



Alexander Francis

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ALEXANDER GRANT.

Suddenly, at mid-day, 4th August, 1897—just how, no one can tell—a light canoe capsized in the swift waters of the Nepigon. Without warning, its occupants, two strong men, were thrown into the current. One fought his way to shallow water, and turned, only to see his friend still far out in the stream, go down for the last time. Soon the lightening flashed the startling news west, east and south—“ALEXANDER GRANT DROWNED.”

To a thousand homes the dire tidings brought deep sorrow—poignant sense of personal loss. Thousand anxious hearts followed the searchers for the body, six weary days. Modern appliances, none of them wanting, were all in vain. Fate as if to mitigate, in some small measure, the severity of the stroke, reserved to his own brother James the sad solace of discovery.

To his western home they bore what of him was mortal. Winnipeg wept at his grave as she had never wept for any of her dead. All ranks and conditions of her citizens joined in the last solemn tribute. From all over the land, ay, and from across the sea other hearts went out in sympathy deep and pure.

The tragic incidents of his sudden passing in manhood's full vigor had their part in arresting public thought, and compelling universal acknowledgement of the community's loss; but behind the tragedy lay a life, whose faithful years had left their impress in circles each wider and more distinct than the last.

Born in Grantown in the Highlands of Scotland, 16th December, 1854, he early entered into sympathy with rugged nature's endless mystery. Possibly he derived the determinative qualities of his mental make up from that source to a greater degree than from the parochial school, which he attended, but never loved. He was of dissenter stock and could not even in his childhood brook being merely tolerated. Unfavorable as were the conditions he earned distinction and became prizeman in Classics in spite of unfair attempts by the authorities to favor competitors belonging to the established church.

As to religious instruction he came early under the faithful ministry of Peter Grant, and afterwards of his son William Grant, now of Edinburgh; but it was not until the latter was succeeded by a Mr. Steele from Aberdeen that the strong-willed youth submitted to the power of the gospel. It was characteristic of him that immediately after his baptism, he began active Christian work: and though only about sixteen years of age attended meetings with Mr. Steele, and sometimes spoke at them.

Shortly afterwards he resolved to give himself up to the work of the ministry and repaired to Edinburgh University. Some glimpses of his inner life are afforded by a private diary which he kept during part of his stay in Edinburgh, and which he continued after a desultory fashion for some years after he had come to Canada. All through, these attest his genuineness: his deep spirituality and the seriousness of his views of life.

On New Year's day of 1873, he moralizes on the flight of time and says: "I feel a sort of paralysis taking hold upon me, so that I am not able to comprehend how solemn *life* is." On the 3rd of the same month he appears to have spoken at some young people's meeting, taking for his subject, "Yield yourselves to God." In his diary he says: "Did pretty well in my own estimation but what did God think of it?" He notes on the same day having borrowed "The Arabian Nights" from a friend. The following day occurs this note: "Read part of Arabian Nights,—not worth reading."

During the spring of that year his father's family including himself came to Canada and settled at Algonquin, near Brockville, where he availed himself of every opportunity to preach Christ.

That fall he entered Woodstock College, and then on October 27th resumes his diary saying: "Eight months have flown over me since last I wrote here; eight months of changes; then I wrote as a student in Edinburgh with full intentions of finishing my studies there, yet in God's Providence I am at Woodstock, Canada. The change seems almost too much for my mind to grasp." He then refers to his preaching at Algonquin. Fears there may have been as much of "self" as "Christ" in his preaching, and his thoughts turn to prayer—"Dear Lord one thing I desire, give it for my son's sake which thou lovest; open up the way for me to preach the cross."

His notes during the early College days are full and include frequent references to the sermons he heard. On one Sunday he listened to a Rev. Dr., his comment being—"As dry as an old shoe, yet he preached the gospel." At night he heard another preacher. "Good hearty sermon," he says, and adds, "Thank the Lord."

Constantly his entries assume the form of prayer abounding in such expressions as "Make me, oh God! tender-hearted;" "Prepare my heart, oh God! for the solemn work of preaching the Saviour;" "Sift me and my sermons oh God! so that I may not hinder the blessing," etc.

On 21st April, 1874, he notes: "This afternoon read Carlyle on Frederick the Great; very good." The youth of nineteen for whom the dreamy witchery of the Arabian Nights had no charm could already appreciate, in some measure, the great thoughts of Carlyle. Some indication here surely of the quality of life which was then in the making.

His perception of the unseen was most real and crops out everywhere. December 18th, 1874, noting that classes closed that day for another term, he says: "Term after term flies and brings me nearer the judgment throne, and nearer to Thee, kind blessed Saviour; when shall I see Thee face to face."

He appears to have returned to College on the 13th January, 1875, but to have gone to London to preach on the 17th, where, as he thinks, he caught scarlet fever. He had spent part of the previous summer holidays preaching in the vicinity of Pembroke, and on 5th February, a few days after resuming his college studies, he notes having received an invitation from the

church in Pembroke to return in the spring. He arrived there on 23th March, and now as his work swallows him up his notes become less frequent; but on New Year's Day, 1876, he again unburdens his mind, closing with the prayer.—“May I not be proud or conceited, or ambitious, or pretentious, but real and self-suspicious, and kind and holy, forever to the praise of God.”

Some notes follow, dated March, 1876, and then there is a gap of three years and a half and the record is resumed at London, September 18th, 1879, with the note, “Many a time in the road since March 18th, 1876, but this only can I say, I bless the hand that guided.” He says, “I cannot record here all that God has done, through the least of all his saints; Kincardine, Durham, London, Chesley, Port Elgin, St. Mary's have recorded triumphs in the living Christ.” Of his work in Kincardine he speaks with special tenderness. The same note gives the date of his marriage, 9th July, 1879.

This brings us to the period when Alexander Grant had become a well-known personality in Ontario Baptist circles. His strong doric accent and what some regarded as uncouth gestures and modes of speech did not always escape criticism; but through it all the intense and growing power of the man made itself everywhere felt. His work in London was eminently successful: and when in 1884 it became evident to all that the need of the hour was an aggressive movement in Home Missions, with singular unanimity all thoughts turned to Alexander Grant as the man to lead the advance.

The result more than justified the most sanguine expectation of his admirers, and even those who had hesitated, fearing his energy might not be matched by his prudence, were quick to see and confess their mistake. Full of courage; full of faith; of infinite resource, and yet patient and tactful to a degree that few had anticipated, his enthusiasm gave new life to the cause, and the denomination as never before became seized of a definite ideal of its mission and destiny in this land. He had never counted on making this position his life work, and in 1889, having left an impress on the work which can never be obliterated, he handed over to his successor an organization unexcelled in simplicity and effectiveness.

When the call came to the lone cause in the far west, prom-

ising little but toil and hardship, he hesitated not, nor regarded the advice of the many friends who urged him to wait for some more hopeful opening. The result has proved that he was right. The same enthusiasm and capacity for self-forgetful work which had given a new outlook to Ontario missions quickly infused new hope into our struggling cause in the west. Neither the potency of his influence with and for the Baptist churches of Manitoba, nor the singular force with which he impressed his views upon the whole community in Winnipeg and the regions beyond, need here be dwelt on. These are fresh in all minds.

Some thought him rigid in his theology, and in his conceptions of life, duty and destiny. They did not know the man. He was ever honest and intense in the expression of his views, but few men were more amenable to new light, or more alert in the search for new truth. The eternal verities, were, it is true, to him unchangeable; but no man struggled harder for an ever clearer conception of those truths, and for better and more effectual ways of commending them to others.

His standpoint changed with his surroundings, and the sweep of his vision was constantly broadening. He was a different and a broader man at the end of his years of service as Home Mission Superintendent than when called to that office. His environment, and the new calls upon him in Winnipeg, marked further striking development; and few men have been more immediately or powerfully affected by a visit to the old land, than Alexander Grant was, when, a few months before his death, he had his first opportunity to revisit England and Scotland.

Nothing was more characteristic of him, however, than his love of nature and his appreciation of her subtle charms. His sermons abounded, like those of the Master Teacher, in illustrations drawn from this source. To him the book of nature was not something contradicting God's newer Bible, but was that older book of God on which the other Bible was ever throwing floods of light. The two revelations were to him complementary of each other.

The multitude may have thought that it was mere love of sport that made him a famous angler, and a lover of dog and gun. Not so. Those tempted him, not more for their own sake,

than because they afforded the best opportunities for that communing with nature which was to him one of the sources of health and vigor, physical, mental and spiritual.

Charles Dickens did not often indulge in direct philosophizing, but he was surely inspired by the spirit of true philosophy when in *Barnaby Rudge* he said: "The thoughts of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation which like the physical one holds them down to earth. The bright glories of the day and the silent wonders of the starlit night appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or the moon, or the stars for their reading." If this is true, so is the converse. The spiritually enlightened mind should daily see new beauties in God's handiwork. Alexander Grant saw them.

Few men pondered more deeply than he, the mystery of life—growth—development. He delighted not only in bold and striking scenery, and in the majesty of mighty rivers; but equally in the ever changing aspects of nature's infinite detail. Flowers and insects were as interesting to him as clouds and mountains; and no Thoreau or Burroughs ever listened to song of bird, with more exquisite delight, than in the early morning Alexander Grant would drink in the liquid note of the white-throated sparrow, the nightingale of the north.

Truly his prayer that God would make him tender-hearted was answered, and among the agencies employed were wanderings in the silent woods, tramps across the lone prairie, the wading of streams, the climbing of rocks, and the study of the habits of birds. By these and similar means God enriched his nature and qualified him for work demanding genuine sympathy with all struggling aspirations.

His characteristic spirit of prayer breathed in his remark at the last New Year's Eve watch night service in his church when he said, "The greatest joy that could come into my life this year would be to see my Lord face to face." That wish, too, has been realized.

Possibly the editor in selecting one to write this sketch did not intend entirely to exclude the personal equation. Much of it has probably already appeared. One other suggestion of possible interest to psychologists, may be pardoned. The recollections of camp life together are still vivid and must continue so

while life and memory last. One thing, however, is a continual surprise. Death appears to have introduced no new point of view. In other cases one frequently revises his opinion of a friend who has been snatched away, or of his own attitude towards the lost one. The writer is unconscious of any change in this respect. What his friend was in life, that he seems still. His personality, with its oddities and conceits as well as its charms, seems as real as ever. The scenes where we tried to rescue each other from danger, and those in which we fought for mastery; the other scenes of varying success and disappointment in our sport; our experiences at the camp fire, and the thousand incidents in which, when away from the restraints of modern life, men's minds and hearts become open and known to each other, remain as they were. It would seem in all respects the most natural thing in the world that we should meet again in the same scenes, and go on just as if nothing had happened to interrupt our intercourse.

The appropriate inference each mind will draw for itself. The writer contents himself with the obvious one that his friend was singularly free from artificiality and affectation; that he was above all else genuine—was what he seemed to be—neither worse nor better than he shewed himself.

D. E. THOMSON.

Toronto, February, 1898.

QUATRAIN.

Full oft the light that feebly glowed,
 But for the breath of blame,
 Might have become a beacon-flame
 Upon the hills of God.

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

I.

We have again experienced the joy of a ride through Derbyshire. The Peak District has stirred all our sense of the beautiful, and now the next place of interest for us is Cambridge. Eagerly we watch for the windmills, landmarks which we remember are a feature of the country surrounding the town. One by one they appear, occurring more frequently as the little English train runs swiftly along. Soon the turrets of King's College Chapel are outlined against a summer sky, then the entire structure stands in relief, and before we are aware of it our journey is at an end, and we in a foreign land for a twelve-month of pleasure, of profit, perchance of pain.

There is scarcely time for a momentary tightening of the heartstrings, for misgiving, when duties at hand for speedy settlement of bairns and belongings in comfortable apartments call attention to present rather than future questions. We are soon settled and feeling at home, in rooms lately occupied by students, who have now "gone down" after the gay May week, in which mothers and sisters have doubtless paid the visit usually made at that season of gaities. Traces of their recent residence are still about; here a programme of dances, with a name scrawled opposite every number, there a bunch of crushed, yet fragrant, violets in the corner of a drawer. Might not one weave a romance about it all, in the same old rooms with the dark, artistic furnishings, which have held many of England's sons and daughters during the years since the genial lodging-house keeper had been licensed to keep student lodgers? A record is published quarterly of the residence of every student belonging to any of the colleges, and the college authorities must approve of where they "keep." I soon had it explained to me that a student "kept" in Cambridge and lived at his home, in whatever other part of the world it might be.

With a haste which the Cambridge tradesman characterized as being American, we were soon established in our own house, where we spent a season of joyous contentment, much hard work on the part of my husband, and many delightful experiences for

myself and children—a home for a day, and yet one around which will ever rest a halo.

It was a particular delight for us to see the four distinct seasons of an English year. Moody though it may have been, it was charming, and I can quite appreciate the love that an Englishman has for the natural beauties of his country. After spending the summer in different parts of England and Scotland two years before, we came home thinking it was never warm in Great Britain, just comfortable. When we reached Cambridge this year it was still cool. A fire was lighted in our sitting-room grate before tea was brought in on the evening of our arrival; the next morning found the temperature at about eighty, and the heat almost unendurable. Then we missed our bracing Canadian air. The days were hot and damp though there was no rain for weeks. The pretty lawns at the Backs and in the courts were dry and parched. September was simply glorious. It rained only at night, which I always insisted it did in Canada, when, in the later autumn, one would wonder whether enough rain did not fall in those days of drizzle to keep the grass green for years. October is proverbially rainy in Cambridgeshire, and freshmen are cheered by mud and rain when they come up about the fifteenth of that month.

November, ah! chill, damp, sunless November. It was told us beforehand that all the sunshine must be in the heart in that trying month. The blinds were often drawn at three o'clock to shut out the grey gloom, but the cheer inside, with the brightly burning grates and opportunity for steady, quiet reading on the part of a member of our household, fully compensated for the absence of the sun. A lecture on the sun by Sir Robert Ball was a delightful treat in those days. We felt so grateful to the eminent lecturer for having shown us more of the centre of light in one evening than we had enjoyed for weeks before.

December brought almost wintry weather; twenty-four hours of snow, and some frost. But the warmth of Christmas cheer made it very bright, and we felt to be among so charming a people at such a season a privilege indeed. Memory's storehouse will ever retain its vivid recollections of the unbounded kindness shown us by friends whom we had not known a Christmas before.

January saw the buds beginning to swell, aconite blossoms in the grass, which had never lost its green, while February and March filled the lawns with snowdrops and crocuses. Such crocuses! Great masses growing in the lawns, of purple, yellow and white, glistening in their sheen and loveliness. Later in March and April came the violets on every hand. It is no exaggeration to say that the down-town streets were fragrant with them, children selling them on trays, everybody wearing a bunch. The English wall-flowers came next with their rich coloring and exquisite sweetness. While they are yet in their glory, roses bloom, the trailing, climbing roses, sometimes tall and stately, every where, on the cottage as well as on the mansion. Oh, the breath of it all! how one grows to love it, that gradually coming spring! Does there beat an English heart on foreign soil that does not see it, sleeping or waking? Can those bursting hedgerows, the air athrob with the lark, the thrush, the black-bird, and, richest, most entrancing of all, the nightingale, ever be lost to the senses that have once enjoyed the fulness of it. Nature has poured from her lavish hand so many treasures in that fair land, one feels almost impelled to say "to him who hath, much is given."

In conversation with a graduate at our first luncheon party, he inquired the points of interest I had visited. I remarked that, since we had only been in town a fortnight and I yet had a whole year in which to see the beauties of the place. I should go about it leisurely. He replied that many a man came up and went down after a three years' residence, and had not seen as much as a tourist who spent a week there. But the charm of the surroundings soon led me to see and learn all I could of its historic and beautiful possessions. The much sought after leaf from Milton's mulberry tree, planted in the Fellows' Garden of Christ's College, which ordinarily the tourist obtains in at least the second tour of inspection, was not actually plucked by myself, but was brought to me by one of our dearest friends on the evening of our departure. I had many times walked under the famed tree, viewed its carefully preserved branches and trunk, which latter is banked to the lower branches, but thought always, "Surely this cannot be the last time." But there came a last time to it all, to those walks about the courts,

over the bridges, through King's Court to the bridge; a last time to lean upon its stone parapet, and look toward Clare Bridge and the velvety lawn of King's, sloping to the sleepy little river—to linger and remember that Charles Kingsley in his *Alton Locke* has said of this spot: "Neither pen nor pencil have done justice to the scene,"—which never dies from one's treasured memory of the beautiful.

As one lingers there the shadows are lengthening, a soft stillness reigns. You hear a tinkling bell which tells that the service at King's College Chapel is beginning. Returning you enter and take a seat at the rear of the ante-chapel, for if you have not a full hour to remain you do not go into the choir. In the hush you wait. You see the old verger, mace in hand, come slowly down the aisle, go and knock at one side chapel door, cross over and knock at an opposite door. Simultaneously the choir boys, the dean and others who are taking part in the service, file out and up the two or three steps which mark the separation of the choir from the ante-chapel, through the broad doors in that famous and wonderfully carved screen in which is the great organ. The doors of the screen are closed: the red damask curtains are drawn, causing an indefinable feeling of being shut out. It is only momentary, for the great organ peals forth, the sweet-voiced choir is already singing, and you are held spell-bound until the last note dies away.

One grows more and more fascinated with the chapel, which is conceded by all to be one of the gems of architectural triumphs of Great Britain. Its historical associations bring before you the ages through which it has stood, and you realize that its graceful walls have been silent witnesses of many strange scenes. At one time Cromwell quartered his soldiers in the edifice; on another occasion Queen Elizabeth was entertained by the play "*Twelfth Night*," and one touching little mark of the past remains on the organ screen in the initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Not alone for its historical memories are you desirous of paying frequent visits there, for the almost mystical beauty of the artistic interior has a peculiar influence upon you. Modern methods of lighting have never been introduced, so that when it grows dark on short days in winter candles only tend to increase the charm. In broad day the light from without

streams through windows of marvellous coloring and design—particularly those of the east and west ends of the chapel which occupy nearly the entire wall. The choir of boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, possess voices of extraordinary power and sweetness. They are constantly in training in a school kept exclusively for them, and it is therefore not surprising that the music is of the highest order. A tiny soloist pours forth exquisite notes like those of a prima donna, ringing through and filling the remotest corner of the great building.

Public services are held on Sunday afternoons to which throngs of people go. Easter Sunday was especially impressive. The service is always full choral. The opening hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," thrilled and touched a responsive chord in our hearts because of its familiar strains, and its perfect rendition both by choir and congregation. The window of the west end of the chapel throws its soft and delicate tints the entire length of the building. The service ended, the white robed choir and Fellows file slowly down the long aisle, the great west doors are thrown open, allowing a flood of light mingled with the colors of the window above to bathe all figures in a perfect glory. There is a breathless hush, and then with an involuntarily whispered "how beautiful!" you leave the place of exceeding beauty and know that had you been there long years before a similar scene would have presented itself, and that the present and past are the same.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

Toronto.

ALEXANDER GRANT.

Holy of Holies—veiled no more—
We seek thy ever open door
And entering, with unsandalled feet,
Kneel at the crimsoned mercy-seat :
Here, Lord, our weaker souls endue
With strength such as this prophet knew !

Seasons of drought might come again,
Night give not dew, heaven give not rain—
The steely skies sparse drops distil,
Men seek in vain their hearts to fill :
His soul, while theirs slight moisture drew,
Like Gideon's fleece seemed wet with dew.

He followed close Christ's tireless feet
Through whitening field and thronging street,
At night with Him on Olivet,
By day by blue Gennesaret :
Like Him taught less from antique books
Than from God's flowers and singing brooks.

Leal warder of a lordly keep
Through all the night foregoing sleep—
Watching beneath the jewelled blue—
A sentinel was he—and true :
Yet, yearning, traced among the stars
The path of Venus or of Mars.

Of all God's most heroic men,
Who ever our ideals have been,
Most calmly ardent, sweetly true—
That martyr whom Herodias slew :
Much of this spirit was his dower—
The Baptist of a later hour.

We reaped with him Christ's harvest fields,
 Ingathering sheaves Time's autumn yields :
 Now " one is taken : one is left "
He was not : we are sore bereft :
 The Master of the harvest calls—
 " On you his sacred burden falls "

Unwearying, he both near and far
 Bore on the call of Christ to war—
 Then, victor crownéd, in the west
 Laid down sweet toil for sweeter rest :
 O welcome *rest* : Cease, hearts that weep—
 " He giveth His beloved sleep."

God knoweth best : decrees no wrong—
 Though singers of the sweetest song,
 Though sayers of most wondrous things—
 Thoughts that seem fledged with eagle wings—
 Die early and, as Time unrolls,
 Heaven gleans from earth her choicest souls.

" Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard : "
 There echoes back not one faint word
 As toward his radiant Paradise
 We strain our holden, wistful eyes :
 His faith alone sure solace gives—
 " I know that my Redeemer lives."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

Montreal.

THE SCENE OF BARRIE'S STORIES.

Kirriemuir is the name of a Scotch village situated in Forfarshire. It has, especially during the last twelve years, become somewhat famous. And why? Because it is the birthplace of an esteemed popular author—J. M. Barrie; and because it is the scene in which some of his most popular stories are located, such as "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister."

It is worth noting here the power which good literature has in conferring honour even upon some of the smallest places. The poet Burns was born in a humble peasant's cottage about a mile and a half from the town of Ayr: and yet, on account of his poetry powerfully appealing to the common joys, loves, and sorrows of mankind, that cottage is still yearly visited by hundreds of his admirers, some of them from the remotest parts of the globe. So with Shakespeare. His birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, is, or at least was forty years ago, but a plain country village in itself, and the Avon there but a sluggish, turbid brook, and yet, on account of Shakespeare's writings, there is in the main street of the village a store on whose front, in large letters, is inscribed, "This is the house in which Shakespeare was born," and the Avon has been apostrophised as "Silver Avon! thou sweet flowing stream," and annually many pilgrims from all directions come to feast their eyes upon them. And as for the homes and haunts of Sir Walter Scott—in Edinburgh, Abbotsford and Melrose—they have also, year after year, innumerable visitors, who moreover gladden the hearts of the guides and caretakers by the tips which they look for and receive from them. Even so, at least in some degree, Kirriemuir has undoubtedly, on account of Barrie's stories, not a few whose admiring curiosity is directed wistfully to it

It is also worth noting that the writings of a popular author are invariably influenced by the place in which he was born and brought up. Like every other person his tastes are moulded very much by his environment or surroundings. The Iliad shows that Homer was not only a Greek, but also that he was a frequenter of the Grecian games and assemblies. And every intelligent reader of Dante's grand gloomy epic will per-

ceive, almost at a glance, that he was a thorough mediæval Italian. In like manner, from the minute, correct and sympathetic descriptions in the two stories we have mentioned, we can easily infer that Barrie, if not a native, must have been for some time a residenter in Kirriemuir. The environment is not the man, but it is, like his skin, a thing which cleaves to him.

By its people, Kirriemuir has always been regarded as no mean village, or rather, as they themselves would say, no mean town. Its population appeared to us to be between four and five thousand in number. Its big market-square, its tenements, wynds, closes, churches, and immediate neighborhood are just as Barrie described them in his fore-mentioned stories. It was as its most salient feature, a town of hand-loom weaving, and hence received its nickname of Thrums. In dress, many of its more aged inhabitants wore knee-breeches and coloured night-caps. The chief food of the mass was for dinner potatoes and broth or fish,—then cheap and plentiful—but porridge for breakfast and supper. Tea, on which was a heavy duty, was a luxury rarely indulged in. Hence as an illustration of Scotch pride and truthfulness it is said, that a Scotch girl, sent by her mother to the shop in which her father and three other weavers were busy at their looms, on opening the door bawled out "Faither, come awa' to your tea—your parritch is ready." And no wonder that these people lived so plainly, since the average weekly wage of a hand-loom weaver was about twelve shillings or three dollars with which he had to support himself and family.

And yet, in spite of their narrow means, they were, on the whole, an honest industrious, intelligent, God-fearing class of people seeking to do the best they could. They, for instance, sought that their children should not only be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also to know the shorter Catechism well and be at home with the Bible. In not a few of their dwellings, a chapter of the Bible was read every day. They also on the Sabbath attended faithfully the services of the church to which they belonged, be it the Established, the Free, the U. P., the Auld Licht, or any other church. So keenly was each attached to his own church, that it was deemed a glaring wrong, especially when there was service in his own, to attend the service of any other. In the Session-records of a certain church but farther

north than Kirriemuir, we read that a member had been brought before the Session and severely reprimanded, for having been thrice absent on the Sabbath from his own church and patronising others. Moreover, there was then a somewhat keen jealousy existing between the Established and Dissenting churches—the Established looking down upon the Dissenters as, at least, not very “tony,” and the latter despising the Establishers as having no choice in selecting their own pastor, and as mean in not defraying the expenses of their own church out of their own pocket, but leaving it to be supported from the public taxes. And then, of course, each member of a congregation regarded his own church and his own pastor as indisputably the best.

In Kirriemuir, perhaps more strongly than in other villages, there was great desire on the part of a family to see themselves represented in the ministry—one of its members “wagging his pow in a poopit.” Accordingly, if a son showed a liking for books, and manifested a serious disposition, the other members of the family would even pinch themselves to help him through college. And we know from experience that a Kirriemuir student, especially if a bursary prize was in view, was a formidable competitor. In our opinion, in proportion to its size, Kirriemuir has supplied more ministers for the pulpit than any other Scotch town or village.

Then, further, the people of Kirriemuir were noted as being keen politicians. One-fourth of them, perhaps, had no vote; but, nevertheless, they had minds and voices of their own, that they would not allow to rust for want of use. Like the Athenians of old, they thirsted for news, and delighted in discussion. A political meeting, especially when debate took place, was to them a special treat; for there, in cheering, hissing and stamping, they found exercise not only for their minds, but also for their tongues and feet. In those days, compared with the present, a newspaper was a poor affair, only four pages, short reports, and rather stale news, almost every one a weekly, and, on account of a heavy tax, one copy costing $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ or 7 cents. Yet a club of weavers would subscribe a copper each, have their own paper, and, at the meal hour or in the evening, would assemble, one reading and the others listening, all anxious to hear and to comment upon what the leaders in Parliament, Lord

John Russell, the Whig, Sir Robert Peel, the Tory, and especially Arthur Roebuck, the Chartist or Radical, had said; for, in those days, almost every working man, be he weaver, mason, or shoemaker, was an out-and-out Chartist or Radical.

Such was Kirriemuir upwards of forty years ago, and it was only a good specimen of very many Scotch villages of that time. But as the fashion of this world is continually changing, as hand-loom weaving has disappeared, the weaving now being done in large factories by machinery, we cannot say what is now the leading characteristic of that good town; for it was in '58 that for a few days we visited it. But we hope and feel persuaded from the character of its people that, in the great march of modern improvement, Kirriemuir will be found not lagging behind.

THOMAS WILSON.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.

EDITORS.

THE MISSION OF SOCRATES.

The mission of Socrates presents a twofold aspect. The man, who, in point of intellectual acumen, holds a place of unquestioned pre-eminence among his own contemporaries, who convicts his ancestors of folly, reduces all posterity *in statu pupillari*, and condemns his successors to an almost hopeless imitation, was, above everything else, an Athenian. Gathering up into himself the lore of former times, wrought upon by the plastic forces of his own, yet ever preserving the originality of his own unique self-hood, he caught and held, with fascinating and controlling force, the mind and heart of the people, whose redemption he sought and in whose interest he laid down his life.

But Socrates had another mission than that which bound him to his own race, a mission vastly higher, though one of which he was wholly unconscious, in preparing the way for a greater even than he. These missions were so related that his very failure in the one constituted his fulfilment of the other.

First of all, then, Socrates had a conscious mission, a mission from the skies. He could say, "I believe and therefore have I spoken." His teaching, however, was pre-eminently human. He could not accept, nor was he disposed to refute, the impossible postulates of his predecessors regarding the origin of nature. He was content to enjoy. The blue vault above him, his rock-ribbed Attica, the Ægean rippling into countless smiles, had a wonderful charm for the heart of the susceptible Westerner; but for him "the proper study of mankind was man"; for him, as for no other, the Delphic *γνώθι σεαυτόν* was an authoritative mandate. In his own loved city, pouring in and out through her groves and academies, her porches and colonnades, her shops and her ship-yards, was a teeming population. These were the children of his care. Rich and poor, artist and artisan, virtuous and dissolute, he had a message for them all. None did he ever turn empty away. He asked for no fee, and they brought him no recompense but an interested mind. He coveted no higher privilege than to be permitted to do them good.

Addressing his judges, on the charge of corrupting the Athenian youth, he says, "I say the same to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens inasmuch as they are my brethren, not to take thought for your persons and your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine that corrupts the youth, my teaching is ruinous indeed."

On trial for his life, he shows the same high resolve to obey God rather than man that Peter and John manifested before the Sanhedrim. Anytus had urged that if he were allowed to escape their sons would be utterly ruined by listening to his words. Socrates replied, "If you say to me, 'Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again, you shall die'; if this is the condition on which you let me go, I should reply, 'Men of Athens, I honor and love you, but I shall

obey God rather than you." There spoke the noblest of his race. History bears no record of a grander scene than that. Not John before Herod, not Chrysostom before Eudoxia, not Knox before Mary, nor Luther before the Diet of Worms, presents a spectacle so glorious as this old pagan, denied the light of Christian revelation, alone at the bar of a tribunal in deadly hostility, in his fidelity to his Divine mission anticipating almost the very words of inspiration, "I shall obey God rather than you."

There was need of such a missionary. Society was rotting to its core. Iniquity wore no veil. The most disgusting immoralities were practised without remorse or shame. "Adultery was deified, incest throned in the skies." Paganism, at its best estate, had produced that catalogue of damning vices which inspiration with an iron stylus has depicted in deathless tracery upon the opening page of the Epistle to the Roman church, a catalogue from which the heart shrinks back appalled.

Against the rush and swirl of this tide of iniquity, Socrates planted himself rock-like as Gibraltar. A weaker man than he would have been swept off his feet. It marks the breadth of his mind, the firmness of his faith, the boldness of his enthusiasm, that, though continually confronted with the spectacle of

" Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,"

he could yet discern that

" That scaffold sways the Future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

With almost prophetic insight he could discern, beneath all the vicissitudes of virtue, the trend of those fundamental laws which will, sooner or later, in this world or the next, bring their full meed of punishment or reward. With a faith that cannot, will not doubt, he declares the certainty that Virtue, though despised and rejected, will yet shine forth in all the spotless and fadeless majesty of her perfections. The strength of his convictions is hardly surpassed by inspiration itself.

"We are not to be anxious about living but about living well." "A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate

the chance of living or dying, he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong, acting the part of a good man or a bad." "It is by no means right to do evil in return when one has been evil entreated. I should choose rather to suffer unjustly than to act unjustly." "The beautiful and the good can never be severed."

Thus he served his day and generation. We do not wonder that men hated him, and hunted him down, and cast him into chains, and forced him to drink the deadly hemlock. They did the same for One still more holy and just than he.

We have said that Socrates had a higher mission and one of which he was unconscious. Rightly considered all pre-Christian history, Jewish and Gentile alike, was an anticipation of our Saviour's advent and a preparation for it: for His elect nation doubtless that advent had special significance—"to Abraham and his seed were the promises made"—and there is no epoch in the covenant life of that chosen people that was not at once a prophecy of, and preparation for, the Coming One. But, quite outside the pale of Judaism, the great and wise of pagan peoples were all unconsciously casting up a highway for the coming of Him who is "the Desire of all nations." Jewish law and Greek philosophy alike prefigure the Gospel. Socrates, in much the same way as Moses, was a school master to bring mankind to Christ. Moses taught that by the deeds of the law no flesh living shall be accounted righteous in God's sight; Socrates evidenced to all succeeding ages that "the world through its wisdom knew not God." It was by reason of this testimony that Socrates accomplished his mission.

There is an unutterable pathos in the thought of the Athenian philosopher groping his way backward from the world of sense to his pre-supposed goal, the Logos pre-incarnate, all unconscious that his self-confessed failure had been leading him forward to his true goal, the Logos incarnate. The Hebrew patriarch longed to see Christ's day; he saw it and was glad. The pagan philosopher, too, groping in the darkness of a rayless night, longed for some *λόγος θεῖος* to pierce the gloom—he longed, but longed in vain. Our brief investigation will begin with the anthropology which forms the core of the great teacher's philosophy.

He recognized in man a threefold nature, body, soul, and spirit, with much the same distinctions that are indicated in Scripture.

The body he regarded as the enemy of the soul, which had derived all its evils and impurities from being connected with it. For the body there was no hope. Being material, its evil was inherent and ineradicable. His hatred of it is intense and unremitting. He owes it no obligation, nor will he show it any favor. His language on this point is almost apostolic. "For whence come wars and fightings and factions? Whence but from the body and the lust of the body?" We need to be reminded that these are not the words of the Bishop of Jerusalem but of the sage of Athens.

The agreement, however, is more apparent than real. The *σῶμα* of Socrates is used in no ambiguous sense. The *σῶμα* of Paul on the other hand, as always when used in contradistinction to the *πνεῦμα*, must be understood as comprehending—not the body alone—but the whole man, body, soul and spirit. The body, so far from being the seat and source of evil, is regarded in Scripture rather as the instrument by which the *ψυχῆ*, the higher nature, works out her will.

This conflict between the Pauline and Socratic views of the body is fundamental, and breaks out afresh at each step of our investigation. It is manifest in the teaching concerning death. Socrates' views are explicitly enunciated in the *Phaedo*, the chief argument of which is to prove that a man ought to be glad when death comes to sever his soul from his body. *Ἐι οὖν τοιοῦτον ὁ Θάνατος ὅς ἐστιν, κέρδος ἔγωγε λέγω* said Socrates. *Καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν, κέρδος* said Paul. But though the words were almost identical the conceptions were divergent as the poles.

Nothing is clearer in Scripture than that the entire man, soul and body alike, is involved in sin and in the ruin which sin entails. No part of man's nature was exempted from the curse pronounced in Eden—"In the day thou eatest thereof *thou* shalt surely die." Indeed, it is expressly stated, "The *soul* which sinneth it shall die. Nay, it speaks of men as already dead while yet living in the body. The doctrine that the soul rids itself of the body and of the curse at the same time is pure paganism. Scripture does not countenance it, and outside of Scripture there

is nothing to induce such a belief. There *is* hope for the soul, not in severance from the body, but in reunion with it, not in being unclothed, but clothed upon.

FRED. T. TAPSCOTT, '97.

(To be continued.)

A SOUTHERN HOMESTEAD.

The glorious, sunny South is a land of romance. In the old Colonial times, it was the home of chivalry. About it cluster memories untold, and recollections which make it dear to many hearts. Here have lived many fine gentlemen and fair dames, whose fathers came over long ago to plant the British flag in the new world. These adventurous spirits, enchanted with the beauty of the land, followed the example of the Indians before them, and said, "Alabama," "Here we rest."

They divided up the land and settled down, and with their own hands erected homes for themselves and their families. Many of these old Colonial homesteads are still standing, and form one of the striking features of the landscape. They have seen the rule of King George, have come through the War of the Revolution, and witnessed the Declaration of Independence. Many of them were the residences of slave owners, and stood in the midst of the great Civil War.

There is one of these old homesteads, down in the central part of the State of Alabama, which, to the present writer at least, is fraught with memories and associations which nothing can efface, and which even time cannot dim. It is a typical old Southern plantation, lying in one of the fertile valleys watered by the Silver Run. The road which passes by leads to Montgomery on the one hand, and to Columbus on the other.

The old house itself is much more picturesque than pretentious, as it spreads itself out under the great shade trees. Indeed, it is hardly visible until you come round the bend in the wide, sandy road, and see it through an opening in the trees. It is a long, one-story building, with the roof extended

in front and on the sides, to form broad, low verandahs, which are almost covered with honey-suckle and climbing-rose vines. A large, open hall-way extending right through the house, forms the main living room; and indeed, in the hottest weather, it is the most comfortable spot in the vicinity, with the one exception, perhaps, of "the smoke-house cellar." Several large windows, of the old French type, open on to the verandah, and serve as doors to the rooms within. A broad flight of steps leads up to the front, from the wide, sandy path.

Surrounding the house, and scattered through the yard, are tall cedars and spreading mulberry trees, while out in front between the yard and the road, is a thick grove of pines and water-oaks. The spacious front yard is laid off in walks of hard, white sand, in a typical southern way. The ground between the walks, is covered with shrubs and wild flowers. A score of different varieties of roses mingle their perfume with that of hyacinths, while daffodils, cape-jessamines and jonquills cluster in every available corner. Scattered about are magnolias and china-berry trees, and over in one corner, is a loquat, or Japanese plum tree, which bursts out in gorgeous blossoms about Christmas time. A flourishing bottle-gourd vine climbs and twists about the old picket fence to the right, hanging its large, green, bottle-shaped fruit nearly to the ground.

Out at the back of the house, a slow, winding creek, with long, bushy-headed grasses bending over, all along the margin, separates the grounds from the plantation proper. To the left, at a little distance, are the barns and store-houses for the cotton. On the plantation road, running to the south, stands the "gin-house," with its high screw-tower. Over in the fields, the tall, reddish plumage of the sugar-cane waves in the gentle breeze; and down toward the woods, in the distance, the long rows of cotton bleach peacefully in the sun, while half a dozen negro boys are hoeing lazily in the furrows.

Over across the corn-fields, is all that is left of the "negro-quarter." Before the war, about a hundred slaves lived there, in a long row of log cabins. Out in front, where the corn stands now, each man had his vegetable garden, his water-melon patch, and his pig-pen, and usually, his tobacco patch also. In the morning, when the great bell would ring at the house, the

workers would start out, and walk slowly to the different parts of the plantation. In striking contrast were their actions, when the cook came out and blew the dinner horn. From all parts, their melodious voices could be heard drawing nearer, as they sang some old plantation song. All day long, a troop of little picaninnies ran wild over the fields, chasing the butterflies and grass-hoppers, or calling to the "doodles" in their holes in the ground.

On Sundays the negroes gathered, one and all, in the little log church near by. They spent nearly all day in their religious services, listening to preaching by one of their own number, and singing hymns, mostly of their own composition. Their singing, when not too close, is sweet and melodious, and can be heard at quite a distance; some say two miles, but lest you should think it exaggerated, I will say one mile.

The plantation was an absolute monarchy in miniature. The products of the soil were shared by the labourers; all had plenty, and lived almost entirely free from care; and on this plantation, at least, were happy and contented. But the war came, and with it a great change in the plantation. The negroes no longer live the careless, happy life they once did. They live apart, provide for themselves, and face the world alone. True, they still work on the old plantations, but merely as hirelings, not with the same feeling of home and self-interest they once had.

Not only were the effects of the war felt here; the black war-cloud itself lowered over these peaceful fields. Sherman, in his raid, marched along this very road, ransacking every plantation for supplies. On many occasions, during the long three years, refugees from the towns were sheltered under that old roof; and recruiting officers and scouting bands frequently stopped in for a meal or a night's lodging. And those very windows were shaken by the report of the last cannon-shot of the great war.

Now the war is long past, and the slaves are gone; but the old house stands there, just as if nothing had happened, and, as I remember it, just a quiet old plantation homestead.

HENRY WARE NEWMAN.

PRIVATE SCHOOL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

This is a wide subject, and therefore I will take only one school, and endeavour to give an idea of the life there. In this way I shall be able to give a general idea of the life of all schools of the same kind, for, although each school has its own peculiarities, they all have a great deal in common.

The particular school of which I am going to speak is very pleasantly situated, facing a large park with a small river immediately in front, and also with a well laid-out garden at the back. The building itself is of interest, being of the true old English type, looking rather plain with its rows of windows, but still made very picturesque by the immense growth of ivy covering all the front part of the building from the ground to the roof. The lower part is almost entirely hidden by a plentiful supply of shrubbery. From the back stretches the garden with its characteristic well-kept English lawn, surrounded by shrubbery and dotted with beautiful flower-beds. This is not for the vulgar tread of the boys, however, but is the head-master's private garden. The boys have an asphalted playground to the left in which to play their games, namely football, cricket, etc., of which I will speak more fully later.

As we go inside the large iron gate, about eight or nine feet high, and hear it click behind us, and, as we approach the heavy door, we feel as if we were going into a prison, but, when we are ushered inside, this idea immediately vanishes. We are confronted by a large square hall with massive furniture, and passages leading to right and left, whilst straight in front is the pleasant dining-room, with French windows, overlooking the garden and leading on to a pleasant veranda. Then turning to the left from the hall, we come to the class-rooms. These, of course, are filled with rows of mahogany desks and fitted with all the necessities of the class-room. On going downstairs we come to the workshop, as it is called, in which the boys do carpentry, and where there is a room fitted up as a photographic developing room. Then upstairs are the bed-rooms, capable of accommodating about 20 boys, with two rooms containing six and seven beds, the rest having only two or three.

And now we come to the most interesting part of the establishment, namely, the boys. To one who first comes among them they may seem rough and rude, but at heart they are true sons of England, kind and noble. To a new boy, we must admit, they might be gentler, but although it is rather trying to the boy undergoing the ordeal of being questioned as to what his name is, where he comes from, etc., yet in the end it is good for him, because it hardens him and makes a man of him, for he has to stick up for himself, or he stands a poor chance. One of the good characteristics of the boys is their truthfulness and honesty, which, to a great extent, is developed by the confidence which the masters place in them in connection with the marking of their lessons, and also in many other ways. The lessons, according to a system that is used in this school, are corrected and marked by the boys themselves, and the masters have little or no check on these exercises. This gives the boys every opportunity to cheat, and therefore, as is usually the case, there is less cheating than almost anywhere else.

Most of the boys are day-scholars, but quite a number of these stay to dinner and some to tea; these are called day-boarders. Then there are usually from fifteen to twenty who board altogether at the school and are called term-boarders. In all there are from eighty to a hundred, of whom by far the greater number are day-boys. For the most part they are from homes that are, at least, comfortably off, as it is difficult in England for the poorer classes to send their children to anything but the Board Schools.

It is interesting, too, to notice the way in which the masters mingle with the boys, and thus become intimately acquainted with their difficulties, and more capable of teaching them what would be most advantageous to them. This is also made easier for them by the fact that the teaching in class is much more individual than is generally the case. The master's only object seems to be to make every boy enjoy his lessons just as much as he does his recreation. The classes are made most interesting, and the boys ask questions, and so they learn what they do not know, and do not waste time going over things that they already know.

The classes begin at 9.30 in the morning, and go on till about

11 o'clock, when there is a recess of fifteen minutes in which to gather strength for the next attack, which lasts till 1 o'clock. Then there is a good time for exercise until school begins again at 3; and work finally ceases at 5 o'clock. In the evenings, directly after tea, the boarders all gather in the largest school-room, and under the supervision of a master, have an hour's quiet, no talking being permitted, in which to do their evening work. After this is over the boys do pretty much as they please, provided they do not make too much noise, since those in the higher classes have to study longer than one hour in order to get their work done. During the time after "prep." and before going to bed, a number of the boys go down to the workshop, the photographers to their dark-room, the others finding various employment in the workshop proper. At 8.30 p.m. the boys are all gathered together and go in to supper, after which the juniors go to bed, but the seniors have the privilege of staying up for another hour or so.

For recreation there is football, in its season, in which nearly all join, making quite a crowded game sometimes, but still it answers its purpose of giving exercise and enjoyment. When it becomes too hot for football, the cricket stumps and bat are got out, and all set to with just as much vigour to the art of batting and bowling. Then also there is skating, when it is possible, and other games of which boys can always find some which suit their tastes. Every year also they have a "Sports' Day," when their athletic powers are tested and tried.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays they have half-holidays. These are occupied generally with some match with another school, or, if that fails, with a visit into London under the guidance of a master, to see the sights. In this way they get acquainted with quite a bit of the city. Often, however, the boys get tired of trudging round London, so they ask to go to the country instead, when the master in charge takes them for an afternoon in the woods somewhere in the neighborhood. Then, on their return, after they have had tea, if they did not take it with them, they have an "Essay Meeting," at which they debate and learn how to speak publicly, or they have a quiet evening with chess and such games.

This, then, is the kind of life the English school-boy leads,

in this school at least, and from it one can judge what all schools of this kind would be like. A pleasant life, surrounded by good influences, masters trying in every way to promote his interests, —this is the lot of the English school-boy.

F. M. ARMSTRONG, '01.

Editorial Notes.

DR. NEWMAN has been invited to deliver an address before the American Baptist Historical Society at its annual meeting in May, and Professor McKay has been elected a member of the American Mathematical Society.

AT the close of his sympathetic sketch of the life and character of our late brother, Alexander Grant, which we publish this month, Mr. Thomson suggests that "possibly the editor, in selecting one to write this sketch, did not intend entirely to exclude the personal equation." Far from wishing to exclude it, we desired rather to accentuate it. The main aspects of Mr. Grant's life are pretty well known to all our readers, and we therefore felt that they would prefer to have a picture of him as he appeared to the eye of friendship. We are sure they will agree with us that we could have chosen no one better able to perform this service. Mr. Thomson was for several years a close friend of our departed brother, and had, as his article shows, exceptional opportunities for learning to know and appreciate the real essence of his forceful, yet lovable, personality. He consequently writes with the knowledge an affectionate intimacy affords, and has thereby been able to give us a clear insight into the character of one who, all agree, was built in heroic mould. We are indebted to Mr. Thomson for his kindness in turning aside from his pressing duties to give readers of *THE MONTHLY* his view into the inner life of Alexander Grant. In this number we also print a loving tribute to his memory by Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., of Montreal. Mr. Grigg is a graduate of our University and doubtless well known to most of our readers. His beautiful verses are in every way worthy of his subject.

IN our December number we mentioned the names of some of our graduates who have won academic distinctions in post-graduate work or obtained positions in prosperous educational institutions in the

United States. We also had the temerity to assert that the list we gave was but an earnest of the future. Our predictions have come true even sooner than we expected, and we therefore hasten to state the facts to our sceptical friends. Miss Minnie D. Eby, M.A., of the class of '97, has been appointed teacher of modern languages in the Berlin Collegiate Institute, and Mr. Fred. T. Tapscott, of the same class, has been awarded first prize (\$100) in the 1896-7 competition in New Testament Greek. This competition is conducted by the American Institute of Sacred Literature, and is open to undergraduates in Arts of the universities of Canada and the United States. At the last examination there were contestants from Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and thirty-three other universities and colleges, and yet in the face of this keen competition, but with a "fair field and no favor," the first prize was won by a graduate of McMaster University. We think we have just reason for gratification at this signal success of one of our graduates. The members of the Faculty and the students unite in congratulating Mr. Tapscott and his teachers in Greek, Professors Campbell and Farmer, upon the notable distinction he has gained.

By the recent death of Alphonse Daudet, the distinguished novelist, France has lost the representative of her contemporary literature who was best known in every country of the world, and had probably commanded the highest degree of public interest and admiration. Having written largely of the sunny South France of his boyhood, and given his own personal experiences to various personages in his stories, he has made the literary world familiar with many details of every period of his life, and thereby awakened the deepest interest in the story of his long, but at last eminently successful, struggles to attain a permanent and lucrative position in the world of letters. The artistic excellence of his best work is admittedly of a high order. Perhaps none of his creatures are so well-known and so thoroughly enjoyable as those inimitable and genuinely typical southerners, Tartarin and Bompard. In the memory of most of his readers, the name of Daudet will, we believe, continue to be most closely associated with his volumes of short stories, which, for tender pathos, gay and innocent humor, sincere and ardent patriotism, rapid and brilliant character sketching, have probably not been excelled in any language.

WE have received the annual report of the Grande Ligne Mission, and are pleased to learn from it that its present position is so satisfactory and the prospects for the future so encouraging. From the address of the retiring President, A. A. Ayer, Esq., we learn that the mission

has been able to close the year practically free of debt, and that an extension of its noble work is possible. An examination of the financial statement reveals a large increase in the contributions during the past ten years. In 1887 the total amount received from all sources was \$9,858, whereas in 1897 it was \$17,911, almost double the amount in 1887. We note with satisfaction that the contributions from Ontario have grown from \$2916 in 1887, to \$8160 in 1897. We are also particularly glad to observe the large increase in the amount contributed in tuition fees, etc., by the students of Feller Institute. This has grown from \$1,166 in 1887 to \$4,112 in 1897, and is likely to grow still larger, for pupils are still being refused admission because of lack of accommodation. Here at McMaster we are particularly interested in the work of Feller Institute, and are rejoiced to know that God's blessing is resting upon it.

In the notes interspersed in the more formal parts of the report we find a pertinent question, which, to have an influence, requires to be brought directly before our students. It is this: Is there no student in McMaster University who will devote his life to giving the Gospel to the French people in the Province of Quebec? We repeat the question, Is there not one? Shall we forget that Quebec's need is great, that opportunities for self-sacrificing work are great, and that now, if ever, the time of her spiritual awakening is at hand? Surely we shall not forget. Surely there are some among our students, either at Woodstock or at the University, who are ready to devote themselves to this great work. If there are any we hope that they will not forget to make use of the splendid opportunity for preparation their college life affords them. The department of French is at their disposal, and can be of inestimable service to them if they but take advantage of it with set purpose. Five or six years of purposeful study of French would give them such a training for work in Quebec as missionaries to India or China never obtain at home. With opportunities for service on all hands and for training as well, surely some student will respond to the call.

Book Reviews.

THE WILL TO BELIEVE.*

This volume is a collection of popular essays in philosophy. It is philosophy summoned to the support of ethics and religion. It is gratifying to have this brilliant scholar stand on his two feet so doughtily in defence of faith and hope based upon the conviction of the truthfulness of the moral and religious ideals. Somebody once charged Prof. James with materialism, after reading the opening chapters of his psychology. Nothing could be further from the truth. The author defines his standpoint as that of "radical empiricism"; *i. e.*, he takes the world as it is, recognizes things as they appear and holds to conclusions that have been reached, but leaves room for changes made necessary by enlarged experience. We don't know it all; let us keep what we have till it has been proved false, trusting ourselves to the guidance of the deepest things of life and reason, such as belief in knowledge of reality and in the validity of moral and religious ideals.

These essays are addressed to those who by much learning (?) have suffered "paralysis of their native capacity for faith—brought about by the notion that there is something called scientific evidence by waiting upon which they shall escape all danger of shipwreck in regard to truth." The key-note of these essays is in the following sentence; "I have preached the right of the individual to indulge his personal faith at his personal risk." That is, if anybody believes there is no moral obligation, no hereafter, no God, he has perfect right so to do, but at his own risk. If another believes the opposite, he has equal right on the same condition. Grant that in either case we have to stop short of knowledge, the life of faith means more every way, and, should the faith be well-founded, how much wiser it is to believe! And yet we need not put it quite as Pascal did. Put it this way: Suppose it be the question concerning faith in God. We desire to know all we can about God. Belief in God as personal may be the best way to reach the truth about the nature of the Absolute, and to disbelieve may be the surest way to keep us from the truth we desire to learn. Therefore, let us follow the guidance of faith as a kind of prophecy that we are finally to obtain the truth about the Absolute, although that truth when obtained may not be in the form which we at present anticipate.

*The Will to Believe: by Prof. William James. Longman's, Green and Co.

A study of the will shows that what we believe is not so much a matter of logic as is generally supposed. We cannot rest in indecision, Even to leave a question open is a decision, and what we do and believe is largely in our own power. "When I look at the religious question as it really puts itself to concrete men, and when I think of all the possibilities which both practically and theoretically it involves, then this command that we shall put a stopper on our heart, instincts, and courage, and wait—acting of course, meanwhile more or less as if religion were not true—till doomsday, or till such time as our intellect and senses working together may have raked in evidence enough—this command, I say, seemed to us the queerest idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave" (p. 29 f.).

The second essay deals with the question: "Is Life Worth Living?" There is undoubtedly an element of pessimism to be found in almost everyone. But this pessimism itself lies in our natural belief in a good God followed by the discovery that the world isn't perfect as we think it ought to be if there is such a divine Creator. So the suicide finally decides the question concerning the worth of life after his fashion. But the suicide, while he has given his verdict at his own risk, might very well have fought the battle out. Right here is discovered what in a large measure constitutes the worth of life. Most of us believe there is evil in the world that can be overcome. There is a certain zest in fighting the battle which gives worth to life. Until a man has conquered himself, he shouldn't curse the world as evil, and until he has conquered himself he has something to live for; and when he has this self-mastery, he will know better than to pronounce himself and the universe a failure. Again, nature is not a perfect harmony to be sure, but there is a partial order and we have a right to trust the partial order which is consistent with the religious view of God in the world. Surely the indications are such that we should live to the natural end of life trusting ourselves to this order so far as we know it. No doubt it takes courage to live, but the zest of life comes in the actual living and conquering in belief of the order which we partially know.

One of the most striking chapters is that on: "The Moral Life and the Moral Philosopher." Here the nature and origin of moral obligations are shown. The empirical theory of the origin of moral obligation is insufficient, there is obligation wherever there is a claim and vice versa. This implies relation of beings that can feel and make a claim. We have no way of deciding whose claim should have the preference except by showing that the superiority of a claim depends upon the superiority of the one who makes it. "Thus the divine thought would be the model to which the others should conform." In short,

the ultimate ground of the moral obligation is found in the nature of the Divine Personality. Man is moral, but the full significance of the moral consciousness is found only by viewing man in relation to the Divine Being.

As to the relative merits of monism and pluralism, the author is unwilling to accept any monistic theory which leaves no room for real evil and a real divine government in behalf of ultimate good. He "views things as a pluralism," as I understand, however, as a relative pluralism coupled with the belief that somehow the many are comprehended in the One although we can not see how.

Some very interesting remarks are made on the doctrine of the Divine Government of the universe—the view held being practically that of Lotze. In a note on page 181, Prof. James speaks of the time relations of the Divine Mind, maintaining the possibility of attributing time to the Divine Mind. This is a point that ought to be fully developed because if God is a self-conscious Personality, how can He be free from the time form?

The remaining essays I shall have to pass unnoticed although they are valuable contributions to the philosophy of morals and religion. Prof. James has put his readers under fresh obligations by giving them so helpful and stimulating a book. T.

THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR.*

This is a Canadian novel, Halifax, Nova Scotia, being its setting. It holds one in its grip from start to finish. I have read no other Canadian novel of equal power. It has invention, plot, life, character, humor and high purpose. It is a treasury of sermons in throbbing action, at once an evidence and a potent ally of that quickened consciousness of the times which longs to bring the radiance of the Sermon on the Mount into the shadowed lives of modern cities and modern society. The characters are clear-cut and strong, and of varied types. Stargarde is as human and divine as a madonna. The local coloring is so true that any one who has known life in Halifax will instantly feel its charm and recognize its fidelity.

T. H. R.

THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR. By Marshall Saunders: author of Beautiful Joe, King of the Park, etc. A. J. Rowland, 1632 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

THE SONG OF SEASONS.

Sing a song of Spring-time ;
 Catkins by the brook,
 Adders'-tongues uncounted,
 Ferns in every nook,
 The cataract on the hillside
 Leaping like a fawn ;
 Sing a song of Spring-time,—
 Ah, but Spring is gone !

Sing a Song of Summer ;
 Flowers among the grass,
 Clouds like fairy frigates,
 Pools like looking-glass,
 Moonlight through the branches,
 Voices on the lawn ;
 Sing a song of Summer,—
 Ah, but Summer's gone !

Sing a song of Autumn ;
 Grain in golden sheaves,
 Woodbine's crimson clusters,
 Round the cottage eaves,
 Days of crystal clearness,
 Frosted fields at dawn ;
 Sing a song of Autumn,—
 Ah, but Autumn's gone !

Sing a song of Winter ;
 North-wind's bitter chill,
 Home and ruddy firelight,
 Kindness and good-will,
 Hemlock in the Churches,
 Daytime soon withdrawn ;
 Sing a song of Winter,—
 Ah, but Winter's gone !

Sing a song of Loving ;
 Let the Seasons go ;
 Hearts can make their gardens
 Under sun or snow ;
 Fear no fading blossom,
 Nor the dying day ;
 Sing a song of Loving,—
 That will last for aye !

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD, in *New Brunswick University Monthly*.

WE are sometimes asked to say a word in behalf of some one or another missionary institute which fits young people for the missionary work. We never do it. To our mind the best fitting school for missionaries is the regular college. We want no short cuts. The best education is none too good for a missionary.—*The Independent*.

THERE are 8,232 medical students in the twenty-one universities of Germany.—*Ex.*

"NATURE in In Memoriam" is the title of a very well written and suggestive article in the last issue of the *Manitoba College Monthly*.

THE amount of good verse that appears in the "*Notre Dame Scholastic*" is worthy of note. No college paper on our exchange list furnishes so much original and excellent poetry as is to be found in its pages.

DR. PITCAIRN, being in a church in Edinburgh where the preacher was not only emphatic, but shed tears copiously, was moved to inquire of a countryman who sat by him, what it was all about. "What makes him greet?" was the inquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye had may be greet yoursel', if ye was up there and had as little to say."—*Argonaut.*

THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.—Not seldom in Highland districts the attendance at church during unpropitious weather is but scanty. One minister, finding himself, on a boisterous Sunday, confronted with but one solitary auditor, who happened to be a gruff, outspoken character, took him into his confidence, with a view to propitiate him. "Will I go on with the sermon, John?" John gruffly: "Of course." Getting into the pulpit, and leaning over it, he asked: "Will I give you the Gaelic sermon or the English one?" John more gruffly still: "Gie's baith; ye're well paid for 't."—*Good Words.*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who has promised to set Kipling's "Recessional" to music, says that he wrote the "Lost Chord" while watching at the bedside of a sick brother. One night the patient had dropped off into a peaceful sleep, and Sir Arthur, who was sitting, as usual, near by, chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's which had once very deeply impressed him. Now, in the quiet of the night, he read them over again and, almost as he did so, conceived their equivalent in music. A stray sheet of paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the thing grew and, becoming utterly absorbed in it, he worked on until it was completed. The song—perhaps the most famous that Sir Arthur has written—has had a sale of over a quarter of a million copies.—*The Independent.*

PASSING AN EXAMINATION.—A charming anecdote is told of Prof. D'Arcy Thompson, the expert sent by England to investigate the seal question. While conducting examinations at an English university, he learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and so nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Prof. Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for the examinations, and after meeting he suggested that, as they had a few moments at their disposal, he would be pleased

to have her show him about the museum. She gladly assented to this, and they spent a delightful half-hour; when the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Prof. Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination, she had answered his questions brilliantly, and she received her degree.—*Boston Transcript*.

BRUTALITY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.—The fact that a university is an institution devoted to intellectual pursuits has blinded many who are unfamiliar with the inner life of a college, to the many evidences of puerility displayed there. Childish practices are observed merely because it is the tradition in college life to preserve them, and the newly-fledged freshmen imagine that it stamps them as men to continue the observance, just as younger boys think it a mark of manliness to smoke cigarettes and use vulgar language. The college at Berkeley has been particularly afflicted with this malady. When the senior class graduates, the general public is invited to listen to jokes which, at best, are in bad taste when addressed to strangers; when the junior class holds its annual celebration, it has been considered the duty of the sophomore class to distribute among the guests present a bogus programme which, on more than one occasion, has overstepped the bounds of decency; when the freshmen class observe the close of its college year by the Bourdon burial, the sophomores devote their energies to kidnapping the participants and breaking up the celebration; and when the freshmen class enters, it is regarded as necessary to have a "rush."

The rush at Berkeley this year had the redeeming feature of being so brutal as to deal a death-blow to the custom. Slight injuries, such as cuts and bruises, were almost universal among the participants; two of the freshmen will be laid up for several weeks with broken legs, and one was severely injured.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Silent from rich unfathomed skies
Soft waves of unheard music rush,
And waft my soul in mute surprise
O'er hill tops kissed by crimson flush.

Like chimes they swell from days of yore,
Surfs from a past eternity,
Then slowly ebb across the shore
That fringes night's unruffled sea.

Each passing wave of evening's strain
That bears the yearning soul along,
Shall swell with deeper warmth again
In morn's regathered flood of song—*Mitre*.

College News.

A. B. COHOE, '98. MISS E. R. WHITESIDE, '98,
S. E. GRIGG, '00.

FRIVOLOUS THEOLOG. (after finishing a letter):—"I want a two cent'er.

Brilliant Freshman:—"Do you want a two cent'er or a sent to 'er?"

PROF. (in Latin prose class):—"I'm no novice. I can tell when you use cribs."

And an unkind Soph. mused thus:—"Novice at what."

EXCITED THEOLOG. :—"Before I speak I may say." But he didn't get a chance.

A LARGE number of McMaster students visited the Art Loan Exhibit in the Y.M.C.A. building, and all came away well pleased. The management certainly deserve the thanks of the public.

SUNDAY, Feb. 6th, was Students' Day at the Pavilion Temperance meetings. We were represented, and well represented, by J. F. Vichert, B.A.

LEARNED JUNIOR :—"I say, boys, what Greek are you reading?"
Soph. :—"Demosthenes' Phillipics."

Learned Junior (emphatically):—"That's the hardest Greek in the English language." And then when he tumbled he explained that he couldn't understand the "crib."

A FRESHMAN who is continually showing his loyalty to the University, surprised his friends at the table the other day by the discovery of some very ancient "silver (?) plate"—so ancient indeed that it was dated B.C. But he doubtless overlooked the fact that this institution was once known to the public as a Baptist College.

ON the morning of Wednesday, the 19th ult., we said good-bye to our fellow student, E. S. Roy, '98. We are glad to report his complete recovery from his recent illness, but regret exceedingly that he will be unable to graduate with '98. He, however, expects to continue his course next year.

THE rink opening was announced for Thursday, 20th ult., but it rained. Again it was announced for Saturday, and again it rained. But when it proved to be cold and fine on the following Thursday, every person looked happy. With good ice, a good band, good weather, and a good crowd, one could expect little else than a good time, and a good time everybody had. We expect more.

At the Students' Liberal Rally, at St. Paul's Hall, on the evening of Friday, 11th inst., W. B. Tighe, '99, spoke from McMaster. He certainly was at home in a Liberal meeting, but we shouldn't like to trust him if he met the other party.

At a meeting of the Theological Society, on the evening of Thursday, January 27th, an address was delivered by J. Manton Smith on "Personal Work." His manner of treatment of the subject was suggestive, and his illustrations most apt.

At the regular meeting of the Lit., on the evening of Friday, the 4th inst., the programme was up to the usual high standard. The humorous vocal selection by the Baker brothers was well received, while every one appreciated the solo by C. J. Triggerson, '00. However, the event of the evening was the debate, "Resolved that the Southern elective system in universities is preferable to our system." The affirmative was supported by A. S. Cross, '99 and J. S. LaFlair, Theo., and the negative by C. H. Emerson, '99, and F. H. Fhipps, '01. Dr. Newman, after a lucid review of the subject, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

McMASTER'S Hockey Club this year have an immense advantage over previous years in the possession of a first class rink in which to practice. Although the weather has not been altogether favorable, a marked improvement is noticeable as the result of hard practice. The first team, under the management of "plucky Jack Schutt," has been in active service twice. On the first occasion, a practice match was played with the Bank of Montreal team, resulting in a score of 6 to 4. On the second, the Dentals turned the tables by defeating us in a game which resulted in 8 to 3. In the latter match our boys were unfortunate in the first part of the game, Guyatt and Captain Schutt, two of the best players, received accidents of such a nature as to oblige them to retire from the scene of action for a time. If the weather proves more favorable than at the time of writing, we hope that we shall be able to report more conquests and fewer accidents.

THE Mathematical Society held its first meeting for the term on Monday evening, 31st ult. A good programme was presented and a large number of mathematical devotees were in attendance. The papers given all dealt with the History of Algebra. The first, outlining the period from the beginning of numbers to the death of Diaphantes, was presented by Miss Dryden, '00; the second, delivered by T. H. Cornish, '00, dealt with the period from Diaphantes to the time of Newton. C. L. Brown, '99, in the third, outlined the period subsequent to Newton, dealing chiefly with the introduction of the Theory of the Complex Variable into mathematical conceptions. Professor McKay, in the general discussion following, gave a few remarks on several points of special importance mentioned in the papers. Several visitors were in attendance, and among the more interested ones may be mentioned Mr. P. C. McGregor, of Chilliwack, B.C. The mathematical course is booming this year in McMaster.

ON the evening of Jan. 28th, the Tennysonian met with a large attendance. The President opened the programme with an able address in which the merits and benefits of the Tennysonian were forcibly presented to the members. A piano solo was rendered by Mr. W. S. Fox, and was well received. The debate followed, the subject being, "Resolved that Canada offers better inducements to settlers than the United States." Affirmative, Messrs. Brophay and Fairchild; negative, Messrs. Wood and Quarrington; judge, Mr. Vining. Many good arguments were advanced and supported on both sides, wit and repartee being greatly in evidence. The judge, after ably summing up and balancing the arguments, gave his decision for the affirmative. A guitar duet was then rendered by Messrs. Brownlee and Phipps, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE February meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday, 11th inst. The programme consisted of an instrumental duet by Miss Crosby and Miss Bailey, '98; an instrumental by Miss Green, a reading by Miss Cram, and a debate: "Resolved, That the Influence of Man is greater than that of Woman." Affirmative—Misses McLay and Dryden, '00; negative, Misses Gaylord, '00, and Bailey, '98. The society is making the debate the main feature of the meetings this year, as it is felt that this particular training is of great benefit. The subject of this debate was one which allowed considerable serious and original thinking to be displayed on the part of the debaters. Nor was the treatment of it altogether devoid of humor, as for instance one argument advanced by the affirmative was, "That whereas both men and women leave footprints on the sands of time, no one can dispute but that the men's are always largest." This might have appeared to be an unanswerable argument. The negative, however, were able to meet it by bringing to mind that the women left twice as many. In spite of the favorable wording of the debate it must be stated that the affirmative failed to establish their claim.

INTER COLLEGE DEBATING LEAGUE.—At a recent meeting of the Literary Society a very important motion was passed with the aim of forming if possible an Inter-Collegiate Debating League among the different colleges of the city. For some time the formation of such a League has seemed to many to be most desirable, as closer contact between the various colleges would certainly be beneficial. Accordingly, a meeting at which a number of representatives were present was held, and the question well discussed. All expressed their entire approval and the favor with which their respective societies looked upon the matter. However, in attempting to formulate any working basis for such a league great difficulties were encountered. If as many colleges should be represented as was hoped, there would have to be as many as three debates during a year for the two colleges who should be in the finals. This would prove to be a severe strain on the smaller colleges such as Wycliffe or McMaster, and the difficulty may consequently prove to be an insuperable one. As an alternative an oratorical contest was proposed and met with a good deal of favor. This would conduce as well

as a Debating League to closer inter-college relations, and would doubtless prove very popular with the outside public. While this plan would not secure many of the benefits peculiar to debating, it would still promote efficiency in public speaking to a considerable degree, and would also present fewer difficulties in its consummation. Another meeting of the representatives is to be held shortly, and *THE MONTHLY* expresses the wish that some definite arrangements may be agreed upon at that time so that the contests may be arranged for. The matter should by no means be dropped.

THE Theologs. had a very successful and enjoyable rally on the evening of Monday, February 7th. The Committee of Arrangements had planned for a sleighing party, but had neglected to secure snow for the occasion. Dr. and Mrs. Welton kindly came to the rescue, and placed their home and hospitality at the disposal of the Theologs. for the evening. Mr. C. H. Schutt and Mr. W. J. Pady welcomed the guests on behalf of the Theological Society, and expressed gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Welton for their kindness. Brief replies were made by Dr. Welton and Mr. G. H. Grant, '99. The first part of the evening was spent in listening to a programme of readings and music. In the absence of Mr. J. Harry King, Mrs. King read a poem, "The Supreme Mission," which Mr. King had composed for the occasion. After the formal programme was over, the time was spent in conversation and social intercourse, until at an hour which, out of respect to the Theologs, we will not mention. Auld Lang Syne was sung, and the gathering dispersed.

THE Literary Society presented an interesting programme at their first meeting of the term on the 21st ult. A large number were in attendance, and Mr. Teakles and colleagues are to be complimented on their inaugural success. The programme was opened by a selection by the University quartette and a violin solo by Miss Boggs, '01. The chairman then introduced Dr. Rand, who spoke on "Shakespeare and Bacon, or Side-Lights on the Higher Criticism." He prefaced his remarks by stating that he had been in touch with the controversy since its first appearance, and had found that like a similar attack upon the individuality of Homer it had at length come to grief as a tenable theory. He reviewed the evidence upon which the supporters of Bacon based their claims, and showed that all, both external and internal, was unsupported by any great body of fact. These are some of their arguments—while the Baconians allowed that Shakespeare might have played the dramas, they denied that he had sufficient education to write them, for evidently he did not know how to write his own name, as was shown by the forty different spellings. But the same claim could be urged against Raleigh and many other men of the time, for in the days of good Queen Bess, spelling was regulated by the will of the speller. Then, from the fact that there are law terms in the plays, it is inferred that a lawyer must have written them. They would negatively argue in syllogistic form: Shakespeare was not a lawyer; therefore, he did not know law terms: therefore, he could

not have written the plays; positively, Bacon was a lawyer; therefore, he knew the terms of law, and therefore, he wrote the plays. Dr. Rand considered that on the whole the claims of the supporters of Bacon were not substantiated, and characterized the theory as a fad. A vote of thanks was heartily tendered Dr. Rand for his kindness in appearing before the Society.

THE regular meeting of the Camelot Club, on Monday evening, January 24th, was one of unusual interest and great profit. The Club is pursuing a course of study in Canadian poetry, this evening being devoted to Dr. Rand's recently published volume, "At Minas Basin." An instrumental selection was rendered by Miss Cohoon, '00. Miss Gile, '00, read Dr. Rand's poem "The Twin Flower." The most interesting part of the programme was the reading, with comments by Dr. Rand, of a number of his own beautiful poems. This was greatly enjoyed by all present, and many references in the poems, which before were somewhat obscure, were interpreted by Dr. Rand. . . . The next meeting will be devoted to Charles G. D. Roberts' poems, and an interesting programme is assured.

A REGULAR meeting of the Theological Society was held on Thursday, Jan. 20th. After the opening exercises Mr. Teakles very acceptably rendered a piano solo. The President, Mr. Pady, then introduced Rev. Dr. Hooper, who had consented to speak on "Modern Cures." The Doctor, in the short time at his disposal, very ably presented his subject, showing the fallacies of some modern systems of religion, such as "Theosophy," "Christian Science," &c. He attributed much of the apparent success in physical healing to "suggestion," while he emphasized the fact that many individuals were merely nerved up for a time, only to make a hasty retreat through death's portals. The lecture proved very interesting to the large and appreciative audience, conspicuous amongst whom were some medical students. It seemed proper to see Theology and Medicine meet in a common cause.

THE Tennysonian Society met in their usual semi monthly meeting on the evening of Friday, Feb. 11th. The programme of the evening consisted of a vocal solo by A. C. Newcombe, '00, and a debate. The subject under discussion was the justifiability of the action of Great Britain in the Indian frontier question. The affirmative was supported by A. E. Jordan, '00, and R. E. Sayles, '01; while J. W. Faulkner, '00, and R. D. Echlin, '01, brought forward the negative arguments. A. B. Cohoe, '98, in his summation, gave the decision in favor of the negative, and all present felt relieved in the certainty that the action of the mother country was justifiable.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, the 27th of January. The sessions were well attended and much interest was manifested. Dr. Goodspeed, the President of the Society, led the devotional meeting, which was participated in heartily and freely. This was followed by a

short business meeting. In general, favorable reports were given of the work in the various city missions. In reference to the great Convention to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 23rd to 27th, a letter from the Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement was read before the Society, and, in response to an urgent request, Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., and Miss Armstrong were chosen as representatives. They were appointed by acclamation, and are both well fitted for this position, since they have each labored some time in the foreign field. A review of Canadian missions was given in an interesting style by Mr. A. R. Park. He pointed out their importance in view of the people for whom the work is done, and also in consideration of the great commission. Mission work in Canada, including in some cases other work than that of the Baptist denomination, was dealt with in a very concise manner. Many encouraging features were pointed out, whilst attention was also drawn to places where missionaries should be sent.

Mr. W. J. Pady followed with an admirable paper on the progress of missions during the past year. He spoke first of the bitter persecutions in various parts—Armenia, Madagascar, Cuba and China—and also of the famine in India. He then pointed out the progress made, which was very gratifying. About 800,000,000 of the 1,300,000,000 of the world's population are now said to be under Christian government. There has been a very great increase in the circulation of the Scriptures. Among the churches of heathen lands there has also been a marked increase in the tendency towards self-support. Of the 26,000 converts made during the past year, it is interesting to note that 8,000 were in connection with Baptist mission work. The last thought of the paper was in reference to the prospect for future work. There are now greater opportunities than have ever before been known, but with this there is a sad lack of response on the part of the churches. The world needs to be christianized as well as evangelized. A well-written resumé of the life of Henry Martyn was presented by Mr. J. S. LaFlair. His noble life of self-sacrifice was carefully traced. The kindling of his missionary zeal was pointed out as being due to the inspiring examples of Carey and Brainerd. And his lonely death in 1812 was spoken of in a very touching manner. This brought the morning's session to a close.

The spiritual impetus generated in the morning was carried over into the afternoon gathering. This commenced with the reading of a few well-chosen passages of Scripture, accompanied by suitable comments. Mr. Milton Addison gave the impressions he received on coming to McMaster University, in which he expressed his great satisfaction with the professors and students. Mr. P. C. McGregor testified to the real and definite spiritual help he had received at McMaster. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit had been made clearer, and his earlier imperfect conception of the work of the Christian ministry had been rectified. He was also personally grateful to Dr. Rand for the more serious view of life he was now enabled to take. Mr. J. G. Brown then gave a most helpful talk on the possibility of a revival of religion in McMaster. There are two sides to a revival—a drawing near to God, as well as God drawing near to us. Unless earnestly

desired, there will be no such revival. The result of a revival would be that the students would do better work, the confidence of the churches in the institution would be strengthened, and the tendency to mental disintegration, to which nearly every person who is engaged in intellectual pursuit is exposed, would be balanced by a strong spirituality. This meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. S. S. Bates. The various classes, both in arts and theology, immediately withdrew to separate class-rooms, that they might unite in thanksgiving and supplication to God. Thus closed one of the most memorable days of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

MOULTON COLLEGE

MISS THRALL, LINA GIBSON, MARION TAYLOR, EDITORS.

We were pleased to have Mr. Eaton lead our weekly prayer-meeting recently. As is his usual way he gave us one of his helpful talks, and we hope that we may have him with us again before long.

Mr. Therrien, of Montreal, was a welcome visitor at the chapel service lately. He gave an interesting account of the work at Grande Ligne.

Our service held on the "Day of Prayer," was led by the Rev. Mr. Jordan, of St. James Square Presbyterian Church. The sermon, an able and appropriate one, was enjoyed by all present.

One of the many treats of this season was the "Art Loan Exhibition," which was attended by all the students. Such a fine exhibition was indeed a treat, proving both enjoyable and instructive.

The lecture given Friday evening, February 11th, by Dr. Ten Broeke, of McMaster University, on "Savonarola," proved one of the most enjoyable of the course. All present expressed their appreciation of it in the highest terms.

Everyone who came last month to hear the Hon. G. W. Ross lecture on "Books, and How to Read Them," was disappointed when informed that he could not give us his lecture that evening. We hope to hear him at a later date.

Many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the Nordica concert last month. Although the evening proved to be a stormy one, all in listening to the great prima donna, felt more than repaid for going.

On Friday evening, January 28th, our annual sleigh-ride took place; the evening was clear and bright and the sleighing perfect. After spending two enjoyable hours in driving around the city, we came back to the college and partook of refreshments.

Several meetings of the "Heliconian" have been held this term. At two of these, very interesting programmes were given. At one of the business meetings, it was proposed that the Seniors, consisting of the fourth and third years, should give the programme alternately with the Juniors, consisting of all classes below the third year. This proposal was carried.

Our Moulton skaters are rejoicing in the opportunities they have already had this term of enjoying the skating, and it is to be hoped that this rainy weather which we have been having will not destroy all our prospects. The pleasures of skating even enticed some of the members of the faculty, who had never learned before, to make the attempt, and from all accounts they seem to have progressed rapidly.

A calendar for 1898 reached us a few days ago, from the Francis Shimer Academy, an academic department of Chicago University. It is needless to say that we were pleased to find there the name of Miss Genieve Taylor, as teacher of physical culture. Miss Taylor is an old Moulton student, and those of her classmates who learn of her appointment will join us heartily in congratulations. It is gratifying to know that Moulton students are taking their places in various parts of our continent, and we are always glad to hear of their success.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: S. R. TARR, M.A., . . . W.M. PARTRIDGE.

THE day of prayer for Colleges was observed here on Thursday, Jan. 27th, when most interesting and helpful addresses were delivered by Rev. Ira Smith of London, and Rev. Mr. Therrien of Grande Ligne Mission.

ON the morning of Sunday 6th inst., the Rev. A. J. Vining favored us with a talk upon North-West Missions. The students were out in full force to hear his inspiring address from the pulpit of the First Church, a little later in the forenoon.

OUR hockey team played a friendly game with the "The Thistles" of this town, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., which resulted in a tie. The boys look well in their new uniforms of green trimmed with white. One of the new students got so excited at the match that it was necessary to hold him to keep him off the ice. The officers ought to give "Sam." a place on the team.

WHILE looking over the January issue of *THE MONTHLY*, one of the "Knickerbockers" noticed the heading of the review of Prof. Wilkinson's doctrinal work. Seeking out a would-be preacher, he enquired whether "The Baptist Principle" referred to was Mr. McCrimmon, whom he evidently considers the embodiment of our denominational strength.

THE Class of '98 was organized during the past month, and will hold weekly meetings on Saturday mornings when the members will indulge in extemporaneous speeches upon current topics. The officers of the class are:—Honorary President, Mr. Tarr; President, V. Ray; Vice President, E. Zavitz; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Partridge; Valedictorian, A. J. Welch; Prophet, H. Bryant; Poet, H. McDiarmid.

LAST Thursday, the 10th inst., we welcomed to our midst Mr. Bone, of the Welland Canal Mission. We were pleased to see that the hand of "Father Time" has lain so gently on the face and figure of our esteemed brother. He addressed the regular Thursday evening prayer meeting with his usual vigor and earnestness, and left a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the minds of our students.

A NEW geometrical enunciation has been suggested as relevant to the platform positions of our Faculty:—"If seven teachers be sitting in chapel, the greatest is that one which occupies the centre of the platform (and the other part of that one is by no means the least), and of the others, the one nearer the greatest is greater than the one more remote; and from the centre, masters which are equal to one another can be situated only in pairs, one on each side of the greatest."

THE evening of Feb. 4th, was one which was most enjoyably spent by those students who have the good fortune of belonging to the Fourth Year. It was on this evening that Mrs. McCrimmon was "at home" to the members of the graduating class, who greatly appreciated this opportunity of obtaining relaxation after the strain of examinations. Under the kind direction of the host and hostess the proceedings of the evening passed off with perfect smoothness, and everyone agreed that the evening was one of rare sociability.

ON the evening of Feb. 1st, we were relieved from routine work at studies and favored with a lecture by Rev. J. L. Gilmour. The speaker of the evening was escorted to the platform by Principal McCrimmon amid hearty applause from a comfortably-filled house. The programme opened with a selection from the college quartette; after which the Principal introduced the lecturer. Mr. Gilmour introduced his subject by taking us upon an imaginary trip into the interior of Germany, and then launched out into a description of Student Life in the German Universities. His remarks were exceedingly interesting, being intermingled with many rich jokes. The lecture ended, the programme was brought to a close by another selection from the quartette and by the singing of the National Anthem.

THE uppermost topic in the minds of our students during the past month has been the outlook for the open meeting, held on the 11th inst. All the boys entered into the work of preparation with ready hands and willing minds. A stage with modern attachments was erected at the south end of the dining room, and the rest of the spacious hall was furnished with seats. The management provided a programme of musical and literary selections, and in addition presented a three act play, "The Bells," which was rendered with entire satisfaction to the audience. The programme was as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1.—Instrumental, | College String Band. | Selected |
| 2.—Reading of "The Oracle" | J. R. Coutts. | ----- |
| 3.—Act I, | | "The Bells." |
| 4.—Instrumental Duett, | Messrs. Riggs Bros. | Selected |
| 5.—Act II, | | "The Bells." |
| 6.—Vocal Duett, | Messrs. Bryant & Welch. | "Love and War." |
| 7.—Act III, | | "The Bells." |
| 8.—Chorus, | Glee Club. | "Hail Smiling Morn." |

"THE BELLS".—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mathias,	Herbert Piercy
Walter,	C. Gifford
Hans,	H. Poplewell
Christian,	J. W. Welch
Mesmerist,	D. E. Bagshaw
Doctor Zimmer,	W. Partridge
Notary,	W. C. Wickett
Tony,	O. Lailey
Judge,	A. J. Welch
Clerk of the Court,	C. Fraser
Catherine,	P. Becket
Annette,	L. Harton
Sonel,	W. Damen

ACT I.—Place: Village Inn in Alsace.

ACT II.—Place: Best Room in Burgomaster's House.

ACT III.—Place: Bedroom in Burgomaster's House.

Although the weather was very unfavorable, the seats were nearly all occupied. So large assemblage under such circumstances indicates the great interest which the citizens of Woodstock have in their educational institutions. It would be unfair to give special mention to individual names, since everybody entered so heartily into the work; but great praise is due to the able committee, the personnel of which was reported in last month's notes. McMaster University was represented on this occasion by Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

DURING the past month we have been favored with visits from Mrs. E. Davies, of St. Armand, P.Q. ; Miss Marilla Bullock, of Roxton Pond, and Rev. N. Gregoire, of St. Pie. Mr. Gregoire supplied our pulpit in the absence of Pastor Parent, and gave us two very interesting and helpful sermons

We are looking forward with interest to the Conference of Grande Ligne Missionaries, to be held here on Wednesday, 23rd February, and to be followed, on Thursday, 24th, by the annual meeting of our Alumni Society. We expect two very interesting and profitable gatherings.

THERE are prospects that we shall soon have our mail-service much improved. Up to the present we have been subject too much to long delays with our out-going mails. So far all answers to incoming letters have been delayed thirty-six hours, while replies to Friday night's mail were subject to a delay of two days and a half. We have felt this very inconvenient and unsatisfactory. In answer to a petition however, the Government has sent out an inspector, who, after investigation, has given us hopes of having a daily out-going mail in the morning. This will shorten the delay to fourteen hours, and we believe it will make a quite satisfactory service. May we not be disappointed.

THE friends of Grande Ligne in general, and of Feller Institute in particular, will be very sorry to learn that our Principal, Rev. G. N. Massé, has again been laid aside from his work by ill-health. We had thought that he began the year's work with more than his usual energy and hopefulness of carrying it through successfully to the end of the year. But we were doomed to disappointment. The twelve years' constant anxiety and watchfulness of the Institute's interest, with the large amount of work this has required, have proved too much for his physical strength. Sleeplessness ensued, and now his physician has imperatively ordered at least a year's complete rest. At present he is resting at Waterloo, P.Q. We still hope that he may be able to resume his work next October. In the meantime the other teachers, with the help of Pastor Parent, have divided his work among themselves as best they can for the present.

ON January 29th took place the great event of the year in Grande Ligne sports. Ever since our skating rink has been flooded, the hockey enthusiasts have been practising, more or less faithfully, for their annual match with the old Grande Ligne boys now resident in Montreal. Unfortunately for the Montreal boys they were not so well supported as in past years. Though the thermometer registered 17 degrees below zero, the players managed to keep warm by playing a fast and exciting game. During the first half the visitors held their own fairly well, the score standing two to one for G. L. ; but in the second half Grande Ligne quickly added five more to their lead, winning altogether seven goals to Montreal's one. We wish Montreal better luck next time.