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GIRDED LIVES.\*

My greatest difficulty in view of appearing before you on this occasion was the choice of a subject that would be at once suitable and suggestive. Whether I have been happy or otherwise in my selection I leave you to prove. I swept the wide expanse for some time, as Noah's dove must have done, finding no room for the sole of my feet. For weeks I could discover nothing that was not soddened. As the day drew painfully near, I desecrated upon the bosom of the troubled waters a floating branch upon which some fruit remained, which, although not as fresh and luscious as I could wish, was the best that I could find.

I mean to speak to you on "Girded Lives." The imagery is not unfamiliar. It was the custom in Eastern lands to gather up loose robes and fix them firmly around the loins when any duties requiring agility of movement or physical exertion were in demand. The Apostle Peter in addressing the elect of the dispersion urges them "to gird up the loins of their mind." The mind is like a raw recruit until it is brought under rigid discipline. It is like a colt unbroken or an ox unaccustomed to the yoke. The first necessity with a view to efficient mental action is the girding up of the intellectual powers. The rarest natural

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endowments will prove of doubtful utility if this is not attended to. Even genius cannot do its best work without culture. The greatest masterpieces of art, of architecture, of literature, of mechanics are not the productions of immaturity. Men and women may be born with remarkable gifts, with special and distinguishing aptitudes, but the best results are secured by taking what nature has affluently bestowed, and using every known means for its development. The sweetest voice needs to be trained, the keenest intellect needs to be disciplined, the most efflorescent imagination needs to be brought under careful culture before their best work is possible. The men and women who have swayed eager multitudes with their voice or pen have been, with very rare exceptions, those who diligently cultivated the gift that was in them. It was not a wild undisciplined genius that produced these creations of oratorical effectiveness or those soul-captivating harmonies that have commanded an undisputed place in the admiration of the ages. The speeches of Gladstone, by which the English speaking world was often led to change its front on momentous issues; the addresses of Beecher delivered in England during the war of the rebellion, when mighty audiences first execrated, then patiently listened and finally wildly cheered; the mellifluous sweetness of Adeline Patti's matchless voice when singing some simple song of love or home, all bear witness not merely to the possession of splendid natural gifts, but to the importance of the very highest culture. The tongue could never accomplish such feats of persuasive eloquence, nor the voice produce such irresistible harmonies, nor the intellect play so distinguished a part were it not for the rigid and thorough discipline to which they had been subjected. Soil does not more truly need cultivation to insure its productiveness than does the human soul. The strings of an instrument do not more absolutely demand skilful fingers to screw them into concert pitch than does the soul educative ministrics to fit it for high achievement.

I appreciate the inestimable value of a trained mind. I appreciate it all the more because the facilities were comparatively crude and meagre in my early days and in my little country. Blessed are ye young men and maidens of this land and century, for the fairest avenues of intellectual acquisition

and possibilities are open to you. In no age or country have the advantages been greater. A new world of inconceivable affluence is laying its treasures at your feet. It is a great thing to have a girded mind. The value of a liberal education cannot be easily estimated.

My subject, however, is not the girded mind, but the *girded life*. It does not pertain to the intellect in any exclusive sense, but to the whole man. The education that leaves out the heart is necessarily defective. The girded life means the man in the entirety of his being and in all the complexity of his endowments harmoniously developed. There is something of far greater value than genius or learning in determining the future. It is character. Mrs. Humphrey Ward puts this excellent criticism upon the lips of one of her personages, "No, we don't lack brains. All the same, I tell you in the whole of that room there are about half-a-dozen people, oh, not so many—not nearly so many, who will ever make a mark even for their own generation. Why? Because they have every sort of capacity, every sort of cleverness, and no character."

Character is the determining quality in manhood. You cannot be at your best in any line of achievement or pursuit without character. Education fails, genius fails, everything fails to produce the finest results without character.

What does a man need to become a great artiste? An æsthetic culture of the most finished kind—an eye trained to distinguish colors and to appreciate harmonies, and a hand able to transmit with exquisite accuracy all that is seen and felt to the responsive canvas. Is that your answer to the question? Surely it is incomplete. A man can never be a really great artiste upon whom the inspiration of the Almighty has not fallen.

What is necessary to the highest musical effectiveness? A voice naturally well toned, set to the key of sweetest melody, and trained to the last degree of perfection in articulation and expression? Nay, that is not enough. There must be soul—a something that neither art nor genius can command.

And what of preaching? In no sphere of human activity does the highest effectiveness necessitate character so absolutely. A man of narrow sympathies can never be a power in the pul-

pit. He may be a successful lawyer or physician, or college professor, but he cannot be a preacher whose influence is at all extensive. He can better afford to be deficient in head than deficient in heart. Less professionalism and more manhood is what is needed to make the pulpit a power. You may gold medal a man (says Joseph Parker) and certificate him, and double first-class him up to the fullest extent of the power of all the universities in creation, but if the people do not detect in his voice a tone other than earthly, they will reject him and his gold medals, and leave him in the barren company of his ornamental certificates. "The preacher must be a man—a full man, especially in those things which are farthest removed from selfishness and nearest in alliance with divine love." Whitefield's sermons have not sufficient merit in them to command a reading, and yet he held mighty audiences in rapt and eager interest listening to them. No one would dream of representing Mr. Moody as a great thinker. He says very little that is above the average, certainly nothing that is strikingly original, yet people will go by the thousand to listen to him. There is an element in all true preaching which is indefinable. I don't know that it could be expressed in words; all I know is that I feel it in the man who is a real minister of life to my soul. It generates power as a summer atmosphere does fragrance. A sermon, however excellent, is largely ineffective without it. It is a kind of spiritual afflatus in which the energies of the preacher are baptized. It is love melting into tenderness. It is sympathy sitting at the well-springs of the soul, making thought and expression come forth upon the audience with a subtle pathos that must be felt to be understood. Call it what you please, it is impossible to really preach effectively without it. It inheres in the utterances of the true preacher as the spirit of poetry does in nature or odor in a flower.

The girded life is impossible without a moral and spiritual quality. An Englishman once witnessing Daniel Webster's massive brow, remarked to a friend, "That man's brain is a cathedral." Paul says to the Corinthian Christians, "Ye are the temple of God." The cathedral must become a temple before there can glow upon the altars of its service the fires of an enthusiasm which will never go out. Genius must be touched

with divinity to become immortal. "Genius by herself always misses the mark on the door of destiny by just a little. Intelligence never touches the exact spot though she knows there is a secret spring." Character is the eternal thing—the glorifying quality in the girding of human life.

The girded lives of the past have been the potential factors in all social and national development. All that is of real value in our civilization has come to us from this source. The statesmen, the preachers, the philosophers and poets of other ages have entered into the life-blood of this, and they will continue to reproduce themselves in ages yet unborn. What are England and America to-day but the blossoming and fruitage of this marvellous sowing? There is a sense, and a very true sense, in which such men as Luther and Cromwell, Washington and Pitt, Wellington and Chatham, Milton and Shakespeare, Knox and Calvin, Whitefield and Wesley are living still. They so impressed themselves upon their age that the ages speak their praise. Their virtuous lives and noble deeds invested them with an immortality that defies oblivion. Amid the ravages of inexorable time they remain impervious to the touch that withers and the breath that blasts. They so grandly lived and wrought that generations catching the inspiration they awakened, rise up to call them blessed. They left such a legacy of enriching thought and still more enriching virtues to the world that they have become enshrined in the affections of succeeding ages. They caused a flood of stimulating and healing life to flow, of which we gladly drink, and in whose magic streams we refresh our energies for the higher experiences and activities which open before us. They sit on thrones more regal and wear upon their brows diadems more sparkling than the proudest kings. They are by universal recognition the uncrowned monarchs of the world, determining its character and swaying its destinies more truly than they did when they lived and wrought amid its sublunary conditions.

In the same way the girded lives of the present are to impress and influence the future. It is no small responsibility to be linked with such an ancestry. We must live worthy of the great souls that have been the creators of our civilization. We owe it to our age and to the ages to transmit the rich heritage

which we have acquired of character and influence unimpaired if not improved. What shall the coming centuries say of us whose privileges and opportunities have been so great? What shall the verdict of the future be upon our life and work? I am afraid sometimes to indulge even in conjecture. There are signs of aegeneracy which awaken anxiety and apprehension. Alas, alas! if the coming ages shall be morally weakened by our example. The blood of the best life the world has ever known is flowing through our veins—the blood of the martyrs, of the Puritans, of the covenanters, of the reformers—see to it that it does not become tainted in its transmission. We are the consummate fruitage of a life in which God and truth and righteousness were the characterizing inspirations—see to it that it does not lose its quality and flavor through unauthorized experiments in moral and spiritual horticulture. We stand in a succession that is in many respects sublime. Let no ungirding of the bands of righteousness, no lowering of the standards of holy living, no minimizing of the ideals of integrity and honor, no depreciating of the great fundamentals of the true faith, cause us to transmit a despoiled heritage to those who are to come after us.

We are living we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age on ages telling.

May we so appreciate the momentousness as well as the grandeur of our entrusted responsibility that it may be truthfully added,

To be living is sublime.

And what about ourselves as Baptists? We are the sons and daughters of a noble ancestry. There are names carved upon the historic records of the universal Church that have not been exceeded in lustre since apostolic times, in whom we recognize a sacred kinship. Splendidly girded lives were they in both England and America. Such names as those of Carey and Knibb, of Bunyan, and Milton, of Robert Hall and Andrew Fuller, of Boardman and Judson have shed an undying splendence upon our history. Nor has the generation in which some of us have played an inconspicuous part been without men in our denominational fellowship who have achieved a world-wide

renown. No history of nineteenth century Christianity will be written in which Spurgeon and Maclaren will not have a foremost place.

Nor need we blush when we think of the brotherhood of our own faith in Canada. We owe them much. We have not done them the justice that they deserve. Many of them are worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance. Simple-hearted, unselfish, consumed with an ardent zeal for God and for the well-being of humanity, they went forth into the wilds of this land. Many of them were lacking in the culture of the schools, but they enjoyed the preceptorship of the Spirit. They communed with nature and made human life and the one great Book their study. They could not boast of university degrees, but they were not uneducated men. Not a few of them were magnificently girded. They were Shamgars who used the ox goad for the most part as the instrument of their spiritual warfare, but they did splendid execution, and their names though obscured on earth are emblazoned in the heavens. Blessings on their memory.

When the exigencies of the church required it, the Lord raised up another type of men in no sense more brave or true or mighty but who, by reason of their educational advantages, were better prepared to grapple with the changed condition that confronted them. Need I recall their venerated names? Conspicuous amongst them were Fyfe, Crawford, Castle, and the founder of this institution.

Solomon, when he came to build the Temple, found everything all but ready to his hand. The cedar wood and the wrought stones in great store were there waiting to be utilized. It was for Solomon to see that the temple should be worthy of the preparations which had been made for it. We stand to-day in a like position of privilege and responsibility. It is for us to make such use of the material that has been accumulating around us, that the denominational temple in the land shall be worthy of the splendid toil and sacrifice of the sainted past, and of the untold opportunities of the opening future, and most of all of the eternal principles of truth and righteousness which it is designed to perpetuate and glorify.

It was to facilitate the accomplishment of this most desira-

ble result that McMaster University was established. It was to aid, by all the appliances and ministries of a Christian culture equal to the best that can be found, in making "girded lives" for this supernal service. I remember the man in whose mind and heart it grew, first as a great thought and then as a great longing. I came sufficiently near to him during the years I was his pastor to catch glimpses of what he aimed to accomplish. It was no low or mean ambition that swayed his heart. He longed to see the denomination that he had watched in its struggling feebleness take a stand in the community and in the land that was worthy of the principles which he professed, and that would bring honor and glory to his Sovereign Lord. He had a profound conviction that what was most needed to insure such a result was an institution such as this. He knew that without educationally, as well as spiritually, girded lives the denomination amid the new conditions which were fast becoming imperiously assertive could have but a weak and struggling future. And have not the few years that have passed demonstrated both the wisdom and the philanthropy of his benefaction? We have almost forgotten that we were ever so feeble in the land that other bodies treated us with contumely. McMaster University has already placed us in the forefront. It has given us a status amongst the religious forces of the country that we could not otherwise have enjoyed.

And what about the future? I can hardly venture to depict, so alluring are the auguries of promise. The next generation is going to see that our sons and daughters are not a whit inferior to the sons and daughters of the highest in the land. They are going to be leaders of thought and moulders of character. They are going to work our lands and develop our mines and call forth in a thousand ways the resources of this God-favored country. They are going to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best representatives of Canadian manhood. They are not going to take second place in any of the walks of life. They are going to adorn the pulpit, dignify the province and add lustre to the halls of legislature. They are going to leaven society with an influence that shall help to purify and ennoble its ambitions and its aims. The girded lives which McMaster in the coming years shall send forth will carry in their hearts and in their hands the destiny of peoples yet unborn and the laurels of victories that shall hasten the coming of the brighter day.



## SOME WINTER HOMES.

“And in the nights of winter,  
When cold the north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard across the snow.”

—*Horatius: Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Few people stop to think, at this inclement season of the year, what has become of their summer friends, that enlivened with their gambols or their songs the fields and woods during the past months. It is known that most of the birds leave for the south at the approach of winter. Still even among the birds now a few remain, like the small Downy Woodpecker, the Chickadee, and the Blue Jay, to remind us of summer days. The Ruffed Grouse, too, do not flinch from the rigors of our Canadian winter. They have rather an ingenious way of escaping the cold. After their evening meal of birch buds the grouse will plunge headlong from the tree top into the deep snow. The impetus of the downward flight carries the grouse deep into the snow, where it forms a snug burrow for itself, and there passes the night, and a good part of the day if the weather is severe. Many of the animals also remain in their usual haunts during the winter. The little “Cotton-tail” rabbit spends the winter days in a deserted woodchuck hole, coming out at night to feed. The large northern hares, now nearly extinct in southern Ontario, but still abundant all through the north, as far as Hudson’s Bay, find shelter in the dense cedar swamps, where their paths hard beaten run every where, crossing and re-crossing each other.

The deer, once so abundant in Ontario, are now confined to a comparatively small section of Muskoka and the Parry Sound District. They manage to get along pretty well since their great enemy, the grey wolf, has become less numerous. It has been noticed that there is a distinct migration of the deer northward at the approach of winter. Those that have spent the summer in southern Muskoka, where the forest fires have burned away the green woods, move to the country north of the Magnetawan River, where dense swamps and large tracts of green forests still remain untouched by fire. In these green solitudes,

sheltered by the dense growth, the deer pass the winter, numbers living together in what are known as "yards." The food of the deer during the winter consists of the twigs from the cedar, hemlock and pine. When the lumberman cuts down the pine the deer follow him up and eat the pine needles. Deer must have this bitter food, or they will not thrive. A deer has no gall gland: and in some way the deficiency is made up by the evergreen browse.

A great scientist has taught us the importance of "the scientific use of the imagination": and if we could look beneath the still, white covering of snow, we would see that many of our summer friends are living in comfort, and some of them busy and no doubt very happy. A number of our Canadian animals pass the winter in a state of torpor. The woodchuck, after getting grotesquely fat on the farmer's clover field, retires to his burrow, and does not show himself till the sun is again high in the heavens. So does our merry little friend the chipmunk.

Our common black bears usually start on a roaming expedition early in November. They will turn up in the most unlikely places: often wandering into old settled parts of the country. I once met a very large bear near Ferguson's Falls, a part of Lanark County that has been settled for more than a century. He was shot a few days after by a man whose orchard he was robbing. Bears are partial to apples. I have known an old bear to take up her abode in a small swamp near an orchard. The owner did not know what was stripping his trees until one day he discovered the old bear seated at the foot of the tree, up which she had sent her cub to shake down the apples! When the bear finally concludes that it is time to stop his wanderings and to look for winter quarters, he usually selects an up-turned tree, under the roots of which he makes what Kipling would call "his well digged lair." This he does by pawing away the earth, lining the hole with leaves and moss, and excluding the cold by banking round with branches and leaves. When the heavy snow descends it forms a complete mantle of warmth and concealment. There the bear sleeps away the long winter, until the warm sun of March or April wakens him to life again.

Bears go into their dens very fat: and on this fat they live during the winter. The popular story of the bear subsisting by sucking his paw has no foundation in fact.

Another of our friends now enjoying a season of repose is the raccoon. A queer chap is the same raccoon! He is the clown and acrobat of our Canadian woods and swamps. He can climb like a squirrel. He is a vocalist too: though it is seldom one hears his wild, quavering note with which he sometimes celebrates his setting forth in the evening. He is almost entirely nocturnal in his habits. Only on two occasions have I seen a raccoon in the day time: and then the localities where the animals were seen were peculiarly remote and lonely. The raccoon is usually found near water: and his food consists of frogs and small fishes. He is an inveterate frog catcher. One moonlight night I was paddling my canoe up a stream in Central Canada, when I heard a commotion among the frogs along the shore. I turned the nose of the canoe towards the fringe of wild rice that grew along the margin of the river, and there I saw a large raccoon wading in the shallow water hunting for his supper. Most of the frogs, however, escaped by plunging into the stream. The raccoon is particularly partial to green corn; and a field located near to a woods or swamp is likely to be visited. If there should happen to be a fence running from the woods to the corn field so much the better. Along the top rail of this fence, even should it be a snake fence the raccoons will travel back and forth, in preference to the ground. If there should be no fence, then the raccoons will soon have a well worn path made from their day retreat to the corn field: because they always enter and leave the field at exactly the same place. This is a source of danger to the raccoons, as the boys are pretty sure to discover the path and set a trap on it. Like his relative the bear, the raccoon grows very fat at the approach of winter. He retires even earlier than does the bear. Unlike the bear, several raccoons frequently occupy the same den. This is almost invariably the hollow trunk of a tree. I knew, however, of one family of raccoons that had their den in a rocky cave on the shore of a secluded lake. One day in the latter part of October I was seated on the shore of the lake watching for deer, when my companion, who was out on the lake in a canoe, saw two raccoons coming along the shore, no doubt returning from their night's adventure, for it was early in the morning. He shot one, and in a few minutes after the other one brushed close past me

and entered the rock almost at my feet. Probably the cave had been inhabited for long years by successive generations of raccoons. But the usual winter home of the raccoon is a hollow tree: very often a bass-wood. The entrance is often high up where a limb has been torn off, leaving a suitable opening. There as many as five or six of the animals take up their abode, and are safe and snug while the storms rage without. The raccoon too sleeps through the winter. If a thaw comes towards spring they will often make an excursion of several miles; but will invariably return to their den in the course of a few hours. When they finally come out in the spring they are but a mere shadow of their former plumpness. The fur though good in appearance is of little value, because the pelt has become so thin that it will tear like brown paper.

One would think that such animals as the otter, the beaver, mink and muskrat, would have a hard time of it during the winter. They do not hibernate, but are active and wide awake during the entire winter. They must have air, and they must have at the same time access to the water where they procure their food. But how can they pass from one element to the other when there is often a thickness of three feet of solid ice over the lakes and streams they inhabit? The otter likes to get near a rapid where the current prevents the water from freezing. But even where that cannot be found, he is not at a loss. There are always spots along the shore, around sunken logs, or where springs come into the stream, where the ice remains thin even in the severest weather: and these spots the otter finds. Here he comes up out of the water, making a round hole about six inches in diameter. When he has caught a fish he comes up on the ice to eat it. But he is very timid, and never goes more than a few feet from the hole. These holes are only temporary conveniences; the otter soon moves on: and one can trace the progress of a pair of otters up or down a river by these holes at more or less frequent intervals. Sometimes even in the depth of winter an otter will leave one stream, and strike boldly overland to some other stream or lake. The mink on the other hand does not wander till towards the first of March, when the males make surprisingly long journeys. The mink pass the winter in holes in the bank of some stream where fish can be had. The entrance to the den is always under water.

The animals that in our Canadian climate occupy the most comfortable quarters during the winter are the beaver and the muskrat. These interesting builders display a surprising degree of foresight; and are among the few of our Canadian animals that prepare for the winter. Along in September the muskrats begin to build their houses. These are constructed of water plants: often of wild rice, and the stalks of bulrushes, and the leaves of the water-lily. The house is often built upon the foundation of a bog, or decayed stump. It is always built where the water near it is of sufficient depth to insure its not freezing. Some of the houses are quite large, often five feet high and as many feet in diameter at the base. The interiors of these winter homes are always of one plan. There is a platform raised a foot above high water mark: and at one side of this a round hole which leads to the water. This platform or sleeping room is lined with soft moss, as is the whole interior of the dwelling. This room is not used for a dining room; the inmates go out to some store of food laid up in some safe place under the ice. Sometimes I have known, in very long winters, the outside supply to become exhausted: and then the rats have been compelled to eat the plants and roots which make up their dwelling so that by the first of April I have found the whole interior eaten away, and the house a mere shell. After the rivers and lakes freeze up the water usually falls: thus leaving long narrow stretches of the shore line dry under the ice. This makes a fine playground, as well as dining room for the muskrats. Here the rats bring their clam-shells, of which they are fond. They in some way manage to break the shells, and then devour the soft inmate. I once saw a muskrat dive in the center of the Severn River where I knew the water to be of great depth. The rat was down for some minutes. When it came up I saw that it had something in its mouth, and paddling carefully after it, I found the object to be a large clam-shell. The rat took it to the rocky shore and proceeded to eat it. All along the shore of the Severn, and many other rivers where aquatic vegetation is scant, the rats conform themselves to their environment, and change their natural food from vegetable to animal substances. This accounts for the piles of empty clam-shells that are to be met with on the margins of our rocky rivers and lakes.

*Waterford.*

ANDREW MURDOCH.

*(To be continued.)*

## KOREAN SKETCHES.\*

Not the least of the benefits of the modern foreign mission movement, have been the many delightful books, descriptive of strange countries and manners, which the missionaries have written. Formerly the world's knowledge of the nations was derived largely through soldiers and traders, but now men of learning, specially adapted for such work, are bringing more accurate and sympathetic tidings from the regions beyond. Of such books is the one before us. Of itself, the work is interesting, but to the men who attended University College, Toronto, in the latter half of "the eighties" it is doubly so, because of its author, who belonged to that strong group of "Knox" men who were then so prominent in College Y. M. C. A. work. It was at that time that the Student Volunteer Movement first surged over the Toronto Colleges. University College, McMaster, Wycliffe, Knox, the two Medical Schools all felt its power. Among the first of the students who declared for the foreign field was Gale, and later, when the students of University College decided to send out a representative of their own, he was chosen and went to Korea which had just been opened up for immigration. Afterwards he accepted service under the Presbyterians, but his work for nine years has continued to be in the Hermit Kingdom.

The book he has written is justly described by the title. It is no elaborate treatise, but a bright, sparkling, more or less disconnected account of things Korean. The general impression, however, may be none the less exact. A charcoal sketch is often truer to life than a photograph.

Korea, like China, with which it is closely connected, had an ancient civilization of a high order, but one that was stopped centuries ago. "The people of Korea claim to be a race descended from the gods, slightly admixed with Chinese: no wonder they develop at times extraordinary traits. They have had a horror of foreigners, *yungjin*, or men of the sea, from time immemorial. Weather-worn tablets still stand by the roadside, in essence marked thus: 'If you meet a foreigner, kill him; he who lets

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\*Korean Sketches, by Rev. James S. Gale, B.A., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Wousau, Korea. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

him go by is a traitor to his country,' yet in the ten years or more since the 'barbarian' entered, none of them have been treated other than kindly. "Missionary work has gone on unmolested, and there are a thousand and more Christians having many established places for regular worship."

When Mr. Gale went to Korea, little was known of the country. He naturally records some of his first impressions:—

"I recall being quite overwhelmed by the wide pantaloons and white dress of a Korean who came on board ship in Nagasaki Harbor, on my first arrival there. Why such a dress, and wherefore the topknot? Little did I dream that he valued his topknot so highly, or that in every seam of his wide pantaloons were stitched ancestral reverence, Confucian propriety, ancient traditions, and other tremendous considerations that certainly required all the width of garment and more too, could piece goods as wide as the wearer's aspirations be obtained." Of one of their cities he says, "Viewed as a whole, Seoul is said to be the most picturesque city in the East: viewed in detail, it contains much to make one shudder: but the people are kind, and entirely different from the cruel race I had thought them to be. I cannot, however, omit to mention this objectionable custom which prevails more or less in all the cities of the East, and which is so horrifying to the newcomer, namely, the constant presence of the dead. Kindly and sorrowfully we bury our dead out of sight . . . but not so the Korean, he ties his dead in a mat, and leaves him to bake and fester in the sun. The very atmosphere is tainted, and one becomes an expert in distinguishing the noxious odors of smallpox and cholera victims from the ordinary smells of the far East." This peculiar custom is due to the necessity and difficulty of finding a propitious spot for sepulture, and so saving the family from ruin.

On the whole, the people leave a favorable impression. "From the mandarin himself down to the coolies, I have seen enough to know there are gentlemen in every nation. They may wear a startling cut of dress, they may believe that the world is flat and that the sun revolves around Korea, they may in the sultry days in summer have a weakness for dog-flesh—and yet differ much less than we imagine from the average American."

As character studies, the chapters on the Coolie, the Boy,

and the Pony are delightful. The coolie "alone exhibits in his person those peculiarities that have been smothered out of his race by the fumes of Confucianism . . . From the first glimpse you have of him, you recognize that he is a creature of repose. Nothing should be more restful to a nervous, impatient foreigner than the sight of a coolie by the wayside, sitting on his heels . . . motionless as sea-fowl, indifferent to the heat of the sun, to the flies that congregate upon him, or to the pestiferous gutters that ooze beneath his feet. . . . Undoubtedly he is the greatest living example of the absence of all excitement or animated interest of any kind whatever. . . . Nothing short of a bowl of vermicelli (ku-koa), or the crack of doom, can create the slightest interest in him, or prove that he has nerves at all" The foreigner "proud of his watchword—action,—runs full tilt into the coolie who sits heavy in repose. It is like a railroad train taking a header for a mud embankment—news-papers announce next day 'Smash Up'—not of the embankment, but of the railway train." . . . "Only once do I recollect seeing marked animation in a coolie's eyes. It was a stone fight such as they used to indulge in, in the brave old days of old. Several hundred of the best marksmen of the capital chose sides, and, armed with stones weighing one or two pounds each, assembled for the fray. . . . All were alive to the danger, and the rush and scramble to escape was like a stampede of wild beasts. The throwing was magnificent. It seemed in truth like a little war of giants. The fight grew fast and furious. Begrimed with dust and sweat, each side drew in closer, and sent rocks flying through the air in a way that was simply appalling." One was killed, and again "before evening closed, one had fallen on the other side and thus the score was even." This one ancient custom exhausts all the fury of the coolie; otherwise he is "peace itself." He is agile and strong, submissive yet dogged. Violence will not move him. A foreigner tried it but—

"His nerve gave out, his brain went wild  
 Completely off the level  
 And, when he died, the Orient cried,  
 A crazy foreign devil."

"No amount of money can tempt the coolie to break faith with custom. He regards money as a convenience but in no



case as a necessity . . . . He never descends to purely business relations, . . . . he comes simply with a desire for your convenience."

"The coolie's religion consists in a worship of ancestors and a hatred of all officialdom; not that he really loves the former or dislikes the latter, but custom requires that he attribute success to the virtue of his forefathers and failure to the depravity of the district Mandarin: hence expressions of reverence for the one and sworn hatred for the other." Nevertheless he is loyal. His home life is simple, and chaste.

The Korean pony, like our proverbial donkey, is a creature unique:—"Among the creatures that have crossed my path, the one that has had the most influence on my personal character is the Korean pony. It would be impossible to recount the varied experiences through which he has led me. Instead of lifting my hand and pointing to some noted professor or eminent divine, as the master spirit of my life, I stand a safe distance off, point to the Korean pony and say 'he has brought more out of me than all the others combined.' In his company, I have been surprised at the amount of concentrated evil I have found in my heart; again, as he has carried me safely along the dizziest edge, I could have turned angel and taken him upon my back."

Travelling in Korea is exceedingly tedious. The author is the only European or American who has had the "misfortune" to have crossed the continent an even dozen times. The roads are abominable, the hills frequent and precipitous, the rivers often swollen and unfordable, the means of conveyance inadequate. The houses are small, hot and filthy, and the wonder grows, how such white trousers can issue from such foul hovels. Vermin are terrible and the people often suspicious and always curious;—"There is a feeling of loneliness and indescribable depression, that comes over one's soul when being long gazed at as a wild beast. The paper doors and windows are poked full of finger holes and back of each a dark eye takes position and rivets one with unwinking gaze. A single eye without its companion orb or accompanying facial expression, to give it meaning, exerts an uncanny influence . . . . The eyes that beset one in Korea, before and behind, have proven one of the hardest trials of missionary life." One would think that the sociableness of

the people would be a parallel trial. "I sat day after day in one end of the room, crosslegged on the stone floor, until my ankles were calloused harder than the heel and my knee had grown accustomed to the new feat of bending outwards. Floor life is more sociable and conducive to conversation, than being perched upon chairs. I always had callers. They would come from earliest dawn and put me through the list of questions that are unconsciously asked of every traveller in the far East: What is your family name? Where do you reside? Have you come in peace? Are your parents alive? How old are you? How many brothers to you? Have you a son? What have you come to do? Do you know where the people live who have only one eye in their head? Where is the woman's kingdom? What's your salary? Can you pull your teeth out when you like, or your eyes? Have you medicine that will cure everything?"

At present Korea is in transition. Up till the last decade, not even the Chinese, who received her tribute, understood the inner condition of the hermit people. The opening of her ports has done what in the past war could not do:—"The present period threatens to destroy not only her established means of livelihood, but also her social systems, and unless Christianity be brought her, nothing but superstition, agnosticism and chaos will be her portion." She has no desire for independence, and considers China as her parent and her freedom a disaster. Because of foreign importations native industries have been destroyed with nothing to take their place, and the recent war has destroyed many of the cherished landmarks. "The poverty of Korea is extreme, the manner of life and habits of the people such as confirm one in the belief that they have reached the lowest condition possible."

Although it has been denied, Korea has a religious system. "her whole existence, from king to coolie, being one complicated system of ancestor worship." At New Year's there is to be found in every house a spread of ancestral food consisting of fruit, rice, meat, distilled drinks. Incense and candles are used in their worship:

"For three years after the death of parents, night and morning the children offer food, meat and tobacco, before the

tablet in the room where the dead once lived, making besides numerous offerings at the grave. From the palace to the lowest mud hut, the three years of mourning and daily sacrifice are observed with the utmost strictness. . . . A native absent from his ancestral home will walk from the farthest end of the peninsula if necessary to be at the grave at the appointed day. . . To neglect this is to make oneself an outlaw in the land of one's fathers—'dogs that ought not to live.' A native called Kine, went according to custom to pay his respects to an elder relative. The first greeting was, 'you have failed of late to sacrifice.' 'Yes, says Kine, 'I cannot sacrifice again.' 'Then away with you; no relative of mine; a reprobate that would mix with dogs and forget his fathers.' It is quite as much as a man's life is worth to neglect this sacred custom."

From a missionary standpoint, the Koreans present a hopeful field of labor. Trustworthy, orderly, naturally moral, they are ready for the Gospel, without a preliminary educative course. Proof of this is found in the fact, that after a decade only of missionary work, there are already more than a thousand native Christians.

The book is everywhere full of information. Mr. Gale has travelled widely with his eyes open. His style is that of eager narrative. In observation he is quick to catch the salient features of things which in Korea are often humorous or pathetic. Mr. Gale has in large measure, what he himself describes as the highest of human virtues—sympathy and love for fellow mortals. Few who begin the book will fail to finish it. The binding and press work are tasty. Several illustrations embellish the work, and there are, as preludes, translations of a few native poems. One of these on filial piety illustrates the sentiment that ancestor worship begets:

"That pond'rous weighted iron bar  
I'll spin out thin in threads so far  
To reach the sun and fasten on  
And tie him in before he's gone,  
That parents who are growing gray  
May not get old another day."

L. S. H.

## Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MODE, B.A.     D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

AND THERE WERE . . . SHEPHERDS.

SCENE: *A wooded hillside in Judæa, near Bethlehem.*  
 TIME: *The morning watch.*     PERSONS: *Rhesa, Amos and Onam, three shepherds.*

*Amos*: How still and silent sheep and trees and brook!  
 The night seems holden, Rhesa, it is dark  
 As ever baffled these unsleeping eyes.

*Rhesa*: But soon the moon will rise, friend of my life,  
 And pour her radiance forth o'er many a hill,  
 Have patience!—There's a bleating ewe—beware!  
 Her lamb may stray.

*Onam*:                                 Brothers, I cannot tell,  
 But there is some expectancy I breathe,  
 A beating of the heart, and Amos, you  
 And Rhesa, by your voices, feel it too.

*Amos*: In very sooth I feel as I have dreamed  
 Upon a time, when the great moment came  
 And with its greatness woke me, so with sighs  
 I sought my flocks again, and, musing found  
 No solace;—I have hoped—

*Rhesa*:                                 Hush! Moonlight breaks  
 Through yonder cloud with fleece that priceless were  
 To any herder. Ah! the light is streaming  
 Over the mighty boles and twisted shrubs  
 On, up the hillside, see—it bathes our feet  
 And hands and faces! . . . . .  
 . . . . . O it is the light  
 Of heaven! Hide! Run! O be merciful,—  
 I cannot bear this.

*(They fall on their faces.)*

Who and what art thou,  
Stranger and Lord, that gazest on us so ?

*Angel* : Be not afraid, O Rhesa, men, fear not !  
The woe of earth is compassed by a joy  
Eternal. Ages shall this day revere  
When, the light breaking, David's city blest  
Beholds the dawning of the light of love.  
Fear not, but joyful be ! Swift messenger  
Of God's good tidings, His command I heard :  
' Go, tell the shepherds in the hillside grove  
That Christ is born, their Saviour and their Lord.  
Bid them arise and seek the Infant Child.  
Him—evermore beloved—they shall find  
Among the kine in lowly fashion lying,  
Wrapt in His swaddling clothes, and well-content,  
Smiling upon the world He comes to save.

*Onam* : Never can we forget these words of life.

*Multitude of angels (singing)* :

*Praise the child,*  
*For He is born,—*  
*O blessed morn!*  
*O blessed, blessed morn !*

*Praise the child*  
*For he is born,—*  
*No longer is the earth forlorn.*

*His name shall called be*  
*Counsellor, Wonderful !*  
*Clouds, with your thunder full*  
*Utter His praise !*  
*The Prince of Peace is He,*  
*Master of sky and sea,*  
*On Him, eternally,*  
*Heaven shall gaze !*

*Sin is conquered,  
 Death is conquered,  
 Satan put to shame.  
 O love so lowly lying,  
 O cross of Jesus dying,  
 Heaven sings to sinners crying :  
 Praise ye His name.*

*(The angels leave the earth, singing as they ascend.)*

*Angels : He hath chosen, He hath come  
 And of sin the awful sum  
 He will bear.  
 Peace be in the hearts of men !  
 Bells of heaven, ring again :  
 Glory to His name ! Amen !  
 Ever, everywhere !*

*(The shepherds rise to their feet.)*

*Amos : Departed ! Let us go to Bethlehem.*

*(The angel voices are heard from above.)*

*Angels : . . . . . Amen !  
 Ever, everywhere !*

*Rhesa : O surely let us go, that we may see  
 What wondrous things the Lord hath brought to pass.  
 Let us be quick !*

*Onam : Come, comrades, hither lies  
 The highway—canst thou, Rhesa, grasp it yet ?  
 Messiah ? O be eager to adore !*

*(Exeunt. The angel voices die away.)*

*Angels : . . . . . Amen :  
 Ever, everywhere.*

## CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

## IV.

Not insignificant among the names of the makers of our verse-literature are those of several women. The distinguishing characteristic of their work is great depth of feeling; and sometimes, as seems to be the complement of depth of feeling in a woman, lack of unifying power.

The two names standing foremost, and it is a question to which should be given precedence, are Isabella Valency Crawford and Emily Pauline Johnson. The latter might be considered to deserve the higher praise, coming as she does from another race with immense difficulties in the way of language, custom and culture. But set against that the best educational advantages; an inheritance from a long line of valiant, eloquent chiefs and Iroquois women noted for their intelligence and public spirit: an inexhaustible resource of unwritten legends, nature romances, and tales of wars: and, most important of all perhaps, an English mother of highest culture, who is connected with some of the most prominent litterateurs of the day; and in view of all this Miss Johnson seems to possess the decided advantage.

Miss Crawford's life story is a sad one. Her father, a physician in one of our inland towns, died while she was quite young. The family suffered reverses and became sadly broken. At length Miss Crawford and her mother found themselves in Toronto, where Miss Crawford wrote for magazines and papers, having her poems accepted by different magazines from time to time. But the mother soon died, and Miss Crawford was left to struggle on alone. Her book came out. The poor little blue paper cover with its unattractive title of "Old Spookses' Pass and Malcolm's Katie" was passed over almost unnoticed by the public. It was a disappointment too heavy to be borne. Toil, loneliness and grief had been endured, but now the one hope of her life was crushed. She died suddenly at the early age of thirty-two. Heart failure they called it, and that is all that can be said when one dies of a broken heart. With the death of Isabella Valency Crawford the pen of a rare and brilliant genius was forever laid down, at the very dawn of its budding promise.

"Old Spookses' Pass," the poem from which the book takes its name, is a powerful, exciting piece of writing in a style one would scarcely expect a woman to adopt.

"Wal, pard, I reckon thar's no sech time  
 For dwindlin' a chap in his own conceit,  
 Es when them mountains an' awful stars,  
 Jest hark to the tramp of his mustang's feet.  
 It 'pears to me that them solemn hills  
 Beckin' them stars so big an' calm,  
 An' whisper, "Make tracks this way, my friends,  
 We've ringed in here a specemin man ;  
 He's here alone, so we'll take a look  
 Thro' his ganzy an' vest, an' his blood an' bone,  
 An post ourselves as to whether his heart  
 Is *flesh*, or a rotten made-up stone !

An them mountains talk tew a chap this way :  
 'Climb, if ye can, ye degenerate cus !  
 An' the stars smile down on a man, an say,  
 'Come higher, poor critter, come up tew us !'"

Miss Crawford came into contact with the rough and ready forms of back-country life through her family's connection with the lumbering business. She possesses a wonderful sympathetic instinct for divining character and catching the turn of expression : as perfectly as she has laid before us the western cowboy, in the next moment the whole atmosphere changes and we have an equally good sketch of a plodding, conservative back-country farmer :

"He didn't when he sunk a well,  
 Inspect the stones and gravel ;  
 To prove that Moses was a dunce,  
 Unfit for furrin' travel ;  
 He marvell'd at them works of God—  
 An' broke 'em up to mend the road !"

Her dialect sketches are always interesting and well given and generally very humorous.

"Malcolm's Katie" is her longest poem. The story of the poem deals with the early days of the settlement of our country. The poem is full of beautiful thoughts : it has fine similes and exquisite gems of song, but it reveals the writer's immaturity and lack of training. The language is a little too glowing and not as easy and natural as is usual with her. The pictu-



resque situations are dwelt upon at too great length, and the plot is generally insufficient for the superstructure. The great fault in the poem is its lack of unity.

Miss Crawford can be powerful, as in "Old Spookses' Pass," humorous as in "Deacon Fry," skillful as in the classical richness of "Curtius" or the laughing rhythm of the Indian "Wooing of Gheezis," but for tender pathos and delicate grace, we must find her in her lyrics. Here is tenderness, sweetness, and charm. Each lyric is like a "perfumed sigh." One simple exquisite little song tells how a prisoned skylark loved a cloud.

"O soft, small cloud, the dim, sweet dawn adorning,  
 Swan-like a-sailing on its tender grey :  
       Why dost thou, dost thou float,  
       So high, the wing'd, wild note  
 Of silver lamentation from my dark and pulsing throat  
       May never never reach thee,  
       Tho' every note beseech thee [the morning,  
 To bend thy white wings downward thro' the smiling of  
       And by the black wires of my prison lightly stray?"  
 And day by day this song of pleading love goes up  
 From the poor caged bird, until at last he dies  
 In a last wild burst of song; and then the cloud  
 Leaving the 'summery bliss,'  
       'Slipped adown the air,'  
       And wan and fair,  
 Her light foot touched a purple mountain crest,  
       And touching, turn'd,  
 Into swift rain . . . .  
       And while a rainbow spread  
 Its mighty arms above, she, singing, fled,  
 And murmuring to him said :  
 'O love, I come! O love, I come to cheer thee--  
       Love to be near thee.'

It is difficult to draw the line in mentioning poems from Miss Crawford's pen; a charm lies about each one that puts it temptingly forward. She has the power of taking possession of one's sympathy, so that while we are conscious of her defects, we make haste to cover them and dwell on the passages of exceeding beauty that occur throughout her work. One such passage would be a beautiful gem to store away in memory's keeping:

"Who curseth sorrow, knows her not at all,  
 Dark matrix she, from which the human soul

Has its last birth : whence with its misty thews  
 Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out  
 Strong for immortal toil up such great heights  
 As crown o'er crown rise through eternity,  
 Without the loud, deep clamor of her wail,  
 The iron of her hands, the brine  
 Of her black tears, the soul but lightly built  
 Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist  
 Would lapse to chaos in soft gilded dreams  
 As mists fade in the gazing of the sun."

We read behind these lines her life ; the life of one whose soul, close-knitted in the dark matrix of sorrow, issued forth strong for immortal toil—and so immortality was given.

Miss Johnson comes to us with all the energy and fire of her race in their days of glory. She has at her pleasure a store of tradition, of native Indian songs and prayers, a gift for picturesque description, and a delicate, close sympathy with nature. She never lacks unity. Everything she writes is terse and vibrant with heartfelt passion, strong and well controlled. She glows with richness and color. Her love songs are unique in their simplicity and candor. They are so unconventional they might be called artistic. She is capable of intense feeling, and so strong and direct is her nature and so spontaneous and perfect is her art, there is never the slightest kind of confusion in the expression of deep passion.

When Miss Johnson writes on such subjects as 'At Sunset' and 'Brier' (Good Friday) she is on common ground with our other poets and we can judge of her relative ability. We have but to read one or two such poems to recognize her mastery of her art. But naturally, it is when dealing with themes peculiarly her own that we give our closest attention. 'Ojistoh' Dawendine and 'As Redmen Die' have a touch of primitive savagery about them which it would be impossible for one not of the race to produce. A very good representative extract of her work might be taken from the Indian woman's cry in the 'Cattle Thief.'

"Stand back, stand back, you white skins, touch that dead man to your shame,  
 You've stolen my father's spirit, but his body I only claim ;  
 You have cursed and called him cattle thief,—tho' you robbed him first of  
 bread—  
 Robbed him and robbed my people—look there, at that shrunken face,  
 Starved with a hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.

What have you left to us of land,—what have you left of game?  
 What have you brought but evil and curses since you came?  
 How have you paid us for our game? How paid us for our land?  
 By a *book* to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand!

Give back the peace and the plenty. Then come with your new belief;  
 And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to be a thief."

After these most prominent names comes a long list of those who have done, and are doing, good work, and deserve more than passing mention. Among women writers are Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), Miss Wetherell, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Lawson, Jean Blewett, Pamela Vining Yule, Mrs. Lephrophon, Miss Machar, and many others. Then there is Charles Sangster, who up to a few years ago was our national poet: William McLachlan, who loved to be called the 'Burns of Canada': Charles Heavyside with his great drama, *Saul*, but he can scarcely be claimed as Canadian: Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. D'Arcy McGee. Mr. McGee wrote patriotic songs of a strong, healthy sort that would be well put in our public school readers. In view of his sudden and tragic death one snatch of verse he wrote is freighted with peculiar sorrow:—

"I would not die with my work undone,  
 My quest unfound, my goal unwon,  
 Though life were a load of lead.  
 Ah! rather I'd bear it day by day  
 Till blood and bone were worn away  
 And Hope in Faith's lap lay dead."

Then there is John Reade—our sweetest poet. Mr. Reade is a Montreal editor and a literary critic of high standing. He has a keen intellect and fine literary taste so that he is always just, while he is quick to appreciate excellence. It is a matter of profound regret that he has published so little poetry for he has shown himself possessed of great talent. Dr. Drummond has lately appeared and become very popular through his 'habitant' stories. Dr. Jakeway, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Thomas Wentworth Eaton, Carroll Ryan, Barry Stratton, John Talon-Lesperance, William Wye Smith and Evan McColl are all more or less familiar names. Nor are these all.

The list continues with names of varying degrees of merit, but as we climb slowly down we are drawn sadly to lament with Mrs. Browning,—

“ Young men  
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,  
Before they sit down under their own vine  
And live for use. Alas! near all the birds  
Will sing at dawn,—and yet, we do not take  
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.”

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

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### THE BENEFACTOR.

The leaves are faded now. Our wistful ken  
Swells full with sad surmise as Autumn lingers  
Them with a sheen of gold and red ; and harvest hymns  
Sound strangely in the lips of other men.  
Proudly they seem to don a martyr-red :  
And every tree, though brief the leaves remain,  
Bears witness that they did not come in vain ;  
And plaintive winds complain : “ The leaves are dead.”  
O, Nature, what a lesson hast thou taught !  
’Tis in the Autumn of this life our deeds  
Pass leaf-like. Still, our summer time is fraught  
With golden opportunities the needs  
Of others to supply. Of these *he* thought ;  
And noble thinking nobler action brought.

HENRY PROCTER.

## A VISIT TO RANGOON.

(Concluded).

To-day I promised to show you some of the Mission work that is being carried on in Rangoon, but as our school does not open until nine o'clock, I think we shall have time to visit the Shwe Dagon Pagoda first. This is the Burmans' greatest shrine, and it would never do for you to leave Rangoon without visiting this spot. Pilgrims come from all parts of the country to worship here. In structure it is like the Soolay Pagoda, which we saw yesterday, but it is more beautifully ornamented. Notice the two huge dragons that guard the entrance. On either side of the long stairway leading up to the shrine, the poor lepers, with a leg or an arm eaten away in some cases, beg from morning till night. Poor creatures! they are turned away from place to place and receive nothing but harsh words. What a blessing it would be to their lives if someone would take the trouble to tell them of that One, who was a friend to lepers when here on earth, never turning them away, and who is willing to be a friend to them too, if they will accept His love. Is not the carving exquisite which ornaments the idol houses surrounding the pagoda? See this Purman mother placing a flower in the hand of her infant as she teaches it to *shecu* (bow down) to the idol and present its gift. How different this cold reception on the part of the idol, from the days when Jesus took the little ones in His arms and blessed them.

But we must hasten for I want to show you the Post Office on the way to the school. It is a massive structure and one of which we in Rangoon are proud. Those men squatting down near the entrance are writers, who are paid by the poorer class to do their correspondence for them, as they cannot write themselves. A great crowd congregates to listen while the man tells the writer what he wishes him to put in his letter. To the right is our Baptist Church for the English and Eurasian people, of whom we have a goodly number.

But now we have reached our Telugu and Tamil school. Quite a nice building, is it not? Let us enter. We have over 450 pupils altogether. You see that they are divided into their

several classes. This teacher is talking to his class in Telugu, while that one has Tamil boys entirely. Then over in that corner we have some Bengali and Hindustani youths. If you will follow me upstairs, I will show you our Kindergarten carried on by two very efficient Tamil girls. In this room the children are congregated around the sand table tracing out the path of the Children of Israel, while their teacher tells them of the flight from Egypt, and wanderings through the wilderness to the Promised Land. If you come closer you can see the little paper tents they have pitched by this little sand heap called Sinai. Now let us visit the babies. How pretty they look with their hands folded, sitting around the table singing "*Santhu Yesu yenì thanthi*," or, "Pass me not O gentle Saviour." Their teacher has been taking up the life of Christ chronologically, and has been telling them of blind Bartimaeus. Look! they have built Jericho with the Kindergarten blocks, and there is the poor man sitting by the wayside. Our constant prayer is that the Lord may open their eyes too, and bring them from darkness into His marvellous light, as they have been singing. I wish we could stay longer but our time is limited.

That strange sound that grates on your ear ahead, which you can hardly call music, is the native band. From the banana leaves decorating the doorway we know that a wedding is taking place. But for this, you could not tell whether it was a wedding or a funeral, as the band plays exactly the same in either case. The girl's parents have had the whole affair entirely in their own hands, and very likely she has never seen or heard of her future husband until the marriage ceremony, which lasts about three days. In that open space yonder notice that holy man, as the Hindu terms him. Clad in a filthy, ragged garment, with unwashed hands and face, and hair that has never seen a comb, there he sits in the dust, spending most of his time in muttering over prayers which he has committed to memory, and receiving alms from any passer-by who wishes to receive merit and obtain favour of the gods.

Now as it is getting a little cooler and we are rested, perhaps it would be well to resume our travels as the *gharry* is awaiting us. Here is the Rangoon jail, one of the largest in the

British Empire. It can accommodate about three thousand prisoners and is self-supporting. If we had time it would be well worth our while to step inside and see some of the beautiful carving done by the prisoners. Those buildings to the left are *phungyi kyowngs* (monasteries) kept up by the priests, where the children come for instruction in the Bhuddist religion,

Now we are approaching the Baptist College. You see that, from an educational standpoint, we are not far behind the times in Rangoon. We have no college for our Telugus and Tamils here yet, but any Burman or Karen can have a college education here if he so desires. We are just in time I think to see them congregate in the Chapel for their closing exercises. To look over this Chapel, full of young manhood; Burmans who have been taught from earliest infancy to visit the Pagoda and bow down to Gautema; Karens who in their jungle homes have always lived in terror of the evil spirits called "nats" whom they worship through fear; Talaings, Shans, Chins, Kachins and Chinese, who have been able to master the Burman language sufficiently to study in it, altogether numbering four hundred and seventy-two; I say again to look over the Chapel and see all these young men stand up and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and know that twenty-one of them have been baptized from the college during the last year, helps us to realize in a small measure what mission work is doing for these people, and inspires us with fresh zeal to press on in spite of all obstacles, when we see such results; especially when we realize that Judson landed in this country only eighty-five years ago. I want you to see the laboratory where they perform their experiments in chemistry, etc. The Normal department furnishes many teachers for the mission schools throughout Burma.

Near at hand two lady missionaries give a two years' course of Bible study to Burmese and Karen women, fitting them for the work of Bible women throughout Burma, after leaving that institution.

I wish I had the time to take you to Insein where we have a large Theological Seminary which sends out a continual supply of native pastors and evangelists, on whom the work in future years largely depends. Last year forty graduated from the

Karen department and eleven from the Burman, a great many of whom will be supported by their own people in their pastoral work. Then there is the large Karen school at Aplone, and the Burman girls school at Kemendine, all of which it will be impossible to visit, for by the time we reach home and have dinner we will need to go to bed, in order to be prepared for our long journey back to good old McMaster in the morning.

KATIE W. ARMSTRONG, '01.



## Editorial Notes.

WE print in this number the excellent address delivered by Dr. Thomas at our annual Founders' Day Exercises. Many of our readers will have read it in the *Canadian Baptist*, but they will welcome it in the more permanent form that a monthly magazine affords. It was admirably suited for the occasion and was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it. We commend it to all our readers. Chancellor Wallace's words on the same occasion were as follows :

We have assembled to honour the memory of the founder of this University. In founding it he builded better than he knew. Already it has taken a large place in the Baptist denomination and a worthy place in the educational life of Canada. Its future will be as great as the courage and devotion of its friends.

William McMaster though dead is speaking eloquently to-day by the lives of the men and women who already have received education and inspiration in this University. Greater works than he did, they will do. His greatest work was the founding of this school. He was a strong man of affairs, a leader in the business world. He was a Senator of Canada, and of approved sagacity in matters affecting the welfare of our country. But he is remembered to-day chiefly because of his munificent gift to the cause of learning. Much more will this be true in years to come. Long after men have forgotten all that he was in the social, commercial and political life of Canada they will remember him, on account of this great gift, as one of the greatest benefactors of his day. Millionaires die and are forgotten. Senators die and are forgotten. But a man who identifies his name with a University is never forgotten. William McMaster, the founder of McMaster University, will be remembered a hundred years hence, a thousand years hence.

And who can measure the influence of his great gift ? It was said in this room a few hours ago that already that influence was felt on three continents. That is a thought to make our hearts beat more quickly. It draws away a veil and shows us a vast horizon.

The work of this University has only begun. There now confronts us a great opportunity and a sacred responsibility. By the munificence of one princely giver the University was founded ; but that it may be adequately sustained, and that its expansion may be commensurate with the growth of its constituency, it must have still

the unwavering, unwearying, generous, self-sacrificing support of all who believe that it has a mission in the world.

To-night we mention the name of one benefactor. We hope that in years not far in the future we may be permitted to mention others.

In an article in the *American Journal of Theology*, on "Liberty and Creed" (an abstract of which we gave last year), Dr. Newman makes the following statement: "My own reading of history and my observation of psychological phenomena have left on me the impression that there is nothing too absurd or too atrocious to gain the intellectual and moral approval of certain types of mind under certain circumstances." Most of us will agree with the Doctor, and will readily call to mind examples of just such phenomena as he refers to. The Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's play is one of the absurdest theories ever propounded, and yet it seems to exert an irresistible fascination over the minds of certain persons. It has never won the assent of any Shakespearian scholar of any note or reputation, or in fact of any one whose opinion is worth listening to in the face of the general consensus of opinion. It may be worth while to give the opinion of the latest biographer of Shakespeare, Mr. Sidney Lee, one of the editors, if we remember rightly, of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the writer of the life of Shakespeare in that monumental work. Having been applied to, in his capacity as Shakespearian expert, to give an inquirer directions how best to study the theory that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, he replied that "a serious treatment of the subject is difficult for one who has closely studied the authentic record of Shakespeare's life." He added:

I therefore desire as respectfully, but also as emphatically and as publicly as I can, to put on record the fact, as one admitting to my mind of no rational ground for dispute, that there exists every manner of contemporary evidence to prove that Shakespeare, the householder of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote, with his own hand, and exclusively by the light of his own genius—merely to paraphrase the contemporary inscription on his tomb in Stratford-on-Avon Church—those dramatic works which form the supreme achievement in English literature. The defective knowledge and casuistical argumentation, which alone render another conclusion possible, seem to me to find their closest parallel in our own day in the ever popular delusion that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne. I once heard how a poor and ignorant champion of the well-known claimant declared that his unfortunate hero had been arbitrarily kept out of the baronetcy because he was a poor butcher's son. Very similar is the attitude of mind of those who assert that

Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, because Bacon was a great contemporary philosopher and prose-writer. The argument for the Baconian authorship, when stripped of its irrevelances, amounts to nothing more than this.

THE old Minute Book of the Haldimand Church, covering the years 1798-1830, has been put in charge of the library of McMaster University, "until required by the church." This is one of the most interesting records relating to early Baptist history in Ontario, and will be of great value in the future. We are grateful to the church and to Platt Hinman, Esq., who has been for so many years the custodian of the book. Referring to the transfer of these records from him to us he says: "I shall regret to part with the old book, but think it will be in safe keeping with you." Mr. Hinman has brought us under obligation by donating to the library a hymn book and three bound volumes of Associational Minutes. With the latter are bound up various documents of historical or of personal interest. The hymn book is one which Mr. Hinman has had in his possession sixty years. It was brought by his grandfather, Moses Hinman, from Vermont, in 1799, and was in use until supplanted by Watts' "Psalms and Hymns." A comparison of the hymns in this book with those, for example, in the "Canadian Baptist Hymnal," will show what a change has taken place in the hymnody of the Christian church in the last century. The honor of being the first to respond to our appeal for donations of historical material to the McMaster University library belongs to Mr. Hinman and the Haldimand Church.

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## Book Reviews.

### "ROSE À CHARLITTE."\*

"Rose à Charlitte" is the latest volume from the pen of the young Canadian writer, Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," "The King of the Park," and other stories. With one exception, Miss Saunders' works have been primarily for children, or have had a noticeable didactic purpose, but "Rose à Charlitte," like "The House of Armour" is an essay into the realm of fiction, pure and simple. And a very promising essay it is, too. As an Acadian romance, it is appro-

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[\* An Acadian romance. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated by H. de M. Young: Boston, L. C. Page & Co. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.]

privately dedicated "to one whose classic verse is rich in suggestion caught from the picturesque Evangeline land, to Theodore Harding Rand, D.C.L., of McMaster University, Toronto." There are many comparatively unexplored mines in our own romantic Canadian annals, and the story of the expulsion, wanderings, and return of the Acadians is surely one of the richest of these. Our Canadian poets have caught the inspiration of the Evangeline land, and in the pages of Roberts, Carman, and Rand are to be found exquisite pictures of its bewitching scenery. But Longfellow's successful use of the Acadian story in *Evangeline*, while proving its striking possibilities, has made it difficult for other poets to work the same vein. The novel-writer has the advantage of the poet in this respect, and Roberts has, as we know, made use of Acadian romance in "The Forge in the Forest." Now comes Miss Saunders with her story, and if for no other reason than that in it she shows the resources that await the touch of the master-hand, "*Rose à Charlitte*" is a welcome addition to Canadian literature.

But, apart from this, "*Rose à Charlitte*" has distinct merits of its own. Its main interest lies, we think, in the charming picture it gives of the Acadians of to-day. Their everyday life, their simplicity of nature, not unmingled with shrewdness, their gaiety of spirit, and generous, hospitable disposition, their devotion to their religion, and pride of race, in spite of the tendency to become English, these, and many other features of Acadian life stand out vividly on the canvas. But while depicting these in the course of her story, Miss Saunders lays most stress, perhaps, on their passionate remembrance of the cruelties inflicted on their ancestors, and on their burning sense of the injustice they deem still done them by modern opinion on the causes of that great tragedy. Acadian opinion on this subject (as indicated in such works as Richards' "*Acadia: Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of History*," and Herbin's "*Grand Pre: a Sketch of the Acadian Occupation*"), is inclined to acquit the English Government of blame, and to lay upon Governor Laurence, of Massachusetts, the responsibility for the expulsion and its attendant cruelties. This view is presented in "*Rose à Charlitte*," and one character in it, Agapit Le Noir, is the incarnation of the Acadian feeling and spirit. It is pleasing to observe that unequivocal loyalty to England and England's Queen is a distinguishing feature of Acadian sentiment.

From the purely artistic standpoint the clear-cut characterization is the best thing in the book. *Rose à Charlitte*, the heroine, Narcisse, her child, Agapit, the "fiery Frenchman," and Bidiane are

drawn as if from life. They stand out distinct from one another, and never once appear to be mere variations of the same type. Rose and Narcisse, in particular, are exquisite creations, and their presence gives a rare charm and distinction to the story. It is Miss Saunders' power to create such living and such delightful persons as these, rather than her ability to invent a plot, that leads us to expect greater things from her pen. All that can justly be said of *Rose à Charlitte*, as a story, is that it is fairly interesting. For so long a book the substance of the story must be considered thin. Indeed, the one criticism to be made is on the score of length. After all it is the story that makes a romance and when it drags the interest of the reader is bound to wane. We confess that at times in reading "*Rose à Charlitte*" it required an effort to keep up the interest, and yet when we have said this we feel like adding that there is hardly a chapter in the book that, by itself, is not interesting. It is only because the connecting link between it and the main story is weak that one is inclined to lose interest. This is the artistic defect of the book. We are sure, however, that Miss Saunders' growing power will enable her soon to overcome this weakness. For the present we can commend "*Rose à Charlitte*" to Canadian readers.

M.

## College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, MISS B. E. GILE, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01, EDITORS.

WE ARE pleased to welcome back to the Hall as residents Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall, after a prolonged absence.

TO NEWLY-RETURNED STUDENT, surrounded by a throng of envious youths,—“Congratulations, old boy! Much joy!”—and he looked bewildered.

PROFESSOR IN GEOLOGY, examining mineralogical specimens supposed to be procured by the students from Nature's open field,—“This is a rare stone. In what neighborhood was it found?” Student, fresh from the garret, where geological relics of other students, of other years, are stored,—“In the wilds of the desert of the garret.”

OVERHEARD ON FOUNDER'S NIGHT:—Charming Young Lady, promenading: Dr. Thomas uses very big words, doesn't he? Freshman: Yes, but you must remember he was talking to students. Charming Young Lady. Oh, I see!—and the Freshman wonders why the charming young lady smiled so curiously.

THE RINK.—Thanks to the co-operation of our vigorous rink committee and frigid weather, the long-standing water has congealed with sufficient hardness to support many youths and maidens on its surface. Hockey is booming; McMaster students and friends are taking a lively interest in the success of the rink, and if cold weather only continues the success of this branch of athletics will be assured.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.—At 1.30 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, December 22nd, the McMaster students welcomed to their gaily decorated dining-hall the members of the Boards of Governors and Senators, the members of the Faculty, representatives from several of the other institutions of learning in our Province, with other specially invited guests. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, the chairman, Mr. F. J. Scott, gave the signal for the commencement of the toast-list. The first toast was to the Queen, proposed by the chairman, and responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. Alexander G. Campbell, B.A., spoke in behalf of McMaster, Professor Willmott, replying in an interesting speech containing some valuable suggestions. Mr. J. T. Jones, '99, proposed the toast to “Sister Institutions.” Representatives from Varsity, Queen's, Victoria, Knox, Osgoode, The Dental College, and Woodstock College, responded in brief and happy

speeches. The Learned Professions were duly honored by Mr. W. P. Reekie, B.A., and were represented in reply by Dr. Porter in a few witty remarks. Then followed the toast to the ladies, who received their full share of honor, if that were possible, in an eloquent speech made by Mr. H. Procter, '99. The singing of "They are Jolly Good Fellows" terminated one of the most successful Christmas dinners ever held by McMaster students.

FOUNDER'S DAY.—The fall term of 1898 was brought to a close by the annual services held in honor of the University's Founder, on the evening of Thursday, December 22nd. Despite the unpleasantness of the weather, a large number of guests were present, and did their part in making the occasion a successful one. The corridors were gaily decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens, some of the lecture-rooms were prettily decked in the several class-colors, as rendezvous; and a number of the student's rooms were thrown open for the same purpose. The program for the evening was quite varied, and well suited for the entertainment of such a large company. The more serious and strictly memorial part of the exercises took place at 8 o'clock in the Dining Hall. Chancellor Wallace occupied the chair, and Rev. E. T. Fox conducted the devotional exercises. Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., delivered a magnificent address on "The Girdled Life." At 9 o'clock an exhibition of stereopticon views of Canada, the Klondike, and Child Studies was given in the Chapel, by Mr. H. E. Whittemore; and at 9.15, in the Dining Hall, a program of readings and vocal and instrumental music was rendered; a similar program was given in the Chapel at 10 o'clock. Those who furnished these parts of the entertainment were: Mr. Lester Riggs, clarinet; Miss Alice Nesbitt, reading; Mr. W. E. Bowyer, baritone; Miss Louie Fulton, violin; Mrs. Sara Spence, reading, Mr. Leo B. Riggs, piano; Miss Hattie R. Eckhardt, piano; and Messrs. Bryant, Riggs, Bowyer, Welch, quartette. At 9.30 a promenade concert began on the second flat, which, judging from the animated appearance which the halls presented, was not the least attractive feature of the evening. Two popular centres of interest during the evening must be mentioned. In Room 31 was to be found a very unique museum, containing a large and valuable collection of relics, such as the "hatchet which was used 'to break the news to mother,'" and the "bullet that shot Gladstone." Room 27 was a veritable "Plugger's Den," after viewing which no one could escape the conviction that "much study is a weariness to the flesh." It was nearly mid night when the guests left the Hall; and everyone, either in words or in thought, pronounced the "Founder's Night" of 1898 a decided success.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening, December 13th, in the Bloor Street Baptist Church was held the seventeenth annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University. Dr. Rand occupied the chair. A portion of Scripture was read by Chancellor Wallace, after which Pastor Eaton led in prayer. The annual report was read by the Recording Secretary, Mr. S. E.

Grigg, which was very encouraging. The work done by the students during the summer had been abundantly blessed, almost every one reporting conversions and baptisms. New fields were opened up, churches were organized, and chapels built. The voluntary work is progressing rapidly. Taylor Street Mission was kept open during the summer, and splendid work done. The Society is represented in Bolivia by Bro. Reekie, and Bro. and Sister Routledge, who have opened up the first Protestant mission in that land.

The Rev. J. A. K. Walker, missionary lately returned from the Telugu field, gave a most inspiring address on India's attitude to Christ and Christianity. There is a great difference between the attitude toward Christ and that toward Christianity. Many who admire and venerate Christ will not accept the dogmas of Christianity. India is divided into many classes. The first class considered was the educated class, and of these there are three main sub-classes, the vernacular educated class, the English educated class, and the students in the Universities. The vernacular educated class is most intensely Hindu, and narrowly educated. Their attitude goes through the gradations of indifference, apathy and hatred. They do not discriminate between a true Christian and an average British official, who is a disgrace to Christianity and a stumbling-block to its spread. Where Christianity has been forcefully presented to this class their attitude is hopeful.

The English educated classes are the graduates of the universities, and fill the most important offices under the Government. There have been two religious movements among them. The first was an eclectic system established about 1774, and later on revived again. The advocates of this system look on Jesus as a prophet of God, but deny His deity. They admit the crucifixion, but deny the resurrection. This is destined to fall, and its ablest exponents see and admit that nothing short of the full acceptance of Christ as the divine Son of God and Saviour of the world can bring lasting benefit to India. There is besides a New-Hinduism which claims that India does not need a new religion. What is needed is to have popular Hinduism cleared of its corruptions. There are hopeful signs among these men. They are enquiring and discussing, and this thought is losing hold on them. Some of them say that if Christianity does not get a foothold in their day, their children or children's children will be Christians.

The University students are thoughtful young men, and more attention is beginning to be paid to them. The uneducated middle classes are made up of the farmers, tradesmen, etc. They are vast in numbers and are thoughtful men, as a rule. When Christ is presented to them clearly and in a spirit of love they are friendly. The reasons for this friendly attitude are mainly two. They are ashamed of Hinduism. Filthiness is at the very heart of it. Its priests and priestesses are immoral and corrupt to the highest degree. Then where they have seen the power of Christ and Christianity in the hearts of men and women they cannot deny it. Some of His own



people, converted in a most providential manner, stood firm in the midst of the bitterest persecution, ready to lay down their lives rather than deny Christ. The report of this thing went about the country and impressed all who heard of it. They know that there is nothing in any other religion which can wield like power over timid men and women. The meeting closed with prayer led by the Rev. Mr. Denovan.

On Wednesday morning the meeting was continued in the College chapel. After devotional exercises, led by Dr. Rand, reports were heard from various voluntary workers. This was followed by an address on the deepening of the spiritual life, by Mr. J. J. McNeil, B.A., and another on the same subject by the Rev. Mr. Walker. These addresses were very Scriptural and most intensely earnest, and such as might very profitably be put into print. This meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. J. G. Brown.

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The Literary and Scientific Society held its last meeting for the fall term on Friday night, Dec. 16th. The programme was very interesting from a literary as well as from an artistic point of view, for it marked the appearance of the Xmas number of a college paper well known in the University life of McMaster as *The Student*. To venture a criticism of this newsy sheet would be a presumption unpardonable when such men as G. R. Welch and P. C. McGregor are editors. Its pages were filled with a wide and varied collection of news, interesting to those Freshmen who are frequently seen scanning the "Want" column of the daily, to the Junior and Senior with their finely wrought philosophical and metaphysical brains so keenly appreciative of the sublime and the ridiculous. Chancellor Wallace gave a brief address, in which he manifested his deep interest in and appreciation of what is being done in athletics among the students. The Chancellor also presented the championship McNaught challenge cup and the gold medal to the winner of first place in the annual games for the year 98 99 to G. L. Sprague, the silver medal for second place to A. B. Cohoe, and the silver medal for third place to R. E. Sayles, and the badges to the winners of the different events. During the evening, Mr. A. C. Newcombe, '00, delighted the audience with a vocal solo; Mr. A. J. Thomson, '99, gave an instrumental solo, and Miss Nesbit recited acceptably.

FRESHMEN'S RALLY.—The evening of the 15th of December was spent in a most enjoyable manner by the Freshmen Class. It was the memorable occasion of the first Annual Rally, which all but four of the members were able to attend. Through the generous hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, their home was thrown open to the host of ninety young people, who were determined to spend a few pleasant hours. The first part of the evening was given up to a guessing contest, with the occasional interruptions, when the different numbers on the programme were given. Mr. Coutts, the President, made a short address, welcoming the guests, and at the conclusion of his remarks,

presented to Mrs. Newman a bouquet of flowers, as a token of the Year's appreciation of her kindness. The Class History was admirably given by Mr. Walker, and a magnificent address was delivered by Mr. Stapleton, who holds the position of Orator in the Year. Mr. Leo Riggs and Mr. McDonald the Minstrel and Bard of the Class, contributed musical and poetical numbers to the programme. The continual buzz of conversation characterized the remaining part of the evening, and an enjoyable social hour was spent. This evening's entertainment initiated Class '02 into the pleasures of the Year Rally, and it is safe to say that the anticipations of none were disappointed.

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## MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS PUTNAM, MISS DUNCAN, EDITORS.

THE College re-opened for the New Year on Wednesday, January 4th. The attendance is larger than that of last term, several new students have been enrolled.

The outlook for the next six months is most encouraging; the work has been entered upon with an earnestness and vigor that augurs well for the term. The best spirit possible in regard to the work prevails; an evidence that, more and more, the aim of the College to be one in which the work is of the very highest character, is being realized. A marked feature of this spirit is the earnest individual effort that is made by each student in her work, ample proof of which was given in the satisfactory results of the Christmas examinations. The spirit shown in the literary work is not lacking in the other departments, and in all phases of the life; the class organizations and the various societies are all successfully maintained.

The most interesting feature of this term has been the lecture given by Professor Clark, L.L.D., of Trinity College, on King's Bay's "Water Babies." The lecture sustained in a high degree the superior character of the course of lectures arranged for the year. It is a matter for congratulation that the students have enjoyed the privilege of hearing the most cultured men of the city lecture upon subjects of special interest and profit.

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. MCLEAN, EDITORS.

THERE is talk of lodging a protest against the McMaster Hockey Team's infringement of our athletic color-rights.

WE are glad to welcome to our midst many new boys of a splendid type, and all greet with pleasure the return of some of the old students who had endeared themselves to the school. The smiling face of W. Fox, who was out for a term, brings back pleasant recollections.

UNDER the management of a good live committee, the skating rink is proving the source of a deal of pleasure; before the winter is over we hope to see a match between the McMaster and Woodstock Hockey teams.

THE Literary Societies are again under full swing. The officers for Philomathic Society are Pres., J. A. Hilts; Vice-Pres., Fyfe McDonald; Sec., C. Fraser; Marshall, O. W. Pound; Critic, Mr. Clarke. The affairs of the Excelsior are under the management of Pres., J. B. McArthur; Vice-Pres., R. Edwards; Sec., K. Clarke; Editors of "Maple Leaf," N. and L. Buchanan; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

THE Hockey Club met for re-organization Jan. 10th, and elected the following officers: Hon. Pres., D. W. Karn; Pres., Mr. Teakles; Vice-Pres., S. S. McEwen; Sec., R. A. F. McDonald; Captain Senior team, M. S. McArthur; Junior team, G. H. Challies. The boys are playing a good game, and we expect them to win laurels for the school before spring, although the team is composed of entirely new material.

WHILE in Woodstock on the 12th inst., for the purpose of delivering a University extension lecture on "Matthew Arnold," Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., of the University of Toronto, was a guest at the College. On the morning following his lecture in the Public Library Hall, Mr. Keys addressed the school, and gave a very interesting description of the English and German methods of secondary education. A unique feature of Mr. Keys' visit was that in meeting the Faculty, he was renewing acquaintance in two cases with old college-mates, and in three others (including that of the Principal) with former students. The manual training department elicited strong praise from our Toronto visitor.

ON Monday evening, December 19th, a match took place in the Canterbury Street Rink, between the College Hockey Team and the team of the Thistle Hockey Club, of the town. Shortly after 5 o'clock the uniformed teams lined up (the Thistles in the blue and the College

boys in green and white), and the puck was faced. From the first the game was swift. The Thistles, especially Nethercotte and Bickerton, showed skill and practice in their individual play, and did good work, running the number of goals up, so that at the end of half time the score stood 3 to 1 in their favor. After a short intermission, the players again took their positions on the ice. The play was fast and interesting, and the College forwards put up a better combination, but the Thistles brought the record to 6 to 1, and things looked blue for the boys in green. Hunter, of the Thistles, was disabled, and his place was taken by Caister. About 15 minutes then remained. The College boys began to warm up to work in earnest, and by their rushes, brilliant pass game and good shots succeeded in putting through four goals. The prospects were bright for another, which would have evened the score, when the whistle blew for time and play ceased. The game from start to finish was clean and gentlemanly, and the wearers of the green are in hopes of regaining their lost laurels before the close of the season. The following are the teams:—  
Thistles: Goal, H. Anderson; point, Hunter; cover point, Bickerton; forwards, Nethercotte (captain), Hay, Dunlap, Eden. College: Goal, E. Hunter; point, G. H. Challies; cover point, R. A. F. McDonald; forwards, M. S. McArthur (captain), J. B. McArthur, E. A. Davis, C. Hursee. Referee, "Wee" Fuller, of the Parks Hockey Club.

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#### GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

THE winter term of school opened on the 3rd inst. The scholars, with few exceptions, returned faithfully after having enjoyed a good holiday. The work of the year began promptly. At present there are prospects of a good term's work.

REV. W. S. BULLOCK, Pastor of Roxton Pond French Baptist Church, conducted our weekly prayer meeting on the 4th inst. He gave us a short visit while on his way to the West to represent our mission before the different churches of the Western Associations. We were pleased to hear him and listen to his helpful words. We trust that God may make his journey a blessing, and that the people may be led to respond to the needs of the great work of spreading the Gospel of Truth among those who have it not.

THE Athletic enthusiasts have discharged their duties faithfully during the past few days, and they expected that the rink would have been in good shape for skating by this time. But this afternoon (14th inst.), instead of skating on the rink, they might have bathed in it, had they been so disposed. The hope is that "Jack Frost" may visit us before long.

"THE man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Let no such man be trusted—mark the music."—The following programme was well rendered on the 16th of December last at the Ninth Annual Musical Soirée, under the direction of our able teacher, Mrs. A. E. Massé.

Piano Duet.....	"Comedy Overture,"	Mrs. Massé and Miss Rustedt
Piano Solo.....	"Petit Bolero,"	Miss E. Cummings
Piano Solo.....	"Canzonetta,"	Miss A. Vessot
Cornet Solo.....	"Serenade,"	E. S. Roy
Piano Solo.....	"First Mazurka,"	Miss V. St. James
Vocal Solo.....	"L'Anneau d'Argent,"	Miss S. Piché
Piano Solo.....	"Wittergold,"	Miss C. Thétraut
Piano Trio.....	"Deux Gavottes Célèbres,"	Mr. Hayes, Miss Rustedt and Miss Briston
Vocal Duet.....	"Le Lac de Genève,"	Mrs. Massé and Miss Piché
Piano Solo.....	"L'Oiseau Captif,"	Miss E. Bowden
Piano Solo.....	"Für Elise,"	Miss A. Therrien
Vocal Solo.....	{ (a) "Who Told?" } { (b) "Mignon," }	Mrs. Massé
Piano Solo.....	"Andante Favori,"	Miss Rustedt
Vocal Duet.....	"O Lovely Night,"	Messrs. Roy and Therrien

PRINCIPAL MASSÉ attended the jubilee anniversary meeting of the "Brooklyn Ladies Association," in aid of the Grande Ligne Mission, held in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 7th of December last. He reports that, owing to the protracted illness of Mrs. C. H. Cutting, the President of the Association, Dr. Shempstone acted as moderator. The gathering was made up of representative members of all the Baptist churches of the city. Rev. T. Lafleur made an address on the work of the Mission in general, and Principal Massé on its educational features. Both are agreed that they never spake to a more sympathetic audience. The Association is in a most prosperous condition, and promises to second the efforts of the Mission for years to come.

## Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

MISS ANNA M. SACKETT, of Waukesha, Wis., has revoked a legacy of \$5,000 to Carroll College in that city, because the trustees permit the students to play football. Miss Sackett took this action after witnessing a game.—*Ex.*

WE note two very interesting articles in a recent number of the *Baptist Union*, written by two McMaster graduates, Messrs. O. G. Langford, B.A., and Stanbury R. Tarr, M.A.

## A PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING.

For Thy love and strong compassion  
 We adore Thee, Saviour,  
 May Thy love, in tender fashion,  
 Better our behaviour !  
 Where Thou art, sin cannot be ;  
 Make our hearts, Lord, bright with Thee,  
 Till in heaven's eternity  
 We sing : O mighty Saviour.

Angel voices sing Thy praises,  
 Sweetly sounds their trying,  
 But when man the chorus raises  
 He forgets his sighing,  
 Sings of One who left His bliss,  
 Meekly met the traitor's kiss,  
 Suffered pain of scourge and hiss,  
 On the cross lay dying.

Saviour, bounteous in blessing,  
 Guide our growing nation,  
 May we, weaknesses confessing,  
 Witness Thy salvation,—  
 With Thy spirit us endue,  
 Make us free and kind and true,  
 Each Thanksgiving Day anew  
 Kindling adoration.

—G. HERBERT CLARKE, in *Baptist Union*.

## A FANCY BY THE SEA.

The lingering trace on the day's dead face  
 Of the sunset's parting smile,  
 Sheds an after-glow on the peaks of snow  
 And the gray sea, mile on mile.

The sea birds rest on her spacious breast,  
 Hearing her croon of sleep ;  
 Oh, sweet and long is the slumber song  
 Of the ancient mother deep !

Perchance she dreams of the matchless themes  
 She sang when the world was young,  
 Ere wild winds woke and their sorrows spoke  
 And taught her an alien tongue.

But some glad day in the far away,  
 When the world's heart is retuned,  
 She will sing again in the old refrain  
 She in her childhood crooned.

—BRADFORD K. DANIELS, in *Canadian Magazine*.

A MASS-MEETING of students of Princeton University, by an overwhelming majority passed resolutions for the abolition of hazing. The preamble of the resolutions recites that hazing in all forms is a demor-

alizing practice, which has been carried to a baneful extreme, so as to damage the interests and reputation of the university, and the resolutions, after declaring for abolition, say that the freshman class will be expected to observe established college customs, and provide for a committee of five persons, composed of the Vice-Presidents of the two upper classes, the editor-in-chief of the *Princetonian*, and the manager and assistant manager of the baseball team, to enforce the resolutions.—*New York Post*.

"You will observe," said the Professor, "that the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes." "But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class, whose father was in the hardware line. "Certainly not," replied the Professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?" "I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.—*Household Words*.

A CERTAIN layman in the diocese brought a complaint against the clergyman of the parish for various ritualistic practices. In making his indictment, he reserved the worst till last—"And would you believe it, my lord? Mr. — kisses his stole." Whether the Bishop approved of the piece of ritual or not, history does not relate, but his sense of humor came to his rescue at the moment. "Well, Mr. —, you will be the first to admit that that's a good deal better than if he stole a kiss."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ACTA VICTORIANA has published an excellent Christmas number both as to form and matter. It is representative of the best names in Canadian literature, among the contributors being such writers as, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Charles C. D. Roberts, Jean Blewett and others. We notice a pretty little poem by our own Dr. Rand, which we reproduce elsewhere in this column. There are portraits of most of the writers as well as other illustrations. Altogether the number reflects great credit upon the energy of the editors.

THE Bishop of—never mind where—being a new comer, and somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting out-of-the-way parishes and taking one himself.

On one of these occasions, having formed quite a good congregation, and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unimpressionable yokels, and put some leading questions to the old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they've been pleased with yer," said the old man, patronizingly, "and I'm sure we tuk it werry kind o' yer worship to come down and preach to us; but, yer knaw, a worser one would ha' done for the likes o' we, if so be," he added with becoming humility, "one could have bin found."—*Living Church*.

## WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

Companions of idle dreaming,  
 I wonder where do you go.  
 You leave me now in my weary way,  
 And the things you promised for me one day  
 Are gone forever, I know.

You said I'd live to be happy,  
 To find that your word was true ;  
 But the Love, the Peace and the Fame to be,  
 Foundations of Hope, that you promised me,  
 Are treasures I never knew.

Yet, friends, I cherish no hatred,  
 But bear you all good-will ;  
 You cheered me during my boyhood years,  
 You steadied my heart 'gainst growing fears,  
 And for this I love you still:

I know you were false and fickle,  
 But the world has much of this ;  
 So I count you comrades among the rest,  
 And I wish you always may find the best  
 Of health and perfect bliss.

—FRANK F. DUKETTE, in *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

The lithe wind races and sings  
 Over the grasses and wheat—  
 See the emerald floor as it springs  
 To the touch of invisible feet !

Ah, later, the fir and the pine  
 Shall stoop to its weightier tread,  
 As it tramps the thundering brine  
 Till it shudders and whitens in dread !

Breath of man ! A glass of thine own  
 Is the wind on the land, on the sea,—  
 Joy of life at thy touch !—full grown,  
 Destruction and death may be !

—*Dr. Rand, in Acta Victoriana.*

LORD CREWE, at an educational meeting at Liverpool, told an amusing story of the little son of a friend of his who refused to say his lesson to his governess. He admitted that he knew it well, but, said he, "If I say my lesson, what's the use? you will only make me learn something else." That child will probably be heard of again.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE publishers of one of Kipling's recent books paid at the rate of a shilling a word. A would be wag of fleet street, London, upon hearing this, wrote to Mr. Kipling to the effect that as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices he would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling. The Londoner duly received his answer. Kipling retained the shilling and politely forwarded a large sheet of paper, upon which was inscribed the single word "thanks."—*Ex.*