



Yours in the Lord
Stephen Tucker

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STEPHEN TUCKER.

Stephen Tucker was born in Brandon, Vermont, June 1st, 1798. Of his early life little is known to us, further than that he was religiously disposed from his boyhood, was converted to the Saviour at the age of 19, and became a diligent student of God's Word.

In 1821 he moved to Canada, settling in Chatham Township, Que., and for two years was chiefly occupied in the manufacture of bricks. Whatever he undertook to do, he did it faithfully and like a true man. The bricks he made were like his deeds, firm and lasting, as several brick buildings in old St. Andrew's village still testify; and as the great historian, Thomas Carlyle, said of his own father, "No one that comes after him will ever say, here was the finger of a hollow-eye servant." This common employment of life became to him the occasion of serving the Saviour who redeemed him from the world. Shortly after, he visited the town of Brandon, the home of his youth; returning to the Province of Quebec with his beloved wife, Lucy Cheney, he settled in Papineauville, County of Ottawa. At this time he engaged in the lumber trade, meeting at times with heavy losses, yet in more prosperous years fulfilling the Scriptural injunction, "Owe no man anything." Through diligent study of

the Scriptures he openly avowed his allegiance to Christ by following him in baptism. In reference to this, the late Rev. D. McPhail wrote in a circular letter to the Ottawa Baptist Association of 1865: "Mrs. Tucker was the first and for a time the only Baptist in the vicinity of Papineauville Bay." This lady was baptized in Brandon, Vt., and settled in Papineauville (formerly Ponticut Bay) with her husband, who was still engaged in the lumber business. Mr. Tucker having become convinced of his duty, cheerfully submitted to baptism by the hands of Rev. John Edwards, Sr. Numbers came from Clarence (13 miles up the Ottawa River), in long-boats and canoes, to witness the ordinance, and returned the next day. Mr. McPhail states that this baptism, so far as known, was the first in the Ottawa River. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker united with the Church in Clarence (then Fox's Point), going up the river in a canoe during the summer, and in a sleigh in winter, to worship God with their brethren in Clarence. Though in early life Mr. Tucker met with some serious reverses in business, yet through strong faith in God, persistent tact, untiring energy, and an indomitable will, his lumber trade rapidly increased and became one continuous series of successes. His Christian liberality developed with his temporal prosperity. Wealth with him was not hoarded, but annually expended in the cause of Christ. Giving while living, he was bountifully rewarded in his life by witnessing a rich harvest gathered through his means to the glory of God in the extension of His kingdom.

Our Home Mission funds have been largely aided by his timely and handsome contributions. For years he employed several missionaries to visit and preach the gospel in new and destitute fields up the Ottawa River. Several Baptist churches, as Amprior, White Lake, Bristol, Clarendon, McNab, Fitzroy and Pembroke, are the result of his noble investments in the cause of Christ. Our Foreign Missions were also much loved by Deacon Tucker, and were generously helped by his contributions, while at the same time he furnished numbers of theological students with means to promote their studies.

In person Deacon Stephen Tucker was tall and slender, standing over six feet in height, straight and commanding in figure, a born leader of men. So much did he resemble the late

President Abraham Lincoln, that many have cheered and addressed him as such while he was travelling in the United States. In disposition, meek and unassuming, he had such a dislike to any parade in connection with giving, as to prevent many of us from mentioning his name in public when speaking of gifts. No man more keenly felt his failures and shortcomings, as his own private journal revealed. But now that he is gone, the interest of truth demands that such examples of consecrated wealth shall not be relegated to the forgotten past.

His donation accounts for some fourteen years to different good objects rate from \$1,232 to \$4,103 per annum, besides many sums to needful objects which have never been accounted for.

His home life is intimately known to many. No pressure or hurry of business would prevent him from performing his regular religious duties, either public or private. For over forty years he taught a Sabbath-school Bible class. If there were only six in the prayer-meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were sure to be of the number. His knowledge of Bible truth, especially doctrinal, was both original and profitable. Several of his articles on the "Present Reign and Kingdom of Christ" have appeared in the columns of the *Canadian Baptist*. His many letters to home missionaries and mission churches were always full of sympathy and very cheering.

The following unfinished letter to the churches under his special care will be interesting to some churches to which he was endeared through his anxiety for the cause of Christ and his liberality in its support:

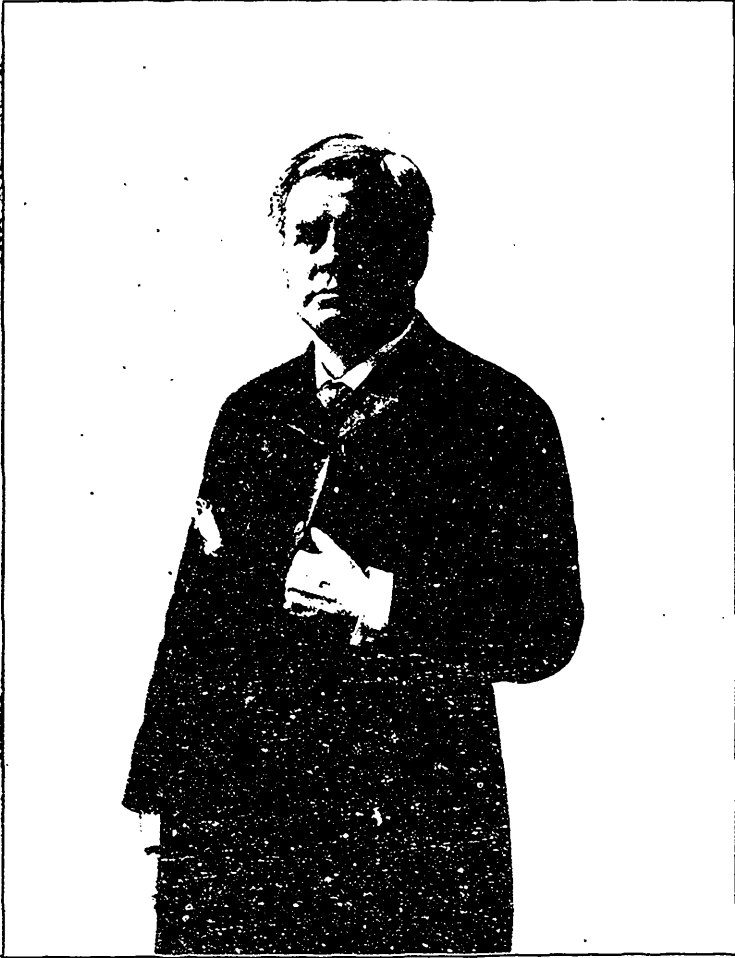
"To the Churches of Christ in Bristol, Que :

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I hoped to have made you a visit last fall or this winter; but fear that, owing to the infirmities of age and disease I shall not likely see your face again in the flesh. There are seven infant churches in the Upper Ottawa, bounded on the east by Fitzroy and on the west by Pembroke, where a few years past a Baptist sermon had never been preached. I pray that they may be delivered from the many sins which were charged against the seven churches of Asia. They were recorded for the admonition of Christian churches to the end of the world. I fear that young churches little know how much mental and

bodily strength I have expended for the salvation of souls in the Upper Ottawa, which I believe the Lord has blest in adding a goodly number to the Redeemer's Kingdom. To the Lord be all the praise, for I have done no more than my share, and I fear I have come far short of that. Your future prosperity will very much depend on your generosity for the support of the preachers of the Gospel. I beg and pray that you will see that they are delivered from the cares of this life, and not 'muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' If you have the will, God will give you the means."

Many pastors to-day, who did vacation work while at Woodstock, can look back with pleasure upon the preliminary conversation with Deacon Tucker before going to their fields on the Upper Ottawa. We recall his exposition of the prophecies of Isaiah, especially the 60th chapter. How he would look up from his large well-worn bible, saying: "I believe from my heart that the 60th of Isaiah throughout is a key to the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. The whole chapter is to be interpreted spiritually or nearly so. The brass of the Old Testament has become gold in this Gospel dispensation, the iron silver, the stone brass, and the wood iron. The true Israel are now all righteous, and the watchmen see eye to eye." Then, straightening himself in his chair, he would say with strong emotion: "For my part, as far as I have studied the Word of God, I have not found anything which leads me to believe that there will be a better day than the present," etc. His Bible study was never aided by any man's notes or comments. His manner of life was that of a strict Puritan. Many to-day sit in judgment upon the age of the Puritans as being more repelling than attractive, and, therefore, unsuitable to the present rising generation. The very opposite of this was true of the man about whom we write, and who was a good specimen of a Puritan. As a proof of this we refer to the testimony of one of his most intimate friends, Rev. J. S. Ross, now of Casper, Cal.

In a letter to the *Canadian Baptist* of Oct. 24th, 1884, Mr. Ross states:—"The spirit and principles of religion were exemplified each day in Mr. Tucker's life. The Bible class he taught on each Lord's day was well attended and instructive. Nearly all the young men who listened to his teaching were converted to the Saviour and became members of Baptist churches.



A. J. Gordon

"Few men have succeeded so well. They prospered in business and exerted a mighty influence for good in their respective spheres. I can now recall the names of over a dozen of those men whom I have known personally, who were educated under Father Tucker's care. Some of these have gone home to glory. They lived nobly and died triumphant in the faith. As many as six of them are still alive in the Ottawa Valley, exerting an influence for God; pillars in the churches, bearing the heavy burdens of our financial responsibilities, and lay leaders among the people, devising liberal things for the denomination. Of the many who served under our esteemed departed brother, I cannot now recall more than two who did not become Christians, and they may have decided since I knew them."

So then, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, Deacon Stephen Tucker fell asleep in Jesus at his home in Clarence, Ont., on Thursday, July 31st, 1884, in the 86th year of his age. He was affectionately attended during his lingering illness by his beloved wife, his only son and daughter-in-law, and six grand-children. We may well pray the Lord to send another labourer into His vineyard after the same sort, for the comfort and strengthening of weak churches, and for the aid and encouragement of those who labor for Christ's sake.

JOHN HIGGINS.

THE LATE REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

Adoniram Judson Gordon—he was named after the great missionary,—was born in New Hampton, New Hampshire, U.S., Apr 11 1836, so that, like the great Spurgeon, he had scarcely reached the age of 59, when he was called away from earth. He was nurtured under Christian influences, and early in life converted to God. He studied at New London Academy, at Brown University and at Newton Theological Seminary; and attained high rank in scholarship and culture. From the beginning of his student-life, he had the Christian ministry in view; and in 1863, on completing his course at Newton, he became pastor of the Jamaica Plain Baptist Church, in the neighborhood of Boston. For six years he labored there with ever-increasing power

and spirituality. In later years, he often told, both publicly and privately, how he was led by the conversation of a godly deacon in this first pastoral charge to study the teaching of Scripture in regard to the Second Coming of Christ, and to adopt what are called pre-millennial views. Ever afterwards the Bible had a new meaning to him, life a new inspiration, and his ministry a new power. In 1869 he was invited to the pastorate of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, as successor to the well-known Dr. Baron Stow, and labored there for over 25 years. Last December he celebrated the quarter centenary of his pastorate, and in his address on the occasion he gave utterance to the presentiment that his "work was nearly done." For some weeks he complained of being "so tired"; then grip, developing into typhoid pneumonia, brought him low, baffling the efforts of the most skilful physicians; and on the early morning of Saturday, Feb. 2nd, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, his last conscious utterance being the word, "victory!"

In an exceptional degree Dr. Gordon was a many-sided man. He possessed a combination of gifts and graces rarely met with. Child-like humility was united with great intellectual power, and profound knowledge of Scripture with peculiarly persuasive eloquence. He was a Christian of intense spirituality, and at times his countenance seemed to glow, as if it mirrored the glory of God. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and at the same time he was foremost in every good word and work.

It was quite impossible that the usefulness of such a great and gifted man should be confined to the bounds of a single church. Dr. Gordon was a helper and leader in every enterprise that sought the best interests of humanity and the glory of God. His zeal for the cause of missions was a consuming passion. For twenty-four years he was a member of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Union, and for seven years he was its honored chairman. Under his inspiration, the Clarendon St. Church raised \$24,000 annually for foreign missions, being twice as much as its expenditure for its own home interests. It was peculiarly interesting and impressive to read on the walls of its lecture room the names of the missionaries and evangelists sustained by the church, and to hear them prayed for at the mid-week service. He had singular success in addressing college

students, and gave great impetus to the Students' Volunteer Movement. He was led six years ago to found the Missionary Training School, which held daily and evening sessions in the lecture room of his church, and from which many consecrated laborers have gone forth to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was an ardent evangelist, and the associate of Mr. Moody in many of the Northfield conferences. He was a thorough-going Temperance Reformer, and bore emphatic testimony against the unspiritual influence of secret societies. He established an Industrial Home in Boston for poor working men, and had a special mission among the Chinese of that city. In short, he was abundant in labor as few men of the present generation have been.

With his pen no less efficiently than with his voice, Dr. Gordon served his Lord. He was the author of nine different volumes, many of which have been widely useful. His first book entitled, *In Christ*, setting forth with great sweetness and spiritual power the union between the saint and the Saviour, has gone through many editions both in Great Britain and America. His other works are, *Grace and Glory*, a volume of fine sermons; *Ecce Venit*, a treatise on the Second Coming; *The Ministry of Healing*, a reverent inquiry into the power of prayer in saving the sick; *Congregational Worship*, *The Twofold Life*, *The Holy Spirit in Missions*, and the *Coronation Hymnal*. The last of these, in the preparation of which he was associated with Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, is perhaps the finest collection of truly spiritual songs for the service of the sanctuary that has ever been published. To this Dr. Gordon contributed some of his own choice compositions, the finest of these being the now well-known hymn, beginning

“My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.”

His last work, *The Ministry of the Spirit*, was issued from the press on the day of his death, and he has left in manuscript a spiritual autobiography. He was also editor of the monthly magazine, *The Watchword*, and associate editor of *The Missionary Review*.

Who will take up and carry on his manifold work? “Help Lord, for the godly men faileth.” May a double portion of his

spirit fall on many of our students and younger ministers especially, to whom, being dead, he yet speaks by his devout spirituality, his rare self-sacrifice, and his abundant labors. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

WILLIAM STEWART.

"OUR KINGS."

"We can hardly afford literature or art. We have half a continent—a stern and rugged half—to reclaim, to people, to animate with a common spirit. A national spirit is being formed, which in due time, will bear distinctive fruit. But for many years the men who can do rough work best will be, and ought to be, our kings."

This utterance of one of Canada's distinguished men of to-day, contains much truth, but the point of view is not wholly just and right. What is the distinction a people should most earnestly covet? There can be but one sound answer to the question,—superior men. Its natural advantages are not to be disdained, but they are of secondary importance. No matter what may be the material resources of a country, what races of animals it breeds, the great question is: "Does it rear a noble race of men?" Whatever its soil, the real question is: "How far is it prolific of moral and intellectual power?" No matter how stern its climate, if it nourish force of thought and virtuous purpose. These are the products by which a country is to be tried.

The idea of forming a superior race of men has entered little into schemes of policy; education and effort have been expended on matter much more than on mind and spirit. Lofty piles have been reared, the wilderness groans under railways, but the thought of building up a nobler order of intellect and character, has not adequately entered the fixed purpose of our most adventurous statesmen. A disproportioned attention to physical good dominates the public mind. Not that I would condemn the expenditure of ingenuity and strength on the out-

ward world, but I would emphasize the truth, that there is a harmony between inward and outward improvement, and that only by establishing a wise order between them can both be secured. An intelligent and resolute spirit in a community perpetually extends its triumphs over matter. It can subject itself to the most unpromising region and triumph. Venice rising amid lagoons, Holland diked from the ocean, and New England, bleak and rockbound, converted by a few generations into smiling fields and opulent cities, point us to intelligence and sterling character as the great source of physical good, and teach us that in making the culture of man our end we shall not retard but advance the cultivation of nature.

Liberty is of value only as far as it favors the development of men. The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect and virtues. The growth of virtuous power is the end and boon of liberty.

Canadians ought not to be receivers only, but should do nobly their part to add strength to the foundations, and fulness of splendor to the developments of truth and life,—by originality of thought, by discoveries in science, and by contributing to the vital elements of character and the refining pleasures of taste and imagination. Patriotism, as well as virtue, forbids us to burn incense to our vanity. The truth should be seen and felt. In an age of great intellectual activity we rely chiefly for intellectual stimulus and equipment on foreign minds, nor is our own mind distinctly felt abroad. There is among us but little severe, persevering research, and little consuming passion for truth which certifies to society at large that wisdom is better than rubies. There is nowhere a literary atmosphere, or such an accumulation of literary influence as determines the whole strength of the mind to its own enlargement, and to the manifestation of itself in enduring forms. True, we labor under disadvantages, but if our liberty deserves the praise it receives, it should be a large offset for these. It should open to us an indefinite progress, instructing us in the worth and greatness of human nature, and in the obligation of contributing to its strength and glory.

Useful knowledge is to be prized, that is knowledge which ministers to our complex and various nature; that which is

useful not only to the animal man but to the rational and moral man,—useful to a being of spiritual faculties, whose happiness is to be found in their free and harmonious exercise. Granted that there is a primary necessity for that knowledge and skill by which subsistence is earned and life preserved. But life is the means, action and improvement the end; and who will deny that the noblest utility belongs to that by which the chief purpose is accomplished? We should honor and cultivate as unspeakably useful that literature which corresponds to, and calls forth the highest faculties; which expresses and communicates energy of thought, fruitfulness of invention, force of moral purpose, a thirst for and delight in the good, the beautiful, the true.

A people which has any serious purpose of taking a place among improved communities should studiously promote within itself every variety of intellectual exertion. It should resolve strenuously to be surpassed by none. It should have a full persuasion that rightly motivated mind is the creative power through which all the resources of nature are to be turned to account, and by which a people is to spread its influence. To avail ourselves of the higher literature of other nations we must in some important respects place ourselves on a level with them. The products of machinery we can use without any portion of the skill that produced them, but works of taste and genius, and the results of profound thinking can only be estimated and made helpful and enjoyed through a culture and power corresponding to that from which they spring. Great minds are developed more by the spirit and character of the people to which they belong than by all other causes. A mercenary, hard, selfish, materialistic, luxurious, sensual people, toiling for the pleasures of sloth, cannot but communicate their own softness and sordidness to the superior minds which dwell among them. We in Canada are rich enough for ostentation, for intemperance, and even for luxury. We can lavish on fashion and material pleasures. Where is our real poverty if not in the soul?

Canada has a magnificent heritage indeed, both of material good and of constitutional liberty. Let us blush, if in circumstances so peculiar, original, and creative, we satisfy ourselves with a passive reception and mechanical iteration of the thoughts

of others. As men and Christians our first desire must be to see the improvement of human lives, to see the soul of man wiser, firmer, nobler, more conscious of its imperishable treasures, more victorious over adversity and pain. The first wish for our country should be that it may produce sound fruitful minds and pure active lives. This is the product that includes all other good, material and spiritual, and which, like mercy, "blesses him that gives and him that takes."

"O mighty Love,
For us the winds do blow
The earth doth rest,
Heaven move, and fountains flow."

Students' Quarter.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

Our object in presenting to you this, the twelfth annual report of the Fyfe Missionary Society, is twofold. There are doubtless some here to-night who for many years past have been its staunch friends and supporters, and who take a lively interest in its welfare. It is your right to know, and our duty to inform you, of what has been undertaken and accomplished during the past year. But, on the other hand, in an audience such as this there must be very many who are more or less ignorant of the traditions of the Society, some, perhaps, who have scarcely heard of its existence, and who have but the faintest conception of its aim and work. This lack of information we shall endeavor to make good, for we believe most firmly that once informed you will be interested, that once interested you will be sympathetic, and that once sympathetic you will be generous.

If it seems strange to talk of setting forth to Baptists the aims and needs of a Society which has existed in their midst for

*Read at the Annual Public Meeting of the Society.

over twelve years, our excuse must be the unostentatious manner in which it goes about its work, and the fact that it comes before the public only twice each year, and then before a very limited audience. We feel, however, that the time has come when the Fyfe Missionary Society ought to emerge from its comparative obscurity, and claim a more general recognition, a recognition which it can claim on the ground of having become a most important factor in Baptist progress, not only in this city but throughout the Dominion.

Growth, no matter how silent, is a sure indication of life. We thank God that we have a *live* Society. Not one year has elapsed since its organization in which it has not shewn *some* progress, but in no single year, perhaps, has the advance been so marked as during the one just closed. We are to be congratulated on having as President one who, while he is filled with the true missionary spirit, is also a great organizer, and having, as indeed he has, a genuine love for hard work, the Fyfe Missionary Society cannot but be characterized by aggressiveness in the cause of practical missions, as well as by awakening its members to a higher spiritual life.

The work of the Society falls naturally into two spheres, that done during the College session and that done during the five months of vacation. But, some one objects, how can student labor during the summer months be classed as Fyfe Missionary work; do not the majority of students hold their appointments under the Home Missionary Board? Just what then, is the relationship between the two Societies? Let us turn our attention for a few moments to answering this question, which has perplexed many in the past, and is doubtless perplexing many at the present moment.

The Fyfe Missionary Society may be compared to a wheel within a wheel—a little mission wheel within the larger Home and Foreign Mission wheel. Though comparatively small, it nevertheless plays a very important part in Home and Foreign Missions. Note its composition. The spokes firmly fixed in the hub represent the members rooted and grounded in the Faith; for be it known, our Society, in addition to the members of the Faculty, includes those, and only those, among the students of the University who are followers of the Lord Jesus. These

spokes, as just indicated, are encircled by the rim University, the whole being bound together by the tire of missionary zeal.

Note again the gradual enlargement of this wheel. Some twelve years ago it could boast of no more than a dozen or fourteen spokes; to-day it has in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty. A peculiar feature is, that each year, about the 3rd of May, several of the finest and best seasoned of its spokes are drafted off to take their place in the general missionary wheel of the Baptist denomination, their places being filled by weak, green spokes from the country, yes, and from the cities, too; these, after from four to six years of seasoning, are in their turn transferred. Now, bearing in mind the several parts of this wheel, let us follow it as it revolves through one year of time; and first, let us glance at its course during the summer.

Seven months ago, and not many days after the spring examinations, found the great majority of our students scattered far and wide over the Dominion of Canada; in some cases they were separated the one from the other by thousands of miles, many on mission fields far removed from home and friends, there to do their best, during the five months of vacation, to spread the Gospel in our own land. And while it is true that some of our members did not go out as missionaries, as that word is commonly understood, yet we trust and believe that they went to their several homes imbued with the true missionary spirit, resolved to do their best to preach Christ in their daily life by word and example.

To-day, most of those who thus went forth in the spring are together once more—drawn hundreds of miles to our University as by some powerful magnet. What has been the result of this going forth? The following figures may perhaps give you some idea of the visible results; for not time, but only eternity, fathoming the deep ocean of self-sacrificing effort, can reveal to our gaze the "pearls of great price" that have been won for the Master's crown.

So far as we have been able to ascertain the facts, there have been added to the denomination during the past summer through the labors of the students, over four hundred persons, of whom nearly three hundred were received by baptism. Surely this is cause for great rejoicing and thankfulness to God that He

has been pleased to use the efforts put forth by the members of this Society to such purpose. We read in the Book of Books that "there is joy among the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" think, then, friends, of what joy the past summer's work created among the heavenly host; and shall we be so indifferent to the value of a human soul as not to be moved to the deepest depths of our beings at such glad tidings; shall we not be stirred and aroused to a great longing to participate, even in the smallest way, in so glorious a work? Accord us, then, your prayers, your sympathies and your means.

Do you ask how this result, humanly speaking, was reached? Listen again to the following figures. Nearly four thousand sermons were preached, being distributed among one hundred and five preaching stations. About two thousand prayer meetings were held, nine hundred Sunday-School lessons taught, three thousand tracts distributed, and over nine thousand pastoral visits paid. The number of students engaged in this work was about sixty, each working some twenty weeks. This means that the society gave twenty years of time to mission work last summer, or in other words, performed work equal to that of one missionary laboring for twenty years.

It is true that the results reached do not appear large when compared with the time expended; but consider some of the disadvantages under which a student labors; and here it is hardly necessary to mention youth and inexperience, both of which are often apparent, if not to the student, yet certainly to his congregation. These are great obstacles to his effective work; nevertheless obstacles fully as great are to be found in the nature of the majority of fields themselves. No one here will underrate the drawing power of a well equipped church building, beautifully lighted, comfortably seated, with its fine music; everything in fact calculated to attract. These the student missionaries, or at least many of them, must do without: having as a substitute the kerosene lamps, the old fashioned straight-back seat; he himself often doing duty as preacher, choir and organ. You can readily understand that some of us find it difficult to gather, to say nothing of holding, an audience. Then again in contrast to this, think of the attractiveness of the country in summer time, with its beautiful lakes, its shady woods, and its

picturesque rivers. Thus has nature provided a profusion of glorious surroundings. Is it any wonder that we find it hard to get the unconverted to attend the, too often, unattractive house of prayer. Yet the work is the Lord's, and He has blessed it in large measure, oftentimes indeed the hardest and most unpromising fields have yielded the largest spiritual returns.

Taking all these things into consideration you will, we are sure, feel that the Society has great cause for encouragement. There are, however, many who think that student labor is a mistake, holding that the student would be better employed, and earn his living more fairly, were he to engage in secular work during the summer months. To put it plainly, there are some who think the student has far too easy a time. Of course such sentiments are indulged in only by those who have never attempted mission work themselves. Could such examine the reports from each field, we are sure they would come to the conclusion that the student, as a general thing, undertakes far more work than he is, strictly speaking, under any obligation to do. The fact is, it cannot be otherwise if one is engaged heart and soul in the work. For many and various are the appeals made to his higher nature, which can only be met by self-sacrificing effort.

The following report from one of our Eastern towns will prove to you that the office of student-pastor is no sinecure. Here it is:--One hundred and fifty meetings conducted, including, of course, preaching on Sunday. In other words, an average of one meeting every day during the five summer months. Does that represent to you a very easy time? But listen, in addition to this he made over seven hundred pastoral visits, or an average of nearly five visits every day, including Sundays, for five months. Ladies, how would you like such a visiting-list as that? Surely there is no room here for any accusation of indolence. In any case, the Lord blessed this brother's work, for before leaving he had the unspeakable joy of seeing twenty brought to Christ.

Another report tells us of some two hundred visits made to hospital patients. Still another, after giving a summary of the regular work, adds an interesting little note about the work among the foreign settlers of the North-West. It reads as fol-

lows:—"One of the most interesting features of our work was what we called our 'Home and Foreign Mission Work,' i.e. Home Mission work among the foreigners of the town, Finlanders, Norwegians, Swedes, Hungarians, French, Italians and Chinese. New Testaments and Tracts in these different languages were procured, and thus armed we visited the homes of these spiritually neglected people. We met with a hearty reception in nearly every case, and the hearts of the people were touched, as they realized, some of them for the first time, that they were the objects of human, yes Christian sympathy and love."

Still another student seeks to advance the cause on *his* field by editing a church paper, which finds its way into some five hundred homes each month.

Many more undertook two or three weeks of "Special Meetings," which in most cases meant preaching every night, visiting every afternoon and studying each morning. In these and other ways the members of this Society turn their so-called summer vacation into one of real hard work, thus proving their devotion to the Master.

As marks of further progress we may mention that buildings have been erected at Oakville and at Minesing—the last named having for years been looked upon as a very discouraging field. From St. Eugene word comes to us that the handful of French Canadian Baptists are working shoulder to shoulder, the summer's work having been so far successful as to encourage them to buy a Hall for public worship.

We heard also that successful Young People's Societies have been organized at Brooklin, Cobourg, Cheltenham and Edmonton. Such is a brief outline of the work done by the Society during the past summer. It remains now to say a few words regarding the winter's work, which, while not so extensive, is in many respects of equal importance.

As far as is possible, all fields within one hundred miles of Toronto, which would otherwise be without preaching, are supplied from Sunday to Sunday by members of the *Fyfe*. In addition to this we have what we call our voluntary work. The Society plants missions in different parts of the city and suburbs; these are carried on by its members, who give their services free. Last year the Society had two such missions, one on Pape Ave-

me and another on Eastern Avenue. And here it is worthy of note that Little York, formerly a mission of this Society, has prospered to such an extent, that about four months ago a church was organized. This autumn, two new missions were opened, one on Rose Avenue and the other on River Street; and within the past few days a third has been started on Carlton Street E. The appointment of Dr. Goodspeed as permanent chairman of the Voluntary Committee promises to be of great benefit to the Society, giving stability to the work, and enabling us to take advantage of any good opening that may present itself.

One word about the expenditure incurred: the cost to the Society of the three missions just mentioned, in addition to the support of one native preacher in India, is in the neighborhood of \$350. Of this the members of the Fyfe hope to raise among themselves about \$175, or half the necessary amount; this leaves a balance of \$175 to be raised by the friends of the Society. Such your presence here to-night proves you to be. Will you not co-operate with us in this much needed work? We feel sure that you will.

And now we come to the third and last branch of the winter's work, perhaps the most important branch of all—our "Monthly Missionary Meeting." One of the chief objects of the Society is to cultivate a true missionary spirit, and while all our work undoubtedly contributes towards this end, still by far the greatest factor is the "Missionary Day." On one day of each month the intellectual grind ceases that the spiritual man may be refreshed; and it is no frugal repast that is set before us, it is a feast to which all are invited. None but those who have taken advantage of these meetings can know what a great spiritual gain may be derived; the smouldering embers of the spiritual life burst into flame through sympathetic contact with others; and the student is better able to pursue his studies "with an eye single to God's glory." If in connection with our University there are any distinguishing characteristics, and we believe that there are many, if there be anything noble, and we believe there is much; if there are any features for which we ought to be specially grateful to God, and we believe that there are, still, over and above all, stands the institution of Fyfe Missionary Day.

"I."

To many of us "I" is a very familiar word, not as the subject of an essay, but as the appellation of a certain individual, who may perhaps be the least known of all individuals, and yet the most prized.

The queries are: Who is this individual? Why so much prized and yet so little known? First, as to the nature of the individual, we must each answer the question for himself or herself. The second query may be answered more freely. "I" knows very little about himself and prizes himself very much because he has never studied himself.

Why has he never studied himself? It is difficult to say; perhaps he is overcome by the apparent greatness of the subject, for you know "I" is a very big person, and thus a most enormous subject.

Very true, he spends his time gazing on himself. But this is only a gaze of adoration, and thus it does not reveal to him the true elements of the object he has in hand. We might illustrate. The heathen gazing intently on his stony god is lost in adoration, yet this same gaze fails to reveal to him the fact that his object of adoration is nought but a piece of hardened earth. So is it with "I." He gazes at himself and is lost in wonder at his unbounded personality, a something which all sensible people fail to see in him.

He extols himself to the skies and looks down with a half-sympathetic, half-disdainful gaze upon the struggling mortals around and apparently below him. The foundation of self-pride upon which he has raised himself is very extensive and durable, so that he is likely to stay where he is.

Thus we see "I" not as he sees himself, but as he is seen by others. And why is he seen by others in the light in which he does not see himself? In this both are at fault. Others are engaged in studying him while they should be studying themselves, and he is engaged in self-adoration and in the study of others while he should study himself.

How, then, should "I" study himself? Well, since "I" is such a large subject, he had better first get himself reduced until

he assumes tangible proportions. The best way for him to do this is to bring himself into the presence of a power greater than himself. He should look at himself in the light of Jesus Christ. He will then see how very insignificant he is. You have often observed that if we gaze at the sun for a time, and then remove our gaze and settle it on some other object, we are at first unable to see that object. After a time, however, we begin to recognize, not the brightest parts, but the blackest. And even when we are able to discern the most brilliant parts of the object, they appear very dark to us when compared with the brightness of the great orb we have recently viewed. So with the individual "I." When he studies himself in the light of Christ's goodness, his graces all seem to vanish, and there remains nothing but his own vileness.

Then in his own bosom he hears the question: "What am I?" echo and re-echo. He looks to see what he is, and there in the light of Christ's glory he sees only a heap of dust. Let us take a lesson from this and be humble, because if we exalt ourselves to heaven, we may be cast down to the abyss.

S. R. STEPHENS.

THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD.

(CLASS POEM, '95.)

The vast world, wavering by,
 Weary of struggle and pain,
 Utters in anger and dread
 Shout upon shout of alarm,
 Wail upon wail of despair,
 Prayer after prayer for redress:

"Hear us, O brothers, high-minded ones among men:
 Ye who look Fate in the face,
 What is the end of our race?
 Who shall restore us, the Lords of Creation, again?
 God with us, you say! Then where are His love and His
 grace?"

But the cry goes quivering down
 Into the darkness, and we,
 We who have heard but the sound,
 Tremble and labour at heart,
 Silently each upon each
 We gaze, and commune with our souls :
 How can we show them the way ?
 Hardly ourselves can we cling
 To a history's passionate hope,
 What do we know of the world,
 What can we guess about God ?
 O, that we were as they think,
 Able to come to their help,
 Ready to lead them aright !

" Hear us, O brothers, what shall we do with our lives ?
 Patience has failed us, Lazarus curses Dives,
 If all be so vain, why, where is the fool that strives !

There they lie moaning, and long
 Have we pitied their agony,
 Shouted courageous words,
 Bade all their clamour be hushed,
 Turned to our innermost soul,
 Fiercely upbraided our pride,—
 ' Surely, self, thou shalt die
 Down in the grave of delight !'
 Ah ! but so feeble we were.

We must make ready, and shut
 All of the door, of our house,
 Earnestly, faithfully scan,
 Truly, unflinchingly, think :
 ' What is the meaning of all,
 How may we grasp it and live ?
 Whither our destiny draws ?
 Whence is the answer to come ?
 Let us establish our faith,
 Knowing that Reason will fail,
 (Eager, but sunken, its eyes,

Chained to the rock of the Real,
 Knowing the answers of God
 Take root and abide in the soul,
 Shrink from the wildness no more,
 Open the doors of our house,
 Hasten to action, and cry,
 'Courage, our brothers, we come!'

"Come, for the world is smeared and wrapt with grime,
 No tones in Nature evermore will chime,
 The Lord of Wrong spurns all the tears of Time!"

Over the red-tinged waves
 Stilled into silence and gloom,
 Laden with burthens, the ship
 Glides slowly, with tall black masts
 Striking the sunset out,
 Floating into the West,—
 Darkness falls on the deck.
 Hoarsely is uttered a cry,
 Bells are ringing to rest,
 Seamen are furling the sails.

"Thou wilt not leave us, Father, all alone!
 Thou hearest the living wail, the dying groan,
 And Thou art He that cometh to atone."

Morning breaks on the sea,
 On the horizon the ship
 Wavers a moment, awakes,
 Shakes away weariness, then
 Sails are flung out to the flight
 Of the full and generous breeze,
 Soon her sides quiver, and now
 On she comes, cutting the waves,
 Bounding between the deep seas,
 Racing the glorious wind,
 Resolute, out on the main,
 Fearless of tempest and storm,
 Invincible, unto the port.

G. H. C.

“CHANGE AND DECAY.”

How short seems a summer when it has passed! Yet how many the incidents which are recorded and the thoughts which come and go as it passes! It brings its days of sunshine and hours of gloom; the keen and exhilarating breezes of “the Delectable Mountains,” and the depressing though often healthful atmosphere of the “Valley of Humiliation.” It brings its trials and encouragements, its hopes, its fears and its longings. It brings also its victories achieved and failures experienced, perhaps the latter more than the former. But such themes are too sacred for the pen of the essayist—

“For why to the inquisitive eye disclose
The promptings, which within my heart arose?
These hopes and joys, these loves and fears are mine.
Man cannot understand: but the Divine.”

Let us therefore leave these individual experiences and turn to outer things, which seem to recall so forcibly the thoughts expressed by him who said “the fashion of this world passeth away.” How many the changes of months! But as the months are rounded into years and the years roll themselves into centuries how the order of things is altered!

The past months were spent in the vicinity of the sweeping southern shore of our beautiful inland sea which by its name as well as by its unchanging aspects recalls the centuries of the dimly lighted past. It speaks to us of those ages when the sandy beach bore the imprint of the naked feet of the wandering savage, and its neighboring forest echoed the whoop of the daring and warlike Huron. And even now the visiting tourist or perhaps more often the rustic archaeologists as “they drive their teams afield” are enabled to gather interesting and flinty records of the nomadic life and primitive manners of these dusky nations. These who, formerly unmolested by the pale-face, pitched their wigwams, tracked the deer and settled in their own savage ways the disputes of men and tribes.

The bosom of the deep, dark blue water still heaves in its slumber and swells in its passion—the sandy beach still in the foreground, displays its meandering line of glistening pebbles—

the same vaulted sky drops into a curtain of snowy mist in the distance; remnants of those "forests primeval," in which the red man's fathers had tracked the bear and smoked the peace-pipe, where he himself lived and loved, fought and died, still skirt the shores which once he haunted.

But aside from the rough arrow-heads of flint, aside from the rude battle-axes of stone and the broken bits of Indian pottery, there is but little more to tell of the race which once held sway and named these coasts their own.

The Indian no longer plunges these waters for the passing fish; no longer does he pursue the flying game along the interminable corridors of the forest; no longer does he brandish his tomahawk as, bedecked in his heathen fashion, he leaps in the war-dance, and defiantly shout his song of battle and of death. No more, with the barbaric cruelty of his savage customs, does he tear the clotted trophy from the head of his expiring enemy, to dangle it in triumph at his belt. Another people hold possession of his ancestral grounds and have marred the magnificence of the ancient forests. The plough is driven over the graves of his fathers; villages have invaded his secluded haunts and towns now stand where once he floated his canoe. The herds of the husbandmen graze where once his deer were fed. Others catch, by novel means, the fish where once he sought them.

The fashion indeed changeth, but has all change gone? Neither the red man nor his lurking places now remain; but this is not all—upon the lakeview hills are mounds which the Hurons raised not. Here in the lonely city of the dead, each in his narrow house with its disproportionate door plate, are gathered those whose names, with those of the untutored Indian, have almost past into oblivion. Thus change goes on, and men and nations live and labor, die and are forgotten in the annals of the earth.

We too with the poet cry to the Unchangeable:

"Change and decay in all around I see:
Oh! Thou who changest not, abide with me."

D. B. HARKNESS.

THE OLD HOME.

I cannot forget the old home
Engraven upon my heart,
The old brown house and the ivy,
It makes the sad tears start ;
The rolling hills and the meadows,
The woods where we used to roam
In the joyous days of my childhood.
I cannot forget the old home.

I cannot forget the old home,
My youthful companions gay,
Oh ! how I loved them every one
And now they have passed away.
They did not know how I loved them,
I never used to say,
But I loved them all I knew how to love
And now they have passed away.

The fields were greener, the flowers were brighter,
The birds sang sweeter then,
But Time has hurried them all away
As the river that flowed through the glen ;
The river, shallow and stony,
The bridge that was broken down,
The willows green and the fences
And the winding road to the town.

I cannot forget the old home,
I could not forget if I would,
The days that were glad in the days that are sad
I would not forget if I could ;
I cannot forget, I cannot forget
The bitter-sweet days of yore,
Though passed away are the happy hours
And the past returns no more.

O. G. L.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

For a short time I am to assume the role of the entomologist. To save you the trouble of taking down that great unwieldy dictionary, let me explain briefly the meaning of this rather uncommon word. An entomologist is one who has a love for the small things of nature, and makes a study of the lives and habits of the inhabitants of the insect world. To facilitate this study, he usually endeavors to secure specimens of as many of these lowly creatures as possible. These he mounts and sets with great care, preserves them in cases covered with glass, and exhibits them with pride to interested or apparently interested friends.

SKETCH I.—TO BE OR NOT TO BE, OR AN INTERRUPTED METAMORPHOSIS.—The sketch which I present this month is an account of a little tragedy which occurred nearly a year ago. It was a moderately warm afternoon in the last week of September, and I had spent many hours wandering through the groves and meadows in diligent search for specimens. For some unknown reason very few of my insect acquaintances were in sight that afternoon, and I was just turning homeward in a somewhat discouraged frame of mind, when my eye was arrested by the sight of several large green larvæ, popularly called caterpillars. They were feeding contentedly upon the leaves of a shrub. It seemed cruel to disturb their repast, but since no more advanced game presented itself, I determined to secure a pair of these little monsters. Their capture caused no difficulty, for although caterpillars are noted for the number of their feet, they are not extraordinarily fleet-footed. A quantity of the leaves on which they were feeding found their way into my capacious pockets. I had no intention of starving my captives.

On reaching home I put the prisoners into my breeding-cage, which is merely a box, with the top and one side covered with netting. For several days the prisoners lived quietly and amicably together, feeding on the leaves which were supplied daily. On the fourth or fifth day, however, one of them changed his conduct entirely. From a quiet, well-behaved larva he developed into an erratic sprinter. He became violently excited

and traversed the floor and sides of his cage at an unusually swift gait for his kind. Finally, as if from sheer exhaustion, he became docile and retired to a dark corner. I concluded that he had withdrawn among the leaves to partake of a hearty meal after his exertions, but, on close examination, I found that my conjecture was incorrect. He searched among the leaves for a few moments and then, selecting one of the largest, proceeded to roll himself up in it as a camper rolls himself up in his blanket. In a very short space of time he had covered himself securely with this leaf, which he sewed up from the inside. For an hour or more there was a slight regular motion within the leaf, and I knew that he was wrapping himself up in silk. He was now a pupa or chrysalis covered by a silken garment called commonly a cocoon. His companion quietly pursued his feasting for a day or two longer, and then, without any violent excitement, chose his leaf and covered himself with his soft silken robe.

For several months I paid no further attention to these silent creatures. They remained in my study, where the warmth was sure to bring about an early metamorphosis. Towards the latter part of April, just as I was preparing for a difficult examination, I heard a slight rattling noise among the dead leaves in the box. When I lifted up the netting I saw that one of the cocoons—the one which had last been formed—was rolling slightly from side to side. As I watched it, one end began to pulsate as if it were very thin at that place. It then began to bulge out, in a few seconds it broke, and a pair of bright eyes appeared at the opening. The eyes were protruded farther and farther, and suddenly a pair of large feathery feelers or antennae were spread out. Several thick furry legs followed in quick succession, and last of all the long stripped soft body which was anything but beautiful, since it resembled too closely in shape the larva from which it had been formed. Dragging on the floor of the box were the wings, soft, dwarfed and moist. Without delay this moth, for it was now an undeveloped form of one of our largest and finest moths, crawled up the side of the box and, suspending itself by its foremost legs from the netting, began to vibrate its wings. These gradually expanded while the body contracted until, within a few hours, a beautiful, many-colored creature appeared, whose delicate shades and blended hues have never been successfully imitated

It seemed strange to me that the cocoon which had last been completed was the first to make the change, and, therefore, it was with some degree of interest that I watched the other. Days passed by and no movement was seen. One day I picked it up and gently shook it. A slight rattle was produced which I had never heard issuing from a cocoon. I determined to cut open this specimen to discover the cause of the unusual noise. When the sharp knife cut through the silken covering a dark oval mass appeared. It was a short cylinder rounded at the ends. In truth I did not know what to make of this discovery, and since I was too busy to investigate the matter further, I contented myself with placing this black cylinder on my study table. There it lay for many days.

One evening, just as I was about to retire, I heard a faint grinding noise, like the sawing of wood at some distance. While wondering whence this sound proceeded my eye rested for a moment on the black cylinder on my table. There was a movement in it at last. At one end a slender sharp instrument was moving in and out like a saw. As I watched it a small arc was cut which continued until a perfect little circle was produced. Then the saw was withdrawn, and the circle was shoved outward by a long, slender, red arm. This arm continued to shove this circular piece of shell until it projected over the side like the cover of a coffee-pot. Then a head, decorated by two long slender antennae, was quickly protruded, followed by equally long and slender legs. These legs were braced against the sides of the cocoon, and by their aid appeared the long, red body of an insect which might be well described as a greatly attenuated red wasp. This creature seemed to be entirely unacquainted with his dimensions, for he seemed to think it necessary to investigate his whole anatomy with his long legs. After he had satisfied his curiosity in this regard, he began to vibrate his wings, and suddenly, without the slightest warning, flew past my face and out through the open window.

Gone! Well, he was a smart one! I wondered what manner of creature this could be. My curiosity was so great that I went round to a professional entomologist of my acquaintance, from whom I learnt the following facts:—Large moths are often destroyed by an insect called the Ichneumon fly.

These flies deposit their eggs in the folds of the larvæ of the moths, and the eggs work their way into the flesh, causing violent excitement and premature departure into the cocoon. The eggs are hatched out and a voracious grub is formed which kills and devours the helpless pupa of the moth, and builds a thin cocoon of its own within the silken covering.

When I looked within the shell which remained I found a few remnants of the moth. Comparing these remnants with the beautiful moth which was quietly moving its gorgeous wings to and fro, "what a difference," thought I, "between the being and the non-being of these two lowly creatures!"

H. H. NEWMAN.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHEMICAL THEORY.

"Alchemy is to modern chemistry what astrology is to astronomy or legend to history."

Chemistry is not a product of the nineteenth century. It is, in the highest sense, the "heir of all the ages." To-day chemistry holds an exceedingly important position in the practical life of every one. To justify this we have only to look around for abundant testimony. A knowledge of chemical laws and chemical processes is absolutely necessary to the proficient worker in the arts. Workmen no longer blindly seek after unknown processes, but by careful study and observation of the conditions present in the case under examination, they attempt to arrive at the desired result. This is merely the beginning of the end. Who can prophesy what secrets Dame Nature may reveal to us in the next few years? What will be the food of the twentieth century? Chemistry has to find that out.

But this was not always so. Chemistry had its origin long ago. Nature's laws now are not very plain, even to the most advanced student, but in the days of alchemy how great must have been the darkness! With the thought of an alchemist we associate a dark chamber, in which with crucibles and alembics he is calcining, sublimeing, distilling. And for what purpose is all this? To discover, first, a method of transmuting the baser

metals into gold, and, secondly, the means of prolonging indefinitely human life.

Tradition points to Egypt as the birth-place of chemistry. The name itself would indicate to this. The ancient name of Egypt was Chemia. Alchemy is referred to also as the black art. The Arabian word is *Kimia*—something hidden or secret. The prefix *al* had its origin in Arabia, giving *al-chemy* the meaning "the chemistry of chemistries." The word *Chemia* occurs in the lexicon of Suidas, 11th century, and is explained as "the conversion of silver into gold."

In the beginning of Greek philosophy we find that men had begun to think of the origin of the universe. Unsatisfied with the fabled account of the origin of the world given by the mythologies, science asked what the ever-abiding cosmic matter or "world stuff" was, and in so doing pre-supposed the unity of the world. The various philosophers of each school had different concepts of being. The concepts of the Milesian school were hylozoistic. Thales said the "world stuff" was water. Anaximander "the Infinite," Anaximines, air. Heraclitus said it was fire. All things were in a state of eternal flux. The passing up corresponded to volatilization, the passing down to fixation. Empedocles was the first to assent to the existence of the four elements "earth, air, fire and water." These "elements" were each eternal, imperishable, homogeneous and unchangeable, but were at the same time divisible. Anaxagoras said these elements were numberless and were present in the universe in a finely divided state. Democritus reduced all phenomena to the mechanics of atoms, accounting for all qualitative change by quantitative relations existing among the atoms. These atoms were very small and had numberless forms. They were also possessed of a motion of their own. Aristotle added to the four elements a fifth, the *primum mobile*, ether, eternal and unchangeable. The doctrine of Aristotle was held by all the alchemists until quite modern times. Such were the beginnings of chemistry among the ancient Greeks. They did not exist, however, as chemical theories, but as theories of the constitution of the universe.

In Arabia, also, alchemy found a home. It was here called by various names, such as "the science of the letter M," "the

science of the key," while Rhazes called it "the astrology of the lower world." Of the Arabian alchemists, the most prominent was Gebir. In his search for the philosopher's stone he made several discoveries of great value to modern chemistry. He was able to prepare nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) and nitro-hydrochloric acid (*aqua regia*). He also knew of mercuric oxide and corrosive sublimate. Gebir was the first to propound a chemical theory as such. He asserted that the differences in metals were due to the preponderance of one of the two principles, mercury and sulphur, of which all the metals were composed. Mercury gave to metals their true metallic characteristics, while sulphur caused the changes which took place in metals when they are heated. Another Arabian, Rhazes, was the re-discoverer of sulphuric acid and *aqua vite*. Artiphius was the reputed possessor of an *elixir vite*, whether a potable gold or a quintessence of all the active elements of the three kingdoms we do not know. His most useful discovery, as far as we are concerned, was that still useful article, soap.

Passing into Europe, the most important name is that of Roger Bacon, who made the distinction between theoretical and practical alchemy. He was a firm believer in the transmutability of the baser elements into gold and in the *elixir vite*. The latter he thought was potable gold—gold chloride—which has quite recently been applied to somewhat the same purpose. Bacon probably drank many a dose of this liquid. He calls the attention of Pope Nicholas IV. to the story that in Sicily an old man, while ploughing, found a bottle containing this golden liquor. On drinking it, the old man was transformed into a robust and handsome youth.

Other men of this period worthy of mention were Albertus Magnus, St. Thos. Aquinas, Raymond, Lully, Arnold Villano vanus, and Eneacrus Philalethes.

With the period of the Renaissance we come upon the person of Paracelsus, "the pioneer of modern chemists." He effected the union of medicine and chemistry, saying "Away with these false disciples who hold that this divine science which they dishonor and prostitute has no other end than that of making gold and silver. True alchemy has but one aim and object, to extract the quintessence of things and prepare arcana tinctures

and elixirs which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost."

The contemporary of Paracelsus, Agricola (1490-1555), published a treatise on Metallurgy and Mining. Some of his methods are in use to-day. Libavius in 1595 published his *Alchemia*, the first hand-book of chemistry.

The first to refuse to accept Aristotle's doctrine was Von Helmont. He denied that fire and earth were elements, but admitted water and air. He, however, recognized different kinds of air which he was first to call gases. Gas *sylvestre*, carbon dioxide, he distinguishes also a gas *pingue*. He showed further that a metal dissolved in an acid was not lost, and considered it his highest aim to find a universal solvent which would act as a universal medicine.

To Robert Boyle (1627-'91) is due the overthrow of the Aristotelian and Paracelsian doctrines. His coming opens a new era. The elements, he said, were not of a fixed number, but it was impossible to decide. He was the first to state the difference between a simple element and a compound. Boyle's law is a result of his researches concerning the relations between volume and pressure existing in gases. Boyle was "the first scientific chemist," one who studied chemistry for the advancement of a knowledge of nature.

As chemistry advanced as a science, Hooke and Mayou made their discoveries. Hooke found that the reactions produced by air and saltpetre in the action of combustion were identical, and concluded that the element present in both the air and the saltpetre was the cause of the combustion. Mayou published a paper in 1669. It is there stated that combustion is carried on by means of this "*spiritus nitro creus*." He made further experiments in collecting gases over water, and showed that combustion and respiration were identical processes.

Stahl at this time came forward with his Phlogiston theory of combustion. According to this theory, all combustible substances are compound, and so must have at least two constituent elements. One of these remains and the other escapes when the body is burned. The element which escapes, Stahl calls Phlogiston. A body which was not altered by the action of fire did not contain any phlogiston, and must have already undergone combustion.

An example will illustrate. Stahl knew that oil of vitriol was a result of the combustion of sulphur, which was then considered to be a compound of phlogiston and sulphur. When charcoal burns, phlogiston is given off. Stahl reasoned that if the phlogiston which escapes from the charcoal could be applied to unite with the oil of vitriol, or dephlogisticated sulphur, the sulphur would again assume its original form. Oil of vitriol was combined, in accordance with this theory, with potash "to fix it," and the salt mixed with charcoal. When the mixture was heated a substance—*Hepar sulphuris*—was formed. This Stahl mistook for sulphur, and was by like methods led to a belief in the truth of his phlogiston theory.

Stahl would not have made this mistake had he examined all the qualities of substances, but he made the mistake of confining his attention to forms alone as is illustrated above. The fallacy of this theory was not pointed until Lavoisier made his experiments with the balance. In the meantime, Black, Priestly, Cavendish, Scheele and Macquer had done much for the advancement of science.

Black, in his researches on the fixed alkalies, did much for quantitative chemistry. The chemical balance came more and more into use. In 1763, latent and specific heats were discovered by Black.

In 1774, Joseph Priestly discovered oxygen. This element was prepared for the first time from mercuric oxide acted on by the heat of a burning glass. Priestly called it dephlogisted air. He prepared for the first time nitric oxide, nitrous oxide and carbonic oxide, and collected for the first time over mercury ammoniacal gas, hydrochloric acid gas, sulphurous acid gas and silicon tetra fluoride. Water was also prepared by the synthesis of its elements. Priestly did not understand the action, however, and it remained for Cavendish to explain.

Cavendish worked out also by eudiometric experiments the ratio of oxygen and nitrogen in the air. More important, however, are his experiments concerning the composition of water.

In Sweden, Scheele, independent of Priestly in both manner and means, had discovered oxygen. He prepared chlorine gas. Shortly afterwards molybdic, tungstic and hydrocyanic acids were isolated. In the realm of the organic, also, Scheele made numerous discoveries.

And now we come to Lavoisier. Up to this time all the quantitative relations of chemistry were in darkness. With his chemical balance Lavoisier turned the darkness into light, and chemistry entered upon a new day. The investigations of Lavoisier led to the utter overthrow of the phlogiston theory. Change of state was not followed by loss in matter.

To the investigations of Bergmann and Kirwan in regard to the composition of certain neutral salts, we owe the discovery that every chemical compound possesses a fixed composition. But neither Bergmann, Richter nor Proust, opposed by Berthollet, brought this law to its true expression.

This was left for John Dalton to perfect. His investigations gave use to the laws of simple and multiple proportions—in short, to the whole atomic theory. This theory, since the time of Dalton, has been gradually improved, as a result of the labors of Thomson, Wollaston, Berzelius, Humphrey Davy, Gay-Lussac, Curtois, Von Humboldt, Mitscherlich, and others.

In concluding this brief and incomplete *résumé* of the history of chemistry, a science yet in its infancy, it might be interesting to note the latest discovery in the chemical world. The discovery is that of a new element in the atmosphere. The experiments of Lord Rayleigh point conclusively to the existence of some such element. According to recent announcement, it has been prepared and its atomic weight determined. Much doubt, however, still exists concerning it. It has been named Argon.

WALLACE P. COHOE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Correction.—In the second line of the second stanza of the poem, "Meminisse," on page 206 of last number, the word *travelled* should read *travailed*. *Es war ein grober Fehler*, we confess, and promise closer attention next time.

PRINCIPAL BATES writes from Woodstock : " We are having a very pleasant year. Had 15 new students this term, and taking them all in all, we have not had a finer lot of fellows for many a year. We have hardly had a case of discipline this year. The tone and spirit of the school is good. We are planning to have a royal time at our closing. We have a strong class. The officers of the Alumni, too, are expecting an enthusiastic gathering.

As was announced in the February number of the MCMMASTER MONTHLY, we give our readers this month a portrait and short biography of the late Deacon Stephen Tucker, whose name is so familiar and will long be tenderly cherished in many Baptist homes in Ontario and Quebec. Bro. Higgins's words of profound veneration and loving recollection will elicit ready responses of approval from every Canadian Baptist who has ever heard of the subject of this sketch. Would that every valley and every Association in our land had at least one such deacon.

THE MCMMASTER MONTHLY desires to contribute in some way to honor the name and help to keep green the memory of the lamented Dr. Gordon, whom so many of the students and our readers have seen and heard, and learned to admire and love. We trust Bro. Stewart's sympathetic review may stimulate many readers to seek earnestly a fuller acquaintance with the daily life and methods of one who lived so near his heavenly Master, and whose labors were so abundant, so wisely conducted and so signally blessed. Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Roberts for permission to use the *Canadian Baptist* portrait of Dr. Gordon, by far the best that has yet appeared in any American publication.

In the death of Mr. Brewer Waugh on March 3rd, the University lost one of its most earnest students. Mr. Waugh came to us from Prince Edward's Island and was pursuing a course of theological study. He had proved himself an efficient worker in his two years' service on mission fields. A lingering illness which began during the Christmas holidays baffled all efforts at medical relief. Surgery was at last em-

ployed as a last resort and the end speedily followed. At a meeting held in the University chapel, Faculty and students united in bearing testimony to Mr. Waugh's fidelity as a student and to the purity and strength of his Christian character. Students and Professors accompanied the body to the Railway station and in charge of Mr. Redden, a fellow-student, it was taken away to his loved ones by the sea. The deepest sympathy is felt by members of the University for our brother's bereaved kindred.

L'Aurore of February 16th, contained a portrait of Rev. Prof. Louis Charles Roux, M.A., from 1867 to 1887 Principal of the Feller Institute at Grande Ligne, and at present instructor in French in Vermont Academy (Baptist) U.S. From the biographical remarks accompanying this portrait, we learn that Prof. Roux was born and received his early education near Marseilles, France. Converted to Protestantism while at school in Rome, he went for classical and theological studies to Geneva, where during the winter of 1846-47, he made the acquaintance of Rev. Theodore Lafleur, and whom he followed to Canada, a short time after the latter's return in 1850. Making his way to Grande Ligne, he was welcomed by his old friend and became a member of his church. Though regularly ordained to the ministry, Mr. Roux has devoted himself chiefly to teaching his native language, in which he has been eminently successful.

THE *Magna Charta* of McMaster University is the Great Commission. That command is *the* reason for her existence. The Fyfe Missionary Society is a standing recognition and expression of the fact. One day every month class-work is suspended, and, through morning and afternoon sessions, teachers and students together devote themselves to a careful consideration of the varied aspects of missionary work in the home and foreign fields.

The present year has furnished additional evidence of the large place given to missions in the life and thought of the University. During the last week in February we were favored with a series of four lectures on Foreign Missions by our efficient Foreign Mission Secretary, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, M.D.

The first was delivered in Bloor Street Church on the morning of Lord's day, Feb. 24th. It dealt with the scope of the commission and the marvellous way in which God's Providences are emphasizing our responsibility in connection with it to-day. Many of us feel that this was the strongest statement of the subject which it has been our privilege to hear. The call to-day for practical recognition of the Lordship

of Jesus Christ in all the details of life was shown to be tremendously urgent.

The second lecture was given on the following Tuesday evening, in the College chapel. The theme was India. Within the space of a single hour the lecturer gave an intensely interesting outline of the whole subject. The greatness of India, its checkered history, its *religious condition and appalling need, the early Christian missions, these and the mighty modern movement* were sketched in a masterly way. We know of no better introduction to an intelligent and systematic study of Missions in India than this admirable address.

The third and fourth lectures formed the chief feature of the exercises on Wednesday, which was our Fyfe Missionary Day. The subject of the morning lecture was China, Japan, Korea and Tibet; that of the afternoon, The Dark Continent. These evinced the same mastery of the subject, the same sure instinct in seizing the salient points and throwing all into proper perspective.

The attendance at all the lectures, on the part, both of the University and of its friends, was extremely gratifying. The interest aroused by the opening address grew steadily to the close; Mr. McDiarmid's earnest spirit gave his words great power. We believe God spoke through him to the young life of this institution. A large contribution has been made to our knowledge of missions, and, we trust, to our permanent interest and enthusiasm in this great business.

We hope for a continuation of these lectures next year, and that it may yet be our privilege to have the completed series in printed form.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE *McGill Fortnightly* comes once again, with sprightly cover and interesting contents, albeit with no loss of scholastic dignity. It contains a handsome supplement, exhibiting the portraits of the five respective Deans, with corresponding sketches in the *Fortnightly* itself.

AN exquisite embodiment of our Chancellor's "Blomidon Sonnets" has appeared, through the kindness of a New Hampshire friend. The material is birch-bark, fastened with silk threads, imparting a unique and especial charm to the eight sonnets that are presented. The issue is limited to twenty-five copies.

THE literary notes of the day abound in touching reminiscences and critical eulogies of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. *Queen's University Journal* contains an excellent article in this respect.

The Review has an able article on The Problem of Job. It is an introductory analysis, and is to be followed by a more exhaustive treatment in succeeding numbers.

THE *Ariel* (Jan. 19th, 1895), from the University of Minnesota, contains three good stories, the first of which gained a well-deserved prize of fifteen dollars. It is entitled "The Matadore, the Senorita and the Arena," by Adolph O. Eliason. Did our space permit we would gladly reproduce it.

SIX university presidents met in Chicago on Jan. 12th, and discussed the pros and cons of athletics in general and football in particular. We gladly note this significant and long-awaited action. It was resolved to recommend appropriate rules, which will no doubt be adopted by the respective faculties concerned. The following two important resolutions were also passed :

"Resolved,—That we call on the expert managers of football so to revise the rules of the game that the liability to injury shall be reduced to a minimum."

"Resolved,—That we call upon all colleges and university authorities to put forth every practicable effort to prevent professionalism of every form in inter-collegiate athletic games and to make every game an honorable contest of athletic skill, by excluding from participation all persons who are not regularly enrolled as students, doing full work as such."

THE *Chap-Book* for January 1st, is a beautiful production. Bliss Carman's sketch of Charles G. D. Roberts is accompanied by an excellent portrait and an autograph poem. The edition was 12,500 copies. "At Vigils," by Alice Brown, and "Where the Night's Pale Roses Blow," by Louise Chandler Moulton, are among the poems. We quote the latter :

" Ah, the place is wild and sweet
Where my darling went—
If I chase her flying feet,
When the day is spent,
Shall I find her as I go
Where the Night's pale roses blow?

DR. WITHROW continues his articles on the East in the *Methodist Magazine*. The Old Land is an inexhaustible subject, and Dr. Withrow's articles are full of interest and amply illustrated. The number contains also an excellent portrait of General Booth, accompanied by a short life.

THE following curiosities about some sound vibrations are taken from *Harper's Young People*, a paper which is authority on scientific points: "Vibration is simply a moving to and fro, as we see the pendulum of a clock do. All things have a certain vibration, though we cannot always see it. When two things being near each other vibrate in time with each other, the movement of one is affected by the movement

of the other. When one clock is set going, its neighbor's pendulum also moves. The air between them, being set in motion by the vibration, acts as the medium. If you strike a string of a piano, the corresponding string in any near piano will also vibrate, the other strings will not be affected, however. If milk boys kept up a regular step, the vibration of their bodies would increase the vibration of the milk until it would be spilled. The little fellows may not quite understand the philosophy of the matter, but they know they must change their step from time to time in order to keep the milk in the pails. Not many evenings ago, while a lady was singing, the glass shade on a gas burner directly in front of her was broken. Her voice which was loud and strong, had shattered the glass. While in the Alps a few years ago, I noticed the muleteers tied up the bells on their mules, and was told that the protracted combined tinkling would start an avalanche. The first iron bridge ever built was at Colebrook Dale, England. While it was building, a fiddler came along and said: "I can fiddle that bridge down." The workmen, little alarmed, bade him fiddle away to his heart's content. Whereupon the musician tried one note after another, until he hit upon the one in tune with the movement of the bridge, and the structure began to quiver so perceptibly that the laborers begged him to cease and let them alone, which he did; otherwise the structure would surely have fallen. The combination of force is so great and vibrations would increase to such an extent that a small dog could ruin the finest and largest bridge if he could trot back and forth continually keeping exact time."

The Brunonian maintains its usual high standard, we clip the following:

REVELATION.

Softly treading, 'neath the spreading
Elms snow-laden,
Heart so light, eyes so bright,
Goes the maiden.

So demurely smiling, surely
Is she human?
Grace so airy means a fairy,
And not woman.

Ah! she stumbles. Down she tumbles,
Luckless wight,
In the snow. Now we know
She's no sprite.

—T. C. M.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

To know thy bent and then pursue,
Why, that is genius, nothing less;
But he who knows what not to do,
Holds half the secret of success.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

Nearly all our exchanges pay a loving tribute to the memory of Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston; probably he was as well known as any Baptist preacher in America. His works may be obtained all over the land and are read and treasured by the most spiritually minded of all denominations. He stands forth a wonderful example of what may be done with the simple Gospel in humble reliance upon the Holy Spirit. No man was freer from sensation or criticism, a quiet power born of deepest conviction made him speak with assurance. He was above all a man of great faith in God. Upon whom will his mantle fall?

LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

(From the German of Seidl.)

- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry when in the east
 The day is blooming like a rose of fire,
 When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
 Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
 When art thou seen more gracious, God of power,
 Than in the morn's great resurrection hour?
- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry when blackness shrouds
 The noon-day heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
 And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
 In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
 When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
 Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?
- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry when in the west,
 Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye ;
 When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
 And all in melancholy sweetness die ;
 When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,
 Than in the magic of thy evening shows?
- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” I cry at dead of night,
 When silence broods alike on land and deep ;
 When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
 And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep :
 When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
 Than in the silent praise of holy night ?
- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” In nature's every form ;
 Greater in none—simply most great in all ;
 In tears and terrors, sunshine, smiles, and storms,
 And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call :
- “ Lord, thou art great ! ” Oh let me praise thy name,
 And grow in greatness as 't thine proclaim.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,	} <i>Editors.</i>
W. J. THOROLD,	
MISS M. E. DRYDEN,	

THE UNIVERSITY.

There was a mayd
 At school she stayd,
 A lonely hour at noon.
 There was a mouse,
 He set up house
 All in the Ladies' Room,
 He knew they had no broom.

There was a sound,
 And to the ground
 The mayden fainting falls.
 Now mouse, play,
 No mayd will stay,
 For lunch within those walls,
 So much thy squeak appalls !

The class of '95 will figure largely in the coming open meeting. Nearly all the numbers are to be filled by members of the graduating class.

S. R. Tarr has gone home. He has not been feeling well for some weeks, we hope he will fully recover in time to come back and make "first all round" at the exams.

The Graduating Classes both in Arts and Theology are coming one by one before the Faculty to read their theses. Some brilliant essays have been prepared and some not so brilliant. These are wearying hours for the long suffering Faculty.

MUST not the thought of *examinations* be seriously affecting the mind of a Sophomore who wears a cloak wrong side out without noticing the difference, and who walks into a mirror down town, and gazes three times at the reflection before recognizing it and ceasing to wonder why people will stand in the way so stupidly?

SPRING is here beyond a doubt! For the small boy with his marbles has taken possession of the street again, and when the sidewalk floats with water, he plays his game upon the yet unmelted snow-bank. But the thought does not bring much joy to the average McMaster student: 'tis

In the spring the young man's fancy
 Wearily looks toward exams.
 While the maiden nigh despairing,
 Nightly sits her down and crams.

LORDLY JUNIOR (reciting in Geology): "Extensive coal formations were laid down also in Pennsylvania and in that State immediately north of it—um—m—oh, yes, of course! —Massachusetts!"

On Thursday evening, February 28th, Rev. R. Garside, B.A., gave a lecture on India, in the Lecture Room of Walmer Road Church. The address was enlivened throughout by a series of excellent lime-light views, produced by Mr. Whittemore.

SLEEPY JUNIOR (studying State History) reads: "'The Home office superintends the constabulary.' Constabulary!—stabulary—stabl—is that an infirmary for horses, I wonder?" Freshie assists Junior to retire for the night.

THE ladies of the Literary League recently enjoyed a meeting of somewhat novel character, the subject of the programme being "The Evening Star." Several very beautiful poems to the evening star were read from different authors, and the music was also appropriately selected. The last number on the programme was a debate on the question, "Resolved that the evening star is a fitter theme for poetry than the sun," Miss Dryden speaking for the affirmative, Miss Iler for the negative. The debate occasioned some serious thinking, much sentimentality, and a great deal of laughter, and was finally decided in favor of the sun, whose glories were indeed convincingly set forth by Miss Iler.

"Brother Waugh died at eleven minutes past twelve on Sunday morning. His last words were: 'Things are growing strange—heaven is getting nearer—I do not think of myself, only of the Lord.'" Such was the sad, laconic notice placed upon the bulletin board of the College early on Sunday morning. Once again the fell angel has visited our family and taken away a brother beloved. At 3.30 on Monday, students and professors gathered in the College chapel for service. After suitable reading, hymns and prayers, several of the professors and students spoke in the highest terms of our brother's worth, especially emphasizing his manly character and genuineness. One and all testified with gratitude to the helpfulness of his quiet example. The body was forwarded by the night train to his parents at Summerside, P. E. I. A beautiful wreath accompanied the casket, the loving tribute of the boys. May the great sympathizer bind up the broken hearts of the sorrowing family.

RUMOR travels fast. McMaster students have been able to verify this statement on more than one occasion within the last month. Somebody found out in some way that the following day was to be Chancellor Rand's sixtieth birthday, and in a remarkably brief space of time everybody was aware of this fact. The result was that a plan was formulated by a committee to congratulate the Chancellor on the completion of his three score years. In the morning, after the exercises in the chapel had been concluded, the Chancellor arose to dismiss the

students, but no one moved. Then up rose the stately McAlpine, and in his own pleasing style explained the situation to the Chancellor and Faculty, and then proceeded with his address of congratulations, in which he voiced the sentiments of the whole student body. The Chancellor chose to reply in a jovial, hearty manner, and closed, as is his custom, by exhorting all to diligence and hard work, as the examinations were fast approaching. This was a very happy occasion for all concerned.

THE Camelot Club held its first public meeting on the last Saturday afternoon of February. Professors, students, and a goodly number of friends assembled in the College Chapel, hoping to spend a pleasant and profitable afternoon. Their hopes were fully realized. Shortly after three o'clock, Mr. G. H. Clarke, the energetic President of the Club, gave the audience a hearty welcome, stated briefly the aims of the organization, and gave some account of the work which had been already accomplished under its auspices. He then resigned the chair to the Honorary President, Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A., who introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A. Mr. Keys, as will be remembered, was our lecturer in English for two years, and his work was highly satisfactory to all concerned. In a few introductory words he told of the circumstances attending his connection with McMaster, and expressed his appreciation of the thorough and diligent work which had been done by the students while under his charge. The Camelot Club have been studying for some time the works of Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Keys had kindly consented to read a paper on that author before the Club. After a chorus by the glee club and an instrumental duet by Misses Holmes and Bailey, Mr. Keys delivered his address, which was evidently the product of painstaking effort and high literary appreciation. He sketched Arnold's early life, his school-days, and his university career; showed how his training fitted him for the work of a poet, and then read with good effect, and criticised numerous selections from his poems. Arnold is an author who deserves to have many more readers than he has at present, and many who heard Mr. Keys' glowing account determined to acquaint themselves more fully with this great modern poet.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Class of '95 was, in some respects, the event of the year. The evening of St. Valentine's Day found the class assembled in the brilliantly-lighted dining-room of the College, around the table most amply spread by our efficient matron, Mrs. Pritchard, and accompanied by representatives of the Faculty of other years of our own University, and of the graduating years of Trinity, Victoria, Wycliffe and 'Varsity. The menu omitted nothing necessary to make up a bountiful repast, and the thanks of the Class is hereby perpetually tendered to Mrs. Pritchard and her assistants for their painstaking service.

The toasts of the evening were to the University and Faculty, Other Classes, Sister Institutions, The Ladies, and the Queen and our Country, responded to respectively by W. S. W. McLay, B.A., L.

Brown, '96, and E. J. Stobo, '96, Th.,; A. W. Crawford representing Victoria, E. G. Osler representing Trinity, E. F. Huckley representing Wycliffe, W. E. Burns, representing Varsity; J. W. Russell, C. H. Schutt. G. H. Clarke read the Class poem, *The Larger Brotherhood*, in which he foreshadowed the future successes of '95; G. R. McFaul told of the voyages of the past in the good ships Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, painted a glowing picture of the last vessel as she nears the harbor, and paid a handsome tribute to the officers on board. O. G. Langford prophesied of the future, and predicted a useful if not a brilliant career for all. D. Nimmo made the speech of the evening in his eloquent oration on *Individuality*, using as an apt illustration the marked diversity of gifts in the class of '95. The Class song, both poem and music, composed for the occasion by G. H. Clarke, W. S. McAlpine and O. G. Langford, was sung by W. S. McAlpine, all coming in heartily on the chorus. W. J. Thorold gave a reading possessing that exceptional merit, brevity. W. S. McAlpine sang *Bonapo*, accompanying it upon the guitar. F. Eby presided in a most admirable manner. The Class is unanimous in its opinion that Fred is fast developing into a very effective speaker. We have but one regret to record, W. R. Smith was unavoidably absent.

THE executive of the Fyfe Missionary Society have been very fortunate in securing the services of our esteemed friend and brother, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, M.A., to deliver before the Society a series of lectures on Missions. The first of this series was given in Bloor St. Baptist Church, on Sunday the 24th inst. A large number of students, together with the usual worshippers, greeted him, eager to learn about this great work. This lecture was entitled, "The Great Commission and the Emphasis God is putting upon it To-day." This powerful address was delivered in his characteristic earnest manner, to the spiritual uplifting of all present. He especially emphasized full consecration to Jesus as our Lord and called for means to garner in the fields already "whitening to the harvest," which, under God's special blessing, opportunities never before witnessed are "now" offered to the Christian Church for the speedy conquest of great heathendom lying in darkness and the shadow of death. His stirring appeal for fuller devotion of heart and means is still ringing in our ears!

This lecture was followed by one none the less interesting and powerful, entitled, "India," given in the University Chapel, on Sunday evening, at 7 p.m. A more thorough review of India, in an hour, could not be given. Mr. McDiarmid has taken time to search for and gather together all the information necessary to give you, in a short space, a comprehensive picture of this field. India is a name dear to the hearts of American Baptists, and especially to the students of McMaster. His lecture was full of spicy information concerning the country, the people—socially, morally and religiously—the progress of missionary thought in that country, steeped for centuries in superstition, the blessed freeing power of the mighty "Gospel"; these mighty conquests stirred all our hearts to deeper love and devotion to the great work to which we, as American Baptists, have especially set our hands.

WEDNESDAY, the 27th ult., being our monthly Fyfe Missionary Day, was given up to Mr. McDiarmid, who gave us two interesting addresses. The theme for the morning session was "China, Tibet, Japan, Korea." These four fields were admirably surveyed, a short historical sketch of each given, the peculiarities of the people outlined, and the progress of missionary effort given in a most thrilling way.

THE afternoon session was given to the consideration of "Missionary Work in the Dark Continent." This land, of which little has been known until about half a century ago, was reviewed in a most thrilling and interesting manner. The country, the people, their religion (pagan for the most part), the work of the explorers and missionaries, the triumphs of "Truth" in this properly designated "Dark Continent," were set forth in a manner that thrilled all our hearts. In the clear light of Scriptural teaching, with the greatest fulness of information, with a wise discretion, and with an intense conviction, Mr. McDiarmid presented the obligations resting upon us, for the evangelization of the world, and declared with power how mightily God's providences are upon every one of us, urging the speediest discharge of these obligations.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THOSE of us who accepted the invitation of the Camelot Club to hear Prof. Keys' lecture, had a treat. To one fortunate enough to be well acquainted with the works of Matthew Arnold, the lecture was an enriching and widening of knowledge, while to others it was an introduction never to be forgotten, and an inspiration to seek intimate acquaintance at once.

BOTH teachers and pupils deeply sympathize with Miss Smart in her great sorrow at the recent loss of her mother. Some of us have had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Smart, and upon these her beautiful, unselfish character and cheerful, devoted, Christian life made an abiding impression. Her death, which occurred at Brockville on February 21st, will long be felt by an uncommonly wide circle of friends, especially in the Baptist denomination, of which she was for many years a well-known and most helpful member.

THOSE who went to the Concert of the Yunck String Quartette on the evening of Monday, March 4th, with expectations of enjoyment based upon the memory of that organization's performance at the time of the Massey Festival Concert last June, were not disappointed. Although the *personnel* of the Quartette has changed since that time, Herr Yunck is still at the head. The Concert was the first of a series of three, given under the auspices of the Women's Literary Society and the University College Women's Residence Association, and the sweet girl undergraduate was in consequence decidedly in evidence. The theatre of the Normal School, which is admirably adapted for chamber

music, was comfortably filled with a very appreciative audience. The Quartette appeared four times on the programme—the opening number was Beethoven's Quartette Op. 18, No. 6, which consisted of five movements; in this number the *ensemble* of the Quartette was, perhaps, shown to best advantage. The second concerted number was a beautiful Andante Cantabile movement by Tschaiakowsky. A Romanze, composed by Herr Heberlein, the 'Cellist of the Quartette, a dashing Mazurka, by Hieniawski, and a Merry Priest, by Haydn, formed their third, while the last consisted of two movements from a Quartette by Anton Dvorak, who is Director in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. The piano part was well played by Miss Fannie Sullivan, of the Toronto College of Music.

Herr Heberlein contributed a Cello Solo, "Souvenir de Spa," by Servais, which won him an encore. Herr Yunck's violin solo was the Andante and Finale, from the ever-popular Mendelssohn Junior Concerto, Mrs. Sullivan accompanying him very acceptably. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Constance Jarvis, a local singer who proved very popular, her sweet singing winning her much applause, and a quantity of beautiful roses.

The Concert proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the winter and lovers of chamber music will look forward with pleasant anticipation to the remainder of the series, hoping they may be a great success musically, and that the friends of the Women's Residence Association may be largely augmented thereby.

THE Heliconian recently gave an open meeting, characterized as an

EVENING WITH HOLMES.

PROGRAMME.

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|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Piano Solo, | Novelette. | Schumann. |
| | MISS POLLARD. | |
| 2. French Recitation, | Trois Jours de Christophe Colomb. | |
| | MISS MACLEAN. | |
| 3. Essay, | Oliver Wendell Holmes as a Humorist. | |
| | MISS BOTTERILL. | |
| 4. Vocal Solo, | My Little Love. | Hawley. |
| | MISS JOHNSON. | |
| 5. Reading, | The Chambered Nautilus. | |
| | MISS COWAN. | |
| 6. Recitation, | The One-Hoss Shay. | |
| | MISS DRYDEN. | |
| 7. Reading, | Selections from Iris. | |
| | MISS JOHNSON. | |
| 8. Piano Solo, | Prelude. | Stojowski. |
| | MISS MATTHEWS. | |
| 9. German Recitation, | Das Lied vom braven Mann. | |
| | MISS BOTTERILL. | |
| 10. Ballad of the Oysterman. | | |
| 11. Recitation, | How the Old Horse Won the Bet. | |
| | MISS KIRK. | |
| 12. Piano Solo, | Mazurka No. 2. | Lerehitzky. |
| | MISS FISHER. | |

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

GENERAL BOOTH has paid a visit to Woodstock. He delivered a lecture in the Opera House, at which a very great number were present. We were not so fortunate as to have him visit the school, but many of the boys went to hear him, and professed themselves much pleased.

THE College rink has been a grand success this year. There has been good skating for quite a long time, and those enjoying hockey seem to have had a very pleasant time. The rink committee is to be complimented on its very efficient management.

THE Rev. Mr. Prosser, of Ridgetown, Ontario, who has been assisting at evangelistic meetings in the Oxford St. Church, paid us a visit and gave us an address on the 15th of February. The address though short was eloquent, humorous, and full of excellent advice. He expressed himself as being very highly pleased with the institution and its equipment.

SOME good things are periodical and others are continuous. Some are periodical but their effects are continuous. Of the latter are Mr. Bone's visits to the school. His regular yearly visits are certainly flashes of inspiration and encouragement to us from a life of labor and true missionary zeal. Mr. Bone was with us at the weekly prayer meeting on the evening of February 7th, and although, on account of another engagement, his address was shorter than usual, it was bright and full of earnestness.

THE Rev. Mr. Mellick visited us on January 17th. We are always glad to greet friends from the great North-West, and therefore listened to Mr. Mellick with great interest. From his account of the conditions prevailing there we were able to form in some faint way an idea of the difficulties to be contended with. The race question is undoubtedly the cause of much of the difficulty. Where can we find so varied a population as is found on this continent? The thousands of miles over which Mr. Mellick must of necessity travel in the prosecution of his work, give us some idea of the vastness of the field and the arduous position which he, as Superintendent, fills. We wish Mr. Mellick and his work in the great North-West every success.

THE Day of Prayer, Jan. 31st, was duly observed. There was a prayer and testimony meeting in the Chapel, in the morning, at which many were present. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing an address by Rev. C. C. McLaurin. Mr. McLaurin's subject was "The value of a soul," and he made us feel what an exceedingly precious thing God esteems it. After his address, two others of a very interesting character were given by Messrs. McFarlane and Kendall, on their summer's work. All enjoyed the meeting, as was evidenced by the large gathering assembled at the evening prayer-meeting. We have cause to be thankful that such seasons come in the busy school life.

Our hockey teams have been giving a good account of themselves. The Junior team has won two matches from the Brevis team, of the town. The Senior team has played a tie with the Canterbury team and thinks it can do better the next time. A match has been arranged with the Collegiate Institute for this week, which no doubt will be as interesting as Collegiate vs. College matches usually are. The following compose the Senior team: Goal, Simpson; Point, Smith; Cover Point, E. Scarlett; Centre Forwards, McKechnie (Captain) and Huggart; Right Wing, D. E. Welch; Left Wing, Henderson.

AMONG the many features upon which we pride ourselves is the musical element in College. It is not good to laud one's self overmuch, but we consider our Glee Club and Orchestra equal to any that have preceded us. The demands made upon the boys are almost too many to comply with, yet many a happy and joyous outing has been made. On Jan. 18th, the whole band—composed of Glee Club and Orchestra—set out for Wolverton, twenty miles distant. The weather, however, became quite stormy, and before they reached their destination the horses refused to draw them farther. So, some on foot and some in friendly sleighs, found the way to the place, after considerable delay. But as they were late, they had to proceed with the programme without supper. Still the meeting was good and all enjoyed themselves. On the following Friday evening, Jan. 25th, the same party went to East Zorra, to the 16th Line Baptist Church. The storm again raged, and again they were late, but this time owing, it is said, to their missing one of the side turnings. It is whispered, however, that as there were ladies in the load, perchance the mistake was intentional. After they had rendered a very good programme and had enjoyed the supper, they returned home, in the small hours of the morning, a very happy and hearty crew.

RECEPTION AT THE COLLEGE.—There was a large gathering at the College on Friday evening, February 22nd, on the occasion of an At Home given by the Faculty. The guests were received by the Principal and his wife in the East Building reception rooms, which were tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. The earlier part of the evening was spent in social intercourse, and the animated conversation and merry laugh testified to the fact that all were enjoying themselves. After all had arrived they adjourned to the West Building. A neatly printed programme announced the main features of interest, and an obliging committee of ushers conducted the people to the different parts of the building.

In the Chapel room a short musical programme was rendered, consisting of a selection by the Glee Club, a solo by Miss Knight, and an instrumental duet by the Misses Ketchum and Hunter. Mr. B. Wilson was present with his lantern and showed a number of World's Fair views, and also some original sketches illustrating different phases of his college life, which were greatly enjoyed by the students.

Refreshments were served in the dining-room about ten o'clock, and an hour later the friends departed, after spending a pleasant evening.

GRANDE LIGNE.

STUDENT READING VERGIL.—“How do you translate ‘*Mirabile dictu*’?”

TEACHER.—“Wonderful to relate.”

STUDENT.—“Is that where doctors get their degree of M.D.?”

ONE of the greatest storms which has been known for several years swept over the country during the last few weeks, and for some time all traffic was suspended. At Grande Ligne it seems to have been more severe than elsewhere, or perhaps the people felt it more.

OUR rink has been buried beneath a beautiful, white, fleecy covering some four feet deep; just enough to keep the boys from attempting its excavation. However, an exploring party is talked of, and after some hard work we hope to see our rink once more.

WE are glad to notice this year that there is a marked interest in the prayer-meetings, and we hope that the boys who feel anxious may come to give their lives to Christ as a living sacrifice. The Christian Endeavor is also doing good work, and many are learning to take part and to lead meetings.

THE rage for organization, with many of its benefits and, perhaps, some of its evils, has at last reached even such an out-of-the-way place as Grande Ligne. The latest organization is a new Literary Society among the smallest boys. Debates are held and papers are read, just as in more advanced circles, and, if report speaks truly, they will soon be rivalling their seniors in ability.

A FEW weeks ago we had our annual English debate on the “other side,” and we think it was enjoyed by all. The subject was, “Resolved, that a man of thought is a greater impetus to civilization than a man of action.” The speakers were: Affirmative—J. F. Thompson, F. W. Therrien. Negative—A. P. Rossier, E. Rossier. It was a sharp contest. Considerable wit was shown on one side and thought on the other. The decision was in favor of the negative.

LAST week we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Montreal, who spoke on three words in the 2nd chap. of Acts—Ghost, Wind and Fire. He likened God to a ghost, in that it is impossible to confine Him in any place or keep Him out of any place. “God is also like wind,” said he, “because He is powerful and, again, gentle. He speaks to one by the thunder and to another by the still, small voice; one is compelled to fall to the ground and another rests under the fig tree.” He said God was like fire, because of His warming influence in melting men’s hearts, and he asked the Christians to get nearer this mighty power to receive warmth. He did us all good, and many resolves were made to live a better life.