



A. P. McDiarmid.

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IN AUTUMN'S DREAMY EAR.

In autumn's dreamy ear, as suns go by
Whose yellow beams are dulled with languorous notes,
The deep vibrations of the cosmic notes
Are as the voice of those that prophesy.
Her spirit kindles, and her filmy eye !
In haste the fluttering robe, whose glory floats
In pictured folds, her eager soul devotes—
Lo, she with her winged harper sweeps the sky !

Splendors of blossomed time, like poppies red,
Distil dull slumbers o'er the engagèd soul
And thrall with sensuous pomp its azured dower ;
Till, roused by vibrant touch from the unseen Power,
The spirit keen, freed from the painted dead,
On wings mounts up to reach its living Goal.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE RELATION OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY TO THE
THEOLOGICAL TREND OF THE AGE.*

The founding of a University anywhere or at any time is an exceedingly noteworthy event. That a University should spring up in this province with its splendid system of state education and under the very shadow of the noble University which crowns that system, is something that may well challenge enquiry. And when it is known that a great merchant prince of this city, an honored Senator of the Dominion, invested in this enterprise the accumulations of a life time, and that tens of thousands of the best people of these Provinces beheld in its inauguration the fulfilment of long cherished hopes, the answer to many a prayer, and the fruitage of long and patient endeavor, it is time to ask what it all means.

I. What does it mean? Let the charter answer. It says that "McMaster University shall be a Christian school of learning." That means just what it says. It means more than a mere varnish of Christianity, or an infusion of the culture of so-called Christendom. It means that within Christendom McMaster is to be distinctively and emphatically Christian—Christian in its aims, its spirit and its methods, Christian through and through in deed and in truth. Christ is our ideal of character and of life. This University is, by its charter, committed to an honest, earnest effort to be just what Christ wishes it to be—Christian.

Lest there should be any doubt of this, any danger of diluting that word 'Christian' to the weak solution of the age, the great Educational Convention at Guelph in 1888 resolved that "McMaster University shall be organized and developed as a permanently independent Christian school of learning, with the Lordship of Christ as the controlling principle." Indeed the paramount reason for developing the University independently was that we might be free to give the fullest possible effect to this principle and make the Lordship of Christ not nominal but gloriously real. May we never surrender to custom or convention what we denied to legislation.

*The substance of the address delivered at the opening of the University, Oct. 16, 1896.

Do we apprehend the full significance of that resolution? Let us see. We have in the Chancellor a visible Head of the University. He presides in the deliberations of the Senate, sits as Chairman in the meetings of the Faculty, teaches in the classroom, and has the freedom of every class and the oversight of every department. His wishes and plans go far toward shaping our policy; his character and spirit will largely become the character and spirit of the University. He is the Head, and we all recognize his right to a say in everything pertaining to the life and work of the colleges. But, as is best in all things human, his is a limited monarchy. He counsels with his brethren. But over him and over us all we have formally and solemnly installed Christ as our absolute Lord and Head. In every gathering of the Governors, in all the deliberations of the Senate, He, the unseen Head, is to be recognized, His voice heard, His plans adopted, His slightest wish crystallized into statute. In all the meetings of the Faculties His presence must be known, each mind and heart must turn to Him, seeking His wisdom and resolved to do His will. And so in the class-rooms and in every department and detail of our work His must be the controlling mind, His the informing spirit.

To this we are solemnly committed. To carry it out may, nay doubtless will, involve leaving many a well-beaten path and entering ways but little trodden, as was pointed out by Professor Trotter, the mover of the Guelph resolution. Humanly speaking, it is no easy task. If the world, the flesh and the devil conspire against the individual Christian, they may be counted on to oppose a Christian University with all its untold possibilities for good. The courteous overtures of the world, the pleading self-indulgence of the flesh, and the subtle deceptions of the Master Mind of Evil must be met and vanquished. It means perpetual vigilance at a hundred points. We need divine insight and wisdom, strength and courage, glowing zeal and unflinching faith in our Lord, if, in the conflict, victory is to be ours. If this University is to fulfil its mission in this age all of us who help to mould its life must seek to be filled with the Holy Ghost and with faith, to have Christ's thoughts written on our minds, and to have our hearts touched into a passion of sympathy with Him and His great purposes of grace for the world.

II. What is the character of the age to which we are to minister? What is its theological trend? Where there are so many currents and counter currents, it is not easy to indicate the general drift. But as a glance back along the railway track reveals the grade unnoticed from the window of the car, so a glance at the past will help us to understand the trend of thought to-day.

The "ages of faith" were ages when faith was sadly overlaid with superstition. In the 15th century, Humanism sought to discard faith and exalt reason unduly. The Reformation sought to give faith and reason each its due. It was natural, however, that rationalism should seek to assert itself in those times of recoil from the ignorance and oppression of mediæval days. But it was not until the 18th century that it attained to power. In the early years of that century there was a great uprising of it in England. Its watchword was the denial of the supernatural, and, as deism, it was openly and aggressively anti-Christian. It spread to France, where also it was anti-Christian, and often atheistic. But a strange thing happened when, later in the century, it entered Germany. There it was welcomed at the Court, petted in the Universities, and found a home within the Church. Since then it has had a strangely chequered history and has been marvellously kaleidoscopic. Sometimes it has been eagerly historical, and again it has disregarded history; at times it has dragged religion at the chariot wheels of philosophy, and again it has eschewed philosophy; at one time it would submit itself to physical science, at another it would treat science with disdain; it has sometimes run into blank atheism, and sometimes it has approached orthodoxy. Almost every conceivable theory for accounting for Christianity on purely natural grounds has found learned and able advocates.

This rationalism, within the pale of professing Christianity, has had many fine things to say of Christ, and has claimed to place faith in Him on surer foundations. Accordingly the attack on the supernatural has been turned chiefly against the Bible. Gigantic efforts have been made either to eliminate the supernatural from it altogether, or to reduce it to the smallest possible proportions. At times it seemed as if these efforts had succeeded, insomuch that, under the pressure of the attack, even the ortho-

dox schools made large concessions, and accepted a lowered estimate of the Word of God. This was due partly to the prejudice against the supernatural which was like a malaria in the atmosphere; partly to the desire to be considered liberal and to concede as much as possible without surrendering the citadel of the faith; and largely, be it noted, to the fact that to the German mind, unacquainted with the jury system and so with the common laws of evidence, certain apparent discrepancies formed an insurmountable barrier to the acceptance of anything like plenary inspiration.

This German criticism, with its dislike of the supernatural and its free and easy method of dealing with the Bible, has come over to England and America during the last half century. Here it has received at once a check and a reinforcement. It has been checked by the much greater prevalence of experimental religion, and spiritual life. It has been reinforced by the theory of evolution which is England's return gift to Germany. This hypothesis has furnished it with that which it had so conspicuously lacked before, an instrument for constructive work. So we find to-day strenuous efforts being made to reconstruct the history of Israel on the lines of natural development, and much free handling of the Old Testament Scriptures to suit that theory. In some cases the supernatural is frankly denied; in others it is admitted in some hazy, indefinite shape, whilst the criticism proceeds on the lines marked out by the anti-supernaturalists, and largely accepts their methods and results. This latter is the position occupied by many of the most talkative representatives of the Higher Criticism in England and America to-day. They protest their loyalty to the Bible, and claim to be the true friends of Christianity. But their position is an untenable one as has been clearly and emphatically stated recently by two of our foremost scholars on opposite sides of the gulf—Mr. Goldwin Smith and Sir William Dawson. This intermediate school must ultimately swing to the one side or the other.

Rev. F. Relton, in an address before the Christian Evidence Society, has pointed out that this great battle of the Bible has had two phases. The first dealt with the genuineness of the documents and, as far as the New Testament is concerned, has been already won. The Old Testament is still under fire. The

battle may be longer, because of the greater age of the books and the greater lack of other historical material. But just as history vindicated the genuineness of the New, so archæology is marvellously coming to the defence of the Old. The trend to-day seems to be strongly in the right direction, and we may abide the ultimate result with composure and hopefulness.

The second phase of the discussion, now at its height, affects the value of the Book and the authoritativeness of its teachings. Admitting the genuineness of the documents, many are now discussing their inspiration and interpretation. Again we encounter a variety of views. Some still seek to explain it all as a merely human book, and maintain that natural development explains everything. Others grudgingly admit a divine element, but strenuously insist on the human. How far does the former go? What is the value of the latter? Is there, after all, any means of determining the soundness of any doctrine other than our own consciousness and reason? Since the human element is there, and "to err is human," and since the boundary between the divine and the human element is undetermined, must we not after all sit in judgment on Scripture teachings even where they are unmistakably clear? Is even Christ infallible? If He is, still what about Paul and Peter and John? If their teachings are repugnant to reason are we not bound to reject them? And so it comes to pass that we have a *new phase of rationalism*, a serious phase; for not only does it claim the right to accept or reject the teachings of Scripture, but it strikes even at the authority of Christ himself. Under its influence, and in the face of Christ's great commission, a learned Professor in a great Christian University, dares to pronounce the enterprise of Christian missions folly and failure!

This brief sketch is sufficient to show what one of the most striking theological features of our age is. Let me conclude it with a sentence or two from Bishop Ellicott. He says: "The active principle in the genesis and development of the analytical view is disbelief in, or inability honestly to accept, the supernatural." "Nought will stay the course of modern biblical criticism when once inability to accept the supernatural has become a settled characteristic of the soul." "If it be obvious that certain theories about the Old Testament must ultimately conflict

with our Lord's unerring authority, a Christian will pause before he commits himself to these theories." Let me not be understood as saying one word against criticism, as such. It has its place, both the Lower and the Higher. But we do raise the danger signal against any criticism that proceeds upon the denial or dislike of the supernatural.

Akin to the better phases of this rationalistic criticism is the New Theology, or, as Dr. Dale calls it, the New Evangelicalism. This accepts the Bible as the Word of God, but as the first point in its divergence from the old, according to Dr. Munger in his "Freedom of Faith," it claims a larger place for reason. How much is meant can only be known by a careful observation of the positions thus reached. And what are they? The doctrine of future punishment is toned down, and room is found for a future probation; special stress is laid upon God's Universal Fatherhood; the incarnation is exalted at the expense of the atonement, and justification is explained wholly by an acquired righteousness. Now whilst, no doubt, good is being done by putting emphasis on phases of truth that had not received proper recognition, yet, in these teachings it is not hard to discern the rationalistic spirit and a departure from the plain implications of the Bible in order to make its teachings appear more palatable to human reason and the human heart.

All this lowered thought of the Bible and free handling of its contents has begotten a spirit of doubt and unrest which is more and more percolating through the masses of the people. One of the effects of it may be seen in a growing latitudinarianism of which the Parliament of Religion was to a large extent an outgrowth; for if we make the Bible a merely human book, we are ready to put Christianity on a par with other religions, or, at best, as *primam inter pares*. It is seen also in the growing numbers who openly declare themselves unbelievers. In Germany to-day these are fourteen times as numerous as they were twenty-five years ago. This striking at the authoritativeness of the Bible, moreover, makes it easier for professing Christians to drift into worldliness; and how much we have to-day of the form of godliness without its power! It gives freer rein to the materialistic tendencies of our mercenary age; furnishes a soil in which *isms* of all kinds grow rank, and

so promotes the thirst for mere novelty of doctrine, a thirst created perhaps by the rapid inventions which make one decade almost antiquated in the next.

Still while all this is true McMaster would be poorly prepared for her work if she failed to recognize the redeeming features of the age. This maelstrom of discussion has done immense service. Christ's peerless perfection is acknowledged on every side; Christian evidences are more unassailable than ever; emphasis is being placed on life as perhaps never before; the offices of the Holy Spirit are being recognized more fully; missionary activity is growing more widespread, and the work of God is being pushed all over the world by larger numbers of men of great faith than the world has ever known before. Pessimism may hide her head, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him." Out of the fires of testing God has been bringing purified faith and life.

III. What now is McMaster's relation to the trend of thought that has been thus briefly and imperfectly outlined? What is the highest service she can render the age? The answer can be put in a few words. Let this University be true to her ideal, and confess humbly, yet boldly and fully, the unchallenged Lordship of Jesus Christ. We hail him as Lord, not simply because among the characters of history our reason recognizes His pre-eminence, but as those who have been born again we have been enabled by the Holy Ghost to call Him Lord, and yield Him the homage of our whole being. "To this end," we know, "He both died and rose again that He might be Lord." To all whom He saves He must be Lord. This involves three things at least that must be mentioned here.

1. *McMaster honors Christ as the Infallible Teacher.* Were He merely man, we should still believe Him to be the safest guide among the sons of men. With intellect unclouded by sin, sensibilities unblunted, and will ever unerring, who among the mighty so sure of knowledge and of truth as He? His judgment on matters of criticism, would, even on the wholly human plane, be incomparably superior to that of any other. But we know Him to be "God manifest in the flesh." The scriptural declaration about His self-emptying we unhesitatingly accept. But we cannot accept the inference that some draw

from this doctrine of the *κένωσις*, that He was ever fallible in His teachings. Whatever may have been the limitations of His knowledge, we are sure He was too wise a Teacher to deal in anything but His knowledge. He Himself declares, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." He always spoke with authority. He declares again and again that He spoke the words that the Father had given Him. He is the Lord of truth. He is the Truth. He is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all. And so His words are always absolutely authoritative to us. We accept everything He says. A plain statement from Him, whatever its reference, ends all controversy. He may say things we do not understand. Our implicit faith in Him receives such sayings without misgiving. We trust where we cannot trace. For nearly all we know about the future, for example, our only evidence is that He said it. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." So we have no fellowship at all with any theory that questions Christ's infallibility. We will serve our age by repeating with authority the teachings of Christ.

Many will agree with us thus far who are not prepared to take the next step with us. But when we think about Christ as our infallible Teacher, we are compelled to enquire as to how we may know what He has taught. We believe on evidence which our reason accepts that we have a divine record of it in the Bible. This leads to our second statement.

2. *McMaster accepts the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith and practice.* This is the position of the churches we represent. Not that any professor is asked to teach what he cannot teach conscientiously. No man is compelled to teach here at all. But it would be immoral for any man to receive a salary from Baptist churches and teach doctrines radically antagonistic to the beliefs of those churches.

We believe the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as originally given, to be God's record of His revelation to man, and, as such, infallible. Our reason for this belief is very simple for it rests at bottom on the infallibility of Jesus Christ. He endorsed the Old Testament; He promised the New. When we know, as we do, what books He had in mind when He spoke of the Old Testament, we know what books should be included

therein. When we know what books are properly certified as belonging to the New, we know what books are covered by His promise. We welcome all light that historical research can give us on this point. Moreover when these limits have been determined, we are sure that God's book is closed. For since the revelation is completed in Christ, the record of this final revelation should close the volume. It was closed, we believe, as might be expected, within the life-time of those who beheld Him in the flesh.

Moreover all parts of the book are equally *authoritative*. Revelation was progressive. Matt. v. 17 suggests the analogy of a building. God is the great Architect, the prophets were His workmen. Each builds according to the divine plan. When the Old Testament closes, the building is still unfinished. But incompleteness is not error. As far as it has gone the building is true and good. The Master approves of it, and declares that He "came not to pull down but to complete." Much of the current criticism of the Old Testament confuses this sort of imperfection (incompleteness) with error, and betrays an utter failure to understand this whole section of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 17-48). For the same reason we dissent from that form of New Testament criticism which, when it cries "Back to Christ," means to appeal from Paul or John to Jesus. The epistles are as truly authoritative as the gospels. Indeed the whole book, being simply the record of God's self-revelation through Jesus Christ, becomes, to change the figure, a living picture of Christ. Take away any part of it, and the portrait is to that extent marred. Not that all parts are of equal absolute importance, any more than all details of a picture or building are equally important. But every part is in its God-given place and serves its God-appointed purpose.

Further McMaster University stands for a pretty definite body of teachings and, to quote from the present Chancellor's inaugural address, "exists for the teaching rather than the pursuit of truth." We hold the common body of evangelical truth as well as our more distinctive doctrines of regenerate church membership, believer's baptism and soul liberty. These things we shall teach without reserve and without apology. We believe that this age with its latitudinarian tendencies needs

positive teaching. We can serve it best by giving it our convictions rather than our speculations.

If it be objected that this leaves no room for investigation, we reply that we have every stimulus to investigate. We love truth, and have no desire to hold to error. But our convictions are the result of careful investigations, and rest, we believe, on secure foundations. We recognize it as our duty to search history, philology, and every other field, that we may "Know how we ought to answer each one." In thus standing for the defence of the Scriptures, we enjoy a distinct advantage in having no settled prejudice against the supernatural. We welcome with equal readiness all classes of facts, natural and supernatural, outward and inward. Moreover, we are among those who, like the old Puritan, believe that there is more truth yet to break forth from God's holy Word. And here we have every incentive to the most diligent investigations. We are not, however, like Columbus, in search of a new continent; but rather, like Livingstone, exploring a continent already known. Thus new doctrines may come to light, and especially may we hope to reach a fuller understanding of the doctrines already received. We recognize the wide difference between a fact and any theory that seeks to explain it, as for example, between the atonement and the theories that are advanced in explanation of it. But in all such investigation we shall keep reason lovingly loyal to the Word of God, which reason has already accepted, and call a halt whenever our theory runs counter to its plain declaration. Within that limit we remember that there is room for differences of view. We shall not think it strange that in our partial views we should differ when we know that God has found it necessary, may I not say, to use so many men for giving us the complete picture of our mighty Lord. Remembering this, we shall always hope to be found speaking the truth in love. And this leads me to the third point to which I wish to refer.

3. *McMaster's great business is to urge personal loving self-surrender and obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ.* The commission charges us with "teaching them to observe whatsoever He has commanded." This, after all, is the all important thing. The Bible is not an intellectual plaything. It is God's

guide to Christ-like living. The spirit of obedience furnishes the key to unlock the treasures of God's Word. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know concerning the teaching." The knowledge of any truth in its essence is only possible to those who surrender to it. God hides it from the wise and knowing, and reveals it to babes. The Bible is full of difficulties to the disobedient; it becomes clearer and clearer to the obedient, even as Christ Himself is a "stone of stumbling" to some, and to others "the chief corner stone, elect, precious." The story is told of a woman who complained again and again to her pastor of the difficulty she found in understanding her Bible. Finally he told her to begin obeying the first command she met in it. She did so and soon afterwards went to him with beaming face, testifying to the marvellous helpfulness of the book. This is illustrated on a large scale in history. It was the shameful corruption of the churches of the Restoration in England that gave rise to the disastrous wave of unbelief to which reference has already been made. And it was mainly through the obedient spiritual lives of the devoted Moravians that that unbelief was overthrown both in England and on the continent. And though McMaster may serve the cause of sound doctrine by broad and accurate scholarship, she will serve it much more effectively if she succeeds in imbuing her children with the spirit of unreserved surrender to Jesus Christ. Let her covet for them the enthronement of Christ in the heart through His Holy Spirit, and as the natural outcome of that, a character clothed in humility, faith, patience, self-control, kindness, unselfishness, and ever thoughtful, ever hopeful love; let her launch them on a life career of uncalculating obedience to Christ's commands; and she will do this and succeeding generations the greatest possible service, because she will be carrying out the dictates of infinite wisdom and love. Such men and women will do more alike for a true theology and a world's salvation than all the critics can ever do. They will be the Spurgeons and the Gordons, the Careys and the Judsons of the coming century.

Take, for example, the one command to evangelize the world. McMaster should be so eager to see that command obeyed that she will earnestly strive to send out every graduate

with the resolve to do his or her part in that great work. Some of her brightest sons and daughters she will send out into the front of the battle; others, as pastors, will become recruiting sergeants at home; whilst others still will, in business, bend their disciplined powers to securing the means for carrying on the struggle. The suspension of lectures for one full day every month, and the gathering together of professors and students on that day for the deepening of spiritual life and the consideration of missionary work, is one indication of the spirit in which this institution is addressing herself to this part of her task.

To conclude. The business of McMaster University is to do Christ's will, to carry out His great commission. Her holy task is to give the gospel to the lost, and discipline saved souls that they may be meet for the Master's use, and go forth in the spirit of loving obedience to their God-appointed duties. For her instructions she looks to the Word of God; for guidance and power she depends on the Holy Spirit. Thus will she most effectively help all the good and correct all the evil in the thought and life of the age. As surely as we hold to this, God will have a large sphere for us. Upon Him we can depend for men and money. It is an inspiring thing to feel that we have come to the kingdom for such a time and such a ministry as this.

Is this a narrow conception for a great University? The motto emblazoned on our crest protests against such a thought. "In Christ all things consist." That motto suggests heights and depths and lengths and breadths that pass all telling. We learn of Him Whose thoughts are a great deep; we walk with Him Whose paths are in the mighty waters; we rejoice in His works Who weaves the splendors of the day, and marshalls the glories of the night. The Universe becomes our home; all nature with her myriad forms and manifold laws is invested with a new, glad interest. For in glittering dew and flaming star He is alike at work, and in studying them we may be learning Him. This is no narrow conception. "All things are yours," since "ye are Christ's."

And yet there is an element of truth in that charge. Our ideal is narrow in one sense. But it is the narrowness of truth as opposed to error. It is the narrowness of the way of life.

It is the narrowness of the mountain path that threads defiles,
shuns abysses, skirts precipices, and climbs the heights into the
cloudless sunshine of heaven. And they who walk this way of
life, "will enter through the gates into the city," of whose
eternal day Christ is the sun,

"And join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

J. H. FARMER.

THE SPARROW AND THE MOTH.

St. James 4-5.

My soul had sought and yearned to be freed,
To burst all the locks and the bars of creed—

To think and to dream in uncloistered air,
Without staff or scrip to wander there.

Too narrow had seemed the monastic cell
That so long had harbored me safe and well.

When I saw a blue-winged moth that would fain
Escape through my window's translucent pane.

It flutters and floats and bruises its wings
Then resting and panting despairing clings

To the glass. A sparrow with gaping beak
Flew toward the wraith with a hungry shriek.

But the moth was safe in its prison held—
Saved by the bondage 'gainst which she rebelled.

And I thought "In obeying just laws I'm free :
Faith's cell is God's shelter ; I'll stay with thee.

O Truth, thy favor is life and breath
As license is fatal, and ends in death."

It seemed Christ's lips touched my brow with a kiss
While He said "ye received not, ye asked amiss."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES No. 3.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Seldom if ever is the entomologist more overjoyed than when in his rambles through forest and meadow he encounters a large patch of golden-rod. The ordinary observer sees nothing more than a miniature forest of sunlit, golden flowers. "No mean sight," you say. I grant it; but to the collector, far more attractive than all the floral beauty and bright sunlight is the prospect that such a patch affords, of a rich and varied catch of insects.

The golden-rod offers inducements to nearly every tribe of my insect acquaintances. The frivolous butterfly finds nectar mixed to his fastidious taste, our industrious friend the bee and all his kindred manufacturers swarm to the yellow masses of bloom for their raw material, beetles of the flower-feeding varieties, which are almost invariably among the brightest and most delicately colored members of their family, fairly revel in the luxuriance, and even the despised bug with nauseous odor nestles away from the light under the fragrant canopy.

As I carefully approach this little grove my roving eyes drink in the prospect, and I am satisfied that much pleasant labor is in store for me. Near by are several butterflies, feeding contentedly with wings folded together over their bodies like the leaves of a book. Have you ever noticed that the wings of butterflies are usually far more handsomely colored on the lower than on the upper surface, while those of the moths are just the reverse? While kneeling for a few moments on the outskirts to arrange my implements of chase, an explanation of this rather striking phenomenon occurs to me. Is it not natural for the vain creatures to wear their finery where it can be viewed to best advantage? Butterflies, both when fluttering above us and when resting with wings folded over their heads in cherubic attitude, display only the lower surface. Moths, however, flying as they do only by night, have no reason to be concerned about their appearance in the dark; but, when resting all day on the bark of a tree or in some shady nook they spread out their wings in a horizontal position and exhibit only the upper surface.

This, to me, is one of the most significant examples of adaptation that insect life affords. The arrangement, especially in the case of butterflies, is a very unsatisfactory one from the stand-point of the practical entomologist. If he follow the prevailing custom of setting all insects "dorsal surface up," much of the beauty of his collection is necessarily hidden from view. But what does the matter-of-fact scientist care for beauty? Very little, I am afraid; but the time is coming when scientists will pay more attention to the æsthetic side of their work. No science, I believe, affords wider scope for advancement in this direction than that of entomology.

While still kneeling my reverie is interrupted by the sight of a butterfly within arm's length of me. Evidently intoxicated with deep draughts of nectar, she hangs limply downward, scarcely moving. I notice that her wings are dotted with large silver spots arranged upon a ground-work of golden brown. Here then is a silvered butterfly drooping from a golden flower; truly a happy combination, yet by no means an uncommon one. Her striking appearance indicates that she is one of the Fritillaries (*Argynnis Aphrodite*), as beautiful as her namesake. No net is needed to capture a creature so languid. A carefully applied finger and thumb consign her to the place of painless death, the ever-ready cyanide bottle.

As the flowers are parted I catch a glimpse of several Longicorns, of the family *Lepturæ*, beetles with attenuated bodies, delicately colored wing-cases, and, as their name indicates, long curving horns or antennæ. Along with these several emerald beetles scurry away, and only by a hasty dive am I able to secure a specimen. Perhaps this little fellow (*Chrysochus auratus*) is the most highly colored of all our Canadian beetles. Certainly he is a veritable gem, with his wing-covers golden-tinted and flashing forth the rainbow hues.

While securing a supply of bees and wasps my heart leaps within me as I see alighting a few yards away a specimen of the coveted Painted-lady, one of our most beautiful butterflies. Her trembling wings indicate that she is yet undecided whether to go or stay. I dare not move for fear of disturbing her, so I patiently await my lady's decision and meanwhile gaze longingly at her gorgeous apparel. It is beyond my weak descrip-

tion. Have you ever seen a piece of variegated marble with streaks of pink and white and olive and fawn, crossing and interlacing in endless patterns? If such a sight has met your eye you can form some conception of this fair one's dainty pinions.

She seems settled and stealthily I creep toward her, net extended, scarcely breathing. "Now I have her sure!" think I exultantly; but there is many a slip in net-wielding. With a dexterous dodge she eludes me and flutters away over the patch of golden-rod. Of course I follow regardless of consequences, and finally, after several unsuccessful casts, captured my prey, but alas! I have created such a commotion by my exertions that all the other butterflies have taken warning and fled to other feeding-grounds, leaving me to the company of the beetles and bees, who forsake their pastures for no man.

Resolved to make the best of present company I beat about me assiduously for some time, and am rewarded by the discovery of quite an extensive colony of Mimics. Seldom does the hunter meet with more than two or three of these curious beetles at once, but here are dozens of them within the radius of a few yards. They receive their name from the striking resemblance they bear to various kinds of bees and wasps. One species especially (*Cyllenæ robinia*), if a few feet distant, might deceive even the practised eye of a collector, so perfect is his make-up. His black body is covered with numerous yellow bands, arranged in a very wasp-like pattern. Nature shows a degree of partiality towards these helpless creatures in thus allowing them to mimic the garb of the well-protected stinging insects, while the majority of beetles are left quite defenceless. Birds know by sad experience that the honey-makers are undesirable articles of diet, and therefore avoid everything that bears even a slight resemblance to them.

A careful selection of these beetles satisfies my nomadic instincts for the time being, and with well-filled collecting boxes I seek the dusty road, carrying the added burden of a huge bunch of golden-rod, which I know full well will be more appreciated by the ladies at home than all the trophies of my afternoon's investigations in the realm of practical Entomology.

H. H. NEWMAN.

Students' Quarter.

BY SUSQUEHANNA'S FLOW.

Along the wooded shore of the Susquehanna, where the river breaks through the hills before joining the Juniata, lies an oak-encircled valley in which myriads of daisies grow. We all know how beautiful these daisies are, larger and whiter than any others, and with great gleaming, golden hearts. But not many know how they first came there, for that is one of the secrets of the river, and the Susquehanna only tells her secrets to those who know and love her well:

Very many years ago, in this valley there dwelt an old man and his daughter. The father lived in his little hut and studied the wonders of Nature in great books, while the child roamed through the beautiful world outdoors, and thought and sang whole volumes of poetry. The old man called his daughter Vrysaïs, and the wood nymphs made music out of the name and chanted it. At first the child was unconscious of the presence of such strange neighbors, but stealing out into the moonlit woods soon after her arrival in the valley, she chanced upon a sorrowful company of spirits. She had wandered down into the lowest part of the dell, where the trees shut it in on every side, only letting a few moonbeams through the branches to dance on the moss. Such a sight as the wondering child saw! Beautiful nymphs, and furry-eared fauns, comical sprites and graceful fairies, bashful rabbits and brisk little squirrels, but all so sad. What could be wrong? She listened to a mournful nymph who was telling how everything had to give way to mortals, and how they changed the forests, driving out the spirits who had been used to hold dominion there. "We must go!" she wailed, swaying in the wind like a lily, and her sisters took up the refrain and sighed, "We must go!" Then the mortal child broke through the branches and stood among the nymphs, as beautiful as they. A star up in heaven smiled brightly on her, and she smiled back, looking so fair and gentle that a rabbit slipped his velvety nose lovingly into her hand and then scampered away to his hole ashamed.

"Stay!" she said, "You will only see me"; and the fauns thought it was well worth while staying for that alone. The nymphs kissed her with cool, damp lips, the little sprites tangled themselves in her hair, and they all frolicked together. But when day dawned and they had all fled, Susquehanna's naiad rose and stretched her arms longingly toward the child's home. No one came, so she sank unsatisfied beneath the waves again.

For ten long years the child lived among her forest companions. They loved her dearly, but never ceased to wonder over the old man who cared more for his candle and books than for the light and life outside his cottage.

Susquehanna sunsets are the most beautiful in all the world; Vrysaïs knew it, for she always watched them, sitting on a mossy rock and seeing the pearly clouds slowly set in gold, and a shower of amethysts and rubies dropping into the river. As she sat there the naiad would rise in a golden robe with fiery jewels, and hold out her longing arms, but the poet-maiden always shook her head and laughed. As a shade fell over the earth the nymphs and fauns came out of the cool recesses where they had hid from the sun's fierce heat. They frolicked around the maiden, telling her the sun would scorch her up, too, some day. Then she would try to tell them how, beyond the clouds, deep in the very heart of the sunset, she had seen strange beings, more beautiful even than the nymphs, which she thought must be angels. But the nymphs had never heard of angels, they shook their heads—

"More beautiful than we are?" they said, "we, the spirits of nature, of stream and spring and tree? Ah, no, little mortal sister, that can never be!" and they dragged her away, a laughing captive. The naiad of the river sighed as they vanished, for she had often seen the angels, and she sang a song about them to the lapping of the wave-tongues in the pools along the shore.

One day a poet wandered into the valley, and because he had written a book the old man received him gladly. He was one who might have made men's souls sing, but instead he laid hearts bare that he might be able to describe their writhings in his rhymes. When he heard Vrysaïs speak he was enchanted,

for her voice was music and her words were poetry. The merry folk of the forest hated him. They hid away, and when the maiden sought them out the dryads tried to hold her captive and the squirrels scolded, but she grew angry and broke away, saying, "He will teach me many things." When she had gone all the wild creatures of the forest, and the very leaves of the trees sang softly and sadly together—

"He will teach her, he will teach her many things."

He did teach her. She sat long hours in the close room learning to write her poems from her mind into a book. Her head ached, and nymphs called her imperatively; her hand ached, and the spirits of the wind shook the casement angrily, but she did not heed them; and by-and-by her heart ached too. Then the spirits became invisible, and she never looked for the angels.

At last one night as the nymphs were watching they saw the poet and Vrysaïs taking leave of each other. The maiden wept and pleaded, but there was no sorrow in his face, rather a gleam of triumph; and even as he stooped to kiss her they saw him slip her book of poems beneath his cloak. He left the hut hurriedly, and she fell to the floor as one dead. Then the spirits of the wind followed him, and wrapped him in a hurricane, and buffeted him roughly, snatching the book from his hands. The nymphs took it to the glade, and tore the pages into fragments, scattering them over the dell. All the long day they waited in their hiding-places hoping their playmate would return to them now. The naiad of the river lashed it into a sheet of foam, but when the sunset came it was calm again, and she leaned out of the waves, watching and waiting.

As the sun sank down the west Vrysaïs came out of the cottage and walked down to the water's edge. The nymphs, peeping out, clapped their hands softly in delight to see her come to watch the sunset as in the days before the poet came. She began to sing, but her song was a strange one, it reminded them of the last song of a wild swan.

She stepped upon a rock out among the waves with her eyes fixed intently on the sunset. Then the river naiad drew nearer and held out her arms, and the maiden gave herself into

them. The naiad smiled tenderly as she received her, and the waves closed over both. The nymphs, forgetting the sun, ran out, but she was gone, only they still heard the singing, and was it possible they saw the angels flying upward?

The poet went back to his city and wrote many great poems about sorrow and suffering. Men praised him; he grew famous and his soul was satisfied. The old man in the forest missed his poet-daughter, for he had now no one to trim his light, he was obliged to break off in his study to do it for himself. The forest folk went back to the glade, sorrowing deeply for their lost companion. They made daisy petals of the torn pages of her book, and bound them to green stems. Then they deserted the vale forever. After they were all gone the daisies covered the dell, and Susquehanna's naiad rose and gave them hearts of gold. They grow there to this day, and when the wind blows through them those who listen can hear the story and songs of Vrysis. And the naiad waters them still.

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I.

A form of chastened beauty
Gazed upon His face
In Paradise,
Waiting to do His will.

Jehovah speaks: "Go forth,
Take thou this child of mine,
Lead him through yon dark vale
Of sin and woe,
Forsake him not,
I charge thee,
Day or night,
Guard thou his dreams,
Attend his waking hours,
Slack not thy vigil keen;
For this I hold thee fast.

" Hold thou his hand,
 Watch thou mine eye
 And I will say my will
 Each day to thee and him.
 Teach him to sing
 The songs of Paradise
 Which thou hast heard.
 I shall direct
 His long and devious way,
 Serve my behest
 And I will thee reward."

II.

" Sweet Scraph !
 Art thou charged to keep !
 My wayward feet ?
 Dost know my every thought
 Humble or proud ?

" Is 't thee I see
 In sylphine form ?
 Evade me not,
 O let me see
 Thy radiant face
 To cheer my drooping heart
 And fan my love !
 O let me grasp thy hand !

" Dost say I may not yet ?
 Was it thy voice
 I heard yestreen
 Singing of rest ?
 Dost yearn to be at home
 Rid of thy charge ?
 Art weary of me ?
 Dost thou not often mourn ?

" Dost love me ?
 Wonder divine !

And yet I may not say
'T is altogether strange,
Thy King is love."

III.

" I kept thee
E'en since thou wert a child,
Taught thee to sing
The first weak strain
Of that Immortal Song.

" Ah ! ne'er shall I forget
When Shaddai touched thy lips
And first the strong clear note
Of that new song
Broke forth ;
Since then I sing with thee
And ofttimes He doth hear
Our blended tones.

" I do not say
But I have often mourned ;
Where'er thy wild
Capricious will would lead
There I must go,
And often sad I came ;
I dared not leave thy side.

" But in these later years
Gladly I walk with thee,
For thou art willing now
To walk His way,
I knew too well
When'er thy young
Rebellious spirit
Disobeyed His voice,
He wept,
And I would wave my hand
And beckon thee,
But oft in vain."

Follow me close to-day
 And I will shew to thee
 A vision of His face,
 Thy soul shall glow
 In fervent rapture sweet."

IV.

Silent I waited,
 Lightly drew my breath,
 The soft faint rustle
 Of His filmy robe
 Entered my ear,
 I saw His form
 Glorious and sweet,
 But fell upon my face.

Enough, enough,
 I wait, O Lord,
 Till I am changed,
 Then shall I know
 Even as I am known.

O. G. LANGFORD.

MRS. BROWNING'S "VISION OF POETS."

"The Vision of Poets," as its name indicates, is well adapted to show the literary tastes and sentiments of its writer and above all to explain her ideal of the true poet, his soul, and his life. Nearly every poet has written something on poetry and the poetic art. These poems aid us very materially in gaining a true idea of what poetry should be. All poets agree in saying that the poet is born not made. Mrs. Browning has gone farther than this however. She would tell us that the poet's life is a potent factor in his development. The poet is not only born a poet, but derives the truly poetic power from life itself. She has endeavored to show us that the poet's life is made up of

suffering as well as joy. We know that the life she describes in the poem is almost identically her own. She has tried to teach that—

“ Knowledge by suffering entereth
And life is perfected by death.”

In a preface she has said, “ I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the beauty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called “*La patience angelique du genie*,” and of the obvious truth above all, that, if knowledge is power, suffering should be accepted as a part of knowledge.”

When we read these words and then again the poem we are more than ever convinced that the poetess is giving her own experience. We know that she did have the cold and bitter experiences she so vividly describes. The Muses, however, did not on this account forsake their fair votress. Anyone who has read her poems both feels and knows this. Without doubt she has been near the majestic chief-poet she describes.

Let us take the story and as we proceed we shall observe how the poetess reveals herself to us. She begins—

“ A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night :

And thus he rose disquieted,
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
And in the forest wandered ;

His aimless thoughts in metre went,
Like a babe's hand, without intent,
Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument.

Nor jarred it with his mood when as,
With a faint stirring down the grass,
An apparition fair did pass.

. . . a lady, riding slow
Upon a palfrey white as snow,
And smooth as a snow-cloud could go.

The lady tells the poet that she has come to crown all poets to their worth. Whereat he cries—

“ To their worth lady they are scorned
By men they sing for, till inurned.

The lady to show him the truths she wishes to teach answers—

“Come on with me, come on with me;
And learn in coming! Let me free
Thy spirit into verity.

The poet follows. In turn he is made to drink of the waters of
“World’s use,” “World’s love,” and the cold bitter draught of
“World’s cruelty.”

After the last draught the poet swoons and in his dreams

. . . “Spiritual thunders, born of soul
Not cloud, did leap from mystic pole
And o’er him roll and counter-roll.

Crushing their echoes reboant
With their own wheels. . . .”

At last came silence. A slow kiss
Did crown his forehead after this:
His eyelids flew back for the bliss.

“Rise up,” said she, with voice where song
Eddieth with speech—“rise up be strong
And learn how right avengeth wrong.”

The poet rose up on his feet:
He stood before an altar set
For sacrament, with vessels meet.

The place is thus described:

The altar filled the central place
Of a great church, and towards its face
Long aisles did shoot and interlace.

And from it a continuous mist
Of incense

Wound upward slowly and throbbingly
Cloud within cloud, right silverly
Cloud above cloud, victoriously,

Broke full against the arched roof
And, thence refracting, eddied off
And floated through the marble woof

Of many a fine wrought architrave—
Then, poising the white masses brave,
Swept solemnly down aisle and nave.

And now in dark, and now in light,
The countless columns, glimmering white,
Seemed leading out to Infinite.

Plunged halfway up the shaft they showed !
 In the pale shifting incense-cloud
 Which flowed them, by and overflowed,
 Till mist and marble seemed to blend,
 And the whole temple, at the end,
 With its own incense to distend ;
 The arches, like a giant's bow,
 To bend and slacken—and below,
 The niched saints to come and go.

In this most wonderful description of a most wonderful place we can read between lines the admiration of the poetess for grand and beautiful churches.

The spell cast over the onlooker was not due, however, to the charm of the temple but rather to the presence of the chief-angel.

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
 That *they* saw God. His lips and jaw
 Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's law.

While at his side, twixt light and glooms,
 The phantasm of an organ booms.

Gradually becoming accustomed to the glories of the place, mystic in light and shadow, the poet looks around him and perceives that the sanctuary is filled with

" . . . a strange company around
 And toward the altar, pale and crowned,
 With sovran eyes of depth profound.

Sublime significance of mouth,
 Dilated nostril full of youth,
 And forehead royal of the truth.

These lines should interest us as describing Mrs. Browning's idea of the personal appearance and mental attributes of the true poet. These were the poets

Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do
 For Truth,—the ends being scarcely two.

A truly beautiful conception!—one which shows the master mind of the poetess. When we consider more closely we see the absolute truth of this, for is not perfect truth the highest beauty?

" God's prophets of the beautiful."

Their beauty consisted in perfect truth.

Here we see before us all the great poets, ancient and modern. In this the poetess has revealed to us most fully her own personal tastes. We see how she estimates the different poets, and how highly she values their work. First comes Homer—the father of poetry. Next to him Shakespeare wearing “The crowns o’ the world.” Beside him stands Æschylus—feared both by gods and men. Further on Sophocles the kingly, and Hesiod the old, appear. There the electric Pindar. All alone by herself is Sappho “crowned with aureole”—the only woman deemed worthy by our poetess to stand amid the throng. Theocritus, and Aristophanes, the writer of comedies, are here also. Virgil, crowned with bay, holds a place of honor. Lucretius, the sceptic, also. Ossian stands next to Spenser, who in turn leans his head upon the Italian Ariosto’s. Then Dante the stern, who saw in his life mingled joy and sorrow. Alfieri, Berni, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, Camoens, Calderon, and De Vega stand amid the throng of singers. Goethe is here and Schiller

. with heroic front
Too large for wreath of modern wont.

Here is our own poet Chaucer. Next Milton who had untold mysteries revealed to him. Cowley there, while beside him stand Drayton and Browne, painters of nature. Here stand the Elizabethan school who “sowed our furrows.” Shelley the “white ideal,” Keats, and “poor proud Byron” have their places and last of all “visionary” Coleridge.

In these descriptions we see the decided preference of Mrs. Browning for the classical writers, a characteristic quite noticeable in other of her poems. The modern poets are not described so happily as are the classical. Indeed we are compelled to confess that some of her descriptions of the latter are decidedly weak.

After our poet has gazed upon the throng the lady addresses him :

“Now hear the angel in my stead.

His organ’s pedals strike along
These poets’ hearts which, metal strong,
They give him without count of wrong,

From which foundation he can guide
Up to God’s feet, from these who died,
An anthem fully glorified !

Whereat God's blessing . . . IBARAK
Breathes back this music--folds it back
About the earth in vapory rack :

So works this music on the earth !
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth—

A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds.

Then rose and fell (with swell and sound
Of shapeless noises wandering round
A concord which at last they found)

Those mystic keys—the tones were mixed,
Dim, faint and thrilled and throbb'd betwixt
The incomplete and the unfixed :

And therein mighty minds were heard
In mighty musings, inly stirred,
And struggling outward for a word.

Until these surges having run
This way and that, gave out as one
And Aphrodite of sweet tune—

A harmony that finding vent,
Upward in grand ascension went,
Winged to a heavenly argument.

Of perplexed chords, and soared at once,
And struck out from the starry thrones

Their several silver octaves, as
It passed to God.

The strain finished, the chief-poet questions the poets and
in conclusion asks

What say ye unto this?—refuse
This baptism in salt water?—choose
Calm breasts, mute lips, and labour loose ?

Or, oh ye gifted givers ! ye
Who give your liberal hearts to me,
To make this world this harmony—

Are ye resigned that they be spent
To such worlds help ?

The Spirits bent
Their awful brows and said—"Content."

After this the chief-poet again asks:—

What living man will bring a gift
Of his own heart and help to lift
The tune? The race is swift!

In answer there appears a motley throng of mortals, unused to the glories of the holy place. These are the poets of to-day. One thinks to achieve fame by imitating Homer, another Dante, a third Æschylus. Their leader speaks

“ in sleek and proud exordial periods

He contends, according to his philosophy, that the poet's life should be one of ease. No labor should wear upon his soul. . . He would have said more had not the scorn of the dead poets silenced him.

All this our poet has viewed spell-bound, but now he falls at the feet of the angel, and prays to be made a true poet.

Only embrace and be embraced
By fiery ends,—whereby to waste,
And light God's future with my past.

The angel with a smile divine grants the request, and the suppliant arises

. And so as erst,
A strain more noble than the first,
Mused on the organ and outburst.
With giant march from floor to roof,
Rose the full notes; now parted off

Now dying off into a song.

Fed upon minors, starry sounds
Moved on free-paced, in silver rounds,
Enlarging liberty with bounds.

The music ceases. The lady's kiss is pressed on his forehead. He awakes

Then he looked round: he was alone—
He lay before the breaking sun.
As Jacob at the Bethel-stone.

Near him is the bitter pool of world's cruelty. Slowly and calmly he arises, and returns home praying

Thou, Poet-God art great and good!

And though we must have, and have had
 Right reason to be earthly sad,
 Thou, Poet-God art great and glad.

In the conclusion the poetess describes herself as walking down the same wood the poet trod. She too felt when she viewed the beauties of nature around her that

This Poet-God is great and good.

In the wood she meets a troop of children who are seeking decorations for the tomb of a dead poet. His son, one of the children, sadly tells the story—a story of one who had labored long but not for reward, of one who had sought it not. It was the story of one who had gone to stand with the chief-angel, and had become a note in the swelling organ. One who at his death could cry

Glory to God—to God! he saith,
 KNOWLEDGE BY SUFFERING ENTERETH;
 AND LIFE IS PERFECTED BY DEATH.

WALLACE P. COHOE, '96.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Come sing with me,
 For music 's in the air,
 The sun gleams warm,
 And hope beats high within;
 The wind is whispering love,
 The brook is warbling soft,
 The dulcet day is glad,
 And all the world is one full chord.
 Pealing the music of my life abroad.

Oh weep with me
 For I am sad and lone,
 The light is gone,
 And blindness gropes within,
 The trees are sighing sore,
 The stars are weeping dew,
 The silent night is sad,
 And all the world is but a harp
 Wailing the mournful echoes of my heart.

I. G. MATTHEWS, '97.

Editorial Notes.

WITH this number the MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY enters upon the sixth year of its existence, and passes into the hands of a new managing editor and editorial board. The occasion seems a fitting one upon which to review its history for a moment. The honor of having founded THE MONTHLY belongs to Dr. Rand, for its inception was due to his energy and far-sightedness, more than to anything else. Nor has it ever had a more faithful friend or more generous contributor than he. Dr. Newman was its first editor, and for two years gave to it the invaluable benefit of his experience and ability. During the last three years Professor Clark has acted as managing editor, and only those most closely associated with him in University work can be aware of the time and labor he has bestowed upon it. As a result of the exertions of Dr. Newman and Professor Clark and those who have aided them so generously, THE MONTHLY has won a success beyond the hopes of its most sanguine supporters. To follow two such capable and successful editors is no easy task, and were it not that we have the assurance of cordial support, we should feel like declining the responsibility imposed upon us by the Faculty of the University. Relying upon that assurance, however, we shall gladly give our best efforts to sustain, and, if possible, raise the reputation and high standard already attained. We believe that there is a sphere of influence in which THE MONTHLY may work without fear of encroaching upon any other publication of our denomination in Canada, and we look forward to its continued exercise of ever-increasing influence within that sphere. It shall always be our earnest endeavor to make it a magazine of high literary quality, and an exponent of the best thought of our University. But no one person can do that. An editor can best help in the achievement of such an end by leading out and directing the efforts of others. We are certain that the graduates and friends of the University will gladly co-operate in making our magazine a powerful agent for good, and with the assurance of their loyal and active support we anticipate the future with confidence.

In writing the above we have omitted all reference to the students, but we have done so only that we might more fittingly refer to their work by itself. In estimating the success of THE MONTHLY, and in considering its prospects for the future, the excellent work that has been and will be done by the undergraduates must never be forgotten. Several departments of the magazine are under their direct super-

vision, and their successful efforts to render them interesting are deserving of the highest commendation. A college magazine should offer opportunity and encouragement to students to do literary work, and in this respect *THE MONTHLY* shall not be found lacking. With regard to the past we think we may congratulate ourselves upon the general good quality of the contributions of our students, and we shall see to it that in the future there shall be no deterioration in this respect. The student-editors and business managers in the past have done splendid work, but some have been particularly active. We feel certain that no one will accuse us of making invidious distinctions, if we single out Messrs. C. J. Cameron, G. H. Clarke, O. G. Langford and J. B. Paterson as gentlemen particularly deserving of thanks. During their entire undergraduate course they were intimately connected with the student and business departments of *THE MONTHLY*, and were untiring in their efforts to make the magazine a success. They have worthy successors in the present staff of student-editors. Indeed, the students are to be congratulated upon the able representatives they have chosen. Under their care the student departments should in no way be lacking in interest. If they will but devote themselves actively to the responsible work they have undertaken, they will be able to produce a magazine that will reflect the highest credit on themselves and their Alma Mater.

The death of Principal Bates has deprived the University of a faithful friend, and Woodstock College of a devoted and successful principal. From his youth Mr. Bates was closely connected with the educational work of our denomination. He believed in the principles upon which that work is founded, and had the fullest sympathy with the ideals it attempts to attain. The son of a noble father, and trained as a youth under the influence of the sainted Dr. Fyfe, he grew up under conditions well suited to make those principles and ideals living things to him, and never once did he falter in adhering to them. For years he was a teacher in Woodstock College, and there are hundreds of men and women all over Canada who have vivid recollections of his genial, cheerful nature, his kindly humor, and his beautiful Christian character. Many will fondly call to mind their first steps in Latin under his guidance, and will always bear in grateful remembrance the name of him who helped them in that difficult task. Neither can they ever forget that he always held up before them a lofty ideal of manliness and honor, and that his own daily example of high living was an inspiration to the attainment of that ideal. His memory will smell sweet to them from

his grave, and will continue to exert an uplifting influence upon their lives.

Of his work as Principal we shall say but little on the present occasion. His unwavering loyalty to our institutions led him to answer yea, when asked to step into the responsible position made vacant by the death of the late Principal Huston. For four years he devoted himself with ceaseless energy to the duties of his position, and considered no expenditure of thought or labor too great to be bestowed upon the performance of them. The financial problem of the College in these days of financial depression bore heavily upon him, and so careful and practical was the attention he gave it that he had solved it so far as any one man in his position could have done. He had won in a very marked degree the respect and affection of the students, and was continually moulding their lives for high uses in life. But the Call came in the very midst of his manhood and labor, and he had to lay down the burden he loved to bear. The loss to the University and denomination cannot be estimated, but in spite of all we have perfect trust that things are working together for good. At some future time we hope to be able to present to our readers an adequate appreciation of his life and character. What we have written is only the feeble, though sincere and loving tribute of an old student. To his devoted wife and helpless children we offer the deepest sympathy of the Faculty and students of McMaster University. May He who has taken to Himself the husband and father, be an ever-present comfort and strength to them in their hour of affliction.

The University opened on October the 5th, and began the work of the year promptly. A majority of the students were present on the opening day, and the remainder came in within a day or so. The number of students in attendance upon lectures has been considerably increased, and at the present time of writing there are twenty more enrolled than at the same time last year. This is an exceedingly satisfactory condition of affairs, and one highly encouraging to the friends of the University. The Freshman class is a particularly large and enthusiastic one, and if we may judge from their stand at the matriculation examination, one that will prove one of the best classes that has ever entered the University. We think we may predict great things from the "Class of 1900." The students of all the years have entered upon their work with their old-time activity and enthusiasm, and the Professors are already offering them abundant opportunities for work. In a word, the year bids fair to be one of the most successful in the history of the University.

THE attendance at both Woodstock and Moulton is large and continually increasing. The vacancies on the staff have been satisfactorily filled, and the work at both institutions is going forward with great earnestness. Mr. McCrimmon has been appointed Acting-Principal at Woodstock, and is already proving his fitness for the position. Of his undoubted ability and splendid qualifications to fill the responsible position we shall say nothing now, reserving what we have to say for some more fitting occasion. We believe in him, and can gladly give the welfare of the college into his keeping. He may rest assured that he has the fullest confidence and sympathy of his brethren of the University Faculty.

IN this number we present to our readers a photogravure of the Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. Brother McDiarmid is too well known among our churches to require any introduction at our hands, but we are certain that his picture will be a welcome addition to those we have already published. As a pastor of one of our leading Ontario churches he long ago proved his strength as a preacher of the Gospel and a winner of souls for our Lord and Master. As a Foreign Mission Secretary he has done and is doing noble work. His devotion to the cause of missions, and his consecrated activity in behalf of them, have done much to strengthen the missionary spirit in our churches. May he long be spared to the work he so much loves.

WE are glad to observe that several of our graduates are doing acceptable literary work for American and Canadian magazines and newspapers. The *Canadian Baptist* announces that it will publish a continued story on a Canadian subject by Miss Minnie Smith, B.A., a member of our first graduating class. Mr. W. J. Thorold, B.A., has been writing a series of entertaining articles from London, England, in *Massey's Magazine*. Mr. S. R. Tarr, B.A., has an interesting article in this month's *Westminster*, and has been commissioned to write a couple of articles on Canadian college life, for an American magazine. We are proud of our graduates, and believe that many will shed lustre, and all reflect credit, on their University. We shall follow their careers with affectionate interest, and shall rejoice with them in every honorable success they may attain. We bespeak from them the utmost loyalty to their Alma Mater, and the remembrance that her reputation is to no little extent in their hands.

Here and There.

A. M. OVERHOLT, EDITOR.

The oldest college periodical in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*, established in 1836, and now in its sixty-first volume.—*Ex.*

The honor system in examinations is coming into favor in many of the larger eastern colleges.—*Ex.*

The Cornell faculty has determined to improve the quality of English used by the students. A resolution has been passed recommending that every examiner reject any paper containing bad spelling or faults of expression.—*Ex.*

"HAVE you ever considered that the diction of an immortal poem is itself eternal? Colors blend and notes harmonize—the word wrought here must be inevitable. Else no expression. Words are so vital, so worthy, that they hate the false and shallow. Seize and confine as we will, the imprisoned rebel. They flee away, and the fabric crumbles into doom."—*Selects*

THE following clipped from one of the exchanges gives a valuable hint to college papers along the line of literary work. "We are glad to mention a new publication, *The Waste Basket*, devoted to the interests of amateur writers. It is the purpose of the publishers to print a paper which shall be worthy of general reading and study. All accepted contributions will be paid for, and any that may be rejected will be returned with suggestions for improvement. The special features of the number which we received, are: the frontispiece, a particularly attractive engraving; the literary department, containing a number of well-selected stories and poems, which furnished many valuable suggestions to writers."

DURING the recent visit of Dr. John Watson to this city, one of the papers reported him to have made the statement that the works of J. M. Barrie are superior to the works of Dickens and will live longer than those of that celebrated novelist. With this opinion of Mr. Watson let us compare that of Mr. Stephen Fiske in an article on "The Personal side of Dickens," in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for September, 1896. He says: "Dickens is an immortal man. More copies of his works are sold now than were sold while he lived; more were sold last year than during any previous years; more will be sold next year. It is true that his books are cheaper than ever before. The works of Dickens are not so popular because they are cheap; but so cheap because they are popular. Dickens is to novelists what Shakespeare is to dramatists, and his memory should be equally honored.

POLLEN.

Mounted on Zephyrs the amorous host
 Rise from their warm, translucent bowers :
 Lured by the fragrance that each loves most
 Into the hearts of the flowers.

Nestling now close to the gentian's breast ,
 Now in the rose's bosom hidden ;
 Now by the lily coyly caressed,
 Whisper sweet things forbidden.

What do they whisper ? Delicious things !
 Secrets too shy for the sense to capture—
 Vague like the breath to the poppy that clings,
 Murmurs that swoon with rapture.

Heavy with incense the golden dusk ;
 Flushed are the virgin pulses chilly ;
 Richly exhales the rose's musk,
 Bent with the balm of the lily.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, in *Bachelor of Arts*.

THE student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven every morning is going to surpass another student of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five.

THE vacation number of *The Bachelor of Arts* contains an able article by Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, '95, on "Canada's Change of Government." The article is written in an excellent style, and gives in a brief compass an unbiased account of the causes that led up to this change of government, the main one being of course the Manitoba School Question.

WHAT GOES ON INSIDE A DIAMOND.—Sir Robert Ball, in an address, described the diamond as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules, swinging to and fro among themselves at a rate of some millions of vibrations a second, all in action together, and quivering with the shocks of impact. If we had a microscope which would magnify a million times, we might be able to see this action ; all we can do at present is to believe it. The cause of the diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that, when a steel point is pressed against it the active molecules batter that point with such vehemence and rapidity that it cannot get beneath the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE KEY-BOARD.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
 Half-a-hundred white,
 All their duty but to sing
 For their Queen's delight,
 Now with throats of thunder,
 Now with dulcet lips,
 While she rules them royally
 With her finger-tips.

When she quits her palace
 All the slaves are dumb—
 Dumb with dolour till the Queen
 Back to court is come :
 Dumb the throats of thunder,
 Dumb the dulcet lips,
 Lacking all the sovereignty
 Of her finger-tips.

Silent, silent, silent,
 All your voices now :
 Was it then her life alone
 Did your life endow ?
 Waken, throats of thunder !
 Waken, dulcet lips !
 Touched to immortality
 By her finger-tips.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE June number of the *Ottawa Campus* needs a special word of mention, even at this late date. Normally, it is one of the most carefully edited, and handsome exchanges that reach our table, but the June number surpasses any of the previous numbers. On the alternate pages are photo-engravings of the editorial staff, officers of the different classes, musical organizations, football clubs, etc. A magazine printed in this way at the end of a college year would be especially prized by those who are leaving.

ON Oct. 22nd., the Theological Society re-organized with the following officers:—President, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B.A.; Vice-President, Mr. R. Routledge, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. LaFlair; Councillors, Messrs. O. G. Langford, B.A., and W. S. McAlphine, B.A.

CLASS '98 in Theology has taken a new step this year, in organizing with a full staff of officers. These are:—Hon. Pres, Dr. Welton; President, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Vice-President, Mr. C. E. Scott, B.A.; Secretary, Mr. J. R. Webb; Treasurer, Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A.; Prophet, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B.A.; Minstrel, Mr. J. Chapman; Orator, Mr. J. J. Ross.

A large number of the students attended Rev. C. A. Eaton's lecture on "Kith and Kin Beyond the Sea," given in Walmer Road Church, October the 9th. Mr. Eaton has already won a large place in the affection of the students, and there was a general expression of appreciation on the part of all present as to the excellence of the matter, style and delivery.

THE Natural Science club, which has been in the past of so much interest and benefit to all science students, re-organized with an able staff of officers:—President, Miss M. D. Eby, '97; Vice-President, Mr. A. G. Campbell, '97; Secretary, Mr. J. J. Paterson, '97; Councillors, Messrs A. N. McKechnie, '97, J. A. Ferguson, '98 and J. F. Ingram '99.

AN enthusiastic meeting of class '99, was held on Oct. 23rd, for the purpose of re-organization. The following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Chancellor Wallace; President, G. R. Welch; Vice-President, Miss Dubensky; Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Reid; Corresponding-Secretary, A. M. McDonald; Poet, H. C. Newcombe; Minstrel, A. J. Thomson; Orator, F. J. Scott; Historian, W. B. Tighe; Councillors, Miss Cohoon and E. W. Parsons.

It is a generally acknowledged fact among the students of the University, that Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A., is one of the most popular Professors of the staff. We miss very much his genial presence, and he may know that he still holds a warm place in the hearts of McMaster's sons and daughters. Best wishes for every success in his work at Cambridge University, are most heartily expressed on behalf of all the students of the University.

ONE of the most enjoyable features of the University is the Choral and Orchestral Union, which under the able direction of Mr. W. S. McAlphine, B.A., has attained such a high degree of success. This union organized for the present year with the following officers:—President, Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97; Vice-President, Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Tapscott, '97; Musical Director, Mr. W. S. McAlphine, B.A.; Assistant Musical Director, Mr. J. Chapman.

ONE of the most interesting and helpful clubs in the University is the organization of the Specialists in English. The "Camelot" met for reorganization on the 21st inst., President L. Brown, B.A., in the chair. The following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Prof. T. H. Rand D.C.L.; President, Mr. I. G. Matthews, '97; Secretary, Mr. J. T. Jones '99; Councillors, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, '98, Mr. E. J. Reid, '99.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held in the chapel on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 21st, for the election of officers. Those elected were:—President, Mr. C. L. Brown, '99; Vice-President, Mr. B. R. Simpson, '99; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Grigg, '00; Councillors, Messrs. C. H. Emerson, '99, and W. E. Robertson, '00; Editors, Messrs. G. H. Campbell, '00, and F. E. Brophy, '00. Judging from the first meeting, which was held on Friday evening, Oct. 30th, there is a very successful year ahead of this Society.

If the enthusiasm with which the freshmen entered upon organization is any mark of their future achievements there is a brilliant career before them. This class met on Friday, Oct. 30th, and elected a full staff of officers:—Hon. Pres., Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A.; President, Mr. A. E. Brownlee; 1st Vice President, Miss J. E. Dryden; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. E. V. Rossier; Recording-Sec'y, Mr. A. O. Fanjoy; Corresponding-Sec'y, Miss B. E. McLay; Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Nicol; Bard, Mr. F. E. Brophy; Minstrel, Mr. W. S. Fox; Historian, E. E. Wood; Artist, Mr. G. H. Campbell; Marshall, Mr. R. S. Baker; Critic, Mr. F. J. Cornish; Orator Mr. S. E. Grigg; Councillors, Miss O. A. Gaylord, Messrs. J. Cornwall and S. Brodie.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY has entered two teams in the Inter-collegiate Football League. The first team has already played two matches, one on Oct. 17th with 'Varsity's first eleven, and another on Oct. 27 with Knox College. Notwithstanding the fact that our men put up some excellent playing, the victory was won by the opposing team in each case. The second team has however been more fortunate. Their first game was announced for Oct. 17, with Pedagogy's second. As the latter team did not put in an appearance, McMaster won the match by default. The second game was played with Victoria on Oct. 24. In this contest victory turned in favor of McMaster. Both the first and second teams have had several additions from the new students, who have rendered excellent service to the club.

THE Literary and Scientific Society is a very necessary factor in the life of the University; excellent opportunity for the development of their various talents is afforded to all the students. This Society has had a grand history in the past. The success that has always attended it is due largely to the untiring efforts of the officers and the united sympathy of the student body. The meetings are looked forward to with peculiar interest, and their general tone is of an uplifting and stimulating character. The annual elections have resulted as

follows: Pres., J. H. Cameron, '97; 1st Vice-Pres., M. C. McLean, '98; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Cohoon, '99; Rec. Sec., F. J. Scott, '99; Cor. Sec., W. J. Pady, '97; Councillors, Misses M. D. Eby, '97, E. Whiteside, '98, Mr. A. J. Darroch, B.A.; Reading Room Committee, Messrs. A. N. Marshall, B.A., I. G. Matthews, '97, W. J. Pady, '97; Editor of "Student," O. G. Langford, B.A., Asst. Editors, Miss M. Wolverton, '97, Mr. P. G. Mode, '97.

THE Ladies Literary League re-organized the Society with the following members:—President, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97; Vice-President, Miss M. D. Eby, '97; Secretary, Miss J. Dryden, '00; Correspondent, Miss E. Whiteside, '98; Pianist, Miss E. Whiteside, '98; Critic, G. Kerr, '99. As the Society has received quite a reinforcement, a very interesting year is anticipated. It is with a very definite sense of loss that the Society recognizes the absence of their former honored President, Miss M. E. Dryden, B.A. One meeting has been held already, the following was the programme:—Instrumental, Mrs. E. Whiteside; Life of George Elliot, Miss Botterill; Life of Miss Hemans, Miss B. E. McLay, '00; Instrumental, Miss Bailey, '98; Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Eby, '97; Selections from Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Mellick.

THE annual reception given by the old boys to the freshmen in Arts and Theology was a grand success. On the evening of Friday the 16th inst., an unusually large number of students sat down to partake of the excellent dinner prepared by our Matron. This interesting feature of the evening was rivalled only by the rare treat in wit and eloquence which followed. Mr. J. F. Vichert, chairman of the student body, after calling the meeting to order, introduced Mr. D. Brown of '98 Theology as the first speaker of the evening. In his wonted jovial style, he heartily welcomed the Freshmen in Theology to their new Christian home. This toast was responded to by Rev. O. C. Elliot. Mr. G. H. Sneyd, '97, in a very witty and eloquent speech, welcomed the Freshmen in Arts. This was responded to by S. E. Grigg, '00. Messrs. J. A. Ferguson, '98, and H. C. Newcombe, '99, also spoke words of cordial welcome. After singing "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting adjourned.

Among the different branches of our University work there is none which finds a warmer place in the hearts of all the students than athletics. McMaster, although a young institution, with comparatively small attendance, is by no means behind in this respect. Early in the season a football meeting was called by President H. N. McKechnie, and amid great enthusiasm the following officers were elected:—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, L. Brown, B.A., '98, Theology; Vice-President, H. B. Tapscott, '97; Secretary-Treasurer, G. H. Murdoch, '97; Custodian, J. A. Ferguson, '98; Captain, H. N. McKechnie, '97. Apart from the intercollegiate league in which we have entered two teams, there is considerable interest manifested on the part of the students in the coming inter-year series. Ryrie Bros. have

kindly donated twelve neat gold pins to be given to the victors, and it is a question that will take more than words to decide who shall have them.

CLASS '97 held their meeting for organization on the 13th Oct. President McKechnie presided. This meeting was of a most enthusiastic character. The seniors conducted themselves in their usual dignified manner. Brilliant passes of wit and wisdom, as well as undergraduate eloquence flowed from the lips of many an inspiring senior. The main business of the meeting was the election of officers for the current year, which resulted as follows:—Hon. Pres., Prof. James Ten Broeke, Ph.D.; President, J. A. Tiller; Vice-President, Miss E. M. McDermid; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Campbell; Chronicler, Miss M. D. Eby; Orator, T. N. Ritchie; Bard, Mrs. J. T. Marshall. General regret on the part of the class was expressed at the loss through sickness of one of the most brilliant and promising members, D. B. Harkness. Mr. Bridgeman, a former member of '96, was welcomed into the membership of the class. Should the present promise of success be realized, McMaster's fourth year class will out-number that of any Canadian University at such an early stage of its history.

THE opening meetings of the Fyfe Missionary Society, were held on Wednesday, Oct 21st, and were of an exceedingly interesting and helpful character. The morning services were opened by devotional exercises led by the Pres. Prof. J. H. Farmer. Chancellor Wallace gave a very helpful address on the relation of the Fyfe Society to the University. He said that the meetings were in no sense an interruption of the work but an integral and important part of our University life.

Dr. Rand in a few well chosen words, introduced Mrs Armstrong a Missionary from Rangoon Burmah. Mrs Armstrong spoke a few earnest words which will not soon be forgotten by the students. She dwelt on the immense possibility which lay before McMaster, if none of the students ever made a mistake as to what God would have them do, and gave us as a guide in life the words, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Mr. J. H. Cameron then gave an interesting account of his summer's work at Lachute Que. Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., closed the morning session with a pleasing talk on his work at Cobourg for the last seventeen months.

The devotional exercises of the afternoon session were led by Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A. The remainder of the time was devoted to accounts of work on mission fields for the summer. These were given by Messrs. R. Routledge, B.A., M. C. McLean, and A. B. Reekie. Of these that given by Mr. Reekie was perhaps the most interesting to us. He spent his summer in Peru and Bolivia, and had many things to tell us about the life and customs of the people.

The annual election of officers also took place upon that day and resulted in the following:—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, Dr. Goodspeed; Vice-President, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A.; Recording-Secretary, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Corresponding-Secretary, Mr. W. J. Pady; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; Executive Committee, Prof. Farmer, Dr. Newman, Messrs. A. J. Darroch, B.A., L. Brown, B.A., O. E. Kendall, P. G. Mode, T. N. Ritchie.

THE formal opening exercises of the University were conducted in the Bloor St. Baptist Church, on Friday evening the 16th inst. After the singing of a hymn, the Scriptures were read by Dr. Rand, and prayer was offered by the Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A. Chancellor Wallace in the course of his remarks spoke of the gratitude of his heart for the success which had attended the work of the University with her affiliated colleges during the past year, and of the promise that this opening session affords. The attendance at the University was never so large in any year of its history, and the earnestness with which the students gave themselves to their work never excelled. The number and quality of the freshmen class in Theology was a matter of special gratification. If they are spared to see the year of their graduation, '98, it will be the largest theological class ever graduated from a Baptist College in the history of Canadian Baptists! The fact that no less than ten arts graduates formed a part of this class was one of its happiest and most promising features.

The Chancellor in speaking of Woodstock College lamented the loss, by death, of the late Principal Bates; and a student of the same institution, Mr. Stone. He gave a beautiful testimony to the purity and strength of his character, and his ability as Professor and Principal. The marked success which attended his efforts during the five years of his Principalship was a matter of great gratification on the part of all interested in the College, and but deepened the sorrow which filled all hearts at his early removal. The teaching staff of Woodstock College had undergone considerable change. Mr. A. L. McCrimmon, M.A., had been asked by the Senate to act as Principal until a definite appointment is made by the Senate. Mr. H. L. McNeill, B.A., had been promoted from the preparatory department to the chair of classics, Mr. S. R. Tarr, B.A., had been chosen to the chair of mathematics, vacated by Mr. W. R. Smith, B.A., who resigned his position to pursue a post graduate course in Chicago University. Mr. J. Weir, a graduate of the college, was put in charge of the preparatory department, while R. D. George, of the fourth year in Arts, was rendering temporary assistance in the work of teaching. The number of students in attendance at the College this year was about the same as last and there was every promise of a very successful year's work. The work at Moulton College, under the principalship of Miss Dicklow, M.Ph., had been very successful during the past year, and the work during this session was being pursued with marked earnestness both on the part of pupils and teachers. The staff of Moulton College had undergone considerable change. Miss L. Porter, who had charge of the Preparatory Department, had resigned, and Miss Schultz, of Brantford, had been chosen to take her place. Miss H. G. Hart, who had rendered such excellent services as teacher of Elocution, had resigned, while Miss Trotter had been chosen to fill her place. The attendance at Moulton was about the same as last year, good faithful work by students and teachers was being done and success was sure to crown their efforts. It was with peculiar pleasure that the Chancellor introduced Prof. J. H. Farmer, B.A., to the students and friends gathered as the speaker of the evening. His topic was "The Relation of McMaster University to the Theolo-

gical Trend of the Age." The address was earnest, scholarly, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. As the address is published in this number a synopsis of it will not be here attempted.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., SARAH ROSSER, EDITORS.

WE were pleased to have Miss Hart pay us a brief visit last month. She holds a warm place in the hearts of many here, and her sunny face will always be warmly welcomed.

MOULTON is looking quite fresh and charming this fall in her new attire. All agree that the fresh paint and paper, new carpets, and so forth, are extremely suitable, and add much to the comfort, as well as to the appearance of the College.

LAST month we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Bigsby, of Cambridge, lecture on "The Public Schools of England." He gave brief historical and descriptive sketches of Winchester and Rugby, which were exceedingly interesting. He himself is an old Rugby boy, and his stories of his own schooldays, now bright and humorous, now pathetic, moved his hearers to alternate smiles and tears.

THE first social event of the year, which formed a pleasant interruption during the early days of settling down to hard work, was the customary reception given by the "Old Girls" to the "New Girls." The "Old Girls" of Moulton have a unique and delightful method of initiating the new comers, of which the latter most heartily approve, and which certainly seems to be in advance of most of the modern forms of "hazing." It takes the shape of a social evening, enlivened by games, music, and refreshments, and is invariably happy and successful.

AMONG the "new departures" this year, one of the most important and interesting is the Lecture Course, which is to run through the entire school year, one lecture to occur on the second Friday evening of every month. The first of the series, delivered by Dr. Bigsby has received special mention in another paragraph. The second is to be given by the Chancellor on Nov. 13th, his subject being the "Tribute of Christian Art to our Lord." The third lecture, on Dec. 11th, will be delivered by Dr. Rand, on "Tennyson." Next time we are looking forward to hearing Mrs. Dignam on "Dutch Art," and also Professor Farmer and others, concerning whom fuller announcement will be made at a later date. We are anticipating much pleasure and profit from these lectures, and appreciate the care and forethought shown in arranging for them.

THE first literary meeting of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, Oct. 23rd, and was one of great interest. The evening was devoted to the study of Bryant and Washington Irving, and a very good and interesting programme was presented. In answering the roll-call, each member of the society replied by giving a paragraph on the life of Bryant. These being arranged consecutively, the result was a complete biographical sketch. Then followed the reading of the "Thanatopsis" by Miss Lena Burke, and recitations of "The Water-fowl," "To the Fringed Gentian," and "The Death of the Flowers," by Misses Edwards, Putman, and Maud McKay. Then followed the reading of "Rip Van Winkle," by Misses Brophy and Margaret Nicholas. Several of Bryant's songs composed the music of the occasion, and all agreed that the first meeting of the year had been a decided success.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, B.A., F. H. PHIPPS, EDITORS.

THERE is a steady practice on the foot-ball field now, and by Thanksgiving Day the team will be ready to conquer, or to meet with an honorable defeat.

RUGBY Football has been started among the Juniors, and it is expected that the Seniors will also take it up. Black eyes and broken noses, will be given free of charge.

It is expected that we shall have a series of open meetings this term. There is sufficient talent in the two societies to afford some very entertaining programmes, and we are sure that the meetings will prove a success.

ON the evening of Oct. 29th., the famous Bengough paid a visit to the town. Many of the students went down, and were delighted with the highly entertaining and varied programme which was rendered. Several local celebrities were portrayed most naturally. Mr. Bengough's character imitations were very amusing.

ALL were gratified to learn that Superintendent McEwen was much benefited in health during his short stay here. We feel quite sure that the pleasant and healthful surroundings of the College will have the same beneficial effect on everyone, and we advise all who suffer from ill-health to try the effect of a few days of our College life.

DR. BIGSBY, a former student of Rugby, delivered a lecture here, some time ago, on that famous school. He drew many striking pictures of the old school, and related many anecdotes in which wit, humor and pathos were blended. These had an added charm, since he had passed through scenes similar to those described in "Tom Brown of Rugby."

MRS. ARMSTRONG, a returned missionary from Burmah, gave a very interesting and instructive talk in the regular meeting of the Judson Society. She gave a short history of the work in Burmah, and mentioned several interesting features in the religious and social life of the Hindoo. She believes that one ought not to question whether he is called to work there, but should rather ask whether it is right for him *not* to go.

THIS year Hallow'e'en passed away with a gentle sigh of resignation and at the time when, in other years, confusion would have reigned supreme, the boys were safe in the arms of Morpheus. Great fears were entertained lest our mathematical master might imagine himself back in Toronto again, and become riotous, so the precaution was taken to have him locked in. But the "witches and warlocks" were not allowed to dance unmolested, nor was he long in bursting his prison door. It is to be hoped that the presiding spirit of Hallow'e'en will not be offended at the lack of celebration. Perhaps, when the year rolls around again, due observance will be given to its time-honored customs.

IF the shades of the heroes who struggled for victory under the shadow of Mount Olympus could have been present at our games on September 25th, they would have been stirred with memories of the past. They would have seen the lithe, well-formed limbs of the runner, the heavier and more sturdy limbs of the jumper, and the massive muscles of those who contested in the tug-of-war, all exerted to their utmost strength for victory. They would have joined in the acclamations of the fair ladies and brave men who were gathered there to witness and to applaud; and although the coolness of the day and the slight, intermittent showers of rain might have seemed severe to them in comparison with their own warm and genial climate, nevertheless they would have been content to endure it for the cause of sport. Among the most interesting of the events were the water-race, the 100-yard dashes, the tug-of-war and the relay races; the invincible fourth year being victorious in the two last named. The old boys' race was also very exciting. A large number, having laid aside the dignity and gravity which become first year University men, entered the race, and ran with the same speed and vigor as characterized them while College boys. The prizes and badges were distributed in the chapel room, the winner of the cup being Mr. E. Howell, who had proved himself to be an all-round athlete, and well worthy of the trophy.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

From the amount of applause that sends its echoes through our halls, it would seem that the Literary Society is flourishing again this year. It is too near the beginning of the term to predict much about its future, but judging from the material at hand, we ought to have some very successful debates and entertainments this year.

Some of our old students have lately favored us with short visits. Among these were Ernest Roy and Jacob Nicol, who were on their way to McMaster University, and Philip Nicol, who is entering upon his course at Laval. The two former will meet with old schoolmates in Toronto, and the latter in Montreal. We expect them all to give a good account of themselves where they have gone, and we wish them the best success, for they deserve it.

Grande Ligne sports seem to be flourishing this year. There is some change from last year. Instead of Association Football, Rugby seems to be the favorite, as it claims the larger number of advocates. Our boys have had but very little practice in this game as yet, and we hope that when they become more proficient, the game may not become a mere display of brute force.

There are a number of changes this year in the teaching staff. Miss Laporte's health does not allow her to return, so that Miss Piché takes the position of Matron. Miss Moseley, of St. Hyacinthe, takes charge of the girls instead of Miss Piché, and Miss Wilton, of Hamilton, Ont., takes Miss Baker's place as assistant Music teacher. One of our old pupils of last year, Miss Permelia Bullock, takes charge of the preparatory work. Otherwise the arrangements are the same as last year, except that Mr. and Mrs. E. Norman no longer reside in the school, but have taken a house near by. All seem to be getting their work well in hand, and to be making themselves at home in their new surroundings.

Feller Institute opened as usual on October 1st. One marked feature of the opening was the more than usual promptness of the students in arriving. We hope this may characterize their work throughout the year. We miss this year quite a number of old faces. Some of these have gone to the universities, and some to other schools. We wish them all success. As a class we think our students are younger and not so far advanced as last year. Their quality remains to be tested during the year. Some four or five Catholic boys who apparently came with good intentions, have found the school too rigidly Protestant and have gone back again, some of them after settling their accounts, and others by French leave. One of these latter ran away three times, having been sent back twice by his parents.