

A sour-faced man with a gloomy eye
 Chanced to be sauntering slowly by ;
 And he paused as the music so soft and clear,
 Of the blithe little warbler met his ear.
 —He paused, looked up, but soon looked down,
 And darker still grew his heavy frown :—
 "I cannot imagine, indeed," quoth he,
 "Why such noisy, troublesome things should be !
 "I'd give a dollar to have my gun—
 "I'd soon put a stop to his boisterous fun !"

"Pee-dee-dee !" sang the sweet-voiced bird,
 "For your ear, good friend, I've a little word :—
 There's a thorn in your breast ! there is gloom on
 your brow,
 And your spirit is darkened by shadows now.

Come! listen to me, and I'll sing you a song
That will lift the cloud from thy soul ere long.
I'll sing of the glorious summer sky,
Of the rivulet's song, and the breeze's sigh,—
Of the dancing leaves, and the sweet-breathed flowers
And the sunbeam's glance through the woodland
bowers!"

But the moody man heard not the lay,
For his dark thoughts were wandering far away;
And he passed along, for his troubled heart
In the gladness of Nature had no part.

With a haughty brow and a flashing eye,
A woman of fashion next came by,
She glanced at the grove with a scornful face,
And coldly sneered—"What a vulgar place!"
This tangled brushwood,—those old gnarled trees!
Who could find pleasure in scenes like these?"
"Pee-dee-dee, a good morn to thee!"
Warbled the bird from the old beech tree.
"Call you *this vulgar*, this fairy scene,
Of midsummer forests enrobed in green?
These morning dew-drops so sheen and rare?
These sweet sounds burdening all the air?—
Wait, and I'll sing thee a song so sweet
That thou'lt loathe the town with its crowded street—
But thou look'st displeased; and I plainly see,
That happiness is not a guest with thee;—
O! I pity—I pity that sealed-up heart,
That beareth with Nature no kindred part!"

With bounding step and a gleeful song,
A sweet little child came next along;
His bright cheek glowed with the rose-bud's hue,
And his laughing eyes seemed of the clear sky's blue.
"Oh! oh!" he cried, "could there ever be
So pretty a thing as this old beech tree!—
With its roots all cushioned with mosses green,
And violets springing the tufts between,—
Blue violets and yellow—and look, oh, look!"

There is a dear little shallow brook,—
 And here is a beautiful climbing vine ;
 How its glossy leaves in the sunbeams shine !”
 And the glad child shouted in artless mirth,
 “ O, this *is* the pleasantest place on earth !”

“ Pee-dee-dee !” sang the listening bird,
 And the child looked up as the song he heard.
 “ Pee-dee-dee !—little laughing boy,
 Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy ?
 —Thine is no selfish and sealed-up heart,
 Wearied and warped by the stern world’s art ;
 Thine is no spirit grown cold and chill
 By the workings and warrings of earthly ill ;
 Welcome, sweet child, with thy guileless heart,
 Of Nature’s self thou a portion art !”
 Will it aye be so ?—or will time’s dark wings
 Dim the perceptions of beautiful things,
 Chilling the fountains of joy in thee ?
 But what am I thinking of ? Pee-dee-dee !

Pee-dee-dee ! little laughing boy !
 Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy ?
 Oh ! beautiful child, with thy guileless heart,
 Of Nature’s self thou a portion art ;
 And I will not think what thou yet may’st be
 When years have passed over thee—Pee-dee-dee !”

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.

A LAST WORD.*

Here is a book of poems eight months old and in its second edition. And here then is a thing hitherto unheard-of among Canadians, who are neither over-rapturous patrons of the muses nor an opulent prey for graceless publishers. *At Minas Basin* has not dinned its way; but, rather, open-heartedly it has claimed its kingdom, and open-heartedly, inevitably, withal more quickly than its best appreciator foretold, it has been welcomed by its own.

With the acquisition of nineteen new poems, *At Minas Basin* attains full stature and begins its campaign. The exultant note of the sonnet "Victor is He!" and the triumphant assurance of the lyric "In Memoriam" are the burdens of its eager song. Healthy, virile, with appropriate accoutrements, and God-seeing, the book addresses itself to its mission: the revelation of Divine things to the hearts in which its "body of beauty" has aroused æsthetic satisfaction. A message of help! In the presentation and the burden alike are beauty and strength, and in the latter also there is salvation. What a song for men's souls rings in the "is" and "must be" of the single stanza:

" He's our rhythm and light,
Eternal, above!
The Day of all night!
He is Love, Love, Love!"

As the writer said in the pages of this magazine some time ago—nor must rehearse at length—it is evident that "all the volume is instinct with spiritual enthusiasm, with the open genius of a fearless and stable faith." It is sweetness *and* light. The poet's grasped and reiterated good is

" . . . the blessing in ' bless,'
The love in love."

With musical Saxon, with delicious lilt, with dominating nobleness of theme and motive, with liberal dower of eloquence and imagination, this poet—of whom, Canada, hesitate not to be proud!—builds up his victorious empire. His book

* *At Minas Basin and Other Poems*, by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., Second edition, cloth, 12mo. 206 pp. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings; Montreal: C. W. Cones; Halifax: S. F. Huestis, 1898.

makes no bald advertisement of profession, but desires and strives to work for God's ends, as may please Him. Only, in answer to any challenge of its right to work, it proclaims its outlook in "Poesy Speaks" and "Reflections."

The fruition, then, of beauty? Read "Beauty," "The Carven Shoes," "Of Beauty," "A Red Sunrise," the cloud sonnets, "The Hepatica," "The Glad, Golden Year," "Fairy Glen," and "Summer Fog."

Evil is. Is there salvation? Read "Love's Immanence," "The House of God," "By the Love," "The Christ," "In the night," "Marie Depure," "Silas Tertius Rand."

But evil persists and blights. What can be done? The answer is given in "Partnership," "Resistless Fate," "Victor is He!" "Conduct," "International Arbitration," "Renewal," "Nature," "My Robin," "Tetrapla," "The Stormy Petrel."

Accepting the blessed intimation of the final lasting alliance of power with good, what is the means of that alliance, and is there any guarantee of its permanence? The truth is told in "Ideals," "Vision," "The Dragonfly," "Deathless," "In Memoriam," "A Dream," "I Am," "Nora Lee," "To W."

That is the achievement. From the forefront of the battle the song soars unafraid: song of consciousness and song of confidence, giving hope, stablishing faith and freeing generous emotion.

It is noticeable in the development of Dr. Rand's book and its now full-blooming promise, that the new poems in this second edition constitute a miniature *At Minas Basin* in themselves. More would willingly be said on this thesis, but the mere assertion must suffice. That this likeness in miniature should not exist would surprise critic and interpreter. The recital, warmly applauded, is ended; and the organist stays on and dreams. He awakes with the old yet newer joy in his eyes, his fingers seek the key-board in a finale of soft but surpassing sweetness. And so he rests. Not till then is the recital *finished*.

"Amen! and Amen!
Breaks over the deeps,
Again and again,
And the blue vast sleeps."

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.
EDITORS.

THE MISSION OF SOCRATES.

(Concluded.)

The Socratic view of death left no room for a resurrection. This doctrine, which is the *ne plus ultra* of Christianity, would have been utterly repugnant to Socrates; if entertained, it would have undermined his whole philosophic system.

Greek philosophy never made any advance in respect of this, and the enunciation of the doctrine by the Saviour and his apostles found the world utterly unprepared for it. The Athenians turned from Paul's preaching with ridicule and contempt, when he spoke of a resurrection of dead men; yet they would have listened with attention and respect to a discourse on the eternal blessedness of the soul apart from the body.

Space-limits proscribe any detailed exposition of the Socratic doctrine of *immortality*. His favorite argument,—the reminiscence of ideas in a pre-existent state, of which the soul is partaker—has become familiar to English readers through Wordsworth's famous *Ode on Immortality*. His ethical arguments carry greater weight with us. There is the aspiration of the soul after a perfect existence, which Addison's Cato has so finely voiced. There is also the necessity growing out of our present lives for a future retribution and reward. This whole argument, as he evolves it, is remarkably scriptural and suggests many striking parallels in the Bible. The postulate of the alternation of opposites, used by Socrates in establishing the immortality of the soul, has great interest for the Christian, inasmuch as it was adopted by Paul in establishing the resurrection of the body.

The description which Socrates gives of the future abode of the blessed, shows many points of startling similarity to the apocalyptic vision of the apostle John. There is the "pure heaven" and the "pure earth"; there are trees and flowers and fruits fairer than any here; there are "gold and silver, and the

jewels of the upper earth, the emeralds and the sardonyxes and jaspers and other gems"; there is "the purple of wonderful lustre, also the radiance of gold and the white which is whiter than snow, making that true earth such that to behold it is a sight for the blessed." The inhabitants "have no disease, but they hear the voices of the gods and receive their answers, and enjoy sensible visions, and hold converse with them, and their other blessedness is of a piece with this."

The Phædo, from which most of the preceding extracts have been taken, will ever remain the highest achievement of speculative reason. It marks the utmost limit that unaided human intellect can ever hope to attain. But it was a human effort after all, and the stream could not rise above its source. Earth can never rise to heaven; if earth and heaven meet, it must be by heaven coming down to earth. No human hand can rend the veil that hides the unseen, yet it may be that from the heaven-side light may break through. There is indeed a deep significance in the fact that Socrates' confession of his own inability to solve the pressing problems of human destiny, and to penetrate the mysteries of the unseen, is so frequently accompanied by an expression of yearning desire after light from on high. Certain it is that he thought it no unreasonable supposition that the gods would convey their will to mortals through revelation when they could not ascertain it by learning. There is the ring of prophecy about the following passage:—"Failing in this, that is to say, if a man can neither find the truth by his own faculties, nor learn it through the help of others, then having chosen that which is at all events the best and most irrefragable of human doctrines, he ought to embark thereon like a mariner going to sea on a raft (in default of any better conveyance) and sail through life's voyage, unless, indeed, it were possible to proceed on one's way more securely and with less danger, or on some *divine doctrine* (*γόλου θειοῦ τινός*).

Undaunted by the magnitude of the problems which Socrates had labored in vain to solve, his successors, with amazing pertinacity, returned again and again to the task. Never had such demands been made upon philosophy: never did philosophy fail so utterly to stand the test. With the loss of empire, the moral, social, and political life of Athens was completely under-

mined. At first, the people looked to religion for compensation for national and individual losses: religion had nothing to offer. With expectant hearts men turned to philosophy. Vain hope! Philosophy, so long the proud boast of the schoolmen and even yet regarded as the only panacea for the nation's ills, gave way from the very first before the disintegrating attack of the forces of immorality. With a wail of utter despair that reached even to heaven, the Greek masses lapsed into scepticism.

The Lyceum and the Academy, the Garden and the Porch, are now deserted. Philosophy, a homeless wanderer, quits the hallowed haunts, flees across the Mediterranean, and finds a welcome retreat among the libraries of Alexandria. The old schools, rivals once in prosperity, are now reconciled in adversity. The new Eclecticism of the west at first encounters, then embraces, then fuses with, an element hitherto unknown to the Greeks — the Jewish monotheism.

That was the focal point in human history. To it the events of the past converged, from it they expanded. It was at that supreme moment that the light broke above Bethlehem, that heralded the dawning of a better morning. The old luminaries, once so bright, struggled in vain against the brightness of that glorious rising. He for whose advent Socrates had ignorantly longed when he said to Antisthenes, "We must wait till some one comes," had at length appeared, and angels sang the tidings of his birth.

The *θεῖος λόγος* was indeed revealed, not in ambiguous oracles, hard to be understood, not transmitted through that tongue which he himself had glorified by making it the instrument of his philosophy. The God whom he had so imperfectly yet so marvellously apprehended had become in his own person the *θεῖος λόγος*, the Divine Word, God manifest in the flesh.

The body, which he had contemned and conquered, from whose polluting contact he was glad to find deliverance, even in death, became the temple of Divinity, destined to be re-animated and re-inhabited in the glory of a resurrection life.

The deplorable fact of human degeneracy, of which he was so keenly conscious, but the origin of and the release from which his philosophy was powerless to determine, was explained by a revelation which told of a death in Adam and a

birth in Christ, and solved every problem of human philosophy in the single sentence—"As through one man sin came into the world, so through one man came life everlasting."

The redemption, which he had so nobly, but so unsuccessfully sought to achieve by philosophy, was accomplished by the Cross, on which the great Representative of humanity offered Himself up, "the just for the unjust;" in place of the light of nature, recondite oracles, warning voices and conjectural auguries, came "the more sure word of prophecy, which is as a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the Day-star arise."

The heaven of purity and concord which reason had postulated as a necessity which it were ignominy to doubt, was revealed in glory surpassing human thought. Reason itself was lost in faith, revelation bearing its own witness in the experience of the believer. "Knowledge is virtue and power," said Socrates; "Believe and ye shall enter in," said Christ. It had needs be so. When the stars come forth and deck the firmament, men lay aside their maps and charts; they need no voice of reason to assure them that these are the lights for whose dawning they have waited. And so we wonder not that men turned from the phosphorescent gleamings which philosophy had scattered here and there in the vain effort to irradiate the night of paganism, to hail with gladness the rising of the "Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings."

FRED. T. TAPSCOTT, '97.

DEATH.

Atropos' castle crowns the height
 Above the softly shifting sea,
 With opal towers and changeful light,
 The sepulchre of memory.

ETHEL M. PATTERSON.

ADONAIIS AND IN MEMORIAM.

Among the most beautiful and tender works in literature are the elegies. As poetry is essentially the expression of emotion it is natural that the poet's best work should be produced under the purest and highest emotion, and therefore since sorrow causes in a man the high and refining emotions, we ought to expect an elegy to express all that is best and loftiest in a poet.

In *Adonais* and *In Memoriam* we have two of the great English elegies. Shelley's *Adonais* is a lament for the poet Keats who died when only about twenty-five years old, partly, at least, on account of the harsh treatment which he received at the hands of critics. *In Memoriam* is the expression of Tennyson's sorrow at the death of Arthur Hallam, whose early death was a great shock to his friend, and cast a gloom over his life for many years.

One can hardly think of two poems of like occasion which would be more unlike in character. *Adonais* is so ethereal and fanciful that to attempt to grasp its thought and pin it down to prose is almost like an effort to grasp the rainbow or a sunbeam. The poem is pastoral, modelled upon Greek pastoral poetry; and indeed in parts, *Adonais* is almost a translation of Bion's elegy. Its spirit, too, is Greek. Nature puts on a Grecian garb, and we are transported to the days of nymphs and nature gods.

Very different is *In Memoriam*. While it by no means lacks imagination and displays now and again enchanting touches of fancy, yet throughout, reason controls it. There is no super-refinement of delicate ideas such as we see in *Adonais*. It is not Greek in thought like *Adonais*, but is essentially the creation of Tennyson who, more than any other poet, represents his age. It is an English poem of the nineteenth century. While Shelley is soaring in mid-air, seldom touching earth nor yet reaching heaven, avoiding all sternly practical subjects, Tennyson with divine touch is dealing with man in his doubts and his life struggles. *Adonais* is the prismatic colorings of the sunbeams flashing through dew-laden gossamers, *In Memoriam* the genial life-giving sunshine of the spring.

In their attitude towards nature Tennyson and Shelley are

very different. Shelley has a wayward abnormal taste, not shrinking from the worm and the snake. He often lets a natural force or phenomenon change its natural use from the shock of grief; spring throws down her flowers and becomes autumn, pleasure is turned to sadness. He revels in nature and lets his soul absorb itself in its dreamy spell till his aerial spirit is able to catch at the sunbeam and hold airy nothings in its magic grasp. Tennyson, on the other hand, though he often uses nature in his verse, never thus absorbs himself but always stands out above it and simply uses it for his purpose.

Tennyson, too, always moves forward calmly, mightily, while Shelley is turbulent. We never find in Tennyson the bold, surprising figures of Shelley. Shelley forgets in a few lines what he said before, and often has incongruous and inconsistent details, whereas Tennyson is always master of his details and groups his thought consistently around some well fixed centre.

Both *Adonais* and *In Memoriam* are philosophical. Tennyson was driven by his grief to doubt everything, but he set about straightway to search for truth. All the while he had a fixed anchor of love to hold him steadfast, and it was by love that he tested every theory and doubt, till he got back to true faith again. But poor Shelley had no sure anchor, he drifted about and was tossed by every theory that he met. Now he fancied he was a pantheist, yet thought of the dead as having a personal existence still; again he thought that death ended everything but rallied to a belief that "that which knows" does not perish with death. Then again he passed to a thought that life is really the dream, the death, and death, the awakening to life. He fancied he was an atheist, yet, however unsettled he was, he was no atheist. Indeed in the closing stanzas of *Adonais* he proclaimed love as the basis of all, the guiding principle of life.

"That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me
Consuming the lost clouds of cold mortality."

As Adonais soars above the practical problems, it naturally has not an ethical character. On the contrary *In Memoriam* is essentially ethical. The idea of duty to God and man, a sensitiveness to right and truth, guided Tennyson's whole thought and action.

When poor Shelley looked upon life he saw death and sadness everywhere.

"As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

See too the pathetic stanza of *To a Sky-lark*.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

He is struck by the pain of life and its transience, and he sees no hope in these thoughts. In Tennyson, however, even though he says,

"Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break."

there is a note of hope. However bitter the sorrow is, it serves a sacred purpose; in his thought.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The unfortunate Shelley had no fixed hope, no faith in a kind and loving God to make life sacred, and sweeten all its bitternesses. Tennyson's whole thought is colored by a warm light of faith in a righteous God.

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

He trusts in

" . . . one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

He cannot remain buried in his sorrow, centering his thought upon himself, but must arise and go forth into life to help others; for, to him life is sacred.

In their elegiacal thought the two poems are also very different. In *Memoriam* is just the free natural outburst of Tennyson's emotion. There is nothing strained or overwrought, but all flows forth as the expression of a noble, sorrowing soul. *Adonais*, on the contrary, is highly wrought, a wonderful flight of fancy. Indeed, it is so highly refined that we feel that it is artificial. Of course, in contrasting the two poems, we must remember the characters of the two writers. Shelley was a creature of fancy and air and rainbow, so his natural expression was in this highly fanciful thought. But Tennyson was calm and self-possessed, so that it would be unnatural for him to give any other expression to his feeling than that of "*In Memoriam*."

Furthermore, the friendships were different. Two men so different could not love in the same way. There are as many different kinds of love as there are people in the world. We can hardly suppose, either, that the friendship between Keats and Shelley was so intimate and so entirely sympathetic as was that of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Such was the love between Tennyson and his friend, that only his own perfect expression of it, is at all adequate to depict it.

Moreover, the character of *Adonais* is affected by Shelley's feelings toward the persecutors and murderers of his friend, whereas Tennyson had no bitter memories to rankle in his breast. There could be no bitterness therefore in *In Memoriam* such as one sees in *Adonais*.

The elegy *Adonais* remains an elegy to the end. The poet mourns for his friend throughout the poem, and the death is its central thought. But in *In Memoriam*, though the thought starts from the sorrow over Arthur's death, yet it broadens in an ever-widening angle until it comes out into universal truth, and the poet loses himself and his grief in man and man's sorrow. When we have read *In Memoriam* through we remember that it started as a lament for Arthur Hallam, but only vaguely, for we have been swept forward into the grander themes of truth and life. Rising from *Adonais* on the other hand, we are pleased with the wonderful journey we have taken into fancy-land, and are half afraid that a human movement may dissipate the rainbow and cloud creations. Yet we have not received any strong spiritual benefit or any ethical stimulation.

The two poems are as far apart as the characters and faiths of the authors. Tennyson was firmly anchored to truth and a loving God, but poor Shelley drifted without an anchor. He was impatient of all that was established, and wanted to revolutionize everything. In boyhood his peculiarities were not understood, and he was misused until the habit of waywardness was fixed upon him. Because everyone believed in a God, he thought he did not; yet he was drifting back to truth when his short life was tragically ended. It must be with infinite pity that we think of his wayward, drifting life.

Tennyson's theme in *In Memoriam* is the immortality of love, and Shelley too, though he hardly realized it, made love the basal fact of his world. So then, widely diverse as are the poets and the poems, they unite in proclaiming the god-like principle of love.

A. GRACE ILER, '98.

GLIMPSES OF AN HEROIC LIFE.

History has no nobler lesson to teach than the heights to which human nature may attain in glory and virtue when purified by the grace of God, and it furnishes scarcely any example of moral sublimity more impressive and pleasing than that found in the life of Henry Martyn. Crowned with the highest academical honors, with the broad road to scientific eminence, professional distinction, and ecclesiastical preferment open before him, deliberately departing from it and from his native land forever, and making the high sacrifice of a pure and a reciprocated affection, that he might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in distant and burning India, he presents a spectacle of the truest sublimity. How mean are all other conquests compared with the conquest of self!

Henry Martyn was born in February, 1781, at Truro, in Cornwall. The family was not wealthy, but in comfortable circumstances, the father being a successful mining agent. Though the family of children was quite large, none of them lived to old age, all inheriting consumptive tendencies from the

mother, and falling victims of that dread disease in the prime of their manhood or womanhood.

Martyn's early education was received at the grammar school of his native town. Here he showed no particular brilliancy, but proved himself to be a careful student. At the age of sixteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and there began to show his great ability as a student, being so successful that in 1801, a month before he was twenty, he was declared senior wrangler of his class.

Though the atmosphere of his home life was deeply religious, Henry Martyn seems not to have had any serious thought of becoming a Christian until he was well along in his course at Cambridge. Of a restless, ambitious spirit, the aim that occupied his attention most fully was that of gaining honor in his pursuit of learning, his purpose being to become a lawyer. A consecrated sister at home took the deepest interest in his spiritual welfare, but it was not until his father died that he began to think seriously of his need of God, and to seek for Him. During this time of doubt and heart searching, he became acquainted with the Rev. Charles Simeon, who helped him into clear gospel light, and was throughout Martyn's life a firm friend and adviser.

Immediately upon becoming a follower of Christ, his interest in the foreign work was aroused, the lives of Carey in India and David Brainerd among the North American Indians filling him with a great zeal for similar work, and his highest aim in life came to be to carry the Gospel to the heathen of India. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," may be applied often to the better impulses and influences of men. The ardent flame of one brave life is frequently the torch at which many lamps of surpassing and far penetrating power are lighted. It is not so much sermons as facts, not precepts but lives that mightily move men. Thus he who fights in God's name not only wins a victory over his enemies, but animates with heroic energy his comrades under the banner of the Cross. Thus it was that Carey and Brainerd, toiling away in their far off fields for the salvation of souls, were at the same time kindling the flame of missionary enthusiasm in the breast of Henry Martyn.

In 1803 he was ordained deacon of the church at Ely, acting as curate to his friend Simeon; it was not until shortly before he sailed for India that he was made a priest. His first intention had been to offer himself as a volunteer to the Church Missionary Society, but unforeseen losses of property made it necessary that he should give some thoughts to the support of his unmarried sister and himself. It was about this time that he was offered and accepted a position as chaplain to the troops and civil servants of the East India Company in India.

When the time came for him to leave his beloved sisters and his home land, and to face with his weak frame the trying climate and more trying work in India, the strain nearly prostrated him, but not for an instant did he waver or doubt his call to the work. With resolute face he pressed on to a service which he knew in his heart must shorten his life; yet, he faced it gladly, undertaking it in his Master's name, and for the sake of his fellow men in heathen darkness.

In a remarkably brief time Martyn became able, by his intense application, to speak and write the native language, and his time was fully spent in translating the Scriptures and speaking to the natives, when his duties as chaplain did not demand his attention. But it must be borne in mind that his position was peculiar and exacting, giving him little promise of success. He had been sent out by the East India Co. not to preach to the natives, but to the English people resident there. Besides this he held an office which placed him under the control of the military authorities, and he must work within certain limits, and obey orders as chaplain with the same fidelity and docility as any private soldier in the ranks,—a strictly tied-up condition of service which could scarcely be otherwise than as fetters to a spirit yearning to have free course in proclaiming the Gospel.

Nor was this limitation of service his greatest hindrance. Though thoroughly evangelical himself, he soon found that the professing Christians of his own and some other denominations represented in India, were not generally of like character, and even his brother clergymen put obstacles in his way because he was disturbing them in their false security found in forms and ceremonies.

But the antagonism of others always made Martyn stronger

for the right and more determined to proclaim the truth. Though his preaching to the natives seemed to produce but little effect, he consoled himself by saying that if he should never see a native converted, he would yet toil on, since God might design by his patience and continuance in the work, to encourage other missionaries. Nor was his patience in vain, for his life of self-denying toil has been an inspiration to many a missionary since the bright lamp of his life went out in the loneliness of a pestilence-smitten city.

Meanwhile he kept almost incessantly at his favorite occupation of translating parts of the Bible into various languages. In the little over six years spent in India he succeeded in translating the New Testament into Hindustani, and Hindi, and into Persian twice. The Psalms he translated into Persian and the Gospels into Judæo-Persic, and the prayer-book into Hindustani. So stupendous was his work in this regard that he is said to have placed portions of the Bible within the reach of all who could read over one-fourth of the habitable globe.

In 1810 his health became so shattered that he obtained leave of absence and started for an extended tour through Persia and Arabia; intending, while in these countries, to revise his Persian New Testament and compose an Arabic version. Reaching Persia he had many discussions with men of learning—Mohammedans, Jews, and Armenians,—all anxious to test their powers of argument with the first English priest who had visited them.

Having made an unsuccessful journey to Tabriz to present the king with his translation of the New Testament, he was seized with a fever, which so thoroughly prostrated him that after a temporary recovery he found it necessary to seek a change of climate. Accompanied by two Armenian servants he crossed the Araxes and rode from place to place, urged on continually by a cruel Tartar guide, until, reaching plague-stricken Tokat, he was utterly prostrated by fever and compelled to remain there. In this place, on the 16th of October, 1812, he breathed his last. How, or from what cause Martyn died, will be forever unknown. Alone, completely shattered in health, surrounded by friendless servitors in the walls of a city smitten with pestilence, his soul returned at His summons to its God.

All the record we have is a scrap of his writing penned by a trembling hand just before he passed away. One can hardly read these words save through a mist of tears,—

“No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my friend and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

The great Macaulay writes this touching epitaph of him,—

“Here Martyn lies. In manhood’s early bloom,
The Christian hero finds a pagan tomb,
Religion, sorrowing o’er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies he has won.
Eternal trophies! Not with carnage red,
Not stained with tears, by helpless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross! for that dear Name,
Through every form of danger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death and shame assault no more.”

How despicable is all earthly glory compared with that to which God, in the Gospel of his Son, calls the very humblest of His faithful servants! How pale the lustre of the most honored of the sons of men compared with that of the righteous, when they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father! The successful general, returning in triumph to the metropolis of his country and the mistress of the world, with royal captives chained to his chariot wheels; Homer, with seven cities contending for the honor of having given him birth; Petrarch receiving the envied poetic crown at the hands of his enthusiastic countrymen—these are all vulgar spectacles beside that of the lovely Martyn going forth to live and die for the spiritual interests of unknown heathen men. To be of the first is to be of the earth, earthly; to be the last is to be like the Lord from heaven, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty, might be rich.

J. S. LaFLAIR.

A CANADIAN POET.

We should feel proud, and justly so, of the increasing excellence of our native literature. Literary genius is not confined to any race, nationality or language. "We are the heirs of all the ages." But nevertheless, to many the efforts of our own countrymen are over-shadowed by the splendour and greatness of the great masters. "Sweetest Shakespeare," the immortal Milton, and the divine Dante, appear to us as the priests of poetical lore, and the singers of other continents enthral our imagination, and by their rhythmic fancies "dissolve our souls into ecstasies." But if we will but listen, we shall also hear sweet singers in our own land, singers, whose themes are her people and landscapes, and whose verse shows the note of inspiration.

Not the least of these Canadians who have won a place in our hearts as writers of melodious verse, is Charles G. D. Roberts. He was born at Douglas, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. His father, the Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, M.A., was rector of Fredericton, and the eldest son of George Roberts, Ph.D., a gentleman of English descent and formerly headmaster of the Fredericton Collegiate School, but afterwards professor of classics in the University of New Brunswick. His mother was Emma Wetmore Bliss Roberts, daughter of Judge Bliss, of Fredericton, who came from an old Loyalist family, of which Emerson's mother was a member. Thus it will be observed Roberts comes from an ancestry of scholars.

He was educated at the Fredericton Collegiate School, where he took the Douglas medal for classics. In 1897, while at the University of New Brunswick, he took a classical scholarship with honors in Greek and Latin, in 1878 the alumni gold medal for an essay in Latin, and in 1879 graduated with honors in Metaphysics and Ethics. In his university career he was a very successful student, but even at that time he had also won distinction by his poems published in *Scribners' Magazine*.

In 1879 he was appointed headmaster of the Chatham Grammar School, New Brunswick. One of his scholars at that

time, writing later of his aspect then, says, "We were amazed to find him little more than a boy," and of his influence, "He was a man who could not fail to reach the young heart, joining in our games with all the vigour of his athletic nature, and giving us personal help in our studies with his keen young intellect. His influence over the minds of the older pupils was very great, and the hour of his arrival gave some of us our bent. From that one hour we loved literature." While at Chatham he published his first volume of verse, entitled, "Orion and Other Poems." This volume of verse is distinctly marked by genius. The inspiration and music of the poet are visible in delicate touches throughout. Such lines as these from his verse, "Off Pelorus," give us an exquisite piece of word painting, combined with the very soul of song.

"Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus,
 Burning crimson tops its crowning crest of pine,
 Purple sleeps the shore, and floats the wave before us,
 Each wave from the oar stroke eddying warm like wine."

The imagery of the artist and the music of melodious verse here walk hand in hand.

In 1881 he took his degree of M.A., and completed his university studies. In 1882 he left his school at Chatham to become head master of the York Street school, Fredericton. In 1883 he accepted a position on the "Week," a Toronto paper, but severed his connection with that paper after four months, and returned to New Brunswick, where he was engaged in several literary undertakings until 1885. In that year he was called to the professorship of English and French Literature and Political Economy at King's College, Nova Scotia. In 1887 he published a volume entitled "In Divers Tones," which was very favorably received. He has since been a contributor to most of the prominent magazines of the present day, in which his verse frequently appears.

In 1893 another volume of his verse appeared, entitled "Songs of the Common Day." In reading this volume one feels the heart-beats of a man thoroughly in sympathy with his fellow-men, and in love with nature. Honest toil is ennobled, and earth throbs and pulsates beneath the master-stroke. Rus-

tic scenes, the ploughman, and the sower with summer breezes fanning his brow, the kine lowing in the meadows or on the hills, the frogs croaking in the pools, the harvest field with its ripened grain, and fir-tree woods with their resinous perfume lingering in the fancy, pass before one in a panorama of poetical beauty.

He had early been filled with the soul of song, which no one will doubt who has read any of his poems, especially the following extract from his lines, entitled "To the Spirit of Song."

" Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might and splendour of the soul of song,
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong."

But not only had he felt the soul of song. Two other agencies have had a great influence upon his verse, an ardent love of nature, and a great admiration for Shelley. In what is considered one of his finest poems, "An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth," he tells us of his beloved Tantramar and of his love for Shelley.

Such lines as these give us a glimpse of his communion with nature, and almost picture the boy wandering in the tranquil grassy meadows of Tantramar.

" You know my confident love, since first a child
And your wastes of green I wandered wild."

Then closely linked with these youthful scenes is the influence of Shelley, for just as Tantramar has been the means of awakening the poetic spirit within him to the beauty of nature, so Shelley has been to Roberts a source of never dying music.

" Therefore with no far flight from Tantramar,
And my still world of ecstasy, to thee
Shelley, to thee I turn, the avatar
Of song, love, dream, desire and liberty.
To thee I turn with reverent hands of prayer,
And lips that fain would ease my heart of praise,
Whom chief of all whose brows prophetic wear
The pure and sacred bays,
I worship, and have worshipped since the hour
When first I felt thy bright and chainless power."

In 1896 his latest volume of poems appeared, "The Book of

the Native," and the desire expressed in the exquisite lines on "Kinship" seems to have been realized, for he has gone

"Back to the bewildering vision
And the border land of birth,
Back into the looming wonder,
The companionship of earth."

Throughout the volume are the delicate touches of one pouring forth the song of nature. A May morn itself might have breathed these lines,

"The airs that blew from the brink of day,
Were fresh and wet with the breath of May,
I heard the babble of brown brooks falling,
And golden wings in the woodland calling."

It is a book of nature. He has caught the inspired note and has felt earth's caress. As to his place among poets, Edmund Clarence Stedman in his volume on Victorian poets writing of Roberts and his verse says, "Of the few rising British Canadian poets, Roberts, the author of "In Divers Tones," seems to be foremost. His verse is thoughtful and finished, and conveys a hopeful expression of the native sentiment now perceptible in a land so long only "a child of nations."

Mr. Roberts is now literary editor of a New York paper, and his poems frequently appear in the current magazines. His verse is true to his native land. It not only portrays his country but it glows with the spirit of freedom and liberty which unites a nation. It aims at shaping a national sentiment that shall produce not merely "a child of nations" but a nation. His songs are his country's songs and his love hers also.

GEORGE. L. SPRAGUE, '00.

Editorial Notes.

The recent visit of President Strong of the Rochester Theological Seminary to our University, under the auspices of the Theological Society, was highly appreciated by Faculty and students alike. The practical address to the students in the forenoon was deeply impressive in its simplicity, wisdom, and spirituality. The more formal address in the evening on a subject that had been previously announced, embodied the application of philosophical principles which with his name has for some time been closely associated to some of the most vital points in Christian doctrine. That his handling of the subject was that of a master, goes without saying; that it was highly interesting to his hearers was evidenced by the closeness with which he was followed; that all would accept his conclusions, so far as they involved innovations, could hardly have been expected. It is probable that the address will prove to have been more helpful by way of stimulating thought than by way of furnishing an assured solution of the great problems discussed. Whatever Dr. Strong may publish is sure hereafter to find many interested readers among the members of our University. We are glad to be able to publish this month a photogravure of Dr. Strong and a short account of his busy life, and we are grateful to Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, for his kindness in writing for our readers.

REV. A. B. REEKIE has set out on his great enterprise of giving the gospel of grace to Bolivia. He has been a student both at Woodstock and McMaster, and has come into contact with large numbers of our present and future pastors. Throughout these years he has won for himself a good name among his fellows. As a student he has been earnest and painstaking, rather than brilliant; as a man he has shown goodness, sound sense, and quiet energy. He has won and holds today the respect and confidence of both Faculty and students. The same qualities have given him a still wider circle of friends and supporters. His contribution to the work in Manitoba in the establishment of the Boissevain church remains as a perpetual proof of the success of his mission work at home, and is a standing pledge of the interest which Manitoba is likely to take in his Bolivian mission. The agreeable impression he made in the Council that ordained him last May is another factor that makes for confidence in the man, and prayerful support of his work.

But perhaps the best proof he has given of his fitness for the work

he has undertaken, is the fact that he has done so much of it already. It is safe to say that three years ago there was but little prospect of Canadian Baptists opening a second foreign mission. But Bro. Reekie felt called of God to do this very thing. He convinced his nearest friends and relatives of that important fact, and in 1896 went and spied out the land. That somehow made the whole enterprise seem more feasible and desirable to us all, and last May our brother had the happiness of seeing the denomination in convention assembled commit itself heartily to the new mission. The man who can become thus possessed of a great purpose and succeed in bringing large numbers of others into sympathy and co-operation with him, has already demonstrated his qualifications for carrying out that purpose itself. And so he has gone as our representative, bearing our confidence and upborne by our prayers.

It was fitting that there should be a large gathering of students and teachers at the station on Friday, March 4th, to join Secretary McDiarmid in bidding Bro. Reekie an affectionate farewell and an earnest Godspeed. On such an occasion it was a model leave taking—one which the missionary in his lonely hours may well recall as indicating at once sympathy with his great purpose and a sober sense of the seriousness and difficulty of the task undertaken. And it is a serious task. It will not be without its perils. There will be need of all the tact and wisdom, all the patience and love he can command. The need for the work is not to be measured by the people's sense of need, nor by the welcome they may accord him. The need is even greater than in Quebec, for the darkness is more unrelieved. And as Bro. Reekie sees it, so we also must see it, and be sure that Bolivia's need is like Israel's need—Israel, to save whom Paul would have been willing to become a curse himself. Be it in our aims to back Bro. Reekie in the great purpose of his life with the breadth and the narrowness, the intensity and activity, the love and faith of a genuine Pauline conviction.

And may we not hope that our brother may live to clasp hands with a score of McMaster men in the land of the Southern Cross, and with them join some sweet day in singing in an associational gathering of Bolivian Baptists :

“Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

Book Reviews.

LIBERTY AND CREED.

The current number of the *American Journal of Theology* contains an able article on "Liberty and Creed" from the pen of Dr. Newman, of our University. The subject is an interesting one, and Dr. Newman's presentation of it is in every way admirable. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not have access to it we make the following digest of the article.

There is no determinable relation between liberty and creed. We are not justified in saying: Given a man's creed, his attitude toward liberty, civil and religious, may be infallibly inferred. And yet it is universally admitted that a relation exists. Liberty is, of course, a relative thing; in society it can never be absolute. To secure liberty in one direction, liberty in other directions must be surrendered. True liberty for each individual is that which enables him in the highest measure to realize his ideals. To this end a man may submit himself to a régime that to one of different ideals may seem like intolerable slavery.

The Jewish theocracy was utterly and fundamentally opposed to individual freedom apart from sympathetic identification with the theocratic scheme. Under the papal theocratic system liberty in our modern sense was impossible. The only freedom obtainable was that which involved complete and hearty co-operation with the hierarchy in the realization of its aims. Luther was one of the most enlightened men of his age as regards the rights of man in general and liberty of conscience. He saw with remarkable clearness the impossibility of forcing conscience and the futility of efforts to make men orthodox by fire and sword; he set forth with wonderful clearness and power the doctrine of justification by personal faith, the doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers, and the doctrine of the freedom and dignity of the Christian man. And yet he was led by the force of circumstances to become one of the most relentless persecutors of the age. Calvin, on the other hand, was intolerant on principle. The Jewish theocracy was his model, and he would have thought himself unworthy to be the leader of a Christian community had he allowed himself for a moment to use his influence in favor of toleration of the dissemination of pestilential heresy. Examples show that state-church systems, whether theocratic or Caesaro papistic, Protestant and Catholic, are inherently antagonistic

to civil and religious liberty. How, then, are we to account for the rise and growth of liberty in modern Christendom? It may be ascribed to two distinct influences, or sets of influences, that have often appeared mutually antagonistic, but have in a wonderful way co-operated to produce an atmosphere in which liberty has been able to flourish. These are, first, a resolute and unconditional return to primitive Christianity, and, secondly, the remarkable advancement of modern science, with its pervasive influence on political and religious thought.

The spirit of the religion of Christ is the spirit of freedom. While the Gospel proclaims itself the only way to blessedness, it vigorously excludes the use of any but moral means for the securing of its acceptance. No one who takes the Sermon on the Mount at all seriously can conceive of a true disciple of its author seeking to compel men to come into the Kingdom at the point of the sword. The golden rule, rightly interpreted, should make it impossible for a Christian to persecute. It was only after Christianity had been corrupted by centuries of contact with paganism and degenerate Judaism that persecution became possible to professed Christians. Pagan doctrine and practice once introduced, it was natural that the Old Testament scriptures should become an arsenal for their defence and justification. But protests against the violation of the spirit of the gospel in the persecution of dissent arose from time to time; these protests grew louder and louder, and the old-evangelical party, in its many branches, was always and everywhere characterized by its uncompromising opposition to the use of force on behalf of religion, and by its insistence on a complete and unconditional return to the Christianity of Christ. The Waldenses and Bohemian Brethren were the great exponents of this view, though they carried it at times to an extreme of quietism. This quietistic tendency, the spirit of world flight, the lack of aggressiveness, the unwillingness to use even legitimate means for the advancement of the cause of Christ, excluded the rich and the noble, and many of the learned and influential, and in connection with the persecuting spirit of the age, tended to produce in these Christians a spirit of narrowness and bigotry that savored of misanthropy and brought upon them the hatred and contempt, not only of the godly, but of many of the truly pious. Yet in this old-evangelistic theology is to be found the principal source of civil and religious freedom.

The other set of influences were those that gathered themselves up in the Italian Renaissance, and that have been designated by the term humanism. The Protestant revolution of the sixteenth century was itself a product of the Renaissance. Erasmus was, perhaps, the most

complete embodiment of the spirit of the new learning that the sixteenth century possessed. His influence in favor of toleration was undoubtedly great, but it was wholly inadequate to prevent Catholics or Protestants from entering upon a career of the most cruel and exterminating persecution. The influence of Socinianism in favor of toleration was more pronounced and effective than that of Erasmus. The tendency of this humanistic rationalism was to weaken conviction as to the exclusive validity and the supreme importance of any particular doctrinal statement, and to produce with a demand for toleration of their own views a willingness to concede it to others.

Mennonism in Holland was another strong factor in favor of toleration, though for a time its influence was overwhelmed by intolerant Calvinism. In England Lollardism was a survival of the old-evangelical theology, and this was reinforced by the incoming of Mennonites and others from Holland. But the great mass of English and Scotch Calvinists of the age of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts were absolutely anti-tolerantists. Robert Brown (1580-4) was the first to break away from this position. After the Puritan revolution Calvinistic Baptists and Calvinistic Congregationalists became the chief advocates of liberty of conscience. Calvinistic doctrine, in a moderate form, without Calvinistic theocratic ideas or Calvinistic church government, proved the most effective form of Christianity in the subsequent struggle for civil and religious liberty in England and America. It must not be forgotten, however, that these ideas came from the old-evangelical theology, as represented by the Mennonites, and from the humanistic theology, as represented by Socinianism and Arminianism. Calvinism tended to produce a sturdiness of character that, once transformed by the infusion of the milder spirit of the old-evangelicalism and the "sweet reasonableness" of humanism, would prove mightier than any other form of Christianity in overthrowing tyranny and oppression, and in winning the world for Christ. But we must not ascribe to Calvinism, as such, what has been accomplished by way of reaction against primitive types of Calvinism and in the face of its most deadly opposition.

College News.

A. B. COHOE, '98. MISS E. R. WHITESIDE, '98,
S. E. GRIGG, '00.

SKATING for the season is done. We have enjoyed the rink this year and sincerely hope that next season may be more favorable for the manufacture of ice.

THE Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology have to thank Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace for a pleasant evening spent with other guests at their home on Thursday, 18th ult.

THE Glee Club, under the leadership of H. M. Fletcher, sang at the Y. W. C. A. Conversazione, on the evening of Thursday, the 18th ult. The humorous recitations by Brophy at the same function were much appreciated.

THE Reception at Moulton College on the 19th ult. was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The tediousness usually attendant on such functions was conspicuous by its entire absence. The teachers and students of Moulton are certainly to be congratulated upon the success of their Reception.

THE distinguished gentlemen who have won so much of the confidence of their class-mates as to be appointed representatives in the Literary Society's Oratorical Contest on the 25th, are hard at work. The characters of St. Chrysostom, Mr. Gladstone, and other great men will receive honor at the hands of our orators.

THE Tennysonian Society held its closing meeting on Friday evening, 11th instant. The programme was opened with a few introductory remarks by the President, T. H. Cornish, '00, in which he reviewed the work of the society during the term, and was gratified to be able to report progress and to point out various members of the Freshmen and Sophomore years who had given the first intimation of their forensic abilities from its rostrum. The program consisted of a violin solo by Miss Boggs, '01; a vocal solo by Miss McLaurin, '01, and a piano duet by Misses Cohoon, '00, and McLay, '00. 'The Argosy, the principal feature of the evening, was read by M. D. Coltman, '00, and A. C. Watson, '01, and was enjoyed by all the audience, including even the "roasted" ones.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Theological Society was held in the chapel, Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd. The subject of the evening was "Theosophy." R. D. George, B.A., in an excellent paper, led his audience through the intricate mazes of the leading doctrines of the Theosophists. Dr. Goodspeed followed with a few impromptu remarks

on the "simplicity" of the doctrines, and the credulity of the believers. But he refused to criticise the "system" (?) He never criticised even his *own* dreams. Dr. Tracy of Toronto University was heartily received, as he always is by a McMaster audience. Every religion has won the attention of men by miracles, real or pretended. The Doctor showed that the miracles of Theosophists were "shams." Moreover, as a conclusive test of a religion we enquire concerning the moral results. What are the moral results of the doctrines of Theosophy? They certainly are not, nor have they been, conducive to the development of the moral nature.

ON Thursday evening, 10th instant, the Theological Society held a sort of Echo Meeting of their meeting on the 1st inst., in which Dr. Strong, the speaker at the first meeting, received some friendly criticism from Dr. Rand and others. The students had all been pleased with Dr. Strong's masterly presentation of his theme, but were anxious to hear the supporters of the opposite theory present their views. This opportunity was given them when Dr. Rand appeared before the Theological Society. In his criticism he dwelt chiefly on two objections, one to the theory of evolution as presented by Dr. Strong, and the other to his explanation of the Atonement in the light of evolution.

Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Ten Broeke, Prof. Farmer, and Dr. Welton were all present, and at the hearty invitation of the audience arose and presented their views. From these it would seem that, though Dr. Strong has many warm friends on the Faculty, his theory can not claim the same distinction. By these two meetings the Theological Society has provided a great deal of material for discussion, and we may add that the material is being rapidly utilized.

THE evening of Feb. 28th was made the occasion of a very delightful sleighing-party under the auspices of a few of the students. The day dragged wearily on, eventually closing into a night of beauty and serenity. The moon seemed to exult in gladness, while the glittering stars sparkled with glory. In harmony with the glad evening was the melody in the hearts of sixty or more of the elite of the University and her sympathizers. In due time the party was on its way. A long van drawn by three teams of horses scarcely served to accommodate the happy occupants. Previous arrangements had been made to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bessey, of Little York, and thither the party was directed. To attempt to describe the trip would be unwise. Every person was happy. Some shouted and sang, some told stories, while some talked politics and reviewed the prospects of the coming election. In a seemingly short time the party arrived at its destination, and received a very warm reception from Mr. and Mrs. Bessey. After refreshments were served, a very spicy programme was rendered. "Jemie Brown and the Baby," by Miss Gile, made many think of by-gone youthful days when domestic cares traced furrows in their brows. The next number was a solo, by Miss Lugsdin. Mr. Brophrey then followed with a recitation, entitled, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." The programme was ended by a trombone and guitar duet,

by Messrs. Phipps and Brophrey. The evening's proceedings were much enlivened by the captivating wit of Rev. P. Charles McGregor, of Chilliwack, B.C., who officiated as chairman. After expressing its appreciation of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bessey, the party started homeward. The midnight air was bracing, and the drive seemed only too short. Soon "good-byes" were heard floating through the frosty air, and the sleighing party gradually dissolved itself into a thing of the past.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—The regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society that had been arranged for February 18th was set aside, in order to give an opportunity to the travelling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement to address the students of McMaster. Mr. Mott, in a very systematic and comprehensive manner, set forth the attitude of students all over the world in reference to Christianity. It was pointed out that, as in other branches of progress, the educational centre is the strategic point in Christian work. To turn the student-world in the direction of missionary enthusiasm and enterprise is to turn the world, for the world's leaders must come mainly from the student ranks. The facts of the case unmistakably show that the tendency in the minds of students the world over, is far removed from the customary charge of scepticism. Instead, there is a most earnest response to Christian appeal, and the number of students who name the name of Christ becomes increasingly gratifying year by year. Students in every quarter of the globe are standing shoulder to shoulder, in solid phalanx-fashion, in their endeavor to foster and further this missionary interest.

The Inter-Collegiate Y.M.C.A. has been the means of organizing the Christian activity of the students of the world. Wherever Universities are found—America, Great Britain, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, India, China, and numerous other places, China being worthy of special comment by reason of its gigantic difficulties and unparalleled prospects—there the World Student Christian Federation has won its way. This great organization, numbering 33,000 students and professors, merely indicates the current of university thought. Regular private Bible study, in particular, has been greatly emphasized in this world-wide missionary movement.

Mr. Wilder, in a few suitable statements, drew attention to the spirit of union permeating the World Student Christian Federation—a unity, "not in dry, dead detail, but in active, living principle."

At the close of these inspiring addresses, the students present considered the advisability of accepting the proposal that McMaster University should identify herself with this movement. Though in no way regarded as final, a spirit of favor and unanimity was manifested in this informal conference.

FIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The February meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was postponed until March 2nd. This arrangement made it possible for the society's delegates,—just returned from Cleve-

land—to be present and give their report of the Student Volunteer Convention. The morning session opened with a short devotional meeting. In consideration of the number who were to address the meeting, it was decided to omit the regular business. Prof. Campbell read a paper on "Prayer": a paper that could not fail to be helpful and inspiring to all who listened to it. After this, the programme almost assumed the form of an "Echo-meeting" of the recent great Convention. It was so arranged that Mr. Menge gave the general setting of the Convention, leaving it to the others to fill it out in detail as far as time would permit. Mr. Menge drew attention to the fact that at least as far as the Toronto delegation was concerned, on the trip to Cleveland, each sought to get into that prepared spiritual condition which would enable them to derive the most profit from the Convention. One after another of those who had been privileged to attend these great gatherings spoke with interest and earnestness of the missionary claims there set forth. The various speakers so dealt with their respective reports that a panoramic view of the whole Convention was presented in miniature.

This was the nature of the exercises both in the morning and afternoon. Among the speakers, in addition to the delegates, were Rev. A. P. McDiarmid and Rev. Elmore Harris. Professor Farmer, who was also one of the delegates, towards the close of the afternoon session gave a helpful talk upon the "Impressions received from the Convention." The meeting was brought to an appropriate close by Mr. J. G. Brown speaking on "What shall we do about it?" In a very impressive manner the personal responsibility of every Christian, and particularly pastors, in reference to the great present day missionary movement was pointed out. What the outcome of the whole matter shall be depends upon what the individual Christian does. The meetings were well attended, and were filled with great spiritual inspiration. The memory of this day will long carry with it much spiritual encouragement.

VALE, VALE —The evening of February 22nd, 1898, is one which will be long remembered by the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, as the occasion of the farewell meeting to Mr. Reekie, the first Canadian Baptist missionary to South America. It is peculiarly memorable to McMaster University since Mr. Reekie goes to Bolivia as her representative, and takes with him the well-earned respect, admiration, and affection of his college friends. The meeting opened with the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and this was followed by Scripture reading and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Webb. In a few suitable words Rev. S. S. Bates, the chairman, introduced the programme. He compared this circumstance to Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia. In Mr. Reekie's call the Baptists have a message, "Come down to South America and help us."

The first speaker was Rev. A. P. McDiarmid. He spoke of this night as ushering in a new era of Ontario and Quebec missions. In view of our empty treasuries, it may seem to some to be wrong to undertake new work, yet there are many reasons why the Board of

Management are justified in the step. Though the mission boards are in debt, they are surely solvent. We must widen our horizon and get a new incentive to work. If we wait for overflowing treasuries we shall come to stagnation, and we must therefore be aggressive. Greatest argument of all, Providence surely is starting the movement by putting this aim in Mr. Reekie's heart. He had surmounted many difficulties and now stood ready to go. Mr. McDiarmid spoke fittingly of the high esteem in which Mr. Reekie is held by his acquaintances and especially by those who know him best, his college friends.

Mr. McDiarmid was followed by Dr. Goodspeed, who represented the Faculty of McMaster University. He expressed the belief that the importance of this meeting will be more fully realized one hundred years hence than now, for all great movements start from small beginnings. This purpose of Mr. Reekie seems to be of God, and God stirs men for a purpose; therefore the movement will not die with this man, but will be a spark to kindle a great fire. Dr. Goodspeed spoke especially of the relation of the education of our denomination to missions. Since right thinking must be the basis of true missionary enthusiasm, McMaster's duty is to inspire men by teaching them the truth concerning men's lost condition and the power of the Gospel to save; and if McMaster fails to inspire in her students true zeal and strong inner life, she had better close her doors. The students going forth are to be leaders of our denomination, and if they in college learn the truly unselfish spirit, which is the fountain of missions, they will inspire the denomination with the same. Dr. Goodspeed spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Reekie's fixedness of purpose, no transitory impulse, and expressed the admiration of the Faculty for his heroism in going forth alone and against the appalling difficulties of a nation steeped in error, ignorance, and treachery.

As representative of the students of McMaster University, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., then gave a short address. His thought was, "Our age is the era of missions." All over the world students are thrilled by the spirit of missions, as is strikingly shown by the great Student Volunteer Movement. We have reached a crisis. Commerce has opened the heathen world to missions, the cry of the heathen's need comes to us. Shall we listen to the cry? Shall we enter the open door? McMaster is answering the appeal. Mr. Reekie will be another link in the golden chain that binds our college to missions, and it is our prayer that South America may become a rallying ground for our students.

Mr. Reekie, in his speech, gave a sketch of his interest in South America. As a small boy with large ambitions, South America had always been the goal of his romantic hopes. But when a lad of about sixteen, something new came into his life and transformed the boyish interest in South America into a desire to carry the Gospel to that benighted land. Many difficulties arose to hinder the execution of the plans, but the desire grew into a fixed purpose, until at last it was realized. He then gave a sketch of his journey, and of the population of Bolivia, with its physical, moral and religious

condition. No missionary has ever been settled in Bolivia, and only a little colporteurage has been done. Many of the people do not trust the priests and eagerly receive the Bible, often even defying their priests. They are longing for light, and the spirit of independent thought is growing. Now is the moment to bring them the Bible, and God wants us to bring it to them. Though the dangers of the undertaking are great, they do not worry him because he is safe, if he is where God wants him. He has an Almighty God in whom to trust in the dangers. He asked us all to bear him up by prayer, and his parting hope was that McMaster would send many men after him to Bolivia.

On the evening of Thursday, March 3rd, a large number of the students marched down to the Union Station for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. Reekie on his departure for Bolivia. Arriving at the station a few minutes before the train left, all went down to the platform where were most of the Professors, as well as Mr. McDermid, Foreign Mission Secretary. The time was spent in singing some favorite hymns, the boys taking advantage of the delay to have a last handshake from their old college-mate. Mr. Reekie was a general favorite at McMaster, we boys all follow him with our kindest wishes and most earnest prayers for his success in his new and difficult work.

MOULTON COLLEGE

MISS THRALL, ETHEL THOMPSON, MARION TAYLOR, EDITORS.

Miss Lina Gibson's resignation as correspondent to the McMaster Monthly, having been tendered and accepted at a recent meeting of the Heliconian, Miss Ethel Thompson was appointed to take her place.

Miss MacDonald and Miss Botteril, Dominion Secretaries of Y. W.C.A., were welcome visitors at our prayer meeting on Tuesday night, March 8th. Miss Botteril gave an interesting address.

We were all delighted when Miss Dicklow announced that Miss Wright, a day student, had invited all the resident pupils to spend an evening at her home. All had a "lovely" time.

One of the young ladies has a novel conundrum: Why is Sunday morning, in a college, like a saloon? Because it's full of ales (ails) and champagnes (sham pains).

During the last month we have had Mrs. MacDougal, Dominion President of Y.C. W.A., Rev. Mr. Weeks, and Chancellor Wallace to conduct chapel exercises. Their visits were much enjoyed.

The following programme was given at the Junior Division of the Heliconian, February 25th.

Song,	Glee Club
Essay on Byrant	Miss G. MacGregor
Recitation	Miss G. Johnston
Vocal Trio	Misses Burke, Wrigley & Cocks
Reading	Miss Burke
Tableaux	Courting Under Difficulties
	Mrs. Cartwright, Misses Taylor, Cocks, G. MacGregor.
Heliconian Paper	Miss Cocks
Duet	Misses Wrigley & Cocks

On February the 25th a recital was given by Mr. Vogt. Those taking part did both themselves and their teachers credit.

Dr. C. E. Saunders gave a lecture on "Development of Vocal Methods," Friday evening, March 11th. This, the last of the "Moulton College Lecture Course," proved most enjoyable, and fully sustained the excellent character of a course that has been of unusual interest and benefit.

The following programme was given at the Senior Division of the Heliconian, March 11th:

Piano solo	Miss E. Hume
Debate—Resolved that Portia was justified in reproving Bassanio for giving away the ring :	
Aff.: Misses Edwards & Spencer.	Neg.: Misses Kerr & Brophrey.
Piano Solo	Miss A. Nicholas
Dialogue	"Two Lunatics,"
	Miss A. Eckardt. Miss E. Thomson.
Recitation	Miss M. Devitt
Heliconian Paper	Miss F. Edwards

We all regret to hear that Miss Shultz, who on account of ill health was obliged to return to her home, is not yet much improved.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: S. R. TARR, M.A., . . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, the 24th ult., when Rev. Mr. McGregor, of the Congregational church of this town, spoke to the meeting upon "Some of the Benefits that the Missionaries carry to the Unevangelized." His address was of much interest and, we hope, of lasting profit.

ANOTHER "At Home" to the graduating class was the exceedingly enjoyable event of Friday evening, Feb. 25th. Mrs. McKechnie's kindness as hostess was highly appreciated by the members of the Fourth Year.

ON the morning of March 16th, the Rev. Elmore Harris, of Toronto, who has been assisting Pastor McKay, of the First Church, in special services, delivered an interesting and inspiring address upon the recent missionary Convention in Cleveland.

AN evening of Mock Parliament proved an interesting and instructive departure from the usual procedure of the Literary Societies. In introducing a prohibition bill on behalf of the government, D. D. Calvin was strongly supported by H. McDiarmid and ——— Coutts. A vigorous opposition from E. J. Tarr, V. Ray, and A. J. Welch failed to prevent the passage of the bill on its second reading.

AN inter-school debate is the *pièce de résistance* upon the interesting programme promised for the open meeting of the Collegiate Institute Literary Society, to be held in the College Chapel, on the evening of the 18th inst. Our college champions, Messrs. Coutts and McLean, are able debaters, and will doubtless make a good showing against their rival stalwarts, Messrs. Carlyle and Ramsay.

We have been able to welcome, of late, several visitors to our morning chapel. The Rev. W. J. McKay, of Stratford, left some helpful words with us, as did also our genial "old boys," Revs. T. A. P. Frost and J. J. Ross. A flying visit from Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., of Tilsonburg, a few days since, was a pleasant surprise. His rousing reception from the boys evinced their joy at his recovery from a dangerous illness.

THE recent change in the weather has caused the students to lay aside their hockey skates, and bring forth catching gloves, shin-pads, etc. The base-ball enthusiasts have organized for the term, with Mr. McNeil, Pres.; V. Ray, Capt.; O. Lailey, Sec.-Treas., and W. A. Damen, Custodian. The foot-ball players have chosen the following as their officers, viz.:—Mr. McNeil, Pres.; W. Lailey, Capt.; P. Beckett, Sec.-Treas.; R. McDonald, Custodian. The sports have always been a prominent feature of our college life, and this term they promise to be, if possible, of a higher standard than ever.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

ON Wednesday, February 23rd, was held a conference of the Grande Ligne Missionaries, and other workers, to discuss the work of the different mission fields, and to suggest changes or improvements.

The practicability of opening up several new fields, and of touring in unoccupied districts was favorably considered. Several recommendations were passed, to be laid before the Board and considered again before being acted upon.

A PLEASING surprise came to us on the day of the Alumni meetings. During the morning Mr. A. E. Massé and a company of strong boys were seen returning from the station with a large and mysterious-looking box. On arriving at the school however, it did not take long to find that the box contained a beautiful, highly finished, and perfect toned Karn Piano. Of course Mrs. Massé and all her pupils were in ecstasy. Everybody that saw it and heard it was delighted. We are deeply indebted to Mr. D. W. Karn, of Woodstock, Ont., for his generosity in giving us such an excellent instrument at such an exceedingly low price. May Mr. Karn's liberality in this, and in many other instances, be abundantly rewarded.

ON the afternoon and evening of Thursday, February 24th, took place the annual meetings of the Alumni Society of Feller Institute. Though the roads had been badly blocked with snow just a day or two previous, the beautiful weather that followed brought out a larger number of visiting friends. The afternoon meeting was devoted to business of a routine nature, and to the election of officers for next year. Messages of sympathy were read from Rev. Mr. Roux, of Saxon's River, Vermont, and from H. C. Séné, of Newton Centre. Principal G. N. Massé was kept from meeting with us on account of ill-health. Rev. T. Brouillet takes the place of Mr. E. Norman as President for the coming year. The attendance at the evening meeting taxed our space to the very utmost. In fact our chapel was not nearly large enough, and has not been large enough for several years past, to accommodate the crowds that come to our public meetings. A very good programme of music, readings, etc., was rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death to die,
Nor need I wait till science give
All doubts their full reply.

Nay! while the sea of Doubt
Is wildly raging round about,
Questioning of life, of death, of sin,
May I but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat!—*Ex.*

A RIME OF LIFE.

FAILURE.

High in the sunlit vale where field-flowers nod
 My castle builded fair. Lo ! down there trod
 The crushing foot of Fate. My triumph ruined,
 I cursed the laws of everlasting God.

DESPAIR.

Dark the dragging day may be or fair ;
 On crumbling ruins brambles gather where
 My castle builded. Fate in life is all,
 To Fate I, weakling, bow in dull despair.

HOPE.

Green the grasses are where meltsthe snow,
 Out from the brambles budding roses grow
 Where stood my castle. Death breathes life again.
 Perhaps my castle—ah ! but who may know ?

REGENERATION.

Fair in the vale the field-flowers bloom again :
 High in the sun, my castle grows as then,
 Turrets gleam and spreading roses blow ;—
 What good God gives we do not know, nor when.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

“A NON-Enthusiast’s View of Athletics” in the “*Owl*” for November, is an article well worth reading.

THAT University students now-a-days die of starvation is hard to believe. And yet President Harper, of the great Chicago University, says that such things have happened in late years. He said that of five deaths at the University in the last years, three were directly traceable to starvation, due to the poor food supplied in the neighbourhood to students.—*Ex.*

TWO GREAT POETS WHO WERE BLIND.—In the roll of the great poets of the past, two who hold the very highest places, were for an important period of their lives unpossessed of the power of vision—Homer and Milton. Happily these renowned followers of the muses made good use of their eyes in youth ; otherwise it is scarcely possibly that they could have left to us the finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found among their compositions. Homer had reached manhood and had written a considerable portion of the “*Iliad*” before he was attacked by that disease of the eyes which robbed them of their wonted powers. But the whole of the “*Odyssey*” was composed after the occurrence of this great mishap. Milton is stated by most biographers to have permanently lost his sight in 1654 after a progressive and warning decay of several years’ duration. “*Paradise Lost*” was not published till 1667, and it was composed when the poet was perfectly blind.—*New York Ledger.*

SO LIVE.

I do not know what heavenly joys
 Beyond the skies, may some day meet
 My wondering gaze ;
 The nature of that awful blaze
 I do not know nor care.

I only know that I must live
 Where God in his eternal plan
 My fate has spun ;
 So live, that He shall say, " well done,"
 When I lie down to rest.

—Brunonian.

THIRTY students of Cambridge, England, have taken oath not to take their degrees at Commencement, if women are permitted to do so.

THE SIBYL for February is an especially interesting number. "Where Strength Is" is a subject of a very suggestive and well written poem. The "Sibyl" is one of our most welcome exchanges.

PROFESSOR Alexander Agassiz has arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu after having spent several months in the Southern Pacific studying coral formation. It is the opinion of Professor Agassiz, as a result of his studies, that coral is a comparatively thin crust formed upon a mountain that has been submerged, or upon a volcanic pile, instead of being formed at the surface and continually subsiding, as held by Darwin and Dana. In nearly every instance were borings were made by Professor Agassiz the coral was found to be shallow.—*New York Evening Post*.

CARDINAL MANNING had a strong sense of humor, and delighted in telling Irish stories. One related to an Irish laborer, who was thus addressed by a passing Englishman :

"What's that you're building, Paddy?" "Shure an it's a church, yer honner." "Is it a Protestant church?" "No, yer honner." "A Catholic church, then?" "Indade an' it is that same, yer honner." "I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat." "So's the devil, yer honner."—*Westminster Gazette*.

AFRAID HE COULDN'T PASS. — Cases of nightmare doubtless would be alarmingly frequent were all of us compelled to "pass" on that in which we are supposed to be competent to "pass" others. There were great rings under the eyes of the president of the university. His cheek was pallid and his lips were dry and cracked. His expression was haggard, and every now and then his whole body twitched nervously as he turned and glanced furtively back of him. "You look ill," said his wife. "Is anything wrong, dear?" "No," replied the president of the university. "Nothing much, my dear. But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—." Here his mind wandered off. It was evident his nervous system was shattered. "What was the dream?" asked his wife, soothingly. "I—I dreamt the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the Freshman examination for—admission," sighed the president.—*Golden Rule*.

FOREVER AND A DAY.

I little know or care
 If the blackbird on the bough
 Is filling all the air
 With his soft crescendo now ;
 For she is gone away,
 And when she went she took
 The springtime in her look,
 The peachblow on her cheek,
 The laughter from the brook,
 The blue from out the May—
 And what she calls a week
 Is forever and a day.

It's little that I mind
 How the blossoms, pink or white,
 At every touch of wind
 Fall a-trembling with delight ;
 For in the leafy lane,
 Beneath the garden boughs,
 And through the silent house
 One thing alone I seek.
 Until she come again,
 The May is not the May,
 And what she calls a week !
 Is forever and a day !

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in October *Atlantic*.

“TENNYSON'S VIEWS ON RELIGION,” by J. A. Nicholson, M.A., in the Presbyterian College Journal for March, is an article well worthy of reading and is sure to be of special interest to all students of Tennyson.

“TALENT AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT,” is the title of a very interesting article in the February number of the Ontario Ladies' College Monthly. “The Sunbeam” is a fitting appellation for this bright, newsy and wholesome exchange.

“GENTLEMEN, you do not use your faculties of observation,” said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. “When I was a student,” he continued, “I used my sense of taste.” And with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot, and then put his finger in his mouth. “Taste it, gentlemen—taste it,” said the professor ; “and exercise your perceptive faculties.” The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. “Gentlemen, gentlemen,” said the professor, “I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation ; for had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot.”—*Home Journal*.