



Yours Truly,

M. E. Anderson

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WILLIAM K. ANDERSON.

A century furnishes room for many and great changes. 1894 will be the centennial of the first Baptist church planted in Canada, west of the Maritime Provinces. It was located in the Townships east of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, in that part of the Dominion then as now dominated by Roman Catholicism. The difference in the religious condition of the country between that period and the present calls forth the exclamation, What hath God wrought!

Though not among the earliest pioneers of the denomination in Canada, the man whose likeness adorns this page, the Rev. W. K. Anderson, of Vankleek Hill, has been a prominent and important factor in the progress and successes of the Baptists in Ontario for the last forty-five years. He is one of the many who have endured hardships as good soldiers of Christ, not counting any privation and toil they could sustain too great, if they might gather souls to Jesus and secure the "well done" of the Master. The piety, consecration, devotion to the ministry with which they were entrusted, and the result of their labors, might not be unworthy the consideration of, might even be a profitable study for young men preparing to preach the Gospel.

While by adoption, training, and habits of life, Mr. Anderson is a Canadian, he is by birth a Scotchman, and neither the frost

of Canadian winters nor the heat of Canadian summers has been able to freeze, or melt out of his nature the characteristics of his countrymen. But he had not much experience of Scottish life, for when he was five years of age, his parents left the land of heather and hill to seek in the wilds of Canada wider scope for their energies, and to secure better prospects for the future of their growing family. They settled in the Township of Lanark. What determined their choice of a location might now be difficult to ascertain, for the rocks of that place offered but a scant remuneration to the labors of the agriculturist. There is more rock than arable soil, more surface useless than what can be utilized by the farmer. There W. K. Anderson grew up to manhood. The immigrants of that early period were generally guiltless of riches. The domestic comforts and social conveniences of the present were impossible. To furnish the means of living taxed their utmost efforts, and as soon as able, necessity compelled every member of the family to contribute his quota to the support of the household. Our brother was early initiated into the privations, toils, and trials of pioneer life. Age lives in the past; youth can hardly be said to have a past, and lives in anticipation of the future. No doubt young Anderson had his dreams of what he would like to be and do when manhood was reached, but did not think that an unseen hand was shaping his course toward an employment that had not entered into his plans for himself. The toils and privations of pioneer life formed no unimportant part of his training for the hardships of the Gospel ministry, to which God, who chooses his messengers of grace from what conditions of social life he pleases, would call him in his own time and way. The unlettered fishermen of Galilee, without influence, without wealth, without any of the accessories which are supposed to give power over their fellows, would not have been the choice of men for the first disciples of Jesus, to whose hands would be committed the interests of his infant kingdom when He ascended to the Father; but they were the choice of Christ. From the ranks of the lowly He has selected many of the grandest instruments of His saving work, men whose lives and labors have been a benediction to the church and the world.

It was in the summer of 1840, when he was about nineteen

years of age, that God called Mr. Anderson out of the darkness and death of sin, into the light and life of his salvation in Christ. The instrument the Holy Spirit used in his conversion was the Rev. K. Dick, who then lived and preached the Gospel in Lanark. The conduct of his subsequent life never laid open to question the reality of that great change, which turned all the purposes and currents of his future into a new channel. His life and labors have aimed, and not in vain, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. A large number led to Christ through his instrumentality will praise God to eternity for that consecrated, useful life.

It must have been shortly after his conversion God began to reveal to Mr. Anderson that he intended him to be a preacher of the Word, and in pursuance of this purpose, he had made him a subject of the kingdom, to the extension of which the labor of his life was to be devoted. At that time it was no light thing to become a Baptist, and there were no inducements of honor, popularity and emolument to attract a young man to the Baptist ministry. What is said of the conies is fairly descriptive of the Baptists of that early period. They were indeed a feeble folk. They were few in number, poor, and with very imperfect organization for aggressive work. The churches were few, small and widely scattered, with very little concert among them. So far were Baptists from being popular, or their aid welcomed in Christian effort, that they were considered a disturbing element in the communities in which for the first time they made their appearance. They were deemed formidable, not from their number, but from the truth they held and preached, and the character that truth had formed in themselves, and would form in all into whose heart it would be received. Their diminutive number, their distinguishing peculiarities of doctrine and practice, their insistence on a new nature as the only legitimate title to Gospel ordinances and church fellowship, their repudiation and condemnation of that popular doctrine of the time, Church and State connection, made them an object of hatred and dread to the more numerous and popular denominations. They shared the lot of their progenitors, the people and churches of the same faith and order in apostolic times, "the sect everywhere spoken against," for which many thought and

said there was neither room nor use in the world. The remuneration, the generality of the churches could give to pastors furnished a living inferior to that which could be earned by an ordinary mechanic, or even day laborer. The prospect before the young minister was a life of incessant toil, poverty, and often a strong spice of reproach. All this Mr. Anderson knew, but his soul had heard the voice of God bidding him away from all other occupations to this arduous but glorious work, and he could not, and would not refuse obedience to the call from Heaven.

In 1845 he entered the Canada Baptist College in Montreal as a student for the ministry, highly recommended by the church of which he was a member. Up to that time his education was what the common schools of the day conferred, and the schools like the settlements of the country were in their infancy, and a sickly infancy at that. They were notable, not for what they taught, but for what they did not teach. The curriculum, if such a dignified word is permissible, was sufficiently brief. In most instances it included no more than reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. The term cram, as applicable to education in Canada, was not yet invented. There was no use for it, because the thing it represents had no existence. But the high and holy purpose the Spirit of God had formed in the heart of Mr. Anderson was not to be frustrated by lack of early scholastic opportunities. Deeply sensible of the gravity, solemnity, far reaching consequences, and responsibility of the work before him, he applied himself with all assiduity to the studies which would confer a better preparation for it. Scotch pluck and perseverance came to his aid; for perseverance in what is seriously undertaken is as plainly written on Scotch national character, as is the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints on the pages of the New Testament. Mr. Anderson was a diligent, progressive student. Four years were devoted to preparation for his life work, in the last of which his studies were interrupted by sickness. A severe cold induced inflammation and hemorrhage of the lungs. For a time it seemed as if all his preparation for the ministry had been useless, and his work must end before it had well begun. But it was not to be so, for God had ordered it otherwise. Toward the close of 1849 his health

began to improve, and the clouds which for some months had hung threateningly over him, slowly drifted away.

In 1850 he was called to the pastorate of the church in Breadalbane as successor to the late Rev. W. Fraser. When it is considered that Mr. Anderson was still in feeble health, that he was just entering upon his ministry, an inexperienced young man, that the church and congregation were composed of Highlanders, accustomed to the ministrations of the sanctuary in a language they loved above all others, but of which he knew nothing, that his predecessor, as well as being a countryman of his hearers, was a more than ordinary man in tact, talent, and prudence, and was regarded as one of the most prominent and popular ministers of the denomination, it will be conceded that he had entered upon no light or trifling undertaking. But Mr. Anderson went among the people for the sole purpose of doing God's work and doing them good. At first the state of his lungs and resultant weakness made it perilous to attempt more than one sermon on the Sabbath. But improved health soon gave ability for more, and he always worked up to the full measure of his strength. His pastoral labors and pulpit ministrations in Breadalbane were a grand success. His sympathetic nature, his genial disposition, without the lightness and frivolity which too often mar the character and impede the usefulness of ministers, his unflagging interest in the present and eternal welfare of the people of whom God had given him the oversight, too plainly written on his intercourse with them to remain unobserved, won for him a large place in their affections, and secured the respect of all who had the honor of his acquaintance. In the pulpit and out of it, Sabbath day and week day, he never forgot he was the messenger of Jesus. Under his ministry, the church grew in numbers, strength, and usefulness. He had the satisfaction of seeing many turned to the Lord by his means, some of whom had long resisted the truth. In 1852 he married Miss Esther Wales, of Ohio, who has since that time shared his anxieties, trials, and joys, and has been an efficient helper in his work. While pastor in Breadalbane, Mr. Anderson did not confine his labors to the church; they stretched far beyond its bounds. The period of ministerial holidays had not then arrived, and the recreation of the ministers of that time con-

sisted in some weeks every year preaching the Gospel evening after evening in pastorless churches and destitute parts of the country. Our brother frequently visited Kenyon, Roxboro', Osnabruck, and other places in this way.

Mr. Anderson loved the people of Breadalbane, and was loved by them. His ministry among them was agreeable and pleasant to himself as well as useful to the people. But after five years of successful labor, he considered it his duty to accept a unanimous call to the churches of Kemptville and South Gower. The same qualities of heart and mind, the same devotion to ministerial work which endeared him to the people he had left, made him popular in his new charge, and he soon secured their most sincere esteem and affection. In some important aspects the new field was different from that he had just quitted. In Breadalbane, most of the people were Baptists and descendants of Baptists; not so however in Kemptville and South Gower. The Baptists were late in their occupancy of the ground, and had to work their way to recognition against the adverse influence and strong opposition of long established denominations who seemed to think they had pre-empted that part of the country, and had a right to hold it against all comers as a preserve of their own. But there is a resistless life in the seed from which Baptists spring, and when they once make good a footing in a place they are not easily rooted out. If driven away, the agents of their expulsion must come from themselves, for no outside power can dislodge them. Mr. Anderson's ministry was not less successful in these two places than in his first charge. Under it the churches gained in spiritual power, and despite all difficulties and discouragements increased in numbers. Eleven years of the best and most vigorous part of our brother's life were given to these churches. He found them weak, but when he left, his fostering ministry had nursed them into strength hitherto unexperienced.

It is not often that a second pastorate over the same church is desirable, and comfortable to the minister, or of long continuance; hence such pastorates are not of frequent occurrence. To this general rule Mr. Anderson was an exception. In 1866 his first charge in Breadalbane gave him an urgent invitation to return to them again. This second call was sufficient evidence of

the good will and affection of the people for him, when the pastoral relation was dissolved eleven years previously. During his absence the church had several pastors, good men and true, but the hearts of the people turned with fond desire to the man whose labors in time past had proved a lasting blessing to so many of them. After prayerful consideration he concluded that God willed him to comply with their request, and he returned to them again. The blessing and prosperity which attended his former pastorate, and his labors in Kemptville, followed his ministry still. Under his care the members of the church were edified and built up in the truth, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, their numbers, as well as their usefulness were increased. Under Mr. Anderson's ministry in Breadalbane, there were several revivals of great power, in which many, both old and young, were turned to the Lord. His second pastorate continued about twelve years. Altogether he served the Breadalbane church seventeen years, no mean record in these times of restlessness and change.

Mr. Anderson's last pastorate was in Lindsay, and began in 1878. When he went on the field the churches in Lindsay and Opps were united in the support and services of the same pastor. The hard work of past years had begun to tell on a not too strong constitution, and the strain of serving two churches with the involved travelling and visiting was more than his declining strength could bear. As soon as arrangements to that effect could be made, without detriment to any part of the field, his labors were chiefly confined to Lindsay. The church in that town had previously passed through great trials. Events which it is not pleasant for memory to recall, not only retarded its prosperity but threatened its existence. The ministry of Mr. Anderson lifted it out of its depressed condition, and has proved to it a lasting benediction. It gave new courage to the members, established them in the faith, gave vigor and growth to their spiritual life, and increased their numbers by the conversion of sinners. From 1878 to 1892 he continued to serve the Lord and His people in Lindsay. But strength was gradually declining, and in the last two or three years, his work was done with much pain. The spirit was willing, earnest, fervent as ever, but the clay organism through which it operated was giving out. In 1892,

after forty-two years of faithful service in three churches, physical infirmity compelled our brother's retirement from the pastorate, and he has taken his residence at Vankleek Hill, not far from the scene of his first ministerial labors.

During the many years of Mr. Anderson's ministry, he preached the simple gospel as he found it recorded in the Divine word. He never turned from it to the doubtful theories and wild vagaries with which too many pervert the sacred office in their attempts to catch the popular ear. He considered the pulpit too solemn and responsible for the speculations that may amuse but cannot save, and his object was not to amuse, or court popularity, but to save his hearers. He knew what this Gospel was to himself, was a witness of its transforming efficacy in others, and he believed it the only power that could lift the lost out of sin and ruin and restore them to God and righteousness. He was aware that in this precious gospel there were depths he could not fathom and heights he could not scale, mysteries of Godhead that the limits which bound the range of human intellect forbid it to explore. But his was not the business of the philosopher to find a reason for all God has said of himself and his purposes. He was a messenger of Jesus, sent to proclaim the glad tidings God by his word and Spirit had put in his heart, and on his tongue. To lift up the crucified and risen Christ before men as their only hope of salvation was his recognized mission, and to this he gave himself with all his natural and acquired ability. Hence the success of a ministry, which, however meagre it may seem to himself in his enforced retirement, is much in the eyes of God and in the estimation of the people acquainted with the man and his work.

In addition to his efficiency as preacher and pastor, Mr. Anderson took an earnest and active interest in all the work of the Baptist denomination. To missions, Home and Foreign, his helping hand was ever ready. He has lived seventy-three years, forty-two of which have been given to constant work in the Gospel ministry, respected, loved, trusted by his ministerial brethren, and in all the churches where he is known. As the life and strength of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have been expended in the work of the Lord, so may their old age be filled with the peace of God that passeth all understanding. May the joy of his salvation and the unobscured hope of coming glory be their uninterrupted consolation in their declining years.

J. DEMPSEY.

W I N T E R.

When winter comes earth seeks repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

That nothing may her rest disturb,
And hushed be cataract and rill,
God puts within their mouth his curb
Of mighty frost, and holds them still.

Yet all abroad, roused from their calm,
The unchained winds may sweep the sky ;
God weaves their notes into a psalm,
And bids them be earth's lullaby.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

D. M. WELTON.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

I.

In the fourteenth century the University of Prague was perhaps the largest the world has ever seen. Between ten and fifteen thousand students of various nationalities, Bohemian, Franconian, German and Polish, attended it. Difficulties arose between these different nationalities and the Germans, feeling that they were unjustly treated, withdrew and founded institutions in various parts of their own land. Of these secessionists about two thousand went to Leipsic, and there in 1409 laid the foundations of the present University of Leipsic. Begun under such auspices it has grown in numbers and importance until today some two hundred professors and docents are lecturing to

three thousand students in the faculties of philosophy, law, theology and medicine. It is thus one of the very largest and most important in the world, and, with students from England and America, perhaps more popular than any other German university.

At home we should expect such a large university to have many buildings grouped on one campus. Not a few indeed seem to measure a university's greatness and influence by the size and number of its buildings, and will not understand that the absence of imposing edifices does not necessarily indicate a corresponding absence of great and learned men. A semester at Leipsic would open the eyes of such and teach them that men, not buildings, make a university. I do not of course mean to suggest that the university of Leipsic has not numerous buildings; for it has. But they are not grouped so as to impress one with their number and size. There are thirty or forty so called "institutes" scattered all over the city, none of which make any pretensions to any great size or beauty. One exception must be made in favor of the new library building, a magnificent stone edifice situated on the side of a square and capable of holding three or four hundred thousand volumes. The main building, called the Augusteum, the Bornerianum and the Trierisches Institut are in the very heart of the city. Imagine all the college buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto, transferred to the neighborhood of the corner of King and Yonge streets, and you will have an idea of the position of many of the buildings of Leipsic University. Think of attending lectures all through the sweltering heat of July and August, and that, not amid the cooling breezes of Queen's Park but in the stifling atmosphere of, say, Adelaide St., and you will know what it is to take a degree in a German university.

And if the walls are blank and bare and hot with the rays of a summer sun, the rooms within are not one whit more inviting. There are no such things as comfortable easy-chairs to recline in; nothing but hard benches with only a narrow railing to lean upon. These are all carved and scribbled with the names of quondam students, another proof, if any were wanting, of the kinship of students the ages through and the world over. But who would exchange these antiquated and perhaps rickety and

not very comfortable benches and desks for patent folding-chairs, arm-rests and ink-wells, and by so doing lose all the glamor of the olden time and all the reminiscences of a romantic past? These very carvings, inartistic and vandal-like though they be, excite the imagination. When the lecture is dull and prosy—and German professors are often that—how pleasant it is to wander back in fancy to the misty and beautiful past and linger on its romance and poetry! And then the names tell us of men who have gone before and are an inspiration to us not to prove unworthy of them and the reputation they have given their alma mater. But alas! romantic though they be, these relics of the by-gone cannot long remain. "The old order changeth," and in Germany as elsewhere. New buildings and modern improvements are gradually displacing the old in Leipsic, and beauty and romance must yield to utility.

But the old-time love of learning and spirit of investigation have not passed away in Germany, nor are they likely to. Rather they are growing and finding out new paths to tread. The German scholar of to-day is as patient and indefatigable in research, as minute in criticism, as "vigorous and rigorous" in theorizing as he ever was. In almost every branch the professors and docents at Leipsic are worthy successors of the learned men who have made it famous in the past. It is only necessary to mention such names as Wundt, Zarneke, Sievers, Wülcker and Socin, to show how true this is. The devotion of these German professors and docents to their work is simply beyond praise. Money can hardly enter into their consideration. Few of them, and then only the greatest, get more than what many teachers in the public and high schools of Canada receive. The *Privatdocenten* receive not a penny from the Government; any remuneration they get comes from the fees of the students and these are exceedingly small. I have heard it said, and have no reason to doubt it, that the *Privatdocent* who makes one hundred dollars a year in this way is fortunate above his fellows. They eke out their miserable pittance by private tutoring and hope some day to get a professorship. The professors write books and make unemphatically less poor and more widely known at one and the same time.

When in Germany last summer I had the pleasure of meet-

ing and attending the lectures of some of the great men at Leipzig. In a German university no student ever attends a professor's lectures or *Seminar* without first calling upon him and becoming acquainted with him. There are a few exceptions in the case of free courses of lectures, but practically the rule holds. On the professor's list of lectures the time of his *Sprechstunde* is always given along with that of his other lectures. Shortly after my arrival I called upon Prof. Sievers and found him in his study smoking his morning cigar. He is a man of medium height and size; his hair rather fair and his neatly trimmed beard of the same color. Like every German student he wears glasses. His whole aspect gives one the idea of an editor, for example, or a cultured man of the world rather than of a decipherer of manuscripts and a delver into forgotten literature. Naturally I addressed him in English, and was in no way surprised to hear him reply in my own language. He spoke as if he were English born and bred: almost every trace of accent was absent and his "th's" and "w's" and "d's" were as correctly pronounced as my own. After I had explained my purpose and had received his advice, he asked me about the Canadian universities, and inquired concerning the various Canadians of his acquaintance, one of whom was Mr. Keys of McMaster. The whole conversation lasted perhaps twenty minutes and was exceedingly pleasant.

It is in the lecture-room, however, that he is brilliant beyond compare. So far as my experience goes he is the best lecturer I ever listened too. I heard his course on Phonetics, in itself a rather difficult and dry subject, but in his hands exceedingly interesting. His knowledge of the principles and details of his subject and his seemingly limitless acquaintance with the various languages of the world were wonderful. Not content with illustrating his propositions by reference to the pronunciation of English, French, German, Latin and Greek, he brought into service Sanskrit, Hebrew, Armenian, Swedish, Icelandic, Gaelic, Russian and—the saints preserve us—that language of unutterable sounds, the Welsh. His intimate acquaintance with English enabled him to imitate in a remarkably accurate manner the well-known Cockney speech, the language of affectation, and the resonant nasal twang of some of our American

neighbors. Of course he knew all the varieties of German pronunciation, and his imitations of these caused great amusement. It is this wonderful command over the organs of speech, combined with a well-trained ear for distinguishing sounds, that enables Prof. Sievers to present his subject not only in a clear but in a highly entertaining manner.

All this is wonderful indeed, but one day we were treated to something even more startling. He was pointing out that each nation has a normal position of the vocal organs in pronunciation; that one nation pronounces its words more in one position than another, the Russian for example using the throat more than the German; that one broadens the tongue while another rounds it. After illustrating this with examples from these languages, he proceeded to show how German would sound spoken in these various ways. First he spoke a few sentences of correct German in the way in which a Russian would speak it, had German been his mother-tongue, the normal position of his vocal organs being the same as it really now is. From Russian he went on in quick succession to all the different languages of Europe, speaking all the time perfectly grammatical German, but making the difference in pronunciation most marked. A more difficult experiment in pronunciation could hardly be imagined, and none could have been more accurately and carefully made than was this. In all his other demonstrations it was the same. He was perfectly unconventional; if he wished to explain the formation of a certain sound and could illustrate it only by putting his finger into his mouth, he put it there, quite regardless of appearance. He often came down among the benches and permitted us to look into his mouth and observe the position and action of the visible vocal organs. In every way he proved a most thorough and most interesting lecturer. One might almost say it is worth while to go to Germany to hear Prof. Sievers.

There are several others of the Leipsic professors of whom I should like to speak, and many novel features of German university life well worth being described; but these I must leave untouched for the present. If what I have already written prove at all interesting, another letter may be forthcoming. Until then let the reader take my word for it that life in Germany in general, and at a German university in particular, has peculiar charms for college men.

W. S. W. McLAY.

THE FIRST GRAVE:

A RABBINIC LEGEND.

Translated by Prof. D. M. Welton.

The progenitor of the human race sought in the sweat of his brow and with axe and hoe to mitigate his bitter grief over his slain second-born son. His inconsolable spouse, however, spent three days and three nights in excessive lamentation over the dead body of her darling; and as, with impetuous pleading she asked that his spirit might return from heaven, she saw all at once on the morning of the fourth day a stranger in white raiment, of serene and holy countenance, standing before her.

"Raise thyself, bereaved mother, from the place of thy tears," said the unknown one to her, "for the dead there is now enough of lamentation, and it is the will of the Eternal that there should be an end of affliction and sorrow here below."

Kindly he drew her from the corpse of her son, walked with her out of the mournful bower, and led her not far from the same directly over a desolate field towards the east. And as the sorrowful one, silent and meditative, walked by his side, he said to her: "Look up, Eva, and take courage!" Now cheered, she looked forth, and saw an eagle pursuing a sparrow-hawk which had robbed and killed a turtle-dove. To hasten his flight, the sparrow-hawk quickly let fall his prey, when a raven, fluttering over the place, three times looked upon the lifeless bird, then carefully buried it in the earth, and flew away.

"Heaven has already that part of thy son which belongs to it," continued the stranger; "give now also to the earth the part of him which belongs to it, and tell thy husband to do with the dead as the raven has taught thee."

Eva would thank the unknown stranger for his instruction, but he was no more at her side. Still comforted, she returned to the bower. She told Adam what she had seen, and both of them followed the example of the raven. They buried the body of their son at the foot of the altar where he had fallen a victim to his brother's envy and revenge, and they named the place where they buried him the place of blessed rest, and the field which received him God's acre.

“IN THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS.”

On a brown and barren island beaten by Ægean foam,
Is the Lord's "beloved disciple," kneeling in his exile-home ;
Though there stands no spreading cedar, though there sways no
stately palm,

Yet, o'er all the rocky island falls the hallowed Sabbath calm.
In his cheerless isolation, reft of every cherished thing,
He is holding sweetest concourse "in the Spirit" with the King.
And he draws so close to heaven in his rapture of delight,
That he sees one known and unknown—strange embodiment of
light

Like the sun in all his power ; can this be the risen Lord ?

"Like the voice of many waters" sounds in trumpet-tone His
word.

But the splendor of His glory His beloved cannot meet.

And the worshipping apostle falls as dead before His feet.

Lo ! the same "right hand" hath touched him that he held long
years ago ;

And the same loved voice that ever spake so tenderly and low
Now repeats in tones assuring—"FEAR THOU NOT"—erst word
of grace—

'Tis the glorified Redeemer ! and he sees Him face to face.

MRS. IDA BAKER.

St. John, N. B., Christmas Day.

TO T. T.

I said, "What if my sickness be to death !"

The thought fell sudden as the lightning's stroke,

And shook my calm to tears without surcease ;

Lo, in my heart, as soft as angel's breath,

The thought, "My babe, our babe, I'll see," awoke,

And all my soul was lapt in God's great peace.

R.

Students' Quarter.

THE FROST-KING.

A forest tree moaned in the wind,
 And shivered at each chilling blast
 And mourned its old gay dress of green,
 And summer past.

All day the sleety rain hard beat
 Upon its branches bare and cold,
 And all day long it sighed in vain
 For days of old.

At eventide in silent flight
 The Frost-king passed the woodland by.
 But paused a moment as he heard
 The tearful cry.

" Ah ! weeping that thou art not fair !
 One touch shall hush thy grief to rest."
 So when the sun arose, it stood
 In diamonds drest !

H. T.

Moulton College.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

In presenting to you the eleventh annual report of the Fyfe Missionary Society we are filled with gratitude to our heavenly Father, that He who chooses the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty has been pleased to use us in carrying on His work against the powers of darkness. The past summer has witnessed many failures in duty, many mistakes have marred the page that we intended should be so fair

*Read at annual public meeting of the Society, December 7th, 1893.

a lack of nearness to Christ has prevented greater blessing coming upon us, yet in spite of the imperfection of the work God has owned our efforts in the salvation of souls. In view of what He has wrought our hearts would fain cry: "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thine own name be praise."

The work of missions is linked almost inseparably to that of education. At Williamstown, Mass., on the spot where now stands the famous Haystack Monument, six young men, students of Andover College, consecrated themselves, in the year 1810, to the work of Foreign Missions and poured out their fervent prayers for the conversion of the world. This green nook among the Berkshire hills may well be called the birthplace of American Foreign Missions. The missionary enthusiasm which swept over this continent a few years later, was, in the providence of God, largely kindled through the instrumentality of these students, and since the day when Adoniram Judson and his five associates solemnly devoted themselves to the work of carrying the glad tidings to the nations that sit in darkness, the colleges of America have, to a great extent, kept alive the missionary spirit. The past decade has witnessed one of the most wonderful religious movements ever known in the history of the church. The students who have volunteered, during that time, to undertake work in the foreign field number over six thousand, and where once the cry was for men, now the appeal is for money to send the men who desire to go. A brighter day has dawned upon foreign missions. The churches are seeking out their best men to send them to the heathen, and, thank God, many of the best men are ready to go.

It is most fitting that in a University like McMaster, which recognises the lordship of Christ as fundamental, and the commands which He has given as paramount, the work of missions at home and abroad should find a place in the hearts and thoughts of the students. McMaster University exists primarily for the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and if she is to achieve this purpose, her students must have a right conception of the character, extent and progress of that kingdom, and the obligation under which they rest to give the gospel to the

perishing. With this end in view the Fyfe Missionary Society has been founded. Perhaps it may be known to many of you that all the Christian students of the University, together with its Faculty, are members of this society, and that one day in each month is set apart for the consideration of missionary topics.

During the past year a great impetus has been given to the missionary spirit which characterizes the University, by reason of the departure of three of our students for the land where sleeps the sainted Timpany. Jesse Chute, B. Th. ('92), a former vice-president of this society, has gone forth to tell the dusky sons of earth the glad story of the Christ of God. E. G. Smith, M.B., has, after some theological preparation attained the desire of his heart, and as a healer of bodies as well as of souls will labor among the Telugus. The prayers and good wishes of the whole student body will follow these brethren, for they are highly esteemed for their Christ-like devotion and the sterling worth of their character. Miss Kate McLaurin, emulating the spirit of her noble father, has devoted her life to telling in the zenanas of India the wondrous story of the Nazarene. High indeed is the honor which has been conferred upon this University, that in one year no fewer than three foreign missionaries have gone out from her halls. Benjamin Davies, of the class of 1890, has become the first ordained Baptist missionary to the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West, and so another of our former members has entered the foreign field.

But while we are grateful that so many of our number are ready to respond to the cry of heathendom, we rejoice that not a few others have proved the heroism of their spirits upon difficult Home Mission fields. We would not for a moment cast any reflection upon the man who leaves home, and country and friends to go to a strange people with the gospel, but may it not be possible that in our own land we have heroes as great as he? May we not be in danger of withholding our sympathy and our prayers from the humble Home Mission pastor because we do not recognize the extent of the sacrifice he has to make, and the trials he must undergo? If the record of Home Missionary heroes could only be as accessible as that of the foreign ones, no doubt our hearts would be thrilled by the tale of the devotion of our Canadian pastors to their Lord and King.

The Fyfe Missionary Society has to do principally with work in our own land. A spirit of self-sacrifice and a burning enthusiasm for souls are pre-requisite to successful work upon the fields occupied by the members of this society; for as a rule the churches served by students are weak in membership, and have often to struggle with foes within and foes without. The demands made upon the student missionary are very great; he must be pastor, preacher, evangelist and teacher; he must be a wise master builder and yet must bring youthful ardor into his work, be all things to all men, and yet ever keep before him the possibility of saving some. Often the people are hungering for the word, and in five months he must do the work of a year and give God's children some gracious truths to cheer them during the long winter in which no regular services are held; sometimes, alas! the church is spiritually dead, and the missionary with heavy heart and quivering tones has to plead for a return to the God who has been forsaken. No wonder that his spirit faints when he thinks of his youth and inexperience, but God is his refuge.

During the past summer our students have labored in most of the provinces of the Dominion. Some of them were found where the waters of the Atlantic are dashed upon rock-bound shores; some on the rolling prairies, others in the province of which Jacques Cartier was the discoverer, and many toiled for Christ in our own beloved Ontario. The majority of our students were at work upon long occupied fields; three churches, however, have been organized, through the agency of members of this society, during the summer vacation, viz: Pretty River Valley, Weston and Kenilworth Avenue, Toronto, the last named being the direct result of work begun by this society in the East end of the city two years ago. Two church buildings have been erected, one at Springfield, Ont., and the other for the Brooke and Enniskillen church; one building, that at Mansonville, Que., was completed and dedicated. But the grandest results of the summer's work were spiritual, no fewer than 302 members having been added by baptism to the churches served by students. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The following is an approximation of the work for the five months ending Oct. 1st, 1893:—Number of preaching stations

115 ; Sermons preached 2615 ; Prayer-meetings conducted 2068 ; Sabbath Schools 85. Additions :—By Baptism 302 ; By Letter 102 ; By Experience 39 ; Total 443. Tracts distributed 4750 ; Visits made 9338.

It should be remembered that these figures cannot adequately represent the work of the summer. Sowing as well as reaping has been done, the foundations have often been laid for a fair superstructure, and in the future the laborer will be cheered by the knowledge that his work has not been in vain, even although the honor be given to others.

The thanks of the society are due to Rev. R. G. Boville, M.A. B.D., for his kindness in preaching the annual sermon in Bloor St. Baptist Church in the month of April last.

The year has closed. The work with its results is in the hands of Him who has sent us forth as His ministers, and whose promise is : “ My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” For whatever measure of success has attended the work of this society, either through its members upon the mission fields or in the development of the Christ spirit within the college, we would ascribe praise and glory and honor to Him “ who is and was and is to come,” the Lord blessed forever.

The whole respectfully submitted.

EDWARD J. STOBO, Jr.,
Rec. Sec.

EXILES FROM PARADISE.

Exiles from Paradise through briar and thorn
 We wander now,
 Toiling an unknown way ;
 A look forlorn
 Is on our brow,
 Since we were made
 For Thee, our God, and from Thy presence strayed.
 A. B.

ὁ δ' ἀντὶς ἀποθανόντων ἔτι λαλεῖ.*

Heb. 11, 4.

Tombs of the just are vocal with God's praise ;
Still breathes their dust, re-living former days.

Light golden glows from Joseph's garden tomb ;
Love's music flows from out its fancied gloom.

So the dead breathe new life into our creeds,
And the dead live ; live in our loves and deeds.

II.

As Abel's offering, swift-winged, reached the skies,
Up from this altar—love's thankoffering—rise
Matins and vespers mounting as oblations,
Filling heart-censers borne among the nations.

III.

"To Him who loved and washed us in His blood,
To Him who made us kings and priests to God,"
Acceptable this true life's offering ;
The coronal, fair and unfading, bring !

B. W. N. GRIGG.

ALMA MATER.*

The Cyprian artist mused. Close by his side
The sculptured fairy form his hand had wrought,
White, cold and still. Heartfull and soul-distraught :
"Pale beauteous death, mayst thou not live ?" he cried.
Gazing in sweet expectance loveborn, wild :

"O Aphrodite, pour the crimson tide,
Quicken my idol, may she be my bride !"
The snow-white ivory blushed, the maiden smiled.

So hath HE carved, by heavenly wisdom taught,
Not ivory, silver, but in beaten gold ;
God heard his prayer, and touched the task he plied,
Spoke into life what he in love had wrought.
Nations shall yet his myriad sons behold,—
Their Foster Mother his immortal bride.

O. G. LANGFORD.

*Written for Founder's Day, 1893.

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE.

The World's Fair, held at Chicago, has engaged the attention of the world for some time. We have seen people who were there, and in the newspaper we have seen the names of eminent men and women who have had something to do with it, while the common folk were included in the numerical statistics that appeared from week to week. It has been claimed that the Fair has done much for the world in many ways. The different nations have done their utmost to have themselves well and truly represented, many different peoples have met and recognized each other, and the outcome of it all is that the commercial, moral and religious interests of the world have been advanced, and the world knows more about itself than it ever knew before. The people who attended the Fair have been looked upon as benefactors of the human race, and little account has been taken of those who remained at home. I should like to say something for the man who wasn't there.

The word "man" as used in this connection is a representative noun. I would refer you to Seath's High School Grammar, page 25. The term is a very comprehensive one. It includes all the people who did not pass through the gates that opened into the World's Fair grounds. It includes the man who simply stood at one of the gates and caught a glimpse of the magnificence within. It includes people from Greenland and Patagonia, from the green banks of Shannon and "Iser rolling rapidly," from rocky Tobermoray, and the Cape of Good Hope. It includes not only people on the earth but also those under the earth, such as miners, also many who navigate the ocean. It may include the inhabitants of other planets, who through lack of means of transportation, were prevented from sending exhibits or having representatives at the Fair. The subject before me is as broad as the universe, and as deep as the deepest mine. The people who attended the Fair were many, but those who didn't attend were infinitely more. The man who wasn't there is a large man.

This large man has not been left in ignorance, nor has his imagination been unaided as he pictured to himself the grounds

buildings, and many attractions of the Fair. The magazines devoted many pages to descriptions, the smallest country-store was adorned with bird's eye views, and the weekly newspaper was freighted with articles on the Mammoth cheese, fakirs and with the never-ending prize list.

The vast majority of those who did not attend the Fair had neither the means nor the time to do so. In this respect they were like many who did attend. But is it not a great blessing that so many remained at home? Suppose for one moment that the whole world was there. Let us suppose that all the inhabitants of the earth did rise before day-break on the morning of May 1st, 1893, and start for Chicago with enough money to meet current expenses for six months to come. The steamboat service would be far from adequate to convey to the American continent in one voyage the vast multitudes that would gather at the different sea-ports. All would be anxious to go on the first trip. It is difficult to conceive what scrambling would ensue on boarding the vessels.

They would eventually reach Chicago. Chicago would be the only populated spot on the earth. The presence of so many people at this one point would make the earth somewhat heavier on one side, and thus might interfere with its motion around the sun. Whilst there might be a respectful feeling for one another existing among the nations, we should not expect them to associate much. The Russians would be stationed in one quarter the Mexicans in another, and the Chinese in another. Suppose that 400,000,000 Chinamen should, some beautiful afternoon in July, rise up as one man, make a rush for Lake Michigan, and go in for a bath. The lake would be lashed into a foam and overflow its banks, the fish would rush away, and in terror cast themselves over Niagara Falls with much loss of life.

After six months had passed the people would return to their respective countries. They would find the wild beasts in possession, their homes dilapidated, whole cities burnt down, the watermelons very small, the weeds rank and tall, no provision for the coming winter, and all the earth in desolation. In view of these facts, we may say without fear of contradiction that the man who has done most good for the world is the man who wasn't there.

BIG BILL'S ATONEMENT.

As the first glint of golden sunlight caught tree-tops and crag a thousand feet above the entrance to an extensive coal-mine in Wales, a group of men might have been seen standing together. There was nothing unusual in the sight, for about this time the men generally entered the mine to begin work. Often they would gather thus as though unwilling to exchange the balmy morning air for the unhealthy atmosphere of the mine. The sounds, however, which broke upon the morning stillness were extremely unusual. Angry words rising higher and higher, and again lowering in tones of irony and sarcasm came from two men in the middle of the small crowd:

"You lie, Bill, you lie!"

"What! Dare you say I lie, you poor sickly, miserable——?" Here the speaker stopped, choked with rage and a determination to settle the whole matter with one terrific blow. An awful crash must have followed such a blow, but fortunately the slender, sickly-looking fellow was watchful, and by a sudden jerk of the head escaped the intended punishment. Down they fell, the big man uppermost: but before serious harm came of the encounter their companions were between them. To allow the fight to proceed would have been sheer madness. Bill Harris was a strong, well built man, his opponent not more than a tall lad. Under ordinary circumstances Bill would scorn the first thought of such an encounter. Usually he took things coolly, but this morning he had received great provocation indeed. Generally he could stand a good deal of chaffing, but to be called a liar, and all about a trifle, so maddened him that he did not stop to think of the disparity between himself and his antagonist.

Peace being again restored, they entered the mine; but in order to prevent a possible renewal of hostilities the younger man was sent first, backed by some half-dozen who were to see that he reached the place of his work without turning back to create further disturbance.

At a junction of the main and another branch of the workings, called number three, the men parted. Some were unaffected by what had occurred, but the greater part having had an oppor-

tunity to talk it over as they walked in, had taken sides, and judging from the low, yet distinct mutterings which escaped the lips of some of the younger men, all the trouble was not over.

Work in the mine proceeded as usual, each man growing more busied as the day wore on. Just before the "last journey" or quitting time a terrific explosion of gas took place. The force of the explosion was so great that for a short time a deathlike stillness ensued. The first man that gained consciousness raised the cry of fire! "Fire! fire!" shrieked a hundred voices. What a cry that was, mingled with pain and despair! To hear it once is like the horror of death. Forget it you can never, though you shall wander to the end of the earth. "Fire! fire!" Merciful God, look in pity! Here are twice two hundred souls doomed to a terrible death. Fire is before and sulphur behind, a mile or more from the mouth of the shaft. No human power can save them, they are beyond that now. Save, or they perish to a man! Now let those who can have a hope in heaven, for life is a thing of the past. Pale Reaper, this is thy harvest, gather it quickly! The godly are ready, the ungodly are too much terrified to pray. Gather it quickly.

God is ever merciful. Out of four hundred and twenty-two souls, three hundred and ninety-five are safe. How they escaped is a mystery. They scarcely know themselves: all they seem to remember is their creeping out through an old mine used as an airway to the main shaft. Twenty-seven souls are still in the burning mine. Among the number are the two men who quarreled in the morning. Passing strange it seems to all that Bill Harris should be missing. Every man who worked near him is safe. His wife, with her only child in her arms, is beside herself with grief and anxiety. Ever since the rescued men came out she has been seeking tidings of her husband. No one has seen or heard anything of him. Two dead bodies have just been brought to the surface, and it is feared that the remainder have all perished.

Rescuing parties had descended into the mine as soon as possible after the explosion took place, but, baffled by fire-damp and falling rubbish, little progress could be made. Presently the signal is given that others have been found. Slowly moves the winding drum. When at length the cage reaches the bank, willing

hands lift out two men and proceed to take them to the place prepared for the injured. They are not dead, only overcome by the after-damp. As the poor fellows are being carried through the crowd of onlookers they are both recognized. The one is big Bill Harris, the other the slender overgrown lad with whom he disputed in the morning.

That night from the hearths and homes of the rescued miners there went forth many a fervent prayer to Almighty God for the gracious deliverance wrought, and for those who were bereaved. Nor did they forget to mention the name of brave Bill Harris, who saved, at the risk of his own life, the lad with whom he had quarrelled.

Thirty years or more have passed away since that memorable day. Bill, too, has passed from the perilous coal mine to the better land. Heroic soul was he. Had he but lived in a land and a time where and when men were esteemed in proportion to their native worth and character rather than by name, wealth and position, he would not be so soon forgotten. No expensive monument marks his resting place. But what man has denied, nature has more than supplied. Over his grave in its massive grandeur stands the toiler's mausoleum, the yew-tree. The daisies bloom there. In the morning the pearly dew-drops glitter; at noon the wind swaying in the branches sings his requiem in grander tones than ever pealed beneath the glittering dome of cathedral pile or cloister arch; in the evening the stars fringe the deepening shadows with their silvery light. Forgotten? No! man may forget—God never! Upon the everlasting record of noble deeds, inscribed by angel hands in the eternal city of the Great King, are innumerable names, and amongst them the name of him who was known among his fellows as "Big Bill Harris."

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF STUDENT LIFE.

What is there about our life as students that makes older people whose school-days are long past, shake their heads sorrowfully at us and say. "Ah, these are your happiest days,—enjoy them while you may—life never is so bright again"—and we whose hopes lead us to expect an ever brightening rather than an ever darkening path, and whose worries and anxieties of to-day seem quite enough to bear, wonder what they mean. But human beings are so constituted as never fully to appreciate a pleasant situation, till they find themselves in a disagreeable one, and then they look back with longing and regret. And after all a student does live in a world of his own, apart from the hurry for gain and the struggle for existence that occupies the rest of mankind. He lives in a world of earnest thought, he moves in a kind of wonder-land of ideas, to which every master mind through ages past has added something. Its atmosphere is broadening and uplifting; he can almost feel the expanding of his powers; every breath in this realm is an inspiration. He is dazed at the multitude of possibilities that open up around him, at the vast field for speculation and discovery, and at his own limited capacities in the face of all this vastness.

A college course has joys and sorrows of its own, but in the main the lights are bright enough to dissipate the shadows. There is the great light of friendships formed, that shines on through all our after life. It is a peculiar bond that binds college mates—so strong and so enduring. The reason for it must be that we are all searching for truth together, and are in sympathy with one another, so that there is none of that reserve which is never quite overcome in the friends we afterwards meet. And it has been suggested too that we have not lost that confidence in humanity in general that most of us possess at first, but that is only too easily rubbed off by contact with the world; and so we are more ready to believe in people and overlook their failings, and that is the sure way to form true friendships.

Then there is the contact with one's Professors—men who have mastered some one line of thought, and whose personalities

influence one as much as all their wisdom. A student reflects his Professor in very many ways. He reflects his methods of thought, his methods of teaching, his mannerisms even, and his whole character cannot but be influenced. And it is a pleasure to feel that one knows a man who has really attained to the heights of knowledge that are the goals of our ambition, but that often we despair of reaching,—and to feel besides that he is helping us thitherward.

And there is the pure and unselfish delight that comes from the surmounting of a difficulty that has long been a stumbling-block,—the discovery of the truth at last,—the unbounded satisfaction that comes to one when at last he can cry "Eureka!" A mathematician has been heard to remark that there is no other joy on earth quite so unalloyed and so certain of bringing no pain to others, as this same joy of a knotty problem solved. The joys that bring no pain to others are not too many—it is well to note one.

Then the cares during this part of our life are not so many or so heavy as those of after years. They consist mainly in the responsibility of performing allotted tasks, and though the feeling of discouragement and inability to compass our work often becomes almost despair, yet what is this compared with the vital questions that vex our souls in later days? As students our work is marked out for us—our duty is to do what we are told to do, and we feel that our energies are being directed by those who know. Tenfold more weighty becomes the responsibility when we must outline our own lives, must be self-directors, and feel that whether we make or mar, all is our own doing. And the doubts and struggles make us sigh for the days when we knew what we ought to do, and could do it.

To anyone whose student life is spent away from home, not the least of his delights is the thought of going back, and the joy of the actual return. Home never was so beautiful, nor the teasing brother so attractive, nor conjugations and triangles things so far outside the *real* world.

Are there then no shadows? Yes—but shadows are in their very nature evanescent, and they die away till not even a trace of them is left in memory. Such temporary gloom as examinations bring, or an all-absorbing head-ache on the evening

when one has most to do, or worries over work not done. And is that utter dwindling of self into nothingness, that feeling that after all we are nothing and know nothing, that comes over every student, a light or a shadow? For Socrates himself could only say that he "knew that he did not know"—and it is often well for us to get a glimpse of our true proportions.

Is not student life like a picture? There could never be a picture without both lights and shades. But the shades, while all important, only serve to bring out the lights and the whole effect is light after all.

E. DRYDEN.

SCENE IN A STREET CAR.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"*Daily News!* Special edition! one cent"! In clear piercing tones, pitched in a very high key, it rang through the car. The cry came from a little fellow with a thin, pale, pinched face, slouch hat, shoes two or three sizes too large, no stockings, ragged coat and trousers and long hair, but with a pair of keen piercing black eyes that glanced with wondrous rapidity from one passenger to another, eagerly reading the faces.

The car was nearly full of business men, it was evening and they were returning from their offices. A well-dressed man with handsome fur cap and mitts, said playfully:—

"What's in it, boy?"

"I don't know, sir; buy one and see."

"You ought to read them and tell us what they contain," he answered quietly.

"Like a bird, when I can't read; I never go to school," was the significant rejoinder.

"Buy one, sir; one cent."

"How do I know if it is worth a cent when you can't tell me what is in it?"

"Buy one, sir, and then you will know; they're only a copper."

"Poah little beggah, heah's a coppah," said the dude opposite.

"Thank ye, sir." Turning again to the first passenger, he said, pleadingly :

"You'll buy one, sir, won't you?"

"Can't get over that kid."

"Something in that youngster, you can tell by the cut of his jib."

"He looks hungry and cold."

"Hard lines a night like this."

But the gentleman (?) with the fur cap and mitts only smiled a cold smile; the poor boy sold one more copy, and crying again in the same high key, slammed the door and went out into the biting storm, to receive a similar greeting in all the brilliantly lighted cars as they darted past.

What an estimate that boy will form of the gentlemen of the city, the opulent, the influential! I thought, perhaps unjustly, that the breach between capital and labor was made one step wider by this cold, cruel interview. That boy will be a man soon and will remember the snubbing and jeering.

"Poah little beggah." But he was not a beggar; he was doing an honest business, and performing a necessary service to society. Why should the little lad be hindered and baulked in his business by men who had no intention of buying?

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

O. N. E.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The unpublished manuscripts of the late Rev. S. T. Rand, D.D., LL.D., of Hantsport, N.S., were purchased by the late Professor Horsford of Howard University, who gave them to Wellesley College. The first of the Wellesley Philological Series appears under the title of *The Legends of the Micmacs*; a volume of over 500 pp. It contains also a portrait of Dr. Rand, a sketch of his life, a list of his manuscripts and published works, and an account of the Micmac tribe of Indians. Other manuscripts of Dr. Rand's are to be published by Wellesley. Dr. Benjamin Rand, assistant Professor of Philosophy of Howard University, has interested himself in bringing these manuscripts to light.

One of the most popular writers of *Poésies canadiennes* is M. Léon Pamphile Le May, Chief Librarian of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. In 1865 he published a volume of poetry, entitled *Essais poétiques*, the first hundred pages of which were taken up by a French version, in the traditional twelve syllable rhyming couplets, of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. This poem has since been carefully revised and corrected, and published separately in two editions. Mr. Longfellow was so well pleased with the translation which appeared in 1865, that he wrote to the Canadian poet, thanking him for selecting his poem for translation and congratulating him upon the excellence of his work. We are told he remained ever after a warm friend of M. Le May. In the Central Reference Library will be found about thirteen volumes from this charming writer, one of the finest, perhaps, being *Tonkourou, ou les Vengeances*.

Jacques et Marie, or the Story of a Dispersed People, by Napoleon Bourassa of Montreal, well known for his fine church paintings, is likewise a tale of love in Acadie, dealing with the same class of incidents as the great American poem. Here, however, unlike Longfellow, or Mr. Le May, who in his first translation had *par pitié* made *Evangeline* die soon after her beloved Gabriel, the author finally brings the lovers together again in Quebec, where they are married and live happily for many years. Unfortunately, Bourassa is too fond of lurid colors, and his pictures of English misrule and persecution are so ghastly that one refuses to believe them. If even a tithe of those tales had any foundation in historic fact, one should ever blush to own descent from men so forgetful of the commonest claims of humanity.

English officers of high rank are and always have been true gentlemen, citizens of an enlightened and progressive Christian country, men who know as well, to say the least, the meaning and cherish as warmly the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* as Frenchmen themselves. The high sense of honor and well-known humane character of Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow and his brother officers are in themselves sufficient guarantee that they could never have devised or executed any plans savoring of persecution, or involving needless suffering. They warrant the conclusion also that had the condition of affairs in Grand Pré been such as depicted in Longfellow's poems, had the *habitants* been as God-fearing and peace-loving as therein set forth, and especially had their spiritual leaders been of the Christ-like type of Father Felician, rather than false, malicious authors of Indian massacres, like the notorious Abbé le Loutre, that "dreadful necessity" would never have arisen, Gabriel and Evangeline would never have been cruelly separated or their sad fate furnished the theme and inspiration of one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems in our language. For the facts of the case our readers would do well to read the *History of Acadia*, by James Hannay, of St. John, or the *True Story of Evangeline*, by Dr. Stephenson in recent numbers of the *Sunday Magazine*.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the versatile editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has long felt his duty to be the reformation of the world. Once social vice was the object of his crusade, now journalism is the point of attack. By the foundation of a new daily paper, with W. T. Stead as editor, (since no other suitable man can be found), he hopes to unite all believing in the solidarity of the race, woman's emancipation and socialistic reforms. "I have a conception," says Stead, "which is, at least, very clear and well-defined; of the way in which journalism may be made to minister to the development of the race."

The method of floating the company is characteristic of the man. Feeling that he must be as free as air to say the things he wished, he appealed to no capitalist, but is on the contrary giving away £100,000 of stock. It is simply co-operation applied to journalism. "An immense idea," as the *Daily Graphic* says, because, the readers will never revile the editor for fear of damaging their own property.

"*The Daily Paper*," a sample of which for Oct. 4th, 1893, lies before us, consists of 40 pages, the size of those of the *Review*, neatly folded, pasted and trimmed. The title page is a table of contents, and bears in addition the legend, "For the union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer." The first page is an exhaustive diary of the business

and pleasure meetings to be held during the day. Two pages are devoted to a summary of the day's news, Stead believing in short, interesting notes, rather than an acreage of print. The "Romance of the World" is an article to be continued from day to day, dealing with current events in the form of a novel. It is necessary, in Mr. Stead's opinion, to serve up politics with this sauce, in order to induce women and some men to partake of them. "Yesterdays of Long Ago" is a descriptive article with startling headlines of the battle of Salamis, as though it had happened the previous day. This feature is to be introduced whenever there is a dearth of news. Several other articles of a magazine character complete the paper. Racing and similar news must be sought elsewhere.

The following is a happy translation, by one of our own University staff, of the beautiful lines from Heine, quoted in the editorial notes for November. The poem is a great favorite with all composers. It is said to have been set to music more than a thousand times.

Thou art as is the flower,
So winsome, pure and fair,
I gaze and lurking sadness
Oft fills my heart with care.

Me seems I should on thy forehead
My hand's in blessing lay,
Praying to God that He keep thee
Pure, winsome, fair away.

D. R. K.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

No man is absolutely free from hypocrisy.

Every man is entitled to be valued by his best moment.—*Emerson.*

A mere nothing will wound self-love, but nothing on earth will kill it.

Men are converted that they may be changed from sponges to fountains.

What you think about when you are alone indicates pretty clearly what you are.

THERE are no days in life so memorable as those which vibrated to some stroke of the imagination.—*Emerson.*

MRS. STOWE was asked why she did not write a book on Temperance, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on slavery. She replied: "I have thought of doing so, but it would be too dreadful to read."

THE Song of Solomon is a sweet love song of the Bride and her Bridegroom, it is not so much for public worship, as for private moments of sweet devotion. Do you give yourself up to quiet hours of sweet love-talk to Him?

ONTARIO has done her duty. The splendid majority for prohibition must do its work, the Government will be compelled to enact a prohibitory law, and with the support of such a large number of the people its enforcement will be ensured.

BURNING a little straw may make a great crackle and hide the glorious sunlight, so a noisy skeptic may hide, for a moment, the light of heaven by his puny reasoning, but like the smoke it will soon blow away.

THE sun comes peering through our windows and shews us the dust atoms flying in all directions. So does the great Search Light of heaven shine in upon our souls revealing the dust of sin in sickening abundance everywhere.

ONE of Tennyson's visitors once ventured to ask him what he thought of Jesus Christ. They were walking in the garden, and, for a minute, Tennyson said nothing; then he stopped by some beautiful flower, and said simply: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul."

FREDERICK THE GREAT wrote in the year 1778: "One sees on the national stage the wretched plays of Shakespcare in German translations, and the public generally goes wild with delight at these ridiculous farces, which would scarcely do honor to the savages of Canada.

It is a difficult task to describe the effects of light and darkness to a blind man and to assure him that both are natural and necessary; similarly a deaf mute cannot be made to understand the difference between harmony and discord; if both men had the perfect use of their senses all would be plain. There are no contradictions in God's word to the spiritually enlightened.

THE following was written not very many years ago by an English school child in answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards God?"

"My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering, and to loaf witho'd your arts, withhold my mine, withhold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp an l give thanks, to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end."—*London Daily News.*

THE average life of a locomotive is fifteen years, but it would be much longer if it did not smoke.

No College in all England publishes a College paper. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America. About two hundred Colleges publish journals.

A BIG stack of College journals awaits the eye of the exchange editor. Papers of all sizes, colors, and degrees of excellence. Some careless and loose in form, others neat, compact and tasteful, a fair sample, probably, of life—many Colleges, many ideals. Many of our exchanges devote too much space to football, and here comes a football number of the *Ariel*. Football has its place in every College, but when it comes to monopolizing the whole College journal, we cry, Halt!—An outsider would get but a poor idea of Toronto University from the *Varsity*. Such a noble institution surely should be able to produce a better journal everyway. The Christmas number has a bright-colored cover, and is more presentable both in matter and form.—The *Brunonian* is unpretentious in appearance, but well printed on good paper; is stately and dignified. The poems are up to the usually high standard; "My Santa Claus" is as cleverly written as the two Christmas stories. The *Brunonian* is one of the very few College journals that are worth reading through.—The *Owl* Christmas number has an attractive cover, and has good matter all through; a special feature is the Christmas poetry. The "Shepherds' Tale" is especially well told, and is musical, poetic, and true to the life. Not so much can be said for the "Legend of Bethlehem." It starts off well, and fittingly tells of

God's uncreated, equal Son,"

but where the author can find of Mary that

"God foretold,
As one whose Virgin heel should tread
And crush the wily serpent's head,"

is more than we can tell. It is the seed of the woman, and not the woman, that God foretells shall bruise the serpent's head. We object to poetic licence if it is to take the crown off our Lord's head and put it on a woman. Similarly "A Song for All," is sweet, poetic and true through the first six or seven stanzas, and then it coolly proceeds to take the crown off the head of Almighty God and put it on the head of "Leo." Surely this is preposterous!—The *University of Chicago Weekly* has a plate, with a full description of the great Yerke's Telescope.—The *Acadia Atheneum* copies our Chancellor's sonnet, "A Willow at Grand Prè," from the *Canadian Magazine*.—*Sunbeam* is well named and is worthy of its name. In spite of the typographical errors, it is always welcome. "An Idyll" is very pretty and suggestive coming from a ladies' College, although it is marred by a printer's error.—The *O. A. C. Review* ought to serve a good purpose among its students and alumni. Although it is poorly printed on cheap paper, it need not be lacking in dignity and tone. The editorial in the November number is very unworthy.

CYNICAL WRITER.—There is a great charm for most people in antiquity, always excepting the choosing of a wife.

NOW AND THEN.

O the days, and O the dances,
Of that olden,
Golden
Time!
Swords and lances,
Tender glances,
Love and laughter, war and rhyme,
Made the wide world all romances,
Life a song, a wedding chime!

Ho, sad Sir, I match the Present
With your dusty,
Rusty

Time!
Knight and peasant,
Cross and crescent,
These have passed, but *Life's old chime*
Rings the same, now sad, now pleasant—
Tears, love, laughter, joy and crime.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belonged to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet, when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When—

"In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,"

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People awakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death-dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

“ Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God ! to thee.”

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with its precious train of human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, welled the song,

“ There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven.”

Ah ! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

“ All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ” ;

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond—even when brave M'Clintock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them :

“ Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God ! to thee.”

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

“ So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God ! to thee,”

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones, and bleeding flesh ; but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death :

“ Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God ! to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

—BELLE V. CHISHOLM, in *Presbyterian Observer*.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN.

What are the sights that the robin sees
 When the rain comes down on the dark green trees
 And on leaf and needle, on branch and bough,
 The globules trickle, and pause, and roll,
 When the rain comes down on the trees?

These are the sights that the robin sees
 When the rain comes down on the dark green trees,
 And from leaf and needle, from branch and bough
 The diamond drops come filtering through
 When the rain comes down on the trees.

The wind-flower hanging a pearl-rimmed head
 Where the wet moss covers its story bed
 While the cowslip lifteth its gleaming cup
 Some share of the hurrying drops to sup
 When the rain comes down on the trees.

And the lambs close thronged by the dark-stemmed plane
 With ears low-dropped, in the long green lane,
 While there by the brink of the whispering rill,
 The dog-tooth violet drinks its fill
 Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

And the king-bird trailing his strong-barred wings
 While out in the clearing a sparrow sings ;
 And the robin's mate turns his eyes' bright rim
 On the sward that wide-spread dark vans skim
 While the rain comes down on the trees.

And here in the orchard—a shaft all gold—
 An oriole slipping from hold to hold
 Whose swift wings spill from the pink-lipped bloom
 A something half rain-drop and half perfume
 While the rain comes down on the trees.

Such are the sights that the robin sees
 While the rain comes down on the dark green trees
 And hill and valley, and plain and wold,
 Are wrapped in the thin gray glittering fold
 Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

—Selected.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, }
S. R. TARR, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

1893
Is dead! Now may we see
In college lore
A happy 1894!

"THAT there's the Parliament Building," recently remarked one 'knowing' artisan to his mate, as he pointed to our hall of learning.

IN POLITICAL SCIENCE CLASS.—Professor: "Was it not a primitive form of exchange when Jacob wrought seven years for his wife?"

LOGIC is a very thorough study. Owing to unceasing perseverance, it now transpires that there are no white blackbirds in existence.

PHONOGRAPHIC TESTIMONY:—

"Auch je!"—*Eby.*

"Fiddle."—*Nimmo.*

"Glad to hear it."—*Pocock.*

"Boys, O gentlemen!"—*Kennedy.*

"Unexcelled advertising privileges."—*Cameron.*

"Æsthetic in its subjective aspect."—*Stillwell, Priest & Co.*

WE are very glad to note the increasing welfare of our old friend, Edwin Seldon. He is now engaged in pastoral work in the city of Denver, Colorado. The prospects are good and the present results very encouraging. May happiness abide with Seldon!

AT the last meeting of the Mathematical Society, held just before vacation, S. R. Tarr, '95, presided. Wm. Findlay, '96, read a paper on "Squaring the Circle;" and George Menge, '96, discussed Non-Euclidean Geometry, dwelling more especially upon Lobatchewsky. There was a good attendance, and considerable interest was manifested in the programme and work of the promising young society.

MR. RALPH TROTTER was ordained to the pastorate of the Lindsay Baptist Church on the evening of Dec. 2nd. His examination on Christian Doctrine and Church Polity was very creditable to himself and highly satisfactory to the ordaining Council. Mr. Trotter has already won for himself a large place in the love and sympathy of the people to whom he has been called to minister, and we predict for him success in his new field of labor.

WHY is the Gas Company like a class in English? Because it 'scans the meter.' But the 'feet' are of a different kind, so the class lacks the company's enthusiasm for hexameters.

YE DAINTIE DITTIES.

I.

'Tis a pity
That our ditty
Is not pretty; is not witty.
'Tis a pity
That it's just a plain and undesigning ditty.

SONG OF THE SENIOR :—

" Ah me! Ah me!
How I long to see
My graduating day!
Faster,
Time! oh, drop that scythe!
Travel, gallop,—be alive!
Let me write myself B.A.,
McMaster!

THE class of '96 heartily welcomes back to the University one of her former brightest and most promising members, Peter Mode. Peter has spent a delightful and beneficial summer in the West, at Hartney, Manitoba, with his friend, Rev. D. McArthur. He relates some interesting incidents about the 'Wild West,' especially of his hunting adventures. Although we as a class shall not enjoy his company as a mate, yet we wish him every success among his new associates. He will find '97 a jolly and diligent lot of students.

ON the evening of Dec. 19th, 1893, the Literary and Theological Society, with their friends, assembled in the Sunday-school hall of the Bloor St. Baptist Church. Representatives from 'Varsity, Knox, Victoria and Wycliffe were in attendance. Moulton, too, contributed a goodly number. The occasion was a lecture on the World's Fair, by the Rev. Dr. Withrow. President Cameron, '94, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a few fitting remarks. The Exposition was excellently illustrated by the stereopticon views of Mr. F. B. Whittemore, and both he and the entertaining lecturer of the evening were tendered a very hearty vote of thanks, moved by H. C. Priest, '94, and seconded by W. S. McAlpine, '95, which was endorsed and applauded by the whole audience.

OH GRIP! GRIP! Away! away! I didn't summon thee (for a chill damp air pervades the study as I put the exclamation marks after his name). Away! and I will send thee a marked copy. "Take thy beak" — What in the world could have made him vanish so quickly! Now am I brave. Now will I revile him. The caress of the tarantula cannot be compared with the blandishments of my departed guest. He does not confine his attentions to Toronto, but is within calling distance

at any point on the earth's surface—whisht! Our fellow-student, Whidden, has not escaped. Having gone to Kingston to preach for the holidays, he was there waylaid by the insidious monster, and has been confined to the Hospital. Regrets are expressed on every side. The greeting is—"How is Whidden?" We are all glad to learn that he is now much better, and have no doubt that with his indomitable pluck he will soon conquer his enemy and be back in our midst. (Is here now.—ED.)

THE boys whose homes are west of Toronto are loyal to the University. Without an exception they remained for the Christmas dinner and Founder's Day. They are also a jolly crowd. About 7.45 on the morning of Dec. 23rd, a goodly number of them, armed with valises and umbrellas, made their exit from the halls of McMaster, not to return for the long period of ten days. They were happy, for they had done faithful work during the term they had just passed through, and were looking forward to the pleasure of seeing home again and to the festivities, entertainments and general good cheer of the Christmastide. At 8.30 the 8.20 train pulled out of the Union Station. The journey was a pleasant one, songs were sung, jokes were cracked, peals of laughter rang through the car and the news-agent kept a respectful distance. At Guelph six of the boys changed cars for the county of Bruce. All the boys took their stand on the station platform, gave the College "yell" and sang College songs with much expression and beautiful intonation. Business was not suspended in the city, but many hundreds gathered about, and the train did not pull out until the boys ceased to sing. In due time the boys reached home and spent as jolly a time as they ever did. Now they have returned, recuperated and prepared for a hard pull during the coming term.

ON Friday evening, the 22nd ult., the welcome, eagerly-anticipated Christmas dinner took place. This dinner is an old institution; it has been tried and tested; and now it becomes a tradition, jealously guarded, earnestly fostered. About 130 guests sat down at the richly-bedecked tables. Dr. J. P. McIntyre, students' president, was chairman, and near him sat Chancellor Rand and the members of the Faculty; Rev. David Hutchinson, of Brantford; Mr. Ernest Langley, '94, Toronto University; Mr. George Scott, '96, Toronto University; Mr. W. J. Goble, and other invited guests. And now—

"They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy."

Wit and good humour were the order of the evening. It is safe to assert that there were many firm links wrought that night in the bonds of sympathy and loyalty between students and Faculty; student and student; undergrads and *Alma Mater*. After the collation had received its due and worthy share of attention and interest, Chairman McIntyre rang his bell right manfully, arose, and delivered a happy and humorous introduction to the speeches of the evening. Then he called upon H. C. Priest, '94, as a proposer of the toast: "To McMaster University and Chancellor Rand." Mr. Priest's speech was characterized

by that telling earnestness of effort which is ever the result of true eloquence. The Chancellor, in responding, thanked the audience for their hearty recognition of the work and worth of McMaster; he was grateful to Mr. Priest for his kind encomiums, but would emphasize the invaluable aid of his coadjutors, men who with singleness of purpose and sympathetic co-operation, had striven and were striving to make their final aim the thorough welfare of their students. Regarding the future, and the prospects for the new Arts building—the time of prophecy is past: the time of fruition is surely at hand. The Chancellor concluded with the expression of his good wishes for the students, and was enthusiastically applauded. The second toast, "To the Faculty" was proposed by H. P. Whidden, B.A., in an excellent speech, and responded to by Prof. M. S. Clark, B.A., in one proportionately humorous. J. H. Cresswell, '94, proposed "The Theological Department," responded to by the chairman, in the absence of the Rev. George Cross, B.A. "The Ladies" found a doughty champion in Harry A. Porter, '94. "The Literary and Theological Society" was proposed by J. C. Sycamore, '96; Woodstock College and its Faculty," by J. H. Cameron, '97. To the toast: "The Seniors and Juniors," Messrs. Leonard A. Therrien, '94, and W. S. McAlpine, '95, responded in speeches laudatory of their respective years. Messrs. A. R. Darroch, '96, and George Sneyd, '97, did likewise for the sophomores and freshmen. THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY was extolled by its untiring business-manager, C. J. Cameron, '94. "Our Sister Universities" received 'poetic justice' at the hands of Ralph W. Trotter; which toast was responded to by Mr. Ernest Langley, of Toronto University, in a fraternal spirit. As a fitting conclusion, O. G. Langford, '95, proposed the health of the steward and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, and their helpers, in an appreciative manner.

AFTER recess, together with numerous newly-arrived guests, who had braved the inclement weather, the company assembled in the University Chapel to celebrate Founder's Day. The presence of a large number of ladies added new lustre to the scene already rendered fascinating by the picturesque decoration. Whether it was that the stormy winds outside were propitious to the quiet and serene enjoyment of the sheltered guests within, or from whatever reason; certain it is that Founder's Day, 1893, was, in its kind, the highest degree of success to which we have attained. Amongst the new comers were Revs. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., and W. H. Cline, B.A., B.D., Messrs. H. S. Robertson, B.A., and R. D. George, from the Faculty of Woodstock College, Mr. James Short McMaster, and many others. After a verse of a hymn had been sung, Chancellor Rand read from the Scriptures, and Rev. Dr. Thomas offered the invocation. The trio, composed of Messrs. Whidden, Wallace, and Therrien, then sang a Christmas hymn in artistic style. The Chancellor, as chairman, made a few suitable remarks in welcome of the large audience, after which he called upon Messrs. B. W. N. Grigg, '94, and O. G. Langford, '95, to read their respective sonnets, composed especially for the occasion. The feature of the evening, Rev. David Hutchinson's powerful address upon "Educational Expectations"

now followed. After referring eulogistically to the wisdom and munificence of the late Senator McMaster, he proceeded with his subject. First, he treated of educational expectations as viewed from the professors' standpoint, and upheld as their reasonable expectations: (1) that the denomination will cherish its educational institutions, and (2) that it will patronize its own institutions. Then considering the subject from the standpoint of the denomination, he deemed two expectations justifiable and important: (1) that our colleges will afford a continual supply of well-trained men for our pulpits; (2) that, furthermore, there will come an ever-increasing number of intellectual men and women, fitted for all the departments of our Canadian life.

After a recess of thirty minutes, spent in delightful social intercourse, the Literary and Theological Society assumed control of the proceedings, President Cameron in the chair. The Misses Millichamp and Holmes, of Moulton College, gave a vocal duet; B. W. N. Grigg, '94, delivered two recitations from "The Merchant of Venice"; the quartette followed with "The Land o' the Leal"; W. J. Thorold, '95, rendered the speech of "Rienzi to the Romans." The Glee Club ended the programme with a Christmas carol, after which the Chancellor dismissed the gathering. Founder's Day—"another and the same!"

OUR Chancellor contributes a very interesting sketch of psychological import and value to *The Canadian Magazine* this month. We are pleased to note also the recent appearance of three poems: one on "Love and Music," in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, by B. W. N. Grigg, '94; and two others from the pen of G. H. Clarke, '95: "Gifts," in *The Baptist Reporter*; and "Skater and Wolves" (rondeau), in *The Canadian Magazine*. That our own MONTHLY is highly appreciated from a literary standpoint, is evident from the abundance of congratulatory notes constantly arriving from readers and subscribers. From the North-West and the South-West of our continent we hear the spoken delight of McDonald, a Woodstock graduate; and Seldon, late of '95. Coming nearer home, the valiant Bert Merrill sends us cheer and greetings, while from two of the continents of the Western Hemisphere, words of goodwill speed to the well-loved MONTHLY. But the MONTHLY is modest; it files the missives contentedly, and is happy in its friends' appreciation. Thanks! Encouragement is substantial help.

TIME for another reverie! Room for a reverie, room! So droop, O head; and close, O eyes, in placid drowsiness. What see we far adown the dimly-shining vista of long ago? *The Tempest*:—A night—one night—as black as pitch or Tarr the junior. 'Tis the more remarkable, since the feline element seems also of a gloomy hue. Dead silence reigns, except for the raining. Furthermore, the cat is blind. Yes, indeed, it is quite dark. *Twelfth Night, or what you won't*:—Eleven nights have passed. This is the legal successor. Low and plaintive moanings begin; sorrowful, sighing, heart-broken wailings, like the ghost of an Irish Banshee reading the *Empire's* editorials on Home Rule. Oh, so sad! Presently, as the noble poet feelingly expresses it, "On the roof the wailing died away," only to be followed by the

resonant, determined reverberations of a deep bass voice indicative of revived courage and newly-awakened hope. You believe it is a cat? By the dog, Athenians, that barks a responsive chorus below, perhaps you're right! *Measure for Measure*.—Aha! Dost see yon curtain softly pulled aside? No, of course, you don't, nor do the performing orchestra now warranted twenty-three members in sound health and with lusty lungs. But again—the mysterious curtain—up flies the window, but no traditional bootjack is hurled forth, not at all. That would be *Love's Labours Lost*, as well as the bootjack. Our student artists know better than that, for they organize a rival company on the spot, and before long the inspiring notes of the tin horn and the persistent adjurations to Mac to Boom On, convince the *Comedy of Errors* outside that their ta'ent is wasted and unappreciated, that all their *Ado* is *About Nothing*, and that they had better swallow their voices and their jealousy, to depart in disgust for Mr. Pritchard's premises. And now, "meseemes," the heroes unlight their lamp, shake hands tearfully and sympathetically, and re seek their hard-earned couches, the one muttering:—"Praise be to Therrier's yell and the tin horn!" the other, softly:—"Veni, Vidi, Vici!"

GLADLY we chronicle the return of our friend J. H. Mullholland to McMaster. A worthy accession provokes exultation, so we welcome him heartily back.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THOSE of our number who were not on their homeward way before the evening of Dec. 22nd, had an opportunity of enjoying the exercises of Founder's Day at McMaster University, and none of those present regretted the somewhat unpleasant journey when they were once in the midst of the pleasures of the evening.

ON Dec. 15th, our faculty was at home to the students and friends of Moulton. Outside the College walls an ice-storm was raging; but, in spite of the unfavourable weather, the parlours were well filled with guests. Enjoyable musical selections were given, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

A GLANCE into the rooms of many of the girls reveals the fact that Santa Claus has not forgotten them during his annual visit. Many of the dainty and pretty knick-knacks which ornament the rooms have evidently never undergone the wear and tear of school life. Quaint calendars for the new year adorn the walls, and nearly everybody greets you with the cordial invitation, "Come in, and see my Christmas presents."

MOULTON students are widely renowned for cheerfulness and contentment. Who ever heard them complain even of their time-worn

walking limits? And now-a-days all is one smile of content, and in answer to the question of the day: "What sort of vacation did you have?" the questioner receives a hearty "Splendid!" which makes the heart rejoice. Anybody homesick? Oh, well, we won't ask too many questions.

QUITE a large party attended the lecture given under the auspices of the Literary and Theological Society of McMaster, and all who were present heartily enjoyed the lecture by Dr. Withrow and the accompanying lime-light views. The White City seemed to be before us, and the peep at its wonders was all the more interesting and refreshing coming in the midst of those tiresome facts—examinations.

ONE of Moulton's friends, Mr. D. E. Thomson, came not long since to give us a "Glimpse of Naples." The programme of the evening opened with an instrumental selection by Miss Helmer, after which Mr. Thomson gave us the promised glimpse at the beautiful city and the olive-skinned Neapolitans. The sunshine of Italy is not always brought home by travellers, but we could see flashes of its brightness in this talk. Mr. Thomson predicted that the coming woman will travel, and reminded us of the trite saying, "See Naples and die." From Naples we were taken to Pompeii, and told of the wonders of that excavated city. Many of us left the chapel with a strengthened desire to travel and witness the beauties of sunny Italy ourselves.

MOULTONITES are disgusted with the conduct of the weather. During the latter part of the term, when Rosedale expeditions were the order of the day, it snowed and it froze and it blew. When there were receptions to be attended it iced, and made matters generally delightful for the pedestrian. But we grumbled not. Our minds were filled with anticipations of holiday skating and sleighing and general good times. But it thawed and it rained, and the only possible way of obtaining a cutter ride was to take it in two feet of mud. Now all has changed again. Once more we are immersed in all-engrossing studies, and now it is snowing away merrily, but as a disconsolate Utopian remarked: "It's *snow* use now,"—and the chorus gave vent to a general groan.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE end of the month will bring to us tidings of our successes in classes; realizing this, the boys are bending their energies to the task awaiting them in the examinations.

"If I fail, I fail, but it must be *working*," is the only consolation for the sluggish student in these busy days.

THE long-expected visitor, Jack Frost, has come with force enough to gratify the desire of the average skater. The lawn is being prepared for flooding, and we hope to enjoy its glassy surface a few days

hence. The Hockey Club has been organized again, and has undertaken the management of the rink. The boys are determined that they shall succeed this winter in the skating line.

THE visit paid us by Mr. Mellick, in the interests of Manitoba missions, was a season of cheer to us all. The ministerial student looks with earnest gaze on the far-off West, and wishes his condition were such that he could give them assistance immediately. A number of the students are from the North-West, and they regard Mr. Mellick in the light of an old friend. May God speed him on his mission.

WE were favoured with a diversion from the regular programme in the Philomathic Society, in the shape of a charade conducted by the boys. Laughter was indulged in almost to excess, but the brevity of the programme prevented any disastrous results. The Excelsior Society is doing good work; well-arranged programmes and spicy articles from the *Maple Leaf*, bear testimony of the efficiency of the members.

MR. R. D. GEORGE, commander-in-chief of the battalions arrayed three times every day to attack the rations provided for them in the dining-room, issued an edict a few mornings ago to the effect, that in three minutes after the ringing of the gong all must be seated at the tables. As the average boy is tempted to lie abed as long as possible, there is a hurrying and scurrying, buttoning of coats and vests, all the way from the remotest corner of the building to the dining-room.

GRIP, grippier, grippiest. Who has suffered most? "I have, I am sure," and the victim of that despot sets about substantiating his claim to that honour. Grip has given us a call, and some of the boys will remember him for some time to come. Our matron diets the victims according to the usual custom of treating sick folk, so there is little inducement to remain closeted longer than is necessary to acquire a steady step to conduct the victim to the dining-room.

WE have the privilege of recording an event in the history of our College, which we hope may be passed down through the generations to occupy the school in the future. In time past it has been the editor's custom to relate the visits of Lieutenant-Governors, Chancellors, Ex-Principals, Governor-Generals, etc., but these are of small import in comparison with the visitor we now have in our midst. The fact that it is a female adds interest. She has been with us for more than a week, though the teachers and students have been ignorant of her presence, nevertheless, she is walking up and down the halls, visiting the rooms, holding sweet converse with the boys, and shedding radiance and sunlight wherever she goes. "Who is she?" we inquire. Well, our visitor is no less a person than Euterpe, the goddess of lyrical poetry. Nobody knows when she came, and how she obtained entrance is a problem which even the mathematical teacher is at a loss to solve; it remains a fact, however, that she is here and two

thirds of the boys have been inspired to attempt writing poetry. Of course, our worthy English master is delighted. We did hear it hinted that he let her ladyship in through the window, and by way of encouraging the boys, he has been dwelling more on the musical beauties of the selections. What the future may bring forth we cannot say, but we have a dim vision of a volume of poems entitled "Reminiscences of Woodstock College," by miscellaneous authors, which would make old Wm. Shakespeare turn green with envy.

AN interesting programme was given in the dining-room hall on the evening of December 1st, on behalf of the distressed congregation at Goble's Corners. The chapel hall, although a commodious room, was considered to be too small to accommodate the goodly gathering we expected to see. Immediately after tea was disposed of the committee on managements was given charge, and in a few minutes the usually well-arranged dining-room was converted into a comfortable assembly hall.

The chair was occupied by the Principal, and the following programme was rendered :—

Invocation,	Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A.
Chorus,	Down by the Sea, Students.
Selection,	Nellie Waltz, College Orchestra.
} Debate, "Resolved, That Woman's Sphere is the Home."	
	Affirmative,
} Negative,	E. C. Elliot, Miss Huggart.
	Selection,
"	Anvil Chorus, Students.
" Orchestra.

Paper, by the combined editorial staff of the *Oracle* and *Maple-Leaf*, in two divisions, read by T. A. P. Frost, and S. E. Grigg.

Refreshments and social intercourse followed the programme; after which the happy audience departed. The discussion on the debate was ended in favour of the affirmative side. The editors are deserving of much credit for the able manner in which the papers were prepared.

FOR a long time there was quite a little talk about an "Orchestra" in the school, and the result is that we have now a very fine Orchestra of ten pieces. After some delay we succeeded in getting music from the "other side," and now the halls resound with some of "The Keystone Orchestra" selections. Although rapid progress is being made, it is not expected that we shall make a tour of the continent much before next summer.

GRANDE LIGNE.

TEACHER—"What is the plural of mouse?" Student (thoughtfully)—"Rats."

THE ghost of Xmas Exams has come and gone again. The usual results followed. Some are sorry and some are not.

"Where is the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
'I love music?'
If such there be, go make him well."

EVIDENTLY Santa Claus has not forgotten all his geography. That he knows where Grande Ligne is was evidenced by his leaving here many pleasing little articles, too numerous to name. Even Grande Ligne boys and girls know how to appreciate his generosity, and his visits are always looked forward to with pleasant expectation.

FOR some years real estate has been at a stand-still in Grande Ligne. As, however, building operations have commenced on two large new blocks, a boom is anticipated for the coming summer. The "Hotel de Windsor" also has received a fresh coat of paint and undergone other extensive repairs, so that guests will be much pleased with its more attractive and comfortable accommodation.

ANOTHER very valuable addition has lately been made to our library. An old friend of the Mission, Mr. C. S. J. Phillips, of Montreal, has just made us a donation of "Sir John Lubbock's 'One Hundred Books,'" comprising the most valuable classics of ancient and modern literature. They make a very cheery corner in the library, and we are indeed pleased to receive them.

THE past term has been marked by an unusual amount of sickness. Saddest of all, we have to record the death of Paul Parent from scarlet fever. He was a general favorite with students and teachers. His death, the first death of a student in the school during its history of 56 years, has cast a gloom over the whole institution. His parents have our sincerest sympathy in their deep affliction.