



Louis Roussy

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LOUIS ROUSSY.

It is generally known, at least among Baptist Christians, that Mr. Roussy came to Canada from Switzerland, as a pioneer Missionary among the French, in the autumn of 1835, in company with Madame Feller, so widely known now in the Christian world.

Of the early life of Mr. Roussy we know but very little. Though it has been our privilege to meet several times one of his sisters, the devoted wife of pastor Louis Durand, for many years a prominent evangelist, minister and writer at Liège, Belgium, and once a brother of his at Vevey in Switzerland, it did not occur to us then that we might be called upon some day to write a few words about our old friend.

Louis Roussy was born at Vevey in 1812, of Protestant parents, members of the national church of the Canton de Vaud. He was one of a family of five children, I believe, three boys and two girls. His father must have died when Louis was yet quite young, as I never heard him speak of him, but of his mother he often spoke with tender affection and great admiration as a sincerely pious woman, who was the means of imparting to him his first deep religious impressions. He very often said that early in life he read the Bible with his mother, that she read to him missionary reports of labors among pagan nations, and that it

was a wonder to him that Christian people did not do more to rescue them from their terrible state; promising himself that, as soon as he was old enough, he would go forth armed with the promises of God. Speaking of this one day, not long before his death—"Yes," said he, "my soul was ablaze about it, and if later on I did not go to the foreign missionary field, it was because I felt less qualified for it than for mission work among ignorant French Roman Catholics." Brought up in the Protestant national church of Switzerland, he was naturally sent like all boys of his age to the excellent public schools of Vevey; but whether he went to college afterwards, we know not. If he did, it must have been but for a short time, as he was, when yet quite a young man, engaged to serve an apprenticeship as a mason. He naively bore himself the testimony that he had never been a bad boy. Any one who knew him at all would unhesitatingly endorse his affirmation. He was well and strongly built, and would have honored the trowel and the hammer had he been called to work with them all his life time. But the Lord had something else for him to do.

The very remarkable religious revival in Europe, about the year 1820, which gave to France and Switzerland Madame de Krudner, Merle d'Aubigné, Malan, Bost, the Monods, the Oliviers and many others, also inspired the young man Louis Roussy. After his conversion, his burning zeal led him to undertake a work of colportage in France. While he was thus engaged, a school for the preparation of evangelists and missionaries was formed in Lausanne. Our friend made up his mind to go there and prepare himself for missionary work. It was while pursuing those studies at Lausanne that he became acquainted with Madame Feller. As the latter had already decided to go and join her friends, M. and Madame Olivier, in their missionary attempt in Canada, M. Roussy also felt called to accompany her to that missionary field. His theological studies which already had been hurried and superficial, were thus quite broken up. In answer to an inquiry often made, I may as well state here that, when our old missionaries made up their minds to come to this field, being believers in baptism for believers only, they had been sprinkled after their conversion; but it was in this country, and a good many years afterwards, that they saw it their duty to be immersed. They were baptized by Dr. Côte in September, 1847.

Monsieur Roussy and Madame Feller came to this country in the autumn of 1835. They sailed from Hâvre to New York and arrived in Montreal on the 23rd of October. After a few days of sweet fraternal intercourse with Mons. Olivier, and finding missionary work next to impossible in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants, he made up his mind to go into the country and make an opening somewhere. Hearing of a place where a school master was needed, in the parish of Lacadie, in a settlement of it called Grande-Ligne, he went there and at once began to teach a small public school under the control of Roman Catholics. While there he began to preach on Sundays, and though the people around freely said that they never had such a school master, that the children never made such progress and never behaved so well, the parish priest would not hear of his remaining as teacher of that school, for, he said to the people: "He is not only a Protestant but a preacher of that sect, and he will soon poison the minds of your children with his bad doctrines." In the meantime Mr. Roussy had made some progress in his evangelistic work. He had found a family where the reading of the Bible had preceded him, and from a far off region had prepared the way for his future labors. A woman, a French Canadian, Mrs. Lore, now an elderly widow with several children, some of them married, had been brought up near Boston, Mass., as a Catholic, but having heard the gospel preached occasionally, she had procured a Bible which she read by herself.

After her marriage to a bigoted Roman Catholic, they came to settle in Canada, where she kept her Bible and her secret love for it in the midst of an intensely Catholic neighborhood. Hearing of the strange school teacher, she sent for him. To her great joy he appeared to her as God's messenger, she gladly received the whole truth as it is in Jesus, was truly converted, and immediately influenced her large family of children to follow her example, which they did. Enjoying the blessing of the Gospel for a year or more, she died a triumphant death, surrounded by her loved ones, among whom was her dear pastor. Through her influence Mr. Roussy had been invited to hold meetings in the house of one of Mrs. Lore's married daughters, at Grande-Ligne, a distance of about six miles from Mrs. Lore's home. This old wooden house is still there and occupied by one of the converts.

That was the beginning of the preaching of God's word at Grande-Ligne, where it has continued ever since with increasing numbers and facilities. Mr. Roussy had continued for some time to preach in that house, when Madame Feller, after an unfruitful attempt to open a door for the Gospel in the large village of St. Johns, came to occupy the garret of it, where she began to teach the children of the converts and a few others. After working a year or so, Mr. Roussy had the happiness of baptizing four converts on the 30th of June, 1837. About three weeks after, three others were added to the number—and on the 16th of August seven others again were baptized, forming the first French Baptist church in Canada. Mr. Roussy's abundant labors had opened up several other places for the preaching of the Gospel, which he was now quite unable alone to take care of.

The heat of summer having rendered the old house most uncomfortable to hold meetings in, Mr. Roussy and his hearers repaired to a barn for their religious services. Seeing this, some Christians in Montreal took pity on the poor little band, and collected a sufficient amount to build a temporary school house. Things seemed now to be moving in a more favorable way when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. Those few French Protestants found themselves in the midst of *patriots* who hated the English and the Protestant religion as well. The little band was mobbed and Mr. Roussy fired at. There seemed to be no other way but to flee to another place. They went over the *lines* and remained about two months in the village of Champlain, N.Y. While there Mr. Roussy continued his work of evangelization among the French Canadians of that locality. On their return to Grande-Ligne, the little flock gathered again with great joy around their beloved pastor, whom they helped all they could in his evangelistic efforts. As the labors of Mr. Roussy and Madame Feller increased with new accessions to their number, two things of absolute necessity became quite apparent; better and larger accommodation for their pupils and religious meetings, and other missionary laborers to help them.

In view of meeting the first requirement, Madame Feller resolved on a trip to the United States, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Kirk, to collect the necessary funds. During that time Mr. Roussy was left alone to do all the work. In the autumn of

1839, materials were gathered for the building of the old mission house (now burnt). Mr. Roussy, with his measure of knowledge of the mason's craft, superintended the work, and on the 9th of August, 1840, this, for the time, large and beautiful building was dedicated to the service of God; quite a number of friends from Montreal, Boston and New York being present. It is probable that at no other moment of his missionary labors was Mr. Roussy more overjoyed. Half of the lower part of the house was fitted for a chapel, divided into two school rooms during the week. There for many years Mr. Roussy taught some and preached more. When teaching help was finally secured, once in a very remarkable way in the conversion of a priest, a born teacher, Mr. Normandeau, Mr. Roussy was left more liberty to follow his more congenial work, viz: evangelization. For this he was ready, at all times, to start on long journeys and to spend early and late hours, talking with the people in dingy homes, sleeping anywhere where he could, and accommodating himself to all kinds of fare. His evangelistic work gave him many occasions of great rejoicing. We have to speak of only a few. While in Champlain village he had evangelized a French Canadian family, some members of which had made the acquaintance of Dr. Côte, who was then a political refugee in the United States. Finding that they were French Protestants, Dr. Côte inquired by what means they had become so, and expressed a desire to see Mr. Roussy. As soon as Mr. Roussy heard of this, he crossed the lines and made a visit to the ex-rebel and free thinker. Dr. Côte had already been deeply impressed by a sermon he had heard in French by a Protestant minister. After many struggles of the mind and heart, Mr. Roussy saw his new friend yield to the power of the truth as it is in Jesus. They knelt and prayed and wept together, Dr. Côte was converted and became a mighty labourer in the work of French evangelization.

A New Testament, given by Mr. Roussy to a man from the parish of St. Pie, forty-five miles east from Grande-Ligne, was the means of opening that place for the preaching of the Gospel. Mr. Roussy spent a great deal of time there, and it became, after much persecution and hardship, one of the brightest of the Grande-Ligne missionary stations.

Later on Mr. Roussy was called to Ste. Marie de Monnoir,

where an opening had been made by the conversion of a whole family to evangelical views. The prominent convert in that household was a school mistress, who henceforth became herself a great evangelist. Mr. Roussy first and afterwards others labored many years in this place with remarkable success, bringing several other families to the knowledge of the Gospel, forming a church, and building a good chapel which is still the centre of an increasing Protestant community. I take here the liberty of quoting from my historical sketch of the Grande-Ligne Mission Jubilee, several pages relating to my old friend.

The success in the field of Ste. Marie de Monnoir appeared of such importance to the dignitaries of the priesthood that they sent there the great champion of Temperance, Father Chiniquy, to oppose the movement by a series of polemical discourses against the new Protestant converts. A public discussion between Mr. Chiniquy and Mr. Roussy resulted from it. This encounter created an immense uproar in the parish and it was noised abroad far and wide. It is probable that the apostle of Temperance and great opponent of Protestantism who, while a priest near Quebec and afterwards in Montreal, had made several converts from Protestantism to Catholicism, had on this occasion breaches made in the defences of his faith that were never completely mended, and which contributed to make him a few years later a vigorous and aggressive Protestant preacher.

An old friend and co-worker writes to me: "All considered, was he not a most remarkable religious and moral individuality! Try not to think of Madame Feller in writing about him, and look at this old friend establishing stations, forming churches, being the instrument of the conversion of many of the principal workers in the mission, of prominent church members, resolutely working where he was but little encouraged, seldom flattered—there was in him the stuff of a Christian hero, yes a true one. He remained to the last of his days a witness for Christ, an apostle. That is the impression he left on us at Grande-Ligne, (Mr. and Mrs. Roux), and on many other friends of different nationalities." His habitual reading was of the Bible. His tender love for children was quite touching. Experience had taught him to say but very little of anybody if he had no good to say of them; and though he always welcomed every one with a kind

smile, yet during the last years of his life he seemed to be fond of being much alone with God. When roused to interest himself in some great question, his friends were often surprised at the wide range of his knowledge, and the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. When finally enfeebled somewhat by age, but a great deal more by frequent attacks of sickness, Mr. Roussy very reluctantly surrendered the pastorship of the Grande-Ligne church where he had returned after his pastorate at Ste. Marie. He was succeeded there by Rev. A. L. Therrien, whom he loved as one of his boys, and in whom he placed a well deserved implicit confidence.

The last twenty years of his life were spent at Grande-Ligne, as pastor, missionary, and religious teacher. He also gave a great deal of his time in acting as a homeopathic physician, and as such did not spare himself for both Catholics and Protestants. This place was to him sacred ground, and very beautiful, as Mount Zion was to the Israelites. This mission to which he had consecrated his life was the constant object of his thoughts and of his love. Nearly thirteen years before he had received a great shock in the death of Madame Feller, who was to him and indeed to many others the personification of that mission.

When in 1880 a wing to the old building had been completed, Mr. Roussy was still living, but already much enfeebled by sickness. It was a good and blessed holiday in which our old missionary joined us with all his soul. But like all our festivities here below it had a sad feature. It was with a faltering step and a very pale countenance which clearly predicted a near end, that he who was once so robust, came into the large lecture room to join us in the service of dedication. One building was up and the other was going down, a house made with hands and the other a marvellous structure, mysteriously raised to be the temple of the living God, now decaying, but to be raised again by the eternal spirit in a more aerial form for a more spiritual sphere. It is nevertheless sad to contemplate that ruin, so long the sanctuary of the living God, and the vessel to carry salvation to others. Our brother fell asleep in the Lord in the month of November, at the age of 68, the same age as that of our great missionary to whom he was as a devoted son, a fond admirer, and a zealous helper at all hours.

On the sad event Principal Roux wrote these words to the writer: "My dear friend, it has come to the worst. In a moment, the robust and marvellous machine was stopped, the spirit motor had left it, nothing remained but the lifeless and disfigured form of a great son of God. On seeing him die I felt struck to the heart, and fainting I threw myself on a sofa near by. I cannot possibly realise the truth that we will no longer meet him going from one room to another in this house."

Three days after, a large number of friends from Montreal and St. Johns, and French Canadian converts from all parts came to attend the funeral. There were also present a great many Roman Catholics. It was a solemn and impressive service, in which several of the missionary ministers took part. The body was laid by the side of Madame Feller's grave. There repose the remains of the two pioneers of this work. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them, while their results remain among us as seeds of a glorious harvest.

Mr. Roussy was personally but little known to the wide Christian public interested in the work of the Grande-Ligne mission, but he was known everywhere among the French converts. During the first years of his labors in this country, he was occasionally called to accompany Madame Feller in her visits to Montreal, and only once in the United States. But wherever he went he was naturally more or less over-shadowed by the great individuality, who in his eyes could never be made too much of. Though he could read and write English readily, he never could bring his rebellious French tongue to pronounce it in such a way that it would appear English. He had withal retiring habits, and felt very uneasy when anything like worldly etiquette seemed to be required. He had the natural politeness of the heart, the *mansuétude* of the true French gentleman, and never did anything that savored of vulgarity. I venture to recall a tradition, always kept up in Mons. Roussy's family, and which his distinguished countenance, and his habitual demeanor would justify: it is that he was the direct descendant of Count de Roussy, who had to flee from the Province of Champagne during the persecution against the Huguenots, and had founded the family of that name in Geneva. It was in the circle of intimate friends that his worth was known, where his loving heart

gave out all its treasures, when his unselfishness was most conspicuous, and when his joy and happiness had all the *naïveté* and buoyancy of childhood. Often have we thought of him as of the Apostle John, the loving and beloved disciple. Those amiable traits of character eminently fitted him for the work he had undertaken, and made him a centre of attraction wherever he was located. When Madame Feller was no longer there, Mr. Roussy remained as the loving representative of them both and of the work of the mission. His excellent memory, both of the mind and of the heart, fitted him to keep up those pleasant and profitable relations. Mr. Roussy was preeminently an evangelist. He was endowed with health, great physical strength, a warm heart, a vivid and large imagination, and great natural eloquence, coupled with comprehensive views of missionary enterprise. His patience and perseverance were simply unlimited. Bold and severe in his pulpit utterances against sin, vehement at times, he was diffident when it came to personal pastoral conversation. His tender heart, his fear of hurting the feelings of others, rendered him habitually unfit for this difficult duty which requires so much tact, self-denial and moral courage to perform.

Mr. Roussy's mind seemed to be always encircled with a halo of glorious hopes. We well remember his mapping out the whole of this Province (Quebec) in districts to be evangelized, just as if one had only to go and make the truth known for it to be accepted. His great faith in the Sovereign grace of God led him to ignore man's resistance, which the divine Master recognized when he said, that some men made the counsel of God of none effect concerning them,—and uttered these words full of tears, "and ye would not come unto me." It is true, nevertheless, that viewing deeply the magnitude of opposing forces, the inertia of humanity at large is apt to breed weakness of attempt. That weakness Mr. Roussy entirely ignored. To our mind the stronger servant of God is the one who measures the greatness of the opposing forces and who nevertheless undertakes the task, hearing in his soul the words of the Master. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

With scanty resources, Mr. Roussy would still attempt great things, relying on special providences to meet pressing emergencies. If the tokens were not forthcoming, it would never disturb his faith in the principle.

While faithfully preaching total depravity, Mr. Roussy had great confidence in human goodness. In all his reports of conversions one will almost invariably find that he qualifies the converts as persons of good character. Mr. Roussy's mind was never called to pass through the ordeal of changing one form of faith for another, but only to seize on the more spiritual teaching of the doctrine he was taught from infancy.

Mr. Roussy came to this country a young man of prepossessing appearance, of gentle manners and lasting affections. He never married and never returned to his beautiful native land. Sometimes he would speak of returning home to feast his eyes on that luxury of Swiss scenery which was his birthright and for which others pay so much; then his eye would sparkle, or on a suddenly pale cheek a tear would glisten and all was over; his soul had had a glimpse of the heavenly home, which nerved him to continue his work in his adopted country for God's sake.

He speaks to us by his lifelong devotion to a work of habitual self-denial. His life speaks to us of benignity, kindness, love ever abiding, patience, and sweet communion with God. His words of comfort, of kindness, will be remembered long in many a humble home; and his works of evangelization speak to us over a large area of this Province of Quebec. His written words are not many, and but very inadequately represent the power and the resources of his mind. The reason of it was his want of early training to exact thought, sobriety of images and fitness of expression which did not readily come at the end of his pen. Only under high mental pressure did his mind seize on strong and exact language for his thoughts which were of no mean order.

One naturally looks to the close of such a life, as letting in something of the glory of hope which had filled the soul in some luminous hours; we crave for a Mount Nebo for those who have been favored with some scene of Transfiguration; but that is seldom granted; in fact it seems to be more the privilege of those disciples, who during their lifetime were left to walk in the hazy atmosphere at the foot of the mountain and who need more light at last to enter the dark passage. Our friend died quietly, without manifestation of any great joy, without any remarkable saying, but only to a friend who asked him if his trust was still in Christ, he simply answered, "What else could I do?"

THEODORE LAFLEUR.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

He knew his hour had come, yet he was calm—
 The *Titan's* captain did not fear to die :
 " Draw near, shipmates," he said, and sing the psalm—
 ' He leadeth me the quiet waters by ! ' "

Then from the lips of bronzed and bearded tars—
 Rough and tempestuous as the seas they rode,
 The trustful words rose by the shrouds and spars
 Up to the ever listening ear of God.

And while they sang, the old commander smiled
 As at some presence, though his eyes were dim ;
 Perchance he dropped to slumber like a child
 Thinking his Highland mother sang to him.

And past the summits of the purple hills
 Where he was cradled, with a newborn sight,
 He caught the glory that God's palace fills,
 And looked upon His face who is its light !

For when the psalm was sung, and nearer drew
 The men to gaze upon their leader's face—
 And saw the rapture scaled thereon, they knew
 The proudest of the fleet was masterless !

O blessed psalm ! beloved of old and young,
 What mighty stays thy " rod and staff " have been
 To hoary saints ! how childhood's lisping tongue
 Has sweetly babbled of thy " pastures green ! "

" The Lord's my Shepherd ! " He with gracious hand—
 Though tossed my bark upon the billows high,—
 Though tempests smite my tent upon the land,—
 Doth lead my soul " the quiet waters by ! "

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford, Ind.

ON THE EAST COAST.

The littoral of the Bay of Bengal is not one that inspires enthusiasm. Imagine mile after mile of drifting sand as bare and barren as the Sindh desert, the ever-changing sand dunes, the fringe of swamp running parallel with the coast, with every ten miles or so the estuary of a rainy season creek or river, and you have the outlines of the physical features fairly described. Then add to this the never-ending thunder of the surf, the tremendous breakers, the alternation of the land and sea breeze, frequent thunder-storms, the terrific downpour during the monsoon, and at long, long intervals a tidal wave; these help to fill out the conditions of life on the coast.

For vegetation, there are the cocoanut palms, which are very few in number; the date palm, that may be seen everywhere, and the palmyra palm, the most numerous of all. Wherever the sand admits there are numerous creeping plants, prominent among which is the goat's-foot vine, whose leaves are shaped like the imprint of the foot of that animal, a plant with convolvulus-like flowers which, in spite of torrid sun and drifting sand, seems to grow everywhere.

The bird life that gathers around the lagoons and river estuary and swampy fringe, is simply wonderful. That large class of birds known as sea-gulls are always to be seen. These are especially busy when the fishermen draw in their nets, and many a struggling fish is snatched away before they can be prevented. The solemn-looking cranes that wade in the lagoons or that meditate for hours, standing on one foot, are very funny examples of patience and stoicism. Their magnificent brother, the flamingo, occasionally appears, his brilliant scarlet plumage putting their sober browns and greys to shame. The lark, often looked upon as peculiar to English meadows, is an inhabitant of the swampy fringe of the coast. His nest is in the thick grass; he rises morning, noon and evening, his song offering a delightful contrast to the diapason of the surf. Crows and snipes, kites and kingfishers are but a few of those that help to swell the bird life on the shore. The oecypodiam crab and the jackal represent the animal kingdom, though the

grasses on the edges of the lagoons offer an attraction to the antelope, that often may be seen bounding across the sandy wastes.

One difficulty the fishermen labor under in their sea-side homes, is the constant drifting of the sand. Sometimes a village is "snowed up" with sand, and as spring-time will never come to thaw them out, they are compelled to move away. Fields that once were fertile are being reclaimed by the ocean. It has sent out its sandy battalions to re-capture what was once its own. The tidal wave is responsible for the greatest devastation, sweeping away as it does whole villages and their dwellers upon the crest of its irresistible flood. Five miles from the sea the large mast of a ship rests on the side of the highway, thirty feet above tide level, a proof of the power of this wave; while thirty miles in another direction is pointed out the place where a large village once stood, which is now but a plain of drifting sand without a mark or monument. In another locality yet south, the wave swept inland for twenty miles on its mission of death. The captain of a vessel told of passing thousands of dead bodies near Chittagong, at the mouth of the Ganges, among which he counted six dead tigers; all these had been swept from the lowlands by a tidal wave.

In the absence of a sea-breeze, the glaring sun and the reflection of the heat from the sands make the condition of the atmosphere nearly unbearable, and yet fifty miles distant, at the bottom of the sea, exists a strange out-world, where absolute and eternal darkness and perfect stillness reign, where the temperature approaches the rigor of the Pole, where are slow-creeping ocean currents that the highest tidal wave never stirs and the worst cyclone never moves.

The fishermen on this coast are a hardy set of toilers, who are strong because of their active life in the boats and on the shore. In childhood their dress is simply *nūl*, and even when grown the men wear nothing except on marriage and festal occasions, when their best robes may be donned. At other times, a pocket handkerchief and a string represent their whole outfit. Intensely superstitious, they have a temple at each point of the compass around their villages, so that smallpox and cholera, dread visitors, may be kept off. Before throwing his line into

the sea, the fisherman may be noticed clasping his hands and imploring his god that he may be successful. During the hot season, if the crops have been good and rice is cheap, this toiler of the sea is careful to marry all his little girls who have reached the suitable ages of six or eight, and the sound of drums and trumpets may be heard by day and night.

As a division of labor, the men fish in boats or on land; the women do the housework and cooking. When the toddy or liquor from the palmyra palm is to be sold, the women carry and sell it; but they do not appear to drink it, for very rarely is one seen intoxicated.

Xavier seemed quite successful in his efforts to convert the fishermen of Ceylon and Southern India, but his converts did not give up their idols, though their descendants bear the name Christian. We have yet to gain our first convert from these men, who have listened to hundreds of Gospel sermons. By the grace of God this can be done.

R. GARSIDE.

India, June 14. 1893.

THE SEA UNDINE.

Exquisite thing soft cradled by the tide,
 Sprung not from lathe or wheel or human wit,
 Wonder of whorls which touch the infinite,
 Frail shallop of some brave undine's white bride!
 Within the smooth and sheeny walls are dyed
 With the pure pink of autumn dawns alit,
 Without, with stories of the deep o'erwrit,—
 How fairy slight the thunderous seas to ride!

The massy tides gride over reef and ledge,
 And sudden waves from fell Euroclydon
 Dash to swift death the sailor in the Bay;
 But this, all lipt with pearl, and on the edge
 Of doom—the fingers of a babe might slay,—
 Sleeps in the stressful surge at Blomidon.

T. H. R.

Minas Basin.

Students' Quarter.

CLOUDLAND BAY.

'Tis a dip in the shore of sunset-land,
 Away and away to the west,
 All its waters flow red from the sun,
 Its islands are stars on its breast.

There are ships sailing there with white sails set,
 They anchor or drift at their will;
 Let the wind blow fair, or the wind blow foul,
 Their havens come home to them still.

" Ah, there is the port where I'd be
 And forget all the toiling to-day;
 Sweet wind, fill the sails with your breath,
 Waft me swift to that cloud-wrapt bay."

You may sail if you will, a night and day,
 Straight down to the sun on your quest;—
 But the bay floateth on like a cloud,
 Away and away to the West.

M. E.

ON THE " RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY."

A DIALOGUE.

Quickman :—Have you read the " Rhyme of the Duchess May" yet, Mr. Slogoer ?

Slogoer :—Well, yes, I picked it up one day and 'ran it through' in a double sense.

Quickman :—Why, what do you mean ? Is it not a masterpiece of poetical literature ?

Slogoer :—It may be,—but, if so, I am no judge.

Q. :—I am perplexed, I confess, at this strange sneer of yours. I would rather consider you prejudiced against the poem, than as one who has no appreciation of its merits.

S.:—Pardon me, I appreciate its merits much; I assure you that I am no peevish fault-finder. On the contrary, I instantly recognized two great excellencies it possessed, namely, that it cannot be attributed to a man-poet, and that it might have been of much greater length.

Q.:—Your cynicism is a surprise to me, and I would fain perceive its foundation. Let us examine the work specifically and fairly. To begin with,—the plot is admirable. The lordly castle of Linteged stands massive and looming gigantic amid the blood-red sunset. It is besieged by five hundred archers who on this, the fifteenth day, had, with their comrades in arms, almost effected a breach of the sturdy castle-wall. What is the ‘*causa belli*’? Three months ago Sir Guy of Linteged had married the Duchess May. There were those who bitterly re-ented this happening. The Duchess May had become an orphan in her early girlhood, and her guardian, the Earl of Leigh, actuated by the greed of gain (for his ward was rich), had betrothed her at twelve years of age to his churlish son Lord Leigh. But when his charge had blossomed into winsome womanhood, she defied the Leighs, father and son, repudiated the arbitrary engagement, and announced her intention of marrying Sir Guy of Linteged. Their jeers and expostulations were unavailing, and before that midnight she had carried out her resolve, and fled with Sir Guy through the wild wind and rain, hotly pursued by her kinsmen. Sir Guy’s noble charger proved his worth and bore them safely to the castle court-yard, where they received the servitors’ loud welcome. And now, three months after, the Leighs are besieging the castle. Young Lord Leigh taunts the newly-made bride with the approaching defeat and death of Sir Guy, and her inevitable marriage to himself. The Duchess May laughs him to scorn, and in her undaunted, unfeeling lightsomeness, attires herself in all the rich bridal paraphernalia (which hitherto she had never worn,) both to inspire her husband’s courage and to emphasize her contempt for Leigh. But Sir Guy leans silently, anguish-laden, upon his sword, fearing the worst. The sword snaps asunder, and its owner regards it as an omen that further resistance is useless, and, ruminating, decides to sacrifice himself for the sake of the remaining beleaguered band. He requires his men to cease hostilities and orders his horse to be led up the turret-stair

to the summit of the castle-wall. The Duchess May observes this strange spectacle, inquires its reason, and finding that her lord is resolute to ride to destruction off the castle-wall, nobly declares herself his companion :—

“ So the sweet saints with me be ! ”

(Did she utter solemnly.)

(*Toll slowly.*)

“ If a man, this eventide,

On the castle-wall will ride,

He shall ride the same with *me.* ”

Sir Guy gently repulses her, but she reiterates her resolve and beseeches his acquiescence. On a sudden the breach ‘yawns into ruin.’ Sir Guy shakes the bridle-reins impatiently, but Duchess May clings wildly and mutely to him. Her heart is heroic as his, her courage fixed, unwavering, is unquenchable even by *him*. Help or retreat is now no longer possible,

“ For the horse, in stark despair,

With his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge rears amain.

“ Now he hangs, he rocks between,

And his nostrils curdle in ;

(*Toll slowly.*)

Now he shivers, head and hoof,

And the flakes of foam fall off,

And his face grows fierce and thin ;

“ And a look of human woe

From his staring eyes did go ;

(*Toll slowly.*)

And a sharp cry uttered he,

In a foretold agony

Of the headlong death below.

“ And, ‘ Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,’

Still she cried, ‘ i’ the old chapelle ! ’

(*Toll slowly.*)

Then back-toppling, crashing back,

A dead weight flung out to wrack,

Horse and rider overfell.”

S. :—I see you possess a good memory and an enthusiastic admiration for the Romantic. For my part, I consider the plot fanciful and unreal, therefore a blemish of the poem. No woman in her senses, however high-spirited, would so defy her guardian and friend. No guardian, in such circumstances, would be so stupid as to allow the elopement which ensued. The chances are, too, notwithstanding the fleetness of the steed, that his double burden would ensure his early capture in the pursuit. But the whole thing is utterly absurd and untrue. Surely no such valorous man as Sir Guy would be mean-spirited enough to desert his hard-won wife through self-destruction, knowing the while that his cowardly rival would thereby succeed to the hand, and possibly to the affections, of his beloved. The final scene represents a cowardly double suicide. The merest tyro in the knowledge of mediævalism knows that the proper thing to be done in such a plight as Sir Guy's was to fight to the bitter end, to prolong life till the very moment of conquest, and then, indeed, to die,—but a martyr's, not a coward's, death. That such a story should receive favour and credence is to me incomprehensible.

Q. :—My dear fellow, it is not a question of probability, but of effect. The plot is romantic, quaint, and magical, an antique story of love and adventure wrapt in a beautiful garb of at once fair and delicate texture. With such a theme, such happy adaptability of metre, so highly emotional and delicate a harmonizing of the eternal periods; of the swift, brief storm of life with the solemn soothing of the passing-bell; with so liberal and masterly a use of the secret resources of the poetic art, the "Rhyme of the Duchess May" shines to-day and forever "a gem of purest ray serene."

S. :—"Have at him, man!" says my cool reason,—but something motions back, commanding, "Wait, listen, learn!"

Q. :—Do you mean it, friend? May all the nine aid me, and chiefly Euterpe, to kindle and fan in you the spark of subtler, more æsthetic, life. You have read the poem, you say; surely you have felt,—something! Take the overture,—the beginning of that wonderful refrain, "Toll slowly." What does it mean? The bell-ringers are playing their music for the dead; the white poplars cast their gleaming sun-shadows upon the

silent graves,—beyond these flows the placid river, the distant hills growing ever fainter. In this peaceful valley lie the dead,—resting. How quiet it is! How solemn! Ah, here Death comes very close to us,—yet we shudder not, but commune in calmness with the Spiritual and meditate upon the fair aspect of those immeasurable ages, succeeding this one instant, of eternity. And then we read this old romance—you have heard it—and, reading, hear constantly the sombre-sounding bell, suggesting no incongruity in whatever part of the story, only the slow, sure, steady measuring-out of the troubled time of life, and through all the feeling grows: “Lo, it is good!” The other, minor refrain, showing the harmony of Nature and her devout submission to the will of the Supreme, we hear and read,

“ Oh, the little birds sang east,
 And the little birds sang west,
 (Toll slowly.)
 And I read this ancient Rhyme
 In the churchyard, while the chime
 Slowly tolled for one at rest.”

The story read, the book laid down, again we see the churchyard and hear those reconciled refrains of Nature and Death. And our thoughts leap away from the tragedy and comedy and wilfulness of human life to the serenity and all-sufficiency of God. The object of the whole soul-renewing poem is to impress and commend the thought of the two concluding stanzas of the epilogue,

“ Oh, the little birds sang east,
 And the little birds sang west,
 (Toll slowly.)
 And I said in under-breath,
 ‘ All our life is mixed with death,
 And who knoweth which is best ?’

“ Oh, the little birds sang east
 And the little birds sang west,
 (Toll slowly.)

And I smiled to think God's greatness
 Flowed around our incompleteness,—
 Round our restlessness, His rest."

S. :—You have rendered me good service, Quickman ; when I read the poem (though I never read it faithfully) I thought it affectation,—indeed, so I deemed all poetry. I shall read it again, with better understanding and greater reverence, I hope. I never dreamed, you know, of the ' eternal fitness of things ' as applied to Poetry. Why, the work is Godlike in itself.

Q. :—And that is the secret, Slogoe ; we are no longer heathens and the nine Muses must give place to the One. He has been and will be, the inspiration of the truest poets. Mrs. Browning knew Him for her own. She has told us so. Listen !

" God himself is the best Poet."

* * * * *

" What is true and just and honest,
 What is lovely, what is pure,
 All of praise that hath admonisht,
 All of virtue shall endure,—
 These are themes for poets' uses,
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,
 Ere Pan was dead.

" O brave poets, keep back nothing,
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole ;
 Look up Godward ; speak the truth in
 Werthy song from earnest soul :
 Hold in high poetic duty
 Truest truth the fairest beauty !
 Pan, Pan, is dead."

G. H. CLARKE.

"IN PARENTHESIS."

In reading the life of Shelley my attention was attracted by the following words which referred to his daughter, "(she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876)." The article on Shelley was a long one, full of detail. It traced his life from birth to death, noted his characteristics, gauged the influences operating on them, enumerated the circumstances surrounding him, and here in the midst of all the elaboration was this epitome of a life—"she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876."

How significant of what woman's life in the past has been: Think of those long years of childhood with its trifling sorrows which seemed so overwhelming to her, the torn aprons and the little aches and pains; the happy girlhood with its dreams and fancies, the dawning womanhood, love's awakening and her marriage (and this is the first thing, it seems, worthy of notice,) then we take up the life again with its gathering glooms and bursts of sunshine until—she died.

To her, life's brimming cup was as alluring as it appeared to Adam upon his first glad day in Eden, and as she drank its mingled sweet and bitter, life was to her as great and mysterious a thing as it was to him, and is this the essence of it all?—"she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876)."

What wonder that woman has had little of wisdom to add to the world's great store, that she has not often broken the bread of Truth to the hungry. Was not this her gospel in the past—marriage and death, prepare for marriage—prepare for death?

"A parenthesis is something coming *in beside*, a something which may be taken out without altering the sense"; and this is how most women have spent their lives, "in beside," touching the world only through their fathers, their husbands or their sons, and at last have been "taken out" without altering the sense.

But though that short pathetic sentence seems typical of woman's life in the past, it also touches us all. It is a characteristic of the human race, this desire to be important, to effect something. We wish to be loved, we can bear to be hated, but

indifference is galling. We do not want to come "in beside," we do not want to come into life's history in such a manner that we can "be taken out without altering the sense." We forget how valuable the parenthesis is, how without breaking up the swift flowing sentences or checking the ready tongue of the speaker, it slips into place, throwing light on all about it, and rounding all into a beautiful completeness. We would rather be a discord and thus draw attention, than be one of the many notes so harmonious that their individual sweetness is lost in the great volume of melody they help to swell.

The story of life is long, and the great Author's purposes may seem, to us, dim and uncertain, but if we might catch one gleam of His limitless wisdom to light some dusky page, we might gladly spend ourselves unknown and yet say "*laetus sorte mea*,"—though in parenthesis. So might we reach invisible hands of influence through all the world, for—

" No life
Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Moulton College.

O.

AUTUMN.

With unbound hair and wistful seer-like gaze,
A Priestess pale, the Spirit of the Year
On woodland shrines, lights her late offerings dear;
Oaks' smouldering glow and maples' crimson blaze,
Bronzed beech and golden poplars' trembling rays,
Signal on hill and in the glassy mere
Her veiled presence; while afar and near,
Incense doth rise,—October's dreamy haze.

Fainter and fainter glows the sacrifice,
Whose wind blown embers tell her hasting end;
Forlorn she wanders, while the grey clouds rise,
Awaiting the white gift which Heaven shall send,
Till Time shall bear her, with unlingering hand,
To her dim sisters in the Memory-Land.

E.

MOODY'S SCHOOL.

"Better be a worm and feed upon the mulberries of Daphne, than a king's guest."

Beautiful spots are not so common on this globe but that if one of them constantly verifies its good reputation, it will always be honored with visitors.

To the Greek, Daphne was more than beautiful. It was sacredly beautiful. It was always thronged with worshipful visitors. To the New England Christian, Northfield is more than beautiful. It is sacredly beautiful and every summer it is thronged with worshipful visitors.

It was neither interest nor even curiosity that tempted Ben Hur into Daphne; but at a certain moment during his visit at Antioch, when he had nothing better to do, he simply drifted into the renowned grove, the old saying having flashed into his memory:—"Better be a worm and feed upon the mulberries of Daphne, than a king's guest."

It was on account of some such saying concerning Northfield, that I chose to go there for a week this last summer, rather than elsewhere. Once there, indifference must go.

"The town of Northfield, Mass., founded in 1663, is beautifully situated on both banks of the Connecticut river, at the northern line of the State, and adjoining the States of New Hampshire and Vermont." It is the birthplace of the great evangelist Moody, though we usually associate Chicago with his early years. The latter place was indeed his home until it burned in the great fire of '71, but in '75 he made Northfield his permanent residence. Here he was accustomed to prepare during the summer for his winter campaigns, and he was soon holding in his own house meetings for Bible study, open to the neighbors. From this beginning the idea of a school was conceived, to give young men and young women a Christian education. In the spring of '78 the first purchase was made.

"The story of this first purchase is characteristic of the whole after history of the school. As Mr. Moody and his friend Mr. Marshall stood discussing the advisability of buying the land, they quickly agreed that it should be done. No sooner

was the decision made than the owner of the property was seen coming toward them, walking up the road. He was invited into the house, and Mr. Marshall asked him what he would take for the property,—having already heard that he valued it at twenty-one hundred dollars. Learning that this was the price, and no less would be received, he proposed that they should make out the papers on the spot. This was immediately done; and before the owner recovered from his surprise, the land had passed out of his hands.

“Subsequent purchases have put the school into possession of about two hundred and seventy contiguous acres, its present domain. All this is in the immediate proximity of Mr. Moody's house, and is admirably suited to its present purpose. It extends from the side of Northfield Mountain to the river, and commands one of the finest views in the valley of the Connecticut; especially in looking north, toward Brattleboro, Vt., twelve miles distant, and the Green Mountains beyond.”

This is the domain of the girls' school alone and has upon it five beautiful buildings, three of them rivalling in size and beauty our own McMaster Hall. The other two are a library and recitation hall.

Mt. Hermon is the name of the boys' domain on the opposite side of the river. It comprises some four hundred acres of land and a larger number of buildings than “the Seminary,” as the girls' school is commonly called. It is the pride of Mr. Moody. I have said that once there, indifference must go: this is so, not only because of the beauty of the place and its remarkable and fascinating history, but especially because of the actual environment into which one steps if he go there as I did in the midst of one of the conferences. Alighting from one of the old-time stages we entered the Assembly Hall, and there was a gathering of about 300 Christian workers sitting at the feet of such teachers as these:—Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. A. C. Dixon, President Gates of Amherst, the venerable H. L. Hastings of “Infidel literature” fame and Moody himself. And how could the people help singing, how could I help joining in with all my soul, when we had before us and were led by those who wrote the hymns on our lips, Ira D. Sankey, Geo. C. Stebbins, Fanny Crosby, P. P. Bliss, Jr., and the blind couple Mr. and Mrs

Baker? Why, I never expect to sing again this side of heaven quite as I did there, unless I should go back to Northfield. It would be about impossible to give here anything like an account of what was said as we listened during three sessions each day for two weeks. We shall leave that for another time, or better still, all who can should take the first opportunity to go and hear and see for themselves. I might say to such, what the steward of the Khan said to Ben Hur, when he enquired about the road to Daphne:—"The road to Daphne! You have never been there before? Well, count this the happiest day of your life."

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.

DEAR GEORGE,—The pleasantest expedition of my life has just come to an end. Camping out during the warm days of summer is always delightful anywhere, but to have for your camping ground the mountain heights of Colorado in addition to all the other pleasures, is to me the very climax of all camping, the desideratum of all campers, to whom there is the remotest possibility of attaining it.

With the exception of myself, our party were all of Boulder, a beautiful and romantic town of some five thousand inhabitants, nestling up close to the very base of the highest and ruggedest of all the front foothills. Towering perpendicularly above the town, these great craggy rocks present a wild yet fascinating aspect, while the town itself lies at their feet, seemingly swept thither on the great prairie waves until it stranded—not as a wreck, however—on the shore of the opposing hills which seem to say to it, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." You can easily imagine, then, how desirable a place it is to live in, not only for its romantic situation, but also for its convenient nearness to other places of note and points of interest. It is only twenty-nine miles north of Denver; all the mysteries and pleasures of the Rockies are at its back; great Long's Peak is just a few miles to the north, while the still more famous Pike's

Peak is a hundred miles to the south. In its immediate vicinity are numerous cañons perforating the hills for many miles, some of which can be reached from the town by an easy walk. Of these, Boulder Cañon is perhaps the most notable.

I shall never forget my trip up Boulder Cañon. After making an exchange of pulpits on the Sabbath with Rev. Mr. Davis, the pastor of the Baptist church there, I remained over for a couple of days at his kind invitation, in order to explore it with him. A train runs twice a day from Boulder thirteen miles up the cañon to a little hamlet boasting the suggestive name of Sunset. We boarded the train on Tuesday morning, intending to visit Sunset and return to a certain mineral spring that lies not far from the railroad and then pic-nic until the afternoon train arrived. But, alas for "the best laid plans of mice and men"! There had been no rain for six weeks or more at Boulder; everything was parched and dry and the people were panting for water. Before the day was over, however, they had their hearts' yearnings satisfied and with a vengeance. We had scarcely passed out of sight of the city and commenced the ascent, when we saw a huge cloud coming down towards us, striking the hills on both sides as it came. Soon we were in the rain, which at first fell gently, but presently it came down almost in a sheet. It was a cloud-burst, which is very common in the Rockies. We were right in it; the hills were almost entirely hid from our view, near as they were; seas of mud rolled off their sides, until the little mountain rivulet that we crossed and re-crossed so often, became a mighty torrent; so fierce was the storm, that our poor old engine could scarcely creep along up the steep grade, but, like some tired monster, puffed and snorted and screeched in the almost futile attempt to keep the wheels moving. But on we crept, and at last reached Sunset two hours late.

What a change in the atmosphere was here! At Boulder it was so hot and sultry that my coat was almost unbearable. But at Sunset I was glad to button it up tight and wished for an overcoat. Yet not a drop of rain had fallen here, dust lay thick on the roads; the secret of the change was the higher altitude. We had climbed nearly 2,500 feet since we left Boulder and stood now at an elevation of 7,696. The people

here were surprised to learn that a few miles below them the rain was still descending in torrents.

We now decided to stay by the train and not visit Boulder Springs. It was well we came to this decision, for no second train came up from Boulder that day. The rain was well spent when we reached its vicinity again, although it still sprinkled a little; but it had done its work in our absence. Indeed, we soon found that we had escaped the limits of it, for after a few miles we were stopped by a bridge partly washed away. So great had been the rush of water here, that the river bed was changed; the stream had altered its course. After an hour and a-half's hard work by the section men, we passed safely over, only, however, to be soon stopped again by a pile of sand washed on to the track. Presently the conductor suggested that, if we wished to reach Boulder that night, we had better walk. He seemed especially mad at us, for the poor fellow was hungry and wanted to get home, and savagely told the section men that had it not been for "them two bally Baptist preachers, the thing would never have happened." We mildly suggested that, since they had to send Baptist preachers up into the hills after a shower when they needed it, they ought to be fervently grateful to us, and we had some thought of sending in our bill to the city fathers; but, alas! such soothing talk had no melting effect upon the conductor's hard heart, which was evidently still yearning for that dinner he did not get. Such is human nature—so unappreciative of noble and unselfish acts.

So we decided to walk. It was only about four miles to Boulder from where the imprisoned train stood, and we soon covered the distance. On the way we saw just cause for leaving the train. Huge masses of sand and rock covered the track at intervals, to the depth in some places of six feet. By-and-by we met a gang working up to the imprisoned train, and just as we entered the city another gang were leaving for the scene. We reached town without any mishap, and the train, as I learned afterwards, arrived about seven in the evening.

So ended our trip up Boulder Cañon. Our plans had been frustrated, but the experience we did have was pleasanter to us than if we had carried them out to the letter. For once, fate gave us a better pic-nic than we had planned for ourselves.

So Boulder is the place to live in. Here you may enjoy prairie and mountain, washouts and dryouts, tremendous winds and dreadful calms: intellectual pursuits, for the State university is here, and suits of an otherwise interesting nature. When I am old and rich, my head crowned with a beautiful silvery gray, my form bending gracefully under the dignity of years, and my feet wending their quiet path towards the sunset of my day, I am going to settle cosily down at Boulder, and some fine morning, rambling among those mighty hills, lie down and, shutting my eyes, fall asleep in those great extended arms of Nature which are constantly inviting one to rest. What nicer could one wish for than that? Yet, when I so express myself sometimes to a certain friend, he excitedly requests me to "shut up," as it reminds him too forcibly of black snakes and green lizards. Poor fellow, he evidently has no taste for the tender and beautiful!

It was Monday afternoon when I reached Boulder, from Longmont, fifteen miles distant. I had my bundle of bedding wrapped up in a rather disreputable horse-blanket, much the worse for wear and tied with a rope. It was a weird sight that evening when, just at dusk, Davis and I carried it through all the back alleys of Boulder to the wagon in which we were to start early next morning for our camping ground. Fortunately, no policeman arrested us, which notable fact I have since attributed to my good and honest looks. The moral is: always put a good face on things, and if you don't possess one of your own, honor your neighbor's as Mr. D. did.

Next morning we were bright and early at the rendezvous, not however before the sun. High in the heavens, he smiled upon us through the deep blue ether, filling our hearts with sunshine at the prospect of a fine day, and as we left the quiet town, whose streets were not yet fully awake to the business of the day, we doffed our dignity and threw it to the winds, and, for the next ten days, became veritable school-boys.

A nice party we were—five in all. First, there was Cassidy. He owned the magnificent team that drew us so willingly, and the waterproof-covered wagon, a better camping outfit than which could not be found in Boulder. He was our driver and master of ceremonies, and the most expert fisher of the crowd.

Next was Petengill, the jeweller. We called him "Pet," because we loved him much, for he was our cook. Early in the mornings he arose, and while the rest slumbered and slept, made hot biscuits and coffee and fried trout. A man of quiet meditative turn of mind was he, who loved to smoke his pipe in peace, yet could growl considerably when things went wrong with him. Sometimes, while he was getting breakfast, he would for some unaccountable reason get mad at us poor innocents asleep in the tent, and would come snarling around, disturbing our rest and grumbling about having to do all the work. Then we thought him a heathen; wished he had never been born, and that the plaguë breakfast might be swept away by the rushing stream or devoured by buzzards. But he was relentless and we had to get up, heaping, as we did so, all our bedclothes upon Cassidy, who was always the last to rise. But when we emerged from our tent and saw all the good things steaming on the stove, we concluded "Pet" an angel, and not a heathen after all.

Next came Davis, the preacher. He did not preach much in camp though. I fear he was the worst and wickedest of us all, but I presume that was but natural, since for a whole twelvemonth he had faithfully sustained the dignity of his calling and carried a heavy family besides. Incessantly "yarning" and cracking jokes, he was the very life of our party. An able camper is Davis. Having swung the axe in his youth in the backwoods of Michigan, he naturally took to the business here and kept our camp fires well supplied.

Next came your humble servant—in the order of age, you know—whom they irreverently dubbed "Silly old Boy." He faithfully filled the honorable office of dishwasher. Last was Will Lockwood, a boy of seventeen, son of a good Canadian. We two were the "tenderfeet" of the party, as all the inexperienced are called out here. But our feet soon became hardened, I assure you, and I should like to see the feet that wouldn't with the climbing ours had.

Our journey from Boulder, a distance of about forty miles, was one of never failing interest. The scenery was ever changing. Our road was so winding and our view so limited, shut in as we were on all sides by mighty hills, that there was always

some fresh surprise awaiting us around the next bend. For half way it was a constant ascent until we reached an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, and then we descended again. Level road is a luxury almost unknown in the mountains; the traveller is either climbing up or climbing down, and of the two I prefer the former. Of all the foolish sensations I ever have—and I am not the one to say how few they may be—one of the silliest is produced by coming down a steep hill. Your body is set stiff as a bar of tempered steel, and as you step forward it is your heel that comes into requisition with an incessant hump, hump, until you fear your body must snap in two. Then every loose stone makes a specialty of getting in your way, and, under the impression that you want to go faster, helps you rapidly down for several yards before you can object. So I prefer *up* to *down*.

At one point on our journey a bialm in the hills to our right gave us a delightful view of the plains. I presume we were a thousand feet above them. They lay before us in panoramic beauty. They seemed like a vast carpet of brown, with tiny patterns of green inwrought here and there. I say *tiny*, for at that distance, whole ranches seemed but green spots, and the alfalfa fields only a few feet square, while the cottonwoods appeared as clumps of grass. Away beyond rolled clear to the horizon the vast prairie desert.

At Jintown we stopped for dinner. This is a lonely little hamlet, as all the mining camps are. A funny old Welshman keeps an inn here. When first introduced to Davis and informed of his reverend calling, he ejaculated, "Mine jiminy, gosh! I never would have thought it." It was while here that the rest claimed a joke on me. I scraped my memory for a few Welsh sentences that I had learned in my boyhood, and hurled them at the old man, to his great pleasure. He then told me that the only other Welshman in the camp was his nephew. At dinner there was a young man, who seemed so perfectly at home that in a moment of abstraction—for I was very hungry—I asked him if he was the nephew, and was surprised at the roars of laughter that he and Cassidy immediately gave vent to. He said "no," as the old man was Welsh but he himself was Irish. This did not help matters for me; and the rest only laughed the more, for alas, the fellow was a Jew !!!

Up and down we went during the afternoon and camped on the branch of a beautiful stream, just as night began to draw her sable curtains over all the earth. We were at the base of Long's Peak. What a huge and fearful monster he looked then in the dim stillness, raising his mighty rock-bound sides until his sublime head struck the heavens above the lowering clouds! Many an adventurer has scaled his back and "viewed the landscape o'er" from his crest, 14,956 feet above the sea, but he never wants to go again, for the effort of climbing and the altitude often produces serious exhaustion and sickness. None of our party attempted it.

That night our bed was not the downiest nor driest. There was nothing between us and the earth but a blanket or two, in which we rolled ourselves. Considerable rain had fallen through the day, so that everything was very damp. But we made the best of things, and pitching tent, crept into it, but sleep was a failure to me. Woo him as I would, he would not come, and after vainly trying to rest until two o'clock in the morning, I arose and went out into the cold and darkness with such a pain in my back as did not leave me until I again returned to civilization. After cowering over the stove for two hours and warming up the inner man with hot drink, I once more returned to my downy couch, and presently, when the others were stirring, fell asleep and could have slept all day.

E. SELDON.

To be continued.

THE WORKER.

Brawny and big are the muscles of Life,—
 Life is a worker in metal.
 So hath he wrought that the brass became gold,
 So hath he wrought that the heart became bold,—
 Compass'd this heart was with steel tight and cold.
 Life is strong. "Twixt his effigies settle!

X.

NOW, AND THEN.

'Tis eventide !
 Shadows deep and dark
 Creep o'er the landscape ;
 Silent the deep death darkness
 Covers all
 With his midnight pall.

I watch amid
 The sable drapery of night,
 And wait returning day ;
 Darker and deeper yet,
 And yet more still,
 The hush has fallen
 On Nature's rosy face,—
 For deepest is the gloom
 Before the dawn.

I wait ; I know
 He will return ;
 The shadows of the night
 Will surely pass away,—
 For I shall see His face,
 And in the morning
 Gaze with raptures wild
 On Jesus.

So 'n the gathering gloom,
 My soul, be still ;
 The cloud shall break,
 And, parting, shade
 The light of yet
 A brighter day.

—*In S. S. Times.*

O. G. LANGFORD.

 EDITORIAL NOTES.

While on a visit to St. Marie de Monnoir, a little over a year ago, the managing editor received a very acceptable gift from an esteemed friend in that village which was a copy of the pamphlet issued by M. Roussy and giving the substance of his famous debate with M. l'abbé Chiniquy referred to in our first article. It contains 30 pages, the cover is gone, but at the head of the first page stands the title, *Récit de la discussion entre M. Chiniquy et M. Roussy*. When M. Chiniquy not long after came to the country school-house near by, and told his delighted Protestant friends of his newfound faith and hope in Christ, the Saviour, and recalled all he had previously said against M. Roussy, the latter withdrew these pamphlets from circulation, and they are now, presumably, rather scarce. One passage Madame used to point out with considerable interest, as having a special reference to herself, she being of course, the chief of those women of whom Monsieur l'abbé said that they spent their time reading the Gospel, when they ought rather to be mending their husband's socks.

The following little German poem was written with a pencil some years ago in the editor's note book by one of his friends at the University of Berlin :

AN GRETCHEN.

Du bist wie eine Blume
 So hold, so schön, so rein,
 Ich schau' dich an und Wehmut
 Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein ;
 Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
 Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt'
 Und beten, dass Gott dich erhalte
 So rein, so schön, so hold.

— *Willy Borsdorff.*

Mr. Walter S. McLay, B.A., now in London, had the great pleasure of shewing our missionaries bound for the east, the chief points of interest in the metropolis of the Empire during their week's stay there. They heard Canon Farrar, Dean Prothero and Thomas Spurgeon. Mr. McLay was the only one to see them off at Tilbury, in the S. S. Avoca. It must have been a pleasing surprise to him when he returned to his

lodgings to find a beautiful sixteen volume edition of De Quincey's complete works on his table—an expression of the missionaries' appreciation of his attention and kindness.

Pastor Bosworth, who has abundant opportunity for meeting with McM. students on their fields of labor, says he has found them to be a band of truly devoted, faithful fellows. There has been no exception, every one has won his esteem and highest respect.

SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY, a third volume of the poems of Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, N. S., has been issued by William Briggs, of Toronto. The volume contains thirty-seven sonnets, all of which are of exquisite workmanship, and many of which are of exceeding beauty. There are also twenty eight lyrics, "Autochthon" and "A Song of Growth," evidencing singular power of suggestion and great sweep of thought kindled to lyrical expression. The volume contains "Ave," an ode for the Shelley centenary, previously noticed in this department. This Ode stamps its author, in our judgment, as easily foremost of Canadian poets. Many of the sonnets and lyrics are distinctively Canadian in their themes and color, and however homely the theme it is glorified by the fine imagination and artistic treatment of the poet. The following is eminently a Canadian scene and finely poetic:—

MY TREES.

At evening, when the winds are still,
 And wide the yellowing landscape glows,
 My firwoods on the lonely hill
 Are crowned with sun and loud with crows
 Their flocks throng down the open sky
 From far salt flats and sedgy seas;
 Then dusk and dewfall quench the cry,—
 So calm a home is in my trees.

At morning, when the young wind swings
 The green slim tops and branches high,
 Out puffs a noisy whirl of wings,
 Dispersing up the empty sky.
 In this dear refuge no roof stops
 The skyward pinion winnowing through.
 My trees shut out the world: their tops
 Are open to the infinite blue.

"HEIMGEGANGEN.—PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. Entered into Rest. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Born at Coire, Switzerland, January 1, 1819. Died in New York City, October 20, 1893." This is a copy of a black-bordered leaflet received by the writer a few days ago. Truly a noble life-work had been accomplished, and rest had been well earned. Some months ago, on the receipt of a copy of the jubilee volume published as a memorial of the completion of Dr. Schaff's half-century of activity as a theological teacher, we gave some account of his remarkably fruitful career. Beyond any other man he has enriched our American theological literature, and beyond any other man he has stimulated other scholars to the production of their best work. His influence has been confined to no single denomination, but has been brought to bear on the church universal. One of the last products of his pen (perhaps the last) was an earnest plea for Christian union, not organic union, but such a cordial recognition on the part of members of each denomination of the merits and the Christian character of the members of other denominations as would do away with party strife, and tend to produce universal brotherhood and good will among believers. While we are not able to follow him in the breadth of his charity, we can still thank God for a man of so Christ-like and so Catholic a spirit that he was able to appreciate and to provide theological literature for all parties of Christians. The writer feels that he has suffered a great personal loss in the death of the great author and teacher. To enumerate the grounds of our deep sense of gratitude to Dr. Schaff would savour of vanity. He has gone to his reward. He is deeply mourned by the church universal, which he so faithfully and so efficiently served.

A. H. N.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

THE associated press—a kiss.—*Ex.*

THE University of Chicago opened this year with over 1000 students.

YALE started a Freshman class of 602.

THE University for women soon to be established in Germany will be the first of its kind in that country.

AT the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examination.—*Occident.*

GET to work. Don't make the fatal mistake of supposing you can do it all in the last three weeks before the examination.

PROF. IN RHETORIC—"How would you punctuate this sentence ?
' Alice, a girl of eighteen walked down Broadway.'
'96 man—" I'd make a dash after Alice."—*Polytechnic.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is now the oldest living man conspicuously identified with literature. He was born in the same year as Tennyson, Darwin and Gladstone.

Man wants but little here below
His want must needs be small.
For does not everyboddy know
That woman wants it all.

HARVARD has the largest college library in the country. There are 700,000 volumes to 200,000 at Yale, 126,000 at Cornell, and 133,000 at Columbia—*The Berkeleyan.*

"PROFESSOR," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." Professor.—"Do not mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

THE best thing we have seen on the World's Fair Congress of Religions is in the *Messenger and Visitor* of Nov. 1st, by E. M. Saunders, D.D. The writer believes in the Congress, and has faith in the final result. It is a masterly article, and should be read by all who have come to too hasty conclusions.

WE gladly put on our exchange list the *Canadian Magazine*. There is room in Canada for one good literary Magazine. We should be glad to see the Canadian take first place and hold it, because of its superiority over all others.

DR. TALMAGE'S PAPER, the *Christian Herald*, is going to publish a serial entitled "Zerola of Nazareth," by W. J. Thorold, of Toronto. The story will be illustrated throughout, and it is reported that quite a desirable sum is being paid for it.—*Kingston News.*

MR. MENGE has been very abundant in his labors on the Marchmont and Ulthoff fields, and God has permitted him to gather many sheaves. God also blessed Mr. Kirkpatrick in the Oro's. Both men toiled hard, and got a good hold of the people.—*Canadian Baptist.*

FROM *The Advance* of Atlantic Seminary, Ga., of which Geo. Sale is president, we clip the following:—"The normal training department is strengthened by the appointment of Miss Emma Goble, a graduate of a Canadian normal school." Miss Goble was a student of Woodstock College in the days of co-education.

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—*Jean Inqelov.*

RELIGION is the keystone in the great arch of human happiness, take it away and the fabrics falls.

THE founder of the Church preached to the rich and dined with the poor, but his followers dine with the rich and preach to the poor.—*Hugh O. Pentecost.*

SOME men remember having done one good deed in their lives, and they have been talking about it ever since. It looks like a stalk of wheat in ten acres of weeds—good but lonely.

UNDER the sod of the old battle field the bones are still slowly decaying, the ploughshare if deep enough turns them out. So the old bones of buried and forgotten sin may be turned out if the gospel share cut deep enough.

To those who think of the education of women as a recent movement, the following from an article by Professor Bolton in the *Popular Science Monthly*, will be interesting: So early as the thirteenth century, in the University of Bologna, then one of the best in the world, one woman occupied the chair of Jurisprudence, another that of Philosophy. In the fourteenth century a woman lectured on Law in Padua. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries women held, at Bologna, professorships of Physics, Mathematics, Greek, Medicine and Anatomy. Padua, Ferrara, Cordova, Alcala and Salamanca also granted doctors' degrees to many women during this time.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery is the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July contains an excellent article on the "Birth of Lake Ontario" by our Prof. Willmott. The last brief paragraph we quote believing it will kindle a desire to read the whole article:—"Lake Ontario is now in her old age, little over one-third of her former depth remains. The tendency of all lakes is to wear away the barriers that contain them. In old, undisturbed regions like the Southern United States few lakes are found. The hard, granite rocks of the Upper St. Lawrence will of course long resist the erosive action of the water. Still the ultimate destiny of Lake Ontario is that of an inlet of the ocean—a second Mediterranean Sea." Mrs. Maitland's poem "Regret," in the same number, is a gem of quiet sweetness.

Better to sit at the Master's feet
Than thrill a listening state,
Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

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

THE UNIVERSITY.

Boom on Mac! Football,—McMaster vs. Victoria, 2 o. Never mind KNOX!

SPECIMEN of Senior English: "Contemporaneously on the same evening."

THIRD year Classics: Professor, in English Lecture, asks classical specialist, how many feet in a tetrameter. Reply—Five. (Applause).

THE slang of the sophomore is now heard in the land. What saith he? "Gosh, Deac, I fooled myself rank!"

OUR sea-serpent lately curled its tail with wrath on hearing a wondering sophomore pass the remark: "Its a queer-looking rattle-snake . . . that!"

HENCEFORTH, McMaster affairs are to be duly chronicled in the city dailies, it having been decided to elect annually a student correspondent. This year the office is filled by Mr. G. H. Clarke.

ALTHOUGH we have succeeded him in editing this department, we have no misgivings whatever as we extend our hearty congratulations to good old "J. B." Warnicker, on the recent occasion of his happy nuptials in Montreal.

PROF. (In Experimental Optics Class). "Now, do you all see this beam of light after it is totally reflected, at the surface of the rarer medium?"

Junior, (Glee Club enthusiast, humming *sotto voce*)—
"Where art tho-u? Where art tho-u, be-heam of light?"

THE theological men have organized a much-needed society. Though "their feet are low," their "foreheads are high." Surely, surely, "*Sublimibus feriunt sacra verticibus.*" The following are their officers: President, Geo. Cross, B.A.; Vice-President, Ralph Trotter; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Doolittle, B.A.; Councillors, A. P. Kennedy and A. Park.

"The gruesome byke o' College boys,
Together did convene,
To romp and deaven a' wi' noise,
And haud their Halloween:
Fu' blithe that night."

Burns did not write the first and third lines, but he might have, had he lived to spend the night of October 31st in Toronto, when two thousand students (so say the dailies) paraded the streets in "confusion worse confounded." Of course there is not even a suspicion of any McMasterites being implicated.

A NUMBER of the old friends whom we miss this session, will probably be with us in the not far-distant future. Among those whom we hope to see again next year are: Messrs. C. B. Freeman, B. W. Merrill, J. F. Vichert, P. Mode, G. Young and Dan. Hatt. Dan., in a recent letter to one of the boys has thus expressed himself, in his own pathetic way :

"Some folks there are who sigh and grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve :
But I lament the sad disaster,
That turned my feet from old McMASTER."

THE class of '97, falling into line with the preceding years, met October 20th and organized. Miss Burnett was elected Honorary President; J. H. Cameron, President; G. Murdoch, Vice-President; Miss E. N. Newman, Secretary, and P. C. McGregor, Correspondent. This is by far the largest Arts class yet registered in the University, and by no means the least promising

PROF. FOSTER'S lecture on "The Problem of Psychology" attracted a very large audience. His hearers were delighted. The lecturer gave a brief digest of the history of psychological thought up to the present, when practical experimentation in the laboratory is resorted to by the student with a view to obtaining clear-cut results; a method which the Professor did not contemplate as likely to be efficient in the study of consciousness.

THREE of our students have left for the Telugu field, Miss Kate McLaurin, Messrs. J. E. Chute, B.Th., and Everett M. Smith, M.D. They, with their companions, have received the heartiest of farewells from Baptists all over Canada. This department of the THE MONTHLY desires to express formally here, what it tendered individually and earnestly at the great meeting in Walmer Road Church,—its hopeful "Godspeed!"

THE Football Club met on the 5th ult., amid much enthusiasm and organized for the year as follows: President, Walter Daniel; Vice-President, J. B. Paterson; Secretary-Treasurer, G. H. Clarke; Custodian, L. Brown. This Executive met later and unanimously elected Chas. H. Schutt as Captain for the season. The interest is keen; the players are earnest; and the prospects for the Woodstock match are indeed encouraging.

FROM THE LADIES' ROOM.—The ladies this year welcome to their number, ten new students, six of whom represent the enterprising freshman year. This report is encouraging, as no previous class has

boasted of so many ladies. They also note with great pleasure the various additional articles about their room, not alone conducive to their comfort, but gratifying to their æsthetic tastes.

At a meeting held on Oct. 18th, the Modern Language Club elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Miss Wells; Vice-President, Miss Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Dryden. Resolutions were passed welcoming the new students as members of the Society, and motions brought forward for work during the year. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting.

No visitors to the Hall are more welcome than our own graduates. Recently we have had the pleasure of a brief visit from Rev. J. Roberts, now returning to Port Arthur after a vacation in the Old Land; and have had with us also, the Rev. Mr. Gilmour, who has just completed an extensive course of study in Edinburgh and Germany. The latter, in a most practical and pleasing address to the students, urged the acquirement of thorough intellectual training, as a prerequisite to the future success of the Baptist ministry in Canada.

BEFORE leaving last spring the class of '96 decided to have a "Circular Letter," which has proved to be a success. The letter is a most interesting one. We are sorry to say that in it three of our former class-mates have said "good-bye": Miss Kate S. McLaurin, of Bangalore, India; Harry T. Keating, of Oil City, and Geo. A. Scott, of Forest. As a class we wish these every success. We were all delighted to have a visit from our friend John F. Vichert, on the 12th ult. He has been preaching in Sundridge for the last two summers with good results. In response to an urgent and unanimous call from that church he has decided to stay out a year. The class of '96 are sorry to lose such a bright and promising member. We wish him success. He will return to pursue his Arts Course in October next.

THE class of '95 has organized for the ensuing year with the following officers: President, W. S. McAlpine; Vice-President, S. R. Tarr; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Daniel; Poet, O. G. Langford; Prophet, D. Nimmo; Historian, R. Routledge; Orator, W. J. Thorold. This first meeting was characterized by much enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*. Numerically the class is the least in the University, there being but twelve members. In this small number a great variety of talent is represented; in fact, the class may be considered the most representative in the school. There are "theologs" of pronounced ability, poets who sing most beautifully, essayists and story writers who are becoming renowned; orators, musicians, humorists and football players of whom the University is proud. When these men graduate, the interest of the University will be furthered considerably, for they will touch society at nearly all points.

"KEEN and exciting has been the contest over the McMaster University Monthly elections. Silence may be golden, but he who

teaches speech knows that speeches teach. They did in this case. Like the convocation paper-darts of the 'Varsity's unruly ones, our candidates' speeches were brief, but pointed. Ballots were taken twice amid the distorted strains of "Boom on Mac Masta!" Four meetings having been held, the ballots having been all cast, and, (to continue our absolutely ablative strain) further suggestions having been made and in part adopted, the following gentlemen were declared to constitute the University staff on the Editorial Board: Prof. M. S. Clark, B.A., Prof. J. H. Farmer, B.A., C. J. Cameron, J. B. Paterson, G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr, H. Stilwell, B. W. N. Grigg, O. G. Langford, and A. Park."—Extract from *The Mail*.

ALL "Residence" affairs, this year as last, are controlled by an Executive Committee, appointed by the students. This arrangement having proved eminently satisfactory to both Faculty and students, has now become a permanent institution. The present *personnel* is composed as follows: Dr. McIntyre (Chairman); Messrs. C. J. Cameron (Secretary), Grigg, McAlpine, Sycamore, Paterson, Priest, Stilwell, Daniel, Tarr, Waugh, Segsworth and Manthorne. One radical departure, however, has been made from the precedent of previous years, the formal and dignified appellation of "High Kakiac," bestowed upon the chairman in the past, has been abandoned for the prosaic title of "Chairman of the Executive." To many the name had become almost 'hallowed with sacred memories,' but the majority declared it to be a 'relic of barbarism,' altogether incompatible with the scholastic refinement and civilization of our University life. Thus has Vandalism under the specious guise of Advancement stolen another march upon us!

By common consent the Fyfe Missionary Society is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful agencies in the development of the life of the University. Its monthly meetings have always been characterized by great earnestness and spiritual power, and it is not to be wondered at, that old students look back with delight to Missionary Day. The Society has just organized for the present College session with the following officers: Honorary President, Chancellor Rand (*ex-officio*); President, Prof. Farmer; Vice-President, T. Doolittle, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Priest; Recording Secretary, E. J. Stobo, Jr; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; Executive Committee, the officers of the Society and Professors Trotter and Foster, and Messrs. H. Stilwell, I. Brown, J. J. Reeve, J. C. Sycamore and E. Russell. The first monthly meeting was held on the 8th inst., when reports from student fields were presented. The annual public meeting of the Society is announced for Dec. 8th, and a little bird whispers that the programme is to be unique in character.

"Do, re, me, fah, sol, la, se, do!
Oh! Nonsense! my friend—that's an octave below,
Inhale a long breath; aim high and start low!
Do, re, me, fah, sol, la, se, do!"

SUCH is a brief synopsis of the far-resounding strains, mingled with

asserted expostulations and muffled apologies, which have been proceeding recently from Bro. McAlpine's den. At length doth "the roar," as Kipling hath it, "die down and drone and cease." All is serene; end of first scene! But alas! there are scores of scenes within this act. The "cause and wherefore" of it all is that every student who thinks he can sing (and who doesn't?) has been having his voice tested by the indefatigable leader of the Glee Club, with a view to future musical honors. Already an efficient quartette has been organized, it being expected that the full Club will shortly be in working order also. The officers this year are: Musical Director, W. S. McAlpine; Assistant, S. T. Usher; President, L. A. Therrien; Vice-President, S. R. Tarr; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Paterson.

ON Monday evening, Oct. 30th, the Young People's Union of Jarvis Street Church extended a special invitation to the Baptist students of the various colleges of the city, to participate in an evening social. A number of the students of McMaster embraced the opportunity to unloose their pent-up feelings in the sociality of the evening. It was hardly necessary for Dr. Thomas to tell the students they were welcome; each one perceived it on entering the door. Conversation, music and short addresses formed the programme. Dr. Thomas, on behalf of the church, and Mr. Ratcliffe, on behalf of Y. P. B. U., welcomed the students. The warning words against the dangers of excess of worldly pleasure by Mr. J. S. McMaster were appreciated by all. Mr. Sycamore, a student of McMaster, and a former member of the church, gave a brief address touching on pleasant remembrance of his connection with the Jarvis Street Church. Everybody was happy; everybody felt at home. Refreshments were served by members of the Union, and added not a little to the pleasure of the evening. No one could help being impressed by the kind reception, and feeling that in Jarvis St. Church was a sympathetic home for him.

ON the 12th ult., the class of '96 held their annual meeting for the election of officers. Ex-President Sycamore in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The following officers were elected. Miss M. E. Dryden, Honorary President; Mr. A. N. Marshall, President; Mr. H. H. Newman, Vice-President; Mr. J. J. McNeill, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. L. Brown, Correspondent. It is needless to say that the class of '96 are proud of their Honorary President. Mr. A. N. Marshall, our new President, is a jolly good fellow, ranging not least among men from an avoirdupois standpoint; moreover he is in possession of a powerful, stentorian voice. He will make a good President. Mr. H. H. Newman, although yet in his teens, has shown marks of no mean ability. He will do his year good service as Vice-President. Mr. J. J. McNeill is well fitted for the position of Secretary-Treasurer. He is a good student and a "promising youth," he will keep a neat book. The meeting was enthusiastic and the best of order and good feeling prevailed throughout. The merits of the officers were grandly set forth by their nominators; undergraduate eloquence poured forth in silvery tones. How sophomores

made melody in their hearts that they no longer had to tread the maze of freshmen! We have a good staff of officers and our year has bright prospects of both happy and prosperous times.

A LONG-FELT want among the students has been recently satisfied. For some time past several have felt the need of some preparatory Literary Society, where they might develop their talents without the hampering influence, which the presence of those already proficient gives to the novice. Some of us sought to gain this object in a little society which passed a brief but pleasant existence under the name of "Rathnelly Society," but this, on account of its exclusive membership, did not meet with the approval of the Faculty. They, however, seeing the necessity of something of this sort proposed that a "First and Second Year Literary Society" be formed. This proposal was approved of and accepted by the whole student body of the University. On Friday evening, Oct. 27th, this Society was organized. The meeting was large and enthusiastic; and although considerable hilarity was indulged in, good order was preserved. J. C. Sycamore of the second year was elected President by acclamation. In him we have an excellent chairman and a popular leader. J. W. Hoyt was the freshmen's choice for Vice-President; A. J. Darroch will devote his attention to writing and tax-collecting. The wise Councillors are R. Adams and H. McKechnie, and the Editors H. H. Newman and J. I. Manthorne. After speeches from each of the officers the meeting was adjourned. The elections were keenly contested and a general satisfaction and friendliness prevailed, which boded well for the future of the Society.

THE class of '94, we believe, justly prides itself in being foremost in every good word and work and aims to show itself a model class, paving a safe way through the somewhat unsettled and untried course of a new University. In one particular, however, namely, that of class organization, the succeeding classes seem to have outdone their fore-runner. All these have organized in their first years, while not till this its fourth and last year, has the class of '94 been organized. This took place some weeks ago when the majority of the class, numbering in all sixteen members, were present. Mr. Porter being called to the chair, the following officers were appointed by ballot or by acclamation: W. McMaster, President; Miss A. McKay, Vice-President; H. L. McNeill, Secretary. To the Executive officers were added the positions of orator, poet, historian and subsequently prophet. By vote of the class these positions were accorded respectively to B. W. N. Grigg, Miss E. P. Wells, C. J. Cameron and H. Porter. Herein appears the wisdom of class '94 in postponing their organization, that through three years of College work those appointed to these positions have proved themselves thoroughly adapted to and trained for their positions; this has not been possible in cases of early organization. The harmony of spirit and aim in class '94 has been and is still truly marked and pleasing. We trust and believe that this harmony shall increasingly prevail, and to this end it was determined that the organization should continue after graduation, that thus the members of the class might not only be proud of their *alma mater*, but also of one another.

"THE L. AND T. SOCIETY.—The Literary and Theological Society held an exciting session on the evening of Friday, Oct. 14th. 'Twas all over the demand for graded auxiliary societies. Mr. B. W. N. Grigg occupied the chair. After a few preliminary word-sufflings, some semblance of organized opposition to the innovation began to be discernible. Messrs. Tarr, Clarke, Eby, Russell, Schutt, Cresswell, Wallace and others earnestly deprecated any interference with the constitution or by-laws of the present society. But in a louder and ever-swelling chorus the solid body of freshmen and sophomores demanded the *concession* of *secession* every alternate night of meeting, to attend their own society that-is-to-be. Humility in the presence of juniors and seniors was their plea; vigorously they insisted on their exceeding timidity; and, finally, by dint of their grievance-bewailing and reckless assailing, they obtained their hearts' desire. *They*, at least, are to have a Literary Society. What others may develop will be duly reported.³ O Ireland, Ireland, one drop of thy blood is as yeast and leaven!"—Extract from *The Globe*.

A week later the election of officers took place. Much enthusiasm was evoked as the results became apparent. The new officers are as follows: President, C. J. Cameron, whose head is great, whose hands are clean, clean as the Swiss Laundry can make them; Vice-President, C. W. King, *vive le roi!* Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Scott, an able scribe indeed; Councillors, Messrs. W. S. McAlpine and Fred. Eby, jolly juniors both; one tall, t'other small; one a star-smiting Santley, t'other a Ciceronian Paderewski. So we all rest tranquilly, assured of a successful Society this term.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MUSICAL recitals are still held in the chapel every fortnight, under the supervision of Miss Smart. At these recitals we have both vocal and instrumental music, with occasional recitations by pupils in elocution. As well as being very entertaining, they are beneficial to those who take part, as all are expected to do in the course of the year.

MOULTON is greatly changed this year as regards its inmates. Not only have we a new principal and several new teachers, but also new scholars in abundance. New girls are very good things to have, but we like to keep a few old ones too. 'This fall the old girls are "like angels' visits, few and far between." We miss some old comrade at almost every step, we miss our evening gossips with particular cronies, above all we miss—*Major*.

MOULTON girls have abandoned their old pew in Bloor St. church, and have ascended into the gallery, where they now spend the sacred hours in momentary expectation of an involuntary descent to the ground floor. It is a rise in the world, and we are glad of that, and glad to note the absence of draughts, and when we recover from the impulse to make a rapid descent to the church proper, no doubt we shall enjoy our exalted position.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the officers of the Heliconian were conspicuously missing at the opening of the year, that society is now fully organized and in a flourishing condition. It has been happy in its selection of new officers and efficient committees. Two interesting programmes have already been rendered, and the Heliconian paper read at the last meeting is considered by many the best of the series. The care of the reading room is this year in the hands of a committee of the Heliconian.

ON the evening of the 31st of October, our school was all in a buzz over the interesting question as to what hour "*they*" might be expected to come. Every inmate of the house, from faculty to students, was on the alert till a very late hour. But alas! the greater part of us never realized that "*they*" came at all. The burning of tool houses and tearing down of fences proved to be more attractive than the house full of ladies waiting and watching for "*them*." A very small body came and sang a gentle lullaby which in no wise disturbed the majority of us; and both faculty and students awoke next morning with a dim idea that the day before had been the first of April.

SEVERAL times this fall we have been cheered and helped by the presence of friends of the college at morning prayers, and by the earnest words which they have spoken. The Chancellor conducted chapel service and addressed us most appropriately on Monday, September 25th. The visit of Mr. Bullock of Maskinongé, a few weeks later, was also a pleasure to us and greatly stimulated our interest in the work among the Roman Catholics of Quebec. Besides these friends, we have heartily welcomed Dr. De Blois of St. Martin's Seminary, and Dr. Welton of our own University.

ONE of the many privileges of the students of Moulton, is the weekly visit of Mrs. McMaster. Tuesday morning, after the chapel exercises are finished, she comes before the school with one of her warm friendly greetings; and for twenty or thirty minutes has a confidential chat with the girls, the object of which is to show the importance of guarding our every word and action; that we may ever keep in mind the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

THE 12th of October was a red-letter day at Moulton. The faculty and students, taking advantage of the fine weather, went to Reservoir Park. The company was divided into parties, each being accompanied by a teacher. The first who arrived took the opportunity of examining the surroundings, especially the water, and brought their Moulton mathematics into practice by trying to find a solution for the Toronto water problem. Three-quarters of an hour were most profitably spent studying from the book of Nature, in section 'autumn.' Not having taken the class-bell with us, we ceased studying without that well-known ring. We arrived home tired and quite ready for luncheon. To bring to our memories this pleasant outing, and as a hint that

another would be gladly accepted, we offer display souvenirs from Reservoir Park.

OUR Mission Circle is a thriving and progressive society. The Circle this year undertakes the work which has been done heretofore by the Y. W. C. A. This seems a wise plan, as the interest in the local society is very deep, and under the present able and efficient staff of officers, we expect to see great things done. The Y. W. C. A. being connected with the large body in the United States, very little control was exercised over the funds; but now that the society is thoroughly local we can see the results of our time and money. Deeply interesting prayer meetings are held every week in the chapel, and largely attended by the students. Miss Fitch's Union Bible class on Sunday mornings is also well attended, and greatly appreciated.

THE most brilliant event of the season occurred on Friday evening, Nov. 3rd. This was the great annual masquerade and feast. The costumes were many and varied, and when all were assembled in the dining room, they presented a striking picture. The bright colors, funny groups, and grotesque masks added greatly to the beauty of the scene. Under the direction of Miss Hart, a number of calisthenic exercises were carried on in an effective, if not always graceful, manner. The characters were then introduced one by one to Miss Fitch; the unmasking causing abundance of fun and laughter, and in many cases great surprise. Refreshments had been provided by Miss Harper in her usual bountiful style. After supper two prizes were given, one for the most comical costume and one for the best. The assembly then loudly cheered Miss Fitch and Miss Harper, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen," trooped up stairs, giving vent to genuine Moulton cheers and shouting fragments of "Good night, ladies."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE college societies have been organized, and are doing good work. We are looking forward to a profitable time, as these societies have proved themselves in the past to be important factors in the education of young men.

THE annual "Field Day" was observed on the 29th ult. An excellent programme of sports was provided, into which the boys entered with a good degree of zeal and pluck. W. W. Wilson having made the largest number of points, has the honor of holding the College Cup for the year. The day was all that could be desired, the events passing off without the least irregularity.

WE were glad to have Foreign Mission Secretary McDiarmid with us early in the term. He gave a short pithy address on "Our Relation to the World," what we can get out of it, and what we can give to it for

its advantage and uplifting. He showed in his clear manner that to get the most out of the world was to give one's self for the good of the world, and backed his argument by the example of Christ's giving up all for the good of humanity. He dwelt also on the advantage of concentrated thought and energy, giving us many illustrations of its power in the lives of Judson and Carey. He concluded his talk by an earnest appeal to the young men to become possessed of the Spirit of Christ in regard to missions. We appreciate to the fullest extent Mr. McDiarmid's counsel on mission work, and hope that his visits to the College may become more frequent.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE is once more in the van of educational enterprise, having her usual quota of students in attendance. Prospects for a bright successful term have smiled upon us from the beginning. As is usual at the commencement of the College year, the old students miss the familiar faces of those who have passed on, seeking new fields to conquer. Making the acquaintance of the new students, and introducing them to the routine of student life have been the order of the day. We are happy to report that the high character of Woodstock students has been maintained, and fresh impetus has been given the old students by the presence of the new boys. All the students have settled to downright earnest work, determined to make the most of the beginning of the term.

It was a happy and cheerful company that assembled in the dining-room on the evening of the 20th Sept., for the purpose of welcoming the new boys to the College. J. C. McFarlane and A. K. Scott, representing the old boys, in happily-constructed speeches, welcomed the new comers to the joys, perplexities, and labors of student life. The welcome was responded to on behalf of the new boys by J. D. McLachlin and J. W. Allan in suitable addresses, which assured the old students that they had received into their company those whom they could love and honor. Pastors Tapscott and Dadson welcomed the boys to the Baptist churches of the city, and fully succeeded in gaining their confidence. Mr. Peters, our steward, was equal to the occasion, and the only guarantee he needs of our appreciation of his skill in providing a good table, is the promptness with which the boys disposed of the dainties set before them.

GRANDE LIGNE.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Gendreau, the wife of our veteran colporteur in Sorel. Our fellow students, Anna and Henry Gendreau, have our warmest sympathy in the loss of their mother.

We have the pleasure of welcoming among us Miss J. A. Bosworth, daughter of Rev. E. Bosworth, now financial agent of this Institution. Miss Bosworth comes as an assistant to Mrs. A. E. Massé, to teach music; also to study the French language.

OUR hearts were greatly cheered by a telegram received last week, announcing that the late Mr. Sampson, of North Adams, Mass., had left the Grande-Ligne Mission a bequest of fifteen thousand dollars.

THROUGH love of the work here Dr. Rainville has consented to leave a flourishing practice in Wauragau, Conn., to spend another session with us. We hope he will find such rewards for his sacrifices, that he will never regret having come back to his old field of labor.

WHILE the ladies of the Eastern Association were meeting in Montreal, we were pleased to have a number of them pay a visit to Feller Institute. Among others were Mrs. Link, Miss Stroud, and Mrs. Hudson, of Ottawa; Mrs. Stroud and Miss Tester, of Montreal. Though they were unexpected, and we were accidentally unprepared to receive visitors, we were sorry their numbers were not larger, for it is always a pleasure to us to show visitors what is being done at the school, and to know that they are interested in our work.

"WORK ON THE RINK" was the order of the day given out early one Saturday morning, but although all were ready and fully equipped shortly after the order, still the rain came ahead of us and stopped further work for that day. It was renewed, however, the following Tuesday and by dint of spade and shovel, the rink was completed after a long and laborious day's work. It greatly surpasses the one of last year, and now all can look forward with pleasure towards the skating, which will be one of our chief pastimes for the winter.

PROMPTLY on Oct. 4th the work of another year began. There was a little confusion at first, as some of the students had not yet put in an appearance, but the teachers here evidently do not believe in waiting for delinquents. Now, however, everybody seems to be in good working trim, and the work moves smoothly. The attendance is larger than ever before, and if Principal Massé does not soon cut off applications, we do not know where he will put the students. We have heard some whisper of fitting up rooms in the gymnasium. We hope this whisper will not grow any louder, but that a good substantial wing may soon be provided.

ON the evening of the 16th inst., two gentlemen arrived from Montreal, each bearing mysterious looking parcels. When opened, one proved to be a type-writer for the Principal, while the other contained a graphophone, and the genial gentlemen who accompanied it proposed to give us a free concert. Then we all with one consent attached ourselves to the instrument by means of rubber tubes which terminated in the ears of the listeners. When all was ready the little machine announced that we would be favored by a selection played by the United States Marine Band, and soon our ears were filled with strains of martial music, so full and rich that each one involuntarily applauded at its close. This was followed by Irish wit, "Dan Kelly on the Divorce Case," after which we listened to many songs of many kinds, by various men of various minds, until the hour became so late that we were forced to tear ourselves from the place where we fain would linger, and go to seek repose.