



Yours truly

J. L. Bates

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McMASTER UNIVERSITY.*

As some grey captain of a merchantship,
Whose prosperous voyage o'er the watery strife
Has large concern for all, knows that his wife
Waits his home-coming up the horizon's dip
With holier heart than crowds that throng the slip,
So HE well knew, thou—flower-closet of life!
Chosen from out a clamor of voices rife—
Waitedst his voyage o'er with prayerful lip.

Fair Bride, forget him not through circling years!
But with a Christ-like love, deep as unfeigned,
Surpassing that of commerce or of state,
With holy hands thy dower devote with tears
Of gratitude, and loyal heart unstained;
Thy sacred vow perform with soul elate.

THEODORE H. RAND.

*Memorial poem in honor of the late Hon. William McMaster, read on Founder's Day, December 23rd, 1896.

JOSEPH I. BATES.

It is my desire in the present article to preserve part of what has been written regarding the late Principal Bates, and to give a wider circulation to the loving and heartfelt tributes of friends who have recorded their esteem for the true nobility and worth of him who was so suddenly taken from our midst.

It has been one of the crowning glories of Woodstock College that from its founding it has had at its head men of singular self-sacrificing devotion. This characteristic in the revered founder of the College was proverbial, and others who followed him seemed to emulate his example. To forget themselves in the consuming desire that the College might fully accomplish its mission, appeared to be the spirit that took possession of those whom God called to lead in this service, and of none could this be said more truly perhaps than of our late Principal. Those of us who had the honor of being associated with Principal Bates on the College staff, and came into intimate relation with him, know with what singleness of purpose he lent himself to securing the highest good, both of the students and the school, the apparently tireless energy with which he kept his hand upon every department of College work, and the ability with which he managed its financial affairs. We shared his satisfaction at seeing each yearly report from the College more favorable than the preceding, and at the last annual report so excellent was the standing of the school financially and otherwise that it elicited the warmest congratulations from the governing Board. It was felt that the prospects of the College were unusually bright, and the future was hopefully anticipated. We knew that all this had not been secured without a sacrifice of strength and health that caused us much anxiety. We hoped however, that with a period of complete rest and relaxation, his old time health and vigor would be regained, and it would seem that it was with such hopes as this that he himself entered upon the enjoyment of his summer vacation. But none of us realized how impaired his health in reality was, and how speedily he was to succumb under circumstances which, in robust health, would probably have been unattended by any danger whatever.

It was about the third week in July that he came to his summer home in Muskoka, and about three days after his arrival the first symptoms of blood-poisoning were noticed. The fact that he had not an ounce of reserve strength not only exposed him to the danger in the first place, but took away in great measure his chance of successfully overcoming it. The most skilful medical attendance, assiduous attention and nursing by friends, and the most healthful and favorable surroundings, did all that could be done to aid him. In fact the blood-poisoning had been checked and healing had favorably begun, and it was hoped that a few days would place him out of danger. But the wasted and exhausted tissues were unequal to the strain. A hemorrhage on the brain occurred on August 1st, followed by paralysis and other complications that soon took away all hope of recovery. He lingered for four days after this relapse, and on August 5th he passed peacefully to his rest.

Joseph I. Bates was born in Branbridge, Ireland, in 1848. Two years later the family removed to the State of Iowa, and there Mr. Bates spent his youth and received his early education. When he was sixteen years of age the family again removed to Dundas, Ont., and in 1867 his father, Rev. John Bates, was called to the pastorate of the Woodstock Baptist Church, and the son began his attendance at the Canadian Literary Institute, as the College was then called. From there he matriculated into Toronto University, and after graduation took a post graduate course at Ann Arbor University, receiving the degree of Ph.M. From that time until his death he was engaged in teaching in Woodstock College, with the exception of the session of 1889-90, which he spent in England, pursuing special studies and observing educational methods, in University College, London, and Owen's College, Manchester. His knowledge of methods was further widened by a summer's experience in the Amherst School of Languages. On the death of Principal Huston, in January, '92, Mr. Bates was called to the Principalship of the College, and its success during these four years abundantly attest the ability and wisdom of his management.

On the evening of Friday, September 18th, a memorial service was held in the College, commemorative of the life and work of the late Principal. A number who had been intimately

associated with Principal Bates during his life, spoke in the most appreciative and touching manner of his character and worth. These included Chancellor Wallace, Mr. A. L. McCrimmon, Mr. N. S. McKechnie, Mr. S. E. Grigg, Dr. Goodspeed and Prof. M. S. Clark. I regret that I am not able here to give full reports of their addresses, summaries of which have already been published. Several who had known Principal Bates intimately, but who were unable to be present, sent letters to be read in connection with the service. The tender feeling and loving esteem that breathe through these letters, I feel sure, the reflection of the sentiments of all who had an intimate acquaintance with Principal Bates, and they will now, I know, be read with interest by all his friends.

D. K. CLARKE.

From Prof. Farmer, McMaster University.

My acquaintance with Joseph Bates goes back to the early days of our University course. Seven happy years were spent in close association in the work and fellowship of Woodstock College; and since then I have been in such frequent touch with him that I have had good opportunities for knowing him fully and forming a just estimate of his worth.

The outstanding thing about him was the beauty of his personal character. His beautiful natural disposition was made more beautiful by grace. A spirit of kindness pervaded his life; and only gracious words fell from his lips. Refinement of feeling, gentleness of manner and unfailing courtesy seemed instinctive with him. In all the intimacies of those years I never heard a word from him that might not be proclaimed from the housetops. He was a pure man who wore the white flower of a blameless life. There was a noble candor about him; he never joined hands with duplicity. Sincerity suffused his soul and bathed him in its light; to all his tasks he brought a scrupulous conscientiousness; and this because Christ was enthroned in the heart and recognized as King of his life. Over the faults of others he threw the mantle of charity; and never have I known him to chide himself more than after uttering some word of true,

but for him seemingly severe, criticism. These gentle graces of character were blent with stronger and more masculine traits. Those who have seen him in times of testing know that just as on the field of sport his wiry frame and stoutness of muscle surprised one, so in that kindly soul there dwelt much quiet strength and energy of will, a noble self-control and a patient heroism. This was manifested again and again in his work as Teacher and Principal, and in a remarkable degree during his last illness.

He had good rather than brilliant parts. Like Carey he could plod. And he toiled to purpose, content to do what he could and to do that well. His scholarship was accurate rather than extensive; his reading thoughtful rather than wide. He was a man of sound sense, and balanced judgment—a safe all-round man. During his Principalship he displayed business and administrative ability of a high order. I need not speak of his thoroughness as a teacher, of his patience with the slow pupils, and his eagerness to help all. He liked teaching. He loved young men and did not fail to help them. He gave himself, did he not, most unsparingly to the work God had put into his hands. His early death is the last proof that he spared not himself.

Well, he has gone from us. From an earthly paradise his spirit took its flight to the heavenly. The work is left behind for other hands; and yet his works follow with him. He has left the band of workers here, to join the band of workers there. What goodly fellowship is there to-day! Heaven grows richer apace; as the years glide by, heaven's side of the balances grow heavier. "The general assembly and church of the first born, and the spirits of the just men made perfect" is a more personal and real Scripture than it used to be. We know a good many of those names now. They are there by the will of the King—each summoned at the proper time. So our faith holds fast to God and rests itself in Him even though the pang has rent the heart. These human sorrows He knows but does not chide. They are perhaps the inseparables of love—and in his sight transfigured. And the Christ that wept for Lazarus is the Christ of *our* times of bereavement. To thee, O Christ, we turn. Let fruitage still appear from the sowing of our departed brother. Carry on Thy work in this school and endow Thy servants for

these holy tasks. Speak courage and cheer to all our hearts. By thy gracious Spirit minister comfort to the heart of the sister in India, the sister at home, and the brother who has no brother left. Thou Son of Man who, in the face of death, didst not forget Thy mother sorrow-stricken, forget not this mother in her grief and age, and care for her. Thou God of the widow, and Father of the fatherless, cheer Thou this widowed heart, and stay her mind and guide her steps as she seeks, with brave spirit and in unwavering faith, to train for life and for eternity her little boy and girl.

From Prof. Montgomery, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

I was sorely grieved and shocked to learn, only a few days before receiving your letter, of the untimely death of my friend Prof. Bates. In the brief time at my disposal I can not do justice to the memory of one so noble and true. I will only touch upon three points in his life and character—the student, the teacher and the friend. I knew him as all these.

Careful, conscientious, attentive and intelligent, he was one whom his teacher delighted to have in his classes. In his preparatory course, in College and in the University the same earnestness and devotion characterized his work. Nor did it stop here, for during all these years he has been a thorough and enthusiastic student. As teacher, his relations with his fellow teachers were always pleasant and cordial; his interest in his pupils was genuine and abiding. His influence was of the kind that made the pupil more than, and above, the mere scholar. Indeed it was so refined and so spiritual as to be highly conducive to true manhood and womanhood.

As friend, how shall I tell what a generous, noble, sympathetic friend he was? Somehow you got closer to him than you do to most men. He was a sharer in your joys, was tender and compassionate in your sorrows, had a sympathetic response for you in all your moods and was your real and true friend in every phase of your life. Kindness, gentleness, truth, purity and manliness were essences of his being. It will be a long time before we shall see his equal in all noble qualities. Leaving it to others

to speak of his Christian character and of his work; I may say that Joseph has a good many here, where he once studied, who rejoice in his grand life, but who, like you, drop the silent tear and feel keenly the loss of one we all loved. Though far away, I am with you in sympathy and spirit to-night.

From Prof. Trotter, Wolfville, N. S.

Late of McMaster University.

In the going of our dear brother Bates, a beautiful spirit has vanished; a life every way true and worthy has reached its goal. It is fitting that, in the place where so much of his life-work was performed, his comrades in service, the students whom he expected to lead, and other friends, should meet to indulge their hearts in loving thoughts of the good man gone, to honor his memory, and to give the life which has closed its true setting in their thoughts and affections.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bates began twenty-four years ago, at Woodstock, when he became my first teacher in geometry and Latin. Thereafter, all through my student life, he was a familiar personality, first as teacher, and then as friend. When, on completing my college life in Toronto, I assumed the pastorate of the Woodstock church, he was still on the college staff at Woodstock, and, throughout the five years of my pastorate, was one of the most helpful and devoted of the many helpers I had there. Since leaving Woodstock it has been my pleasure to meet Mr. Bates often, in the official relations of a common work, or as friend at work or on vacation. My acquaintance has therefore been an extended one, and my opportunity for knowing the man of the amplest kind.

Looking back upon his life through these many years I am impressed with its singular excellence. Were I analyzing our brother's character I think I should pause first upon his purity. To think of J. I. Bates has always been to think of a singularly clean man, clean in thought, in purpose, in speech. Then his kindness, and gentleness, and courtesy—these were of the very essence of the man. But coupled with these softer virtues, how strong and tenacious were his convictions on all questions essen-

tial to true character and high living! In this he was a worthy son of a noble father. And his life—how full it was of activity! He worked so ceaselessly, so easily, so cheerfully, we took it as a matter of course, and thought little of the wear to the worker, but now that the end has come, it is easily seen how high an example he has been in the diligence with which he has applied himself to the successive tasks of the years.

Could the results of his work be tabulated, his life would make a noble record. Twenty-four years ago he exhibited great aptitude both as a teacher and a disciplinarian, and, throughout his career, must have exerted a most healthful influence in the teaching office. His success in the more difficult and complex work of administration and headship called forth the warmest encomiums of the authorities but a few weeks before his death. But besides this, there was his unofficial influence in his daily intercourse with men, and in his devoted life in the church of God, in both of which spheres his influence was constant and most salutary.

Such thoughts of our dear friend will come naturally to all who knew him, kindling their gratitude that he accomplished such a life, and stimulating them to seek with equal diligence like worthy ends in character and service. With these thoughts of him who is gone, will come also thoughts of tenderest sympathy for her who must walk on into life, leading her little ones by the hand, carrying with her the sense of a loss unspeakable and irreparable. May the God of all comfort and faithfulness be her refuge and strength, and bless her and the little ones with His richest blessings.

From Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Toronto.

I became acquainted with your late beloved Principal twenty-eight years ago as a fellow-student in your College halls. I saw him for the last time on the first day of June last, when we travelled in company from the Convention in Montreal to Toronto. During this long period I have known him intimately, and in a variety of relationships. I never knew him in any circumstances as anything but a gentleman and a Christian in

his spirit and conduct. Always genial, frank and generous he speedily won the confidence and love of those who came in touch with him, and, always true and faithful, he never lost what he thus quickly won. I feel that I have lost a personal friend whose friendship was of genuine worth. I sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained as members of Woodstock College, but am sure that his fragrant memory will abide as an inspiration to you in your life-work.

Telegram from Rev. H. F. Lajlamme, Wolfville, N.S.

Read Psalm 116 : 15 ; Rev. 14 : 13 ; Job 3 : 17.

From Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.

When I entered the Canadian Literary Institute, in the winter term, 1870, Mr. Joseph I. Bates was one of the leading students. I soon came in contact with him in the way of personal friendliness, and also as a classmate in the study of Homer's Iliad, of which Professor J. E. Wells was then the teacher. He was always a good, earnest student; if any one in the class desired first place Mr. Bates would make him work for it. But it was not his intellectual ability that most impressed me; it was his character, it was the ethical quality of the man. He never made any ostentatious display of piety or of goodness; he quietly filled his place and bore his testimony as a disciple of Christ. But it was impossible not to feel that he was a young man of stainless purity and unbending integrity. It was not in him to lend himself to any deception, even the smallest, no matter how great the seeming advantage. Whatever befell he must be true and honourable. And no impure, unbecoming word was ever heard from his lips. Indeed such was his character and his influence that anything like deceit or impurity seemed to wither in his presence. I doubt whether any student would have indulged in unchaste language or in deeds of deception in the presence of Joseph Bates. He was himself the soul of honour, and someway his presence put us all on our honour. In this

regard he stands out as a marked man in my memory, and holds a rank to which only a few young men of my earlier acquaintance attained. He makes me think of such Bible characters as Joseph, and Samuel, and Daniel, and Nehemiah. He was a Nathaniel, "in whom there was no guile." His character is outlined by the great apostle in the words: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And this, I believe, was his character to the end. I shall never think of him but that it will help me to be a better man.

From Dr. Dudson, Montreal, late of Woodstock.

It is a great regret to me that I shall be unable to attend the memorial service of Principal Bates. There are many things that I should like to say upon such an occasion, and I thank you for the privilege you give me of sending a few lines in testimony of my appreciation of the character and worth of him whom God has taken. I was intimate with our dear friend for thirty years: specially so during my pastorate at Woodstock; and so perhaps am in a position to judge of the qualities which gave sweetness to his life and power to his service. And yet now, as I purpose writing these few words, I am conscious that while he was with us I did not properly appreciate the strength and greatness of the life which has now gone out. For years I have been accustomed to take his goodness and unselfishness as matters of course, and leaned very unthinkingly upon his ever proffered strength, so much so that the sterling worth of these qualities were never properly estimated. Now that we have closed his eyes and looked for the last time upon a face that was ever bright with Christ-like purpose, one can think more truly of qualities which were ever to be relied upon, and which, having become extinguished, will be sadly missed. Joseph Bates was a strong man, and had in his make-up many of the chief characteristics of greatness,—not in the physical or merely animal sense perhaps, but as to that which makes for the best and the refinement in humanity.

He was strong and great in his unchanging humility. I never knew a man in whom this exalted and Christ-like virtue was more eminently characteristic. In regard to this he had made Christ and his precepts his life study, and so fully had he obtained a masterful control over the self-assertive and resentful passions, that when he was reviled he reviled not again; that when he had enemies the Master's precept in regard to their treatment was his readiest thought: and that when he was spitefully used he had so accustomed himself to the mood of Christ that his first thought was ever to do as Christ would have done. He was a man of quiet spirit, clothed with humility; a gentleman; a strong man in the characteristic which our Lord rates above prowess of any other sort, and of which he instanced his own life as an example. Our thinking is generally too far removed from the standard of our Saviour in regard to this thing. Our great man is resentful and combative as to body and mind. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is ever his motto, and we applaud him as he holds his own with relentless grasp, or overbears all opposition. Christ's great man is the one who walks humbly with his God. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," is the royal stamp which regulates in the matter of precedence. Principal Bates was too great a man to exalt himself, and he was a man strong enough to grip with a firm hand God's law of humility, which many a weaker man has let go. This divine characteristic was ever apparent in him. You who lovingly think of him in this memorial service recall its constant exhibition. In his place in the church, in his place in the college, in his place in the town, he was meek and lowly and went about doing good. There are few who hear these words to-day who have not at some time been benefitted by his gentle ministry.

Mr. Bates was strong and great in his unselfishness. As I write this word now I know every one who hears it will say "Amen." He lived not for himself. Now where shall I begin to speak of the manifestation of this greatness. In the church? Then who does not know that his life was given in loving service with his brethren and sisters for the cause of the dear Redeemer? In what department of church work did he ever consider himself? Even when wearied beyond expression with

the many cares and harassments incident to his responsible position he never shirked duty which God through the church had laid upon him. Morning and night at the Sabbath service that his example might be right, when he had already toiled in the Master's service since the opening day. At the prayer meeting when many of us would have been too tired. As deacon and teacher in the church, his time and thought and body were ever at its service. When the word of admonition had to be spoken, regardless of consequences to self, Joseph Bates was ready to do his Master's bidding. Many of us can testify to loving counsel faithfully administered which might have endangered friendship but which was never therefore shirked. And who more ready than he to open his purse whenever a worthy appeal was presented? Your church lists will testify that he was a generous soul, who was ever on the look out for some spiritual thing in which to invest his money. Did the church ever make an appeal to which his contribution was refused? And we all bear witness that in his prayer meeting talks and his addresses in business meeting he was ever anxious to give a little more to something and to get his brethren to enter with him into the fulness of this grace also. And in this direction what may be the testimony of the College? Students are sometimes impecunious, as many of us know—and sometimes in great straits. Through the years of Mr. Bates' connection with the College how often has the Principal's utter unselfishness sent in the sunshine to lighten the way of some despairing student. His was rare unselfishness. He remembered the word of the Lord Christ, how he said "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and believed it, and lived his life in the faith of it. The world's great man is not always the unselfish man. He may reach his position only too often by the practice of the thing quite opposite. Christ's great man is the one who comes nearest giving himself as Christ gave himself. Brother Bates was strong in his unselfishness, and could grasp God's law as to this when many a weaker man must let it slip.

The beloved Principal was great in his mastery of the golden rule and of the philosophy of which that rule is the epitome. I need not say to those who hear this, that that philosophy is by the divine signature stamped as the highest. There is no wisdom equal to it. There is no branch of study so sublime.

There is nothing which so requires refinement of brain and heart to appreciate. Our brother grasped this deep philosophy with rare keenness of intelligence, and revelled in the thought of it, and abandoned himself to its practice. I speak in the presence of those who knew him well, and I submit that these strong words represent no more than truth. I have never known a man measure so nicely his act and purpose by what his best thought had convinced him to be supreme wisdom. In this regard we all know, who knew him, that he sat at the feet of Jesus and learned of him. We, perhaps, are not accustomed to reckon the strength of men according to their appreciation of the dictates of divine philosophy. We call them strong as they grasp commercial, political, financial or social problems; but God's strong man is he who has mastered the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and who abandons his life to the faith and love of them. These principles Joseph Bates was strong enough to grasp while many a weaker man has been constrained to let them go.

The beloved Principal was strong and great in his unswerving integrity. His question was ever, "Is it right?" and his query was ever followed by the announcement "Then it must be done." This is my thirty years' experience of the character of Joseph Bates. He was a seeker after and a doer of righteousness. He sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Responsibility was to him a sacred thing, and the jot and tittle of it could in no wise be neglected. To fill up its whole measure he was quite ready to work his brains to weariness and to yield gladly all his strength of body and soul. I have never seen such devotion to duty. I have never seen difficulties faced with greater courage; I have never seen opposition encountered with braver and truer philosophy. The ideal set before him was a high one, and unswervingly he pressed toward the mark of his high calling. Ever overcoming and ever achieving, Joseph Bates lived his singularly pure and sweet life with the one aim before him and the one power constraining him. And he held his purpose with magnificent integrity.

Others will doubtless speak of his ripe scholarship, of the qualities which made him so successful as a teacher and as a disciplinarian; many will testify to his mastery of details and to his executive ability. I wish my testimony to be in regard to the

qualities which rank him higher than any of these things could. I would like the College men to recognize that in his death a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. He lived among them an exponent of the divine philosophy, and all who touched his influence during his twenty years of service will say now that good and good only came from the contact. May the greatness and strength of Joseph Bates be given in double portion to those who this day lament his untimely farewell to the scenes and the friends and the work he loved so well.

TO G. v.N. D.

(Written on the birchbark bookmark in his Windelband.)

Ere Peripatetics stalked about,
 Or Aristotle had his inning,
 Or the proud Sophists got "knocked out"
 By Socrates, the hemlock man,
 Or Plato set his "Ideas" spinning,—
 These underlying hieroglyphs
 Told how the solid earth began,
 How seas became, and beetling cliffs,
 How man, including Greeks and Jews,
 Romans and Germans, English, Yanks,
 Came on the scene with their P's and Q's,
 And played their philosophic pranks.
 He who can these decipher clear
 Will "down *them*" all within a year,
 And catch the music of the spheres
 Above the chatter of all the seers.

OUTIS.

THE CULTURE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

The topic upon which I have undertaken to address you, is by no means an easy one, either on its theoretical or on its practical side. Not only is it a difficult matter to construct a *theory* of the spiritual life, which shall be free from contradictions; but to furnish helpful *practical* suggestions for the highest culture of that life, is a task of almost equal difficulty. I fear, therefore, that my remarks upon this subject may seem to you either so commonplace as scarcely to deserve repetition, or so purely theoretical as to be of small value in the actual, daily struggle of the spirit against the flesh.

Evidently we ought to begin by getting a clear idea of two things, viz: first, of the *Spiritual Life*, and secondly, of *Culture*. If we can succeed in determining the content of these two notions separately, then our conclusions regarding their mutual relation, (i. e., regarding the culture of the spiritual life), should follow logically and necessarily. Now the former of these two things has been defined, or at least described, in the preceding address. It has been pointed out that the spiritual life, as regards its origin, is a divine creation; and that, as regards the mode of its activity, it is a communion with God, and a progressive apprehension of the thoughts of God. This description sets forth the most essential characteristics of the spiritual life, and shall serve as my point of departure for further remarks upon the culture of that life. In the meantime let us proceed to the consideration of the second of the two ideas involved in my subject.

Culture in general, may be defined either from the standpoint of *end*, or from the standpoint of *means*. We may inquire what the goal, or final purpose is, which all culture is intended to subserve; or we may seek to understand by what means that goal may best be attained. From the former standpoint culture may be defined as the equipment of an organ, or a being, so that it shall perform its proper function in the best manner; from the latter standpoint the definition of culture will set forth in more detail *how* such equipment is to be effected.

Confining ourselves for the present to this latter point of

*An address delivered before the Fyfe Missionary Society of the University.

view, it seems to me that all the means by which any creature, or any organ of any creature, becomes equipped for, and efficient in, its proper function, may be included—roughly of course, and in many instances metaphorically,—in the two ideas of *food* and *exercise*, and these again may be brought under the larger idea of the *environment*. If any being is living in its proper environment, it ought to find in that environment, such food, and such opportunity of exercise or training, as shall best equip it for its proper function. Food *supplies* the tissue, while exercise *develops* and *toughens* that tissue. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to detain you with illustrations drawn from the various departments of nature and human life. The physical organism is increased in bulk by food; it is advanced in agility, beauty, and power, (of endurance and performance), by exercise. Man's intellectual nature is increased in what I might call *capacity*, by food, i. e., by information conveyed from books and teachers; it is increased in *power* by exercise, i. e. by what I sometimes call *reconstruction*, i. e. independent reflection; to which a good book or a skillful teacher will always stimulate you, but which neither of these can do for you.

Now the presumption is that the spiritual life must be cultured in analogous fashion. There must be something which we may call, without becoming unduly metaphorical, the *food* and the *exercise*, or in short the *environment*, of the spiritual life. For, if we are warranted at all in reasoning by analogy, we hold it to be incredible that the author of our being should give us a spiritual life, and then leave us without the possibility of sustaining and developing that life. Such a procedure would be a violation of his constant method. Look from one end of nature to the other, and you will constantly find that wherever God has created an organ, or faculty, He has also created an environment suited to that organ or faculty, and calculated to minister to its well-being and development. Wherever He makes an eye, He also makes ether waves, to serve as the appropriate stimulations for the functioning of that eye; if He makes an ear, He also makes air-vibrations as the appropriate environment of that organ. In brief, we may observe, that corresponding to man as a *sensuous* being, God has made the great world of colors, sounds, etc., to minister to that sense-capacity. Corresponding

to that *æsthetic* nature which you find in man, God has made these colors and sounds to harmonize in such ways as to nourish the feeling of the beautiful. Corresponding to the *intellectual* nature of man, you find a world of wonderful intelligible relations—a world in which things equal to the same thing are equal to one another; in which every event has its cause, and every valid conclusion its sufficient reason; in which every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter with a force that varies directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance—a world, in short, that provides abundant food, and abundant opportunity for exercise, to the intellect of man. Then again, corresponding to the *moral* nature of man, we find a world of moral relations; a world that speaks to us (if we will but hear), not only of that which *is*, but of that which *ought to be*; a world that speaks of moral order and moral retribution.

Now, if all this be true, if corresponding to each phase of human nature, so far as we have gone, there is a phase of the great universe fitted to it, and calculated to minister to its development; and if these phases of the *non-ego* are fitted to the phases of the *ego*, each to each, shall we admit that there is no environment corresponding to the spiritual life? Shall we believe that God has grown tired of His work and left it unfinished at the very point where its completion was most necessary and most desirable? * Surely not! God has not left his work unfinished; but just as every lower phase of man's nature finds its own proper food and exercise, so the spiritual life may, if it will, find its environment, where abundant food and opportunity for development are furnished. The trouble with man is, that

*It is, I conceive, a fundamental weakness of Agnosticism, that it virtually asks us to accept this inconsistent position. Mr. Herbert Spencer declares, in his *First Principles* that all faculties have arisen from "accumulated modifications, caused by the intercourse of the organism with its environment"; then he goes on to say, that there must therefore, exist in man's environment certain conditions which have determined the growth of the religious sentiments; and he concludes that the religious faculty in man is "as normal as any other faculty." Further on he admits that the object of the religious feelings is the Supreme or Absolute Reality; and he ends by informing us that the Supreme or Absolute Reality is absolutely unknowable! The environment of the spiritual life is an absolutely unknowable environment! Mr. Spencer entirely overlooks the fact, that to a *spiritual* being an absolutely unknowable environment would be no environment at all; and you will seek in vain in the "Synthetic Philosophy" for any explanation of the strange paradox of Agnosticism, that a spiritual or religious faculty has developed in the progress of evolution, by intercourse (!) with an absolutely unknowable environment!

he was led, many ages ago, to believe that his spiritual nature could be satisfied with unspiritual food, and developed by unspiritual exercise; and his continued belief in that falsehood, accounts for his persistent, though vain endeavors, to fill *himself* with husks, fitted only for swine.

What, then, is this environment of the spiritual life? I think we can say, in the first place, that just as the spiritual life is the highest phase of human nature, so the environment of the spiritual life is the highest expression that God has given of Himself; and in the second place, that just as the spiritual life is that in man which embraces and illuminates, and gives meaning to, all the other phases of his nature, so the environment of the spiritual life will turn out to consist in those truths which embrace and illuminate all other truths, and give consistency and meaning to the whole universe of God.

Now, it is my serious and sober conviction, reached in the first instance by religious intuition, but justified also at the bar of reason, that the great truths revealed in the Divine Word, are such as we are in search of. That God is an Infinite and Eternal Spirit; that he created all things according to the counsel of his own will; that man turned his back upon God; but that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life; that the atonement of Christ is applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit of God; that God's saving grace is for all who will have it; and that it lies, therefore, upon the heart and conscience of every regenerate human being, to make known that grace, so long as there remains a single human spirit ignorant of it, or "until He come"; these, I say, are some of the great truths that constitute the spiritual food and exercise of the regenerate man; *food* as they are absorbed and understood by himself; *exercise* as they are lived out in his life, and promulgated by his activity "to the uttermost part of the earth." These alone satisfy the deepest cravings of the human spirit; these alone give completeness of meaning to nature and to history. They are the highest expression of God, and for their appropriation the highest activity of man is required. The natural man cannot know them, for they are spiritually judged. Not only so, but on account of man's depraved spiritual condi-

tion, he needs, for the apprehension of these truths, the illuminating and quickening power of the Divine Spirit. It was this illumination for which the apostles were enjoined to "tarry in Jerusalem." It was this for which John Milton pleaded, in the opening lines of that great Epic in which he undertook to tell the story of the loss and recovery of Paradise :

" And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 " Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 " Instruct me, for Thou knowest ; Thou from the first
 " Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 " Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 " And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
 " Illumine ; what is low, raise and support,
 " That the height of this great argument,
 " I may assert Eternal Providence
 " And justify the ways of God to men."

But I must not forget that I have been requested to touch the practical question, as to *how* the spiritual life is to be cultivated, and how the student is to avoid that spiritual stagnation which so frequently attends hard intellectual work. To do this, let me add one further consideration : I have spoken of the various phases of man's nature, sensuous, æsthetic, intellectual, moral, religious. Now, the important thing is that we should not regard these as separate and independent natures or departments of man. Man is an undivided unity ; a single spiritual principle, and not an artificial collocation or bundle of "faculties." These divisions of which I have spoken are not *parts*, but *phases* ; not *departments* into which man is divided, but *modes of his activity*. Just as, in ascending Mont Blanc, you get, at every new resting place, not a view of a new landscape, but a loftier and truer view of the same landscape ; so man as intellectual is not something other than man as sensuous, but the same man from a higher and more adequate point of view. And a similar truth needs emphasis in regard to man's environment. The world of colors and sounds is not a different world from that of beautiful forms and moral values, but the same world seen from a different point of view. In every phase of it, the world is God's expression of himself. And the God who has revealed himself to the spiritual intuition as the Almighty

Father, the tender, loving Redeemer, and the abiding Comforter, is the *very same* who has revealed himself to the sense-perception in a world of colors and sounds, and to the æsthetic faculty in a world of beautiful forms and wondrous harmonies. If a sound psychology has one thing to emphasize more than another, it is the essential *oneness* of man; if a sound ontology has one thing to emphasize more than another, it is the essential *oneness* of man's environment. Let us avoid that practical materialism which considers this universe as a great lump of dead matter which God once upon a time created and endowed with certain mysterious controlling principles, which men afterwards learned to call "laws of nature," and then withdrew himself, and left it to run on or run down, as a clock might do. The opposite extreme is indeed nearer the truth, in which some have been led to spiritualize the whole universe: as in Tennyson's lines:

" Flower in the crannied wall,
 " I pluck you out of the crannies,
 " I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 " Little flower—but *if* I could understand
 " What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 " I should know what God and man is "

What now, is the practical corollary from all this? That the culture of the spiritual life is not to be attempted *out of relation* to the other phases of man's nature. If the intellectual and the spiritual are activities of the same individual being, then the culture of the intellectual, and the culture of the spiritual, ought to run into each other and enhance each other; or as Principal Shairp says,* culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture. Do not, therefore, treat the different phases of your nature as though they were so many different natures; but treat them as interdependent and interpenetrating forms of the activity of your one indivisible, spiritual self. The student who endeavors to be intellectual during one part of the day, out of all relation to his spiritual life, and to be spiritual during another part, out of all relation to his intellectual life, is dwarfing both the intellectual and the spiritual; the former, by depriving it of that glory of meaning which only

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the spiritual can give it; the latter, by robbing it of that content and "body" which is furnished to it by the intellectual. It is as though an artist should attempt to paint *one* picture on *two* pieces of canvas; and should begin by painting all the figures on one piece of canvas, altogether regardless of perspective and relation and meaning; and then should attempt the impossible feat of portraying on the other canvas the perspective, meaning and relations, without the figures.

What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Carry your spiritual life into your intellectual work, and your intellectual life into your spiritual work; and remember that when you are dissecting a plant in the botanical laboratory, or investigating the laws of thought in the philosophical lecture room, you need the co-operation of the spirit with the intellect; and when you are meditating upon the tragedy of the Cross, you need the co-operation of the intellect with the spirit. And remember that in both these occupations, though not with exactly the same richness of meaning in the two cases, what you are really doing is *thinking God's thoughts after him*, as they have found expression in a universe, which, in one of its phases, furnishes more particularly and specially the culture of the intellectual life, and in another of its phases, furnishes more particularly and specially the culture of the spiritual life.

FREDERICK TRACY.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLEAN, W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98.

EDITORS.

THE CONFAB.

Nunc pueri omnia sciunt, neminem verentur.

—PLINIUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ { The Old Year.
The Young Year.
Father Time.

Time: Watchnight, 1896-'97. Curtain rises, discovering the Old Year seated in a capacious easy-chair, resting an arm upon each hemisphere. Above, the clouds form sinister scythes. Below, the snow plays Delilah to the strong suspicious earth.

The Old Year (bringing together at the tips the hundred and eighty-three fingers of each hand, and nodding with his burden of sagacity): "Yes, yes! this ancient individual is still the mainstay and the backbone and the buttress and—and the—yes, the axis of the world. I imagine their consternation if they should wake up some fine day, poor mortals, to find me suddenly vanished. They'd never get over it, no! No, no! that would never do. It seems as though I am destined to survive all my ancestors, one of whom, to be sure, was greatly befriended by Joshua. Yes, yes! am I not leap-year, humanity's full token of warm approval? If my days be three hundred and sixty-six, why not three hundred and sixty-seven? Why not more? Supposing, after all, that——"

Shrill young voice (from behind): "That you kindly hasten to remove yourself and your oid chair, Father Ninety-Six. I want clear room; no more loafing; no musing and dreaming. I am with Demosthenes; let us have action! Hurrah! Famous times are coming. People shall see great deeds, and rejoice with plenteous joy."

The Old Year (quaveringly): "Tut, tut! and who may you be, child?"

The Young Year: "Bless your dear old heart, don't you know me? I'm Ninety-Seven, and my name it rhymes with heaven."

The Old Year (testily): "They warned me you would have a mania for punctuality."

The Young Year: "Who did? Oh, your revered ancestors? Well, don't be resentful! You're my ancestor now, you know, and you're a day older than I shall ever be."

The Old Year (recovering his pride): "Yes, yes! and look at all my glorious history."

The Young Year (doubtfully): "Hum!"

The Old Year: "Wonderful doings! Look at the Cuban struggle for liberty, and the caning of the Sultan and the Czar's coronation and McKinley's election, child! Grand and splendid achievements are mine. See how I 'capped the climax' of Victoria's famous reign, the great Queen, God bless her!"

The Young Year: "'Amen!' say I."

The Old Year: "And how I put out the wicked Canadian Tories and put in the innocent, lamb-like Grits, and how I helped prohibition, and boomed the gold mines and restored Nansen and—"

The Young Year: "And crushed Armenia, and bungled Jameson's ride, and read the would-be-Apostolic Anglicans a Papal homily, and slew and drowned your hundreds of thousands in Russia and Japan with your mischievous tidal waves and dreadful panics and things. And what could have inspired your foolish Venezuelan embroglio, meddler?"

The Old Year: "That was n't my fault, I tell you. I inherited all that from '95. Besides—"

The Young Year: "Oh, ho! that won't wash, sir. The Yankees run after their Monroe Doctrine like children screaming for a toy. Wait till I get at them. You've just encouraged the friction. Talk about your blessings to Britain, how did you treat Dunraven?"

The Old Year: "It was his own fault. Didn't I beat the Yale crew at Henley?"

The Young Year: "Oh, ho! wait a minute, old man. What a panorama I see, what a record of justice and benevolence and fame! What made you split up the Salvation Army? You

caught Holmes, it is true, but who rushed to St. Louis with a cyclone, and wrought the disaster in Victoria, B.C.?" Why did you conspire with Death against Harriet Beecher Stowe and George Du Maurier, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, dear old Tom Hughes and William Morris and Joseph Prestwich. Who killed the Shah of Persia? Who wrecked the *Drummond Castle*? Who tried to assassinate President Faure? Who let Tynan go? Lah! you old reprobate, what do you mean by trying to pose as a model, eh? *What do you mean by it!* Why, they do say that you have added the final lustre to your already dubious fame by slaying poor Antonio Maceo. Ugh, monster!"

The Old Year (feebly):—"But I tell you I—I helped Imperial Federation, and I—I—I graduated the great classes of '96, and I won the Derby for His Royal Highness, and—and anyway my name rhymes with glorious things too, such as—"

The Young Year (suggestively): "Mix and tricks and Styx?"

The Old Year:—"Ah, tormentor! I see inevitable Fate. Of a truth was the wise Pliny wise. Gladly I depart to be gathered to my ancestors. Your company is worse than a tonic, child. Farewell! but earnestly heed these words: strive to emulate my record and you may approximate, perhaps, to my success!" (Exit).

The Young Year: "Hi! here! hither! Come back and take your old chair away! Hum, Guess he's gone for good now: yes, certainly for good, ha, ha! How conceited the old fellow was, to be sure well, let's sit down a little, since the chair is here. H'm,—hard work to fill it. 'Cuba,' said he, 'well, well! for what can he take credit but the bloodshed, I'd like to know? Why, I'm going to fix up the whole thing and have a little glory out of it. I'm going to settle Abdul Hamid, too, and inaugurate McKinley, and shake up some pure character and unselfishness into the kaleidoscope of general politics and celebrate Victoria—her triumphant reign, and accomplish everything for Prohibition and Imperial Federation, and develop resources and evangelize heathendom, and realize Utopia. I'll be the culmen, the key-stone. Hurrah! And—"

Father Time (entering):—"And only three hundred and

sixty-four days, twenty-three hours and sixteen minutes to do it in. Prithee, my son, get to work!" (Aside) "They're all alike, these fellows, why, they are only my humoured servants and I rather imagine——"

(Curtain drops.)

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

FAITH'S NEW YEAR.

Glad bells were ringing,
Glad hearts were singing.
The starlit night
Was clear and bright.

Farther and farther yet
The strange wild music swells,
For the village sexton rings
The Christmas bells.

The fire is cheery in the grate ;
The smile on mother's placid brow
Speaks peace and joy and sweet content to all.
The children laugh and dance in very glee
For in the corner stands the expected Christmas tree.

When cea-ed the ringing
Of the children's singing
Their glad joy flinging
Into the even song,
Then low were the whispers
Of the simple vespers
And then the 'good-night' kisses
Sweet and long.

In silence golden
While angels keep,
By sweet peace holden
The darlings sleep
Until the sexton rings again the rousing old church bell.

With shouts of gladness,
 No hint of sadness,
 In curious joy
 Each girl and boy
 Trooped down the winding stair
 In the dawning dim ;
 And viewed with glee
 The burdened tree,
 The dolls and drums,
 The games and guns,
 And one was surely there
 For Nell and Kate, and Will and Jack and Jim.

But scarce had waned the pealing of the bell,
 Amid the clamorous joy of children all,
 A cry of lamentation broke the spell
 The children felt their father's anguished call.

Their saddened parent softly led the way
 To her whose patient spirit in the night,
 Sudden and anguishless had sped away
 To that bright realm of peace, in silent flight.

Looking up from her downy pillow
 As white as the early dawn
 Her fair sweet face lay smiling
 With the love of her life thereon :
 And the children cried out in their sorrow
 For the mother that used to be.
 And their thought had departed for ever
 Of the gifts on the Christmas tree.

For Nellie and Katie and Willie
 And Father and Jack and Jim
 Sat down and wept together
 For her who was all to them :
 And the doll and the drum and the pistol
 Together lay low on the ground,
 For the gladness died out in sadness
 In the agony suddenly found.

" Oh strange pale messenger why come to-day ?
Why mar the holy memory of childhood's glee
When all is glad and sweet and bright and gay ?"
" I came in love to bless and help " said he.

" A weary spirit full of care was here,
Whose light had shone in darkness long and sweet,
The great white palace of the King is near
And she has entered in to kiss his feet.

" These Eanlings soon shall learn to love her face
As downward beaming from the skies it peers,
And he whose broken spirit mourns her place
Shall see her glorified through blinding tears."

Then up spoke little Katie
To Willie and Jack and Jim,
" We must pray to our Jesus, dearie
To take us all to Him."
And the Father listened in silence
To his little one's childish prayer,
And forgetting the depth of his sorrow
He strove in her faith to share.

As the bells in the tower were pealing
To welcome the glad new year,
Through the passion of lonely entreaty
And the struggle of doubt and fear
He passed, by the teaching of childhood,
Which the wise and the learned may not hear,
To the peace of a sanctified vision
In the blessing of FAITH'S NEW YEAR.

O. G. LANGFORD.

WHISPERS FROM THE PINES.

What mysterious old fellows the pine trees are, standing darkly observant, persistent and patient, alive with strange murmurs all the long years through! Monuments of family dignity, guardians of important secrets which no outsider may understand, they awe a mere mortal into silence by their calm superiority. Sometimes a saucy youngster, poking up his verdant head, alive, alert and curious, fails to realize the dignity of his race, and sway merrily in the wind with cheerful and indiscreet whispers of youthful life; but as soon as he grows old enough to mingle with his fellows and join in their stately intercourse, he puts on a more sober habit, and grows also as sagacious and mysterious as they.

A certain dark old house on a hill-top was surrounded by a group of these inscrutable pine trees. They had screened it from observation for many long years, and had watched and wondered and whispered, seeing life come and go in the great dim halls, until they felt that they were the rightful guardians of the interests and secrets of that ivy-covered home.

Christmas had just passed, and a great sorrow had fallen upon the home among the pines. The master of the house was a famous man in the outer world, in the great city whose brilliant lights could be plainly seen from the hill-top. In that city he was known as the great Poet-Teacher, and men old and young, learned and ignorant, flocked to his feet and thronged his classes. Since the days of the Nazarene no man had had so great and varied a following. What was the secret of his power? Many men knew more of book-lore, and the learning of the schools. Many men could charm the multitude by cunningly set words and musical measures. But this poet had learned the secret by which the Nazarene Himself chained the attention of the people; for he sang of love, high and holy, and men marvelled at his words. All day long among the dust and crowds of the great city he toiled to plant the seeds of love and nurture their growth, but when the evening stars came out, and the pines put on their darkest colors, he stole away to the house on the hill-top to receive his inspiration. Men wondered how

one lower than the angels could so guess the thoughts of the Infinite; how a being all human could so understand the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." The pines could have told them the secret. Ever since the master of the hill-top brought home his bride, three years before, they had understood why he saw only love in all the universe, and why, in the light of her daily inspiration, he strove rather to make a life than a living. Tired and weary the poet entered his home among the dark evening shades of the pines; strengthened and strengthening he left it when the first sunbeams lit the grove; and when the outer world, from its new night of crime and unrest and carousal, saw him, it said sighing, "There must be some truth in his creed of love, after all."

But at Christmas-tide Infinite Love called this part of itself back into the Great Whole. There was a void even in the great city, an ache in the hearts of many a man, when it was known that from this needy, suffering world so much ministering love had been taken. There was wild grief in the homes where fever and poverty rules, when the news came that he who bore help and comfort to them had borne away disease and death for himself. And the pine trees became the sombre guardians of another sacred and precious mystery, for the poet found his last, long resting-place beneath them, and the trees which had waved over his head from babyhood, still sighed and swayed over it, so strangely altered now.

It was the eve of the New Year, and far away in the great city the lights twinkled merrily, and the tolling of a solemn bell sounded faintly up among the pines, for saints and sinners alike were watching the passing of the old year. There was a light in the old house too, in the chamber where its mistress slept. She loved the pine trees and the sky, and her window had no curtain except the ivy which had peeped in to welcome her when she came there as a bride. The pines grew so near to the house that they often rapped against the windows and frightened the servants, but they only cast a grateful shade upon that window when the summer sun was fierce; and in winter they strained their strength against the storms to protect it. To-night they were thrilling with curiosity and bending eagerly to see what was taking place inside that room. It was lighted by a

single lamp which cast its gleam upon the white bed. An angelic figure stood bending over and gazing at something which the pine trees could not see, but they hushed their movements to listen, for the spirit was speaking in a clarion voice, which sounded out into the night above the pealing of the new year's joy-bells.

"The gift of maiden's choosing is thine," said the spirit, "but, with it, sweet babe, through regret-filled years, is the curse of asking 'Why?'"

Then they saw that she was bending over a tiny babe, they heard the mother sob, and every tree swayed in a strange excitement, for they knew that through the home of love and sorrow the Angel of Birth had passed.

The mistress of The Pines was sitting in the grove watching her baby daughter at play. The daisies were growing over the green mound where the poet rested, and the fair woman who had been the key-note of the song he sang the world, glanced from the grave to the sunset, and her heart was full of peace. She knew *that* love was safe. A dark-eyed little lad from the Manse was playing with her tiny daughter, and the two scampered about under the old trees, making wonderful castles out of the cones. They made a pretty picture, yet both the mother and the pines sighed to hear that the word most often on the lips of the little maiden, was the question "Why?" "Why did my beautiful house fall when I chose such lovely cones?" "Why can I not run into the sunset?" "Why do the pine trees cry all the time?"

Starting up, the lady suddenly called the little one and clasped her, flower-laden, to her heart. A wonderful story of elves and babies began to fall from the mother's lips, and the child listened with eyes filled with delight and amazement. Then, in the midst of all the enchantment, back came the little curly-haired lad, a half-eaten apple in his hand. He held out the pitiful remnant to his playmate, and offered it in exchange for her wealth of blossoms and "a hundred kisses." The tiny maid's eyes grew strangely old and wistful, she slipped from the sheltering mother-arms and ran to satisfy him. "Ronald will be a man some day," she said. And the mother and the pines

sighed over the old story of the fair exchange of the treasures of man and woman.

New Year's Eve and the bells are ringing, their melody sweeping through the pines. Again there are strange happenings in the house on the hill. Lynette is asleep and her mother stands watching her. The room is lighted by a strange radiance, gleams striking upward from a ring on the sleeping maiden's hand. The mother stood musing over her daughter's young life; the choices she had made in her little world, in knowledge, in friendship; and the unsatisfied eyes which met hers yearningly every day.

"Pure and true and loving as you are, you have chosen aniss in them all, my sweet child," she said. "May the All-Father grant that you have chosen aright to-day."

She raised her eyes. A spirit stood in the flood of light beside the sleeping girl. The mother trembled and cried:

"Who are you? What choice has brought you here? Twenty years ago a spirit came to this bedside and gave to my child a gift and a curse, and the curse has so interwoven itself with the blessing that her young life has been all yearning and no satisfaction. What do you come for?"

The angel answered sadly, "I have come to take away the gift of maiden's choosing, because, whether she has chosen well or ill, to-day she has made the woman's choice, for time and for eternity."

Then the spirit stooped and kissed the maiden, and she smiled. All the room grew dark save where a ray from the gleaming ring fell upon the swooning mother, and the pine trees whispered softly among themselves that the Angel of Love had passed.

Another New Year's Eve and again the mother was watching by the bedside of her child, and only God and the pine trees knew how often she had been there in the sad year that had passed since the Angel of Love took back her daughter's gift, but left her the curse. And not the pine trees, but only God, knew how the maiden's last use of her gift had spoilt her fair

young life, and how the curse had grown upon her. Now as the mother raised her weary eyes, the room was lighted suddenly by the form of a radiant spirit. She bent her head for she was not able to bear the sight of that overwhelming vision. Then she looked at her child, so wan, so wasted, and even as she looked, the pale lips parted, and stooping to catch the whisper, she heard the old word, "Why?" She forgot her dread of the spirit at that sound, and although she could not find strength in her to look upon its face, she cried to it in anguish:

"O most awful one! twenty-one years ago to-night the Angel of Birth visited this room, and left with my babe a blessing and a curse. Thou knowest what they were. A year ago came the Angel of Love, and stretching forth a shining hand she took the gift away. Tell me, oh, dread spirit, why hast thou come? Is it not finished yet? Has my innocent child not suffered enough at the hands of her destiny?"

The angel smiled pityingly. "Yes," she said, "it is enough I have come to take away the curse."

She stooped and enfolded the maiden with a gentle touch of her arms, holding her closely for a moment before she laid her back on her pillow, fair and pale and cold.

Peace filled the mother's heart as she fell upon her knees and lifted her eyes to Heaven; and the pine trees bent their heads in reverence as the Angel of Death passed by.

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

Editorial Notes.

WE are glad to announce that William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, is to publish a collection of poems by Dr. Rand. The volume is to appear shortly, and will have for its title, "At Minas Basin and Other Poems." Readers of *THE MONTHLY* have had opportunity of reading some of the exquisite things that have come from Dr. Rand's pen, and they will share our pleasure in the anticipation of the treat a volume of his poems will afford. We hope to be able to give "At Minas Basin and Other Poems" a worthy notice upon its appearance.

EVEN at this late date we wish to offer Professor Ten Broeke our heartiest congratulations upon his marriage. We are sincerely glad to welcome Mrs. Ten Broeke, and hope that she may find many congenial friends in Toronto, and learn to love her new Canadian home. It is only a little over a year since Dr. Ten Broeke came among us, but in that short time he has established himself in the affections of both the Faculty and the students. In the class-room he has proved himself an able lecturer and a thorough master of his subject, and has succeeded in making the course in philosophy exceedingly interesting and popular. As the years go by and he is able the more fully to enter into our Canadian life, Dr. Ten Broeke will, we are sure, exert a strong and beneficial influence upon the students of our University. To him and Mrs. Ten Broeke we offer our most cordial greetings and best wishes for a long and happy married life.

THE new regulations regarding the election of Alumni representatives to the Senate of the University should be carefully noted by every graduate. Hitherto these representatives have been chosen at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, but for a long time it has been felt that such a method of election was not in keeping with the importance of the interests concerned. It was thought that as far as possible every graduate should have a voice in this very important matter, and further that time should be given for more careful deliberation than the conditions of the annual meeting permitted. With this end in view a committee was appointed at the last annual meeting to draft a plan and to report at a special meeting to be held during the annual Convention in Montreal. This committee reported, and their recommendations, with slight amendments, were adopted. The election this year will therefore be conducted under the new constitutional

regulations. It will be unnecessary to go into the details in this place, but it may be well to indicate some of the main features of the new method. Henceforth nominations, made in writing and signed by five graduates, must be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, not later than February 1st. Official ballot papers will then be sent to every graduate not later than February 15th, and these must be returned not later than March 15th. Special attention is called to the fact that only these official ballots, when returned before the date specified, shall be considered as valid, and further that each graduate shall be considered responsible for his correct address being in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer. The latter will be obliged to depend upon the addresses as found in the University Calendar, and every graduate should examine the calendar to see whether his or her correct address is given in the list of graduates contained therein. Should any correction be necessary, the fact should be made known to the Secretary immediately.

There will be no one to dispute the fact that these changes in the constitution are a decided step in the right direction. As the University grows and the number of its graduates increases, the Alumni representatives on the Senate will have more and more important interests entrusted to their keeping, and any plan whereby all graduates may have the opportunity of intelligently sharing in their election cannot but commend itself to all friends of the University. Another amendment with regard to the eligibility of graduates for election to this important office has been proposed, and will be considered at the next annual meeting. It is that only graduates of not less than three years' standing shall be eligible for election. It will be well for all the members of the Association carefully to consider the advantages offered by such a regulation, and be prepared to discuss the motion next May. Whatever be the fate of that proposition, we are convinced that the new method of election will prove far more satisfactory than the old one.

SOME time ago we received from the Minister of Education a copy of "Universities of Canada, Great Britain and the United States," and desire to make this somewhat tardy acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending the Library and professors copies of the book. It is an exceedingly valuable compendium of information upon the subject with which it deals. Naturally enough our Canadian universities receive a large share of attention. About half of the book is devoted to an account of the foundation of the various colleges that compose our Canadian university system, and to a statement of their subsequent history and present organization. Appendixes are also given that con-

tain the charters of our oldest universities. From these and the data contained in the body of the book one can obtain accurate information regarding the history of higher education in Canada. Of that history Canadians need in no wise be ashamed. Baptists too may look back with pardonable satisfaction upon their share in the great work of education. We are glad that Hon. Mr. Ross has so clearly perceived the principles for which Canadian Baptists have always stood, and has represented them so fairly. We make a short quotation from the chapter on the history of our Baptist educational institutions :

“From an early period in the history of Canada the Baptists have been noted for two peculiarities : a strong desire for an educated ministry and a deep aversion to state aid in clerical education. Unwilling to accept help in providing a theological training for their preachers, they were naturally opposed to giving it to other denominations. As they have never been very numerous in comparison with some of the other Protestant bodies, this attitude of voluntary independence has entailed sacrifices and cost efforts that would form an interesting and instructive chapter in any complete history of higher education in Canada.”

With the statement in the last sentence of the above quotation we thoroughly agree, and can but express the hope that when that history shall be written the “interesting and instructive chapter” may be neither omitted nor curtailed.

The universities of Great Britain and the United States are treated less fully than our own universities, but the information given concerning those great institutions covers all the main features of their organization and undergraduate and graduate courses. Generally speaking it has been a matter of some difficulty to procure information regarding our Canadian colleges, not to speak of such as Oxford, Glasgow, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Chicago, but this book will obviate much of the difficulty. By his painstaking collection and presentation of the facts in such convenient form, Dr. Ross has rendered a great service to all interested in educational work.

Here and There.

A. M. OVERHOLT, EDITOR.

THE Christmas numbers of many of our college exchanges appeared in new form, in most cases very artistic. Among them we noted *Acta Victoriana*, *Acta Ridleiana*, of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines; *Ottawa Campus*, Ottawa, Kansas; *King's College Record*, Windsor, and others. In the case of the *King's College Record* the new cover is a decided improvement on the too much crowded and rather severe cover of former numbers. Relative to Christmas numbers, we might say that the subject matter of the Christmas number of *Varsity* was especially good. No better humorous sketches have appeared in the college exchanges this year than those in this issue of *Varsity*. They were entitled, "Another Free Trade Failure" and "The Fall of John McNairn."

ON the first page of the same issue of *Varsity* appears a poem by one of the former editors, Mr. Jas. A. Tucker, which we quote in full below:

MUSIC AND TEARS.

We sat where the yellow moonlight
Streamed thro' the August trees
And fell in leafy shadows
Over the ivory keys.

Sweet was the night and languid,
Gently the curtains swayed,
And oh! the warmth and passion
Of the soft airs she played.

The music throbbed and floated,
And filled the shadowy room,
And the roses at the casement
Breathed forth their sweet perfume;

But something strange and tender
Had smote upon my heart,
And the strains of that lovely music
Made burning tear drops start.

And in that passionate moment
I knew that life was sore,
And felt its pain and longing
As I'd never felt before.

Ah, strange that the peace serenest
Should stir man's soul most deep,
And strange that the highest beauty
Is that which makes us weep.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW says that sixty per cent. of the high positions of trust in the United States are filled by college graduates.

WOMEN have been excluded from all the departments of Johns Hopkins University except the medical.

HARVARD College was founded in 1638, William and Mary 1693, Yale 1701, Princeton 1746, Washington and Lee in 1749, and the University of Pennsylvania in 1795.—*Ex.*

THE newspapers have recorded the sale of sixteen lots on Amsterdam avenue to a company who propose to erect a dormitory for Columbia University to cost \$1,000,000. The dormitory system is growing very popular, and ere long most of the leading schools of the country will have dormitories.

MR. STAMBURY R. TARR, B.A., '95, has been a frequent contributor to some of our best American and Canadian magazines. We quote a short poem that recently appeared under his name in New York *Whims*:

THE WAY OF THE HUMAN.

A pilgrim on a parched road
That passes through the dust-curs'd fields.

A hill-side grove, one blest abode
(Be Jesu praised !) that God still yields :

('Tis nature's heaven !) He finds a glade
Where, buried 'mid encircling shade,
Life's derelicts, unsouled, are laid.

MR. W. J. THOROLD, B.A., '95, now in London, England, is a steady contributor to *Massey's Magazine*. His last article in that magazine, on a personal interview with Anthony Hope Hawkins, is one of Mr. Thorold's many excellent sketches that appear from time to time.

RESURRECTION.

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding families,—
Wind-flower, violet and may,—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.
We scattering troops and kindreds,
From out of the stars wind-blown
To this world that we call our own,
We, of the hedge-rows of Time,
We too shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS, in *Harper's Weekly*.

TO THE FACULTY.

You tell us in philosophy
That time does not exist,
That 'tis but a film of fancy,
A little mental mist.

And space.—why space is nothing
More than a mere mode of thought,
A sort of mental telescope
Our feeble minds have wrought.

Well, if that's true, Respected Sirs,
I'll breakfast at my ease,
And think myself at lectures
Just as often as you please.

H. K. W., Hamilton Lit.

Lost this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and, when the mind grows heated,
Begin it, and the work will be completed!—*Ex.*

NIGHT TIDES.

Over the bar at eventide,
Over the bar where the breakers roar,
The flood tide sweeps with wind-tossed surge,
Bending away to the distant shore.
Gently the first wave sweeps the sands,
Murmuring soft o'er the winding lea
Its slumber song to the listening shore,
A slow and tremulous melody.
Strange the voice of the harbor bar,
Dull the sound of moon-white deep,
Dreamy the rock pines whisper low
Tales of the distant land of sleep.

FORSYTH WICKES, in Yale Literary Magazine.

IN America there are now 200 college papers. The first college journal was published in 1800, with Daniel Webster as editor.—*Ex.*

College News.

L. BROWN, B.A. MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98.
W. B. TICHE, '99.

EDITORS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

WE are pleased to announce the birth of a daughter, *Gladys* Timpany, to Mr. H. E. and Mrs. Stillwell, formerly of McMaster, and now of Cocanada, India.

WE are glad to see Dr. Rand with us again. The students on their return learned with deep regret of his quite serious illness during vacation.

MR. W. S. W. McLAY, B.A., of our staff, has recently received appointment as Examiner in English for Toronto University. We congratulate Mr. McLay and the University upon his appointment.

WE have been pleased to receive visits of late from Mr. F. Eby, B.A., a member of '95, who has recently returned from pursuing a post-graduate course at Chicago University, and Rev. H. R. Miller, of Syracuse, N. Y.

LECTURES are again resumed in full force after a pleasant vacation. Most of the students are back to work, although some are detained from various circumstances. We are pleased to welcome a number of new students both in Theology and in Arts. There is a general tardiness on the part of all in settling down to hard work once again. As the holiday season went by all too soon, so this final term will soon be at an end, and the examinations and Christmas alike will be things of the past.

McMASTER'S lovers of Hockey met on the 18th inst. and organized, with the following officers:—Hon.-Pres., Mr. J. Russell, B.A.; Pres., A. Imrie, B.A.; Vice-Pres., H. N. McKechnie, '97; Sec.-Treas., E. V. Rossier, '00; Captain, J. P. Schutt, '98. Full arrangements have been made for practice at Victoria Hockey rink, where our boys will make it interesting for the puck. Although we have not organized a club during the past few years, there have annually been many in favor of it.

The meeting at which the club was organized was of a most enthusiastic character and we hope that those who have made such a good beginning will be the means of deepening the interest in Hockey. We wish the Hockey Club every success and are confident that, under the able leadership of Captain Schutt, our men will yet win laurels

CLASS '98, Theology, has lost another of its most promising members in the person of A. N. Marshall, B.A. Before the Christmas vacation he went to Buffalo and there consulted a prominent physician, who advised an ocean trip. He will sail for Australia from the Gulf of Mexico shortly, and will remain abroad for one year. He hopes to return to McMaster to join class '99 in January of next year. Class '98 joins with his many friends in wishing him a most enjoyable and health-giving trip.

THE Tennysonian Society during the past term has had a most successful series of meetings. The interest taken in all these programmes speaks high commendation of the ability of the officers. Mr. C. L. Brown, '99, as President, and S. E. Grigg, '00, as Secretary, along with the other assistant officers, have given up their places to those newly-elected for the term upon which we have already entered. The elections took place on the 14th inst. and resulted as follows:— President, D. Bovington, '99; Vice President, J. C. McFarlane, '99; Sec.-Treas., J. Cornwall, '00; Councillors, Misses B. E. McLay, '00, J. Dryden, '00; Editors, S. E. Grigg, '00, F. Ingram, '99.

THE annual visit of the Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement is always looked forward to with interest by the students of McMaster. Mr. Lewis, of Boston, Mass., was our guest in the dining-room on the evening of the 19th inst. and afterwards addressed us in our prayer meetings. He spoke of the relation of students to the great work of evangelizing the world in a manner that appealed to all present. Seldom have the claims of the Foreign fields been more forcibly laid before us and our duty in that direction more plainly pointed out. The fresh facts brought before us were exceedingly interesting, and such an earnest presentation of the claims of the great work he so ably represents must ultimately result in large blessings.

THE Mathematical Society under the able direction of A. M. Overholt of '97 as president, is doing excellent work. On December 18th, 1896, a meeting of special interest was held. The subject for consideration before the Society on this occasion was electricity. An able character sketch of Thomas Alva Edison the king of electricians, and his wonderful inventions, was brought before the Society by C. L. Brown of '99. Mr. Russell followed with an explanation of the Roentgen Rays, giving their history and describing their nature. The most interesting part of the programme was the experimental, which followed the theoretical.

By means of the *Flourescope* the results of these rays were shown. There was a large number of students present, and the programme was enjoyed by all.

THE first meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society for the present term was held on the evening of Friday the 15th inst. The programme was of a very interesting character, dealing with student life in its various aspects. Mr. L. Brown, B.A., read a very inter-

esting and helpful paper on the "Ideal College and what it ought to do for a young man." After Mr. J. J. Nicol had delighted the audience with a French recitation, Dr. Welton was called upon for an oration, which was much appreciated. He chose as his subject "The Ideal Method of Study." He treated his subject under two main heads, "Know something about everything" and "Know everything about something." He advised students to build pyramidically by laying a broad foundation and then gradually narrowing until they were confined to their special line.

The Critic's report was given in a few well chosen words by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., after which a very interesting and profitable meeting was brought to a close.

THE Theological Society held a very interesting meeting on the evening of December 11th, 1896. The first part of the programme was taken up with discussion on "Systematic giving in our churches." The experiences of many given were both interesting and instructive. After Mr. W. S. McAlpine delighted all present with a sacred song, entitled "Are You Shining for Jesus?" Mr. T. Bengough read us an excellent paper on "The Pulpit from the Pew." The Society were not only honoured by the presence of Mr. Bengough, but instructed, and many suggestions and corrections were given that will doubtless be of profit in the future ministry of those addressed. The paper was thoughtful, pointed and fraught with both humor and wit that made it entertaining as well as instructive.

THE holiday season has brought to us all many joys! Life would indeed be a tragedy with little romance, did we not occasionally find relief and recreation in healthful and pleasant amusements. Home going and the happy associations there renewed, always bring joy and happiness into the life. The ministry of such visits none of us are apt to overestimate. At Christmas and the New Year season there seems to be a rare exhibition of joy and good-will awaiting one another at every meeting, and its expression is not only cheering, but yields a blessing

"To him that gives and to him that takes."

MR. J. J. McNEILL, B.A., has left us to teach in Woodstock College. It is with deep regret that the members of '98 Theology bid farewell to one who has proved himself one of their best students and most promising members. Woodstock College is to be congratulated on the happy choice, while we are to be consoled for our loss. We are confident that John will there distinguish himself for his ability and will make many friends both in the College and in the town, as he has done here. We wish him much success in his work.

THE semi-annual elections of the Scientific and Literary Society which took place on the 12th January, resulted as follows:—President, P. G. Mode, '97 ; First Vice-President, T. N. Ritchie, '97 ;

Second Vice-President, Miss M. E. Burnette, '97; Recording Secretary, A. W. Vining, '98; Corresponding Secretary, G. Murdoch, '97. Councillors, A. Imrie, B.A.; W. W. Charters, '98; A. M. Overholt, '97; Miss G. Iler, '98. Editor of the *Student*, R. D. George, '97; Assistant Editors, W. R. Telford, '97; A. B. Cohoe, '98. With this efficient staff of officers we are looking forward to many pleasant and profitable evenings in our Society.

Owing to the pressure of approaching examinations greater difficulty is always experienced by those in charge of the programmes to get the students to take part during this second term, than the first. But we are confident that Mr. Mode, who is an enthusiast at his books and in his sports, will also make an enthusiastic President of the Literary and Scientific Society. This office involves large responsibility as well as honor, and nothing but much time and thought will assure the highest success. The zeal with which all the officers have set about their work is a sure prophecy of their future achievements.

THE Students' Annual Christmas Dinner occurred on Tuesday, December 22nd, at 1 o'clock. The dining room was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and about 150 students and guests sat down at the tables. After a somewhat lengthy and exhaustive treatment of the substantial menu, the Chairman, Mr. J. F. Vichert, commenced the toast list with the toast, Queen and Country, which was loyally and heartily honoured. Mr. M. C. McLean in a very brief and witty speech proposed the toast, McMaster University. This called forth happy and vigorous responses from Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., and Dr. Newman. The toast, Sister Institutions, was proposed by Mr. H. N. McKechnie of '97, and responded to by a large number of representatives. Mr. O. G. Langford, B.A., of '95, proposed the toast, The Learned Professions, and we were honored in having with us to respond, Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., Dr. Geoffrey Boyd and Mr. W. A. Lamport, B.A., LL.B. All three made pointed, humorous speeches, which were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Last, but not least, came the toast, To the Ladies, proposed by Mr. A. W. Vining of '98, and though the ladies were not there to hear it, they may rest assured that Mr. Vining acquitted himself with honor both to them and to him. Only one opinion was expressed concerning the dinner and that was that it was a great success in every way.

In the evening the usual Founder's Day exercises occurred. Unfortunately a severe storm interfered with the attendance, but despite that fact there were present a goodly number to do honor to our founder. First of all the audience assembled in the dining room, where a memorial Sonnet by Dr. Rand was read, and an address on "The Bible and the People" delivered by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A. As the address is to appear in our columns we shall not attempt a synopsis here. When this programme was over the guests were given liberty to roam where they pleased, and there were entertainments galore. Music and elocution in the chapel, the dining room and room 11. Lectures on colour by Mr. W. P. Cohoe, B.A., on

astronomy by Mr. Wm. Findlay, B.A., and on Roentgen rays, with illustrations, by Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A. Special and grateful mention must be made of recitations given by Miss Gertrude Trotter, A.T.C. M., and vocal solos by Misses Carrie Scott, A. N. Doran, Mr. Magson and Mr. C. F. Britton.

THE Annual Meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the Jarvis St. Baptist Church on December the 10th, and was of a very interesting and profitable character. President Goodspeed in his opening remarks made a reference to the name which the Society bears. It perpetuates the name of one of the heroic pioneers whose influence will always be felt by Canadian Baptists. The annual report was presented by Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., Secretary of the Society. This report, which was given in a very clear and forcible manner, showed a very encouraging year's work. The most interesting features were the mission work done in the city by the students and the opening of new fields throughout the country.

Mr. McDonald, President of the Presbyterian Ladies' College and editor of the *Westminster*, delivered an excellent address, and his earnest and stirring words will not soon be forgotten by the students. The report which had just been presented suggested to him the fact that the important work of any Christian body was not in the large churches, but among the smaller country churches, which supplied the best and most enthusiastic workers for the larger centres. The pastors in them need our sympathy and support in the exacting and varied labors which they are called upon to perform. The churches are laid under great obligations. They must reach out to the farthest limits of the world. There are opportunities opening out before them such as the world has never seen before, and the clearing away of difficulties is the call of Christ to go forward. We must not estimate the results of the work by the arithmetic of this world. The cold-blooded statistician is one of the greatest hindrances to the efforts of the church. If the election of Grace means to do, as well as to be, that we are not only to keep warm our own hearths, but to kindle a fire on others', then we need (1) Intelligence as to the means of giving and the results obtained. There is in these days too much ignorance on these subjects among our church members. At this time when missions are being subjected to so much criticism, it is essential that there should be knowledge on the part of all Christians. What is the result of a day's study on ordinary subjects in comparison with a day devoted to missions? Here is geography, history, language, etc. India has become not a mere spot on the map, but a place where men live and suffer and die, just as we do. (2) The truth must be fired with great passion. There is too little fire in our preaching to-day. Men need to be filled with an intense passion for God and for human souls. This was the great characteristic of Christ himself, and to feel and understand it we must have the constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit. There is need of men who will do the very best work, men who will do work not only well, but excellently.

The Choir then rendered in good style an appropriate piece of music, after which Rev. S. S. Bates introduced missionary LaFlamme. Special interest attached to this address as it was Bro. LaFlamme's farewell before leaving for India. In opening he gave an interesting sketch of family history, recalling his early life, conversion and call to the mission field. The burden of his address was the great need of India. The curse of India is the caste system, of which the people of this country can form but a poor conception. Then there are the horrors of famine, of fever and of cholera, which are constantly staring the people in the face. In illustration of these things the speaker gave several touching incidents in his own experience, which gave many of us a clearer insight into what it means to be a missionary than we ever had before. He emphasized the fact that the missionary must be ready to meet these things and often death itself. He must sacrifice on every hand and be able to persevere in the face of the greatest discouragements. In this connection he stated that he had worked five years on one field, with only one convert. But since that time God had blessed the work and a goodly number had been brought to Christ. He closed with a stirring appeal to the churches and the students to be alive to the importance of the work and extend the cause among all the unevangelized nations of the world. Brother LaFlamme's words cannot help but leave a lasting impression upon all who heard them.

On Friday morning a session was held in the chapel. After devotional exercises led by President Goodspeed, the Rev. R. R. Weaver gave a talk on city mission work. Speaking from several years' experience in the worst parts of London, England, he gave as the necessary qualifications for successful work in this line, adaptability to the needs of the people, a sympathy with them and perseverance in the face of discouragements.

Mr. LaFlamme again spoke and claimed that the great need of missions lay in a more widespread interest in the subject. This can be attained by a specific interest in certain missionaries now on the field. We ought to give not just what we can spare, but our giving should involve a real self sacrifice. "We should give until we feel it." We must also find out God's purpose in our lives. In foreign work it is needful to have a heart full of love, and the gift of the Holy Spirit. For a long time he wanted to be able to use the Holy Spirit, now he wanted the Holy Spirit to use him. This involves a willingness to go anywhere, to be anybody and to do anything. Mr. LaFlamme closed by presenting the University with his India headgear and a Hindu god. Mr. Craig, who was also present, spoke briefly and led in prayer for Mr. LaFlamme, thus closing a very profitable and interesting meeting.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

CHANCELLOR WALLACE conducted our chapel exercises on Monday last, and addressed the girls in a few well-chosen words of advice and encouragement.

WE were beginning to think that there was at least one thing that had no beginning,—our skating rink. We are pleased to see that we were mistaken; it shows signs of existence, and we hope its development, though slow, will be sure and smooth.

AT the opening business meeting of the Heliconian, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Conger; Vice-President, Miss Brophy; Treasurer, Miss Agnes Nicholas; Secretary, Miss E. Hume. The Executive Committee was appointed as follows: Miss McKay, Miss Margaret Nicholas, Miss Moule.

OFFICERS in the Society of Christian Endeavor have been appointed for this term as follows:—President, Miss Lena Burke; Vice-President, Miss J. Cutler; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Marion Calvin. The first prayer-meeting of the term was led by the Rev. C. Eaton. Mr. Eaton has many friends at Moulton, and is always a welcome visitor. His talks are always helping and inspiring.

FRIDAY, the 15th, was the date of our monthly lecture. This time we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Dignam. Her subject was "Dutch Art," one on which she is highly enthusiastic, and which she made all the more interesting to us by her reference to her experience in Holland last summer. While there, she met some of the celebrated Dutch painters, and visited their studios. Among these she selected Israels, as the foremost, and gave a very interesting description of the artist himself, and of his paintings, which were always characterized by depth of feeling, and simplicity and sincerity of treatment. These qualities, together with absolute truth to nature, were the leading features of the modern Dutch school. Mrs. Dignam then gave the history and aims of the Barbizon school as represented by Millet, Carot, and others, and in closing, showed us some fine photographs of famous pictures by several of the artists whom she had mentioned. The address was much enjoyed, and we hope to hear more about her experiences in Holland on another occasion.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

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

MRS. MCCRIMMON was at home on the evening of January 11th, to the fourth year. The guests were royally entertained and spent a most enjoyable evening.

THE death of Mr. Frank Karn, a former student, and only son of one of the college's staunchest friends, Mr. D. W. Karn, threw a degree of gloom over the closing days of the past term. The sincerest sympathy is extended by teachers and students to the family so sadly bereaved by the removal of one whose life promised so much.

A RINK Committee has been formed to carry on the business of our open air rink. If the weather is favorable we shall have good skating this season, as preparations are being made for giving more attention to flooding, sweeping, etc. The ice is now in good condition. Every day the clattering of hockey-sticks is heard in that direction. We occasionally invite friends up from the town to share our pleasure, and spend in that way some very enjoyable Saturday afternoons. The Hockey Club has been organized with Mr. E. Howell as Captain. The College team will be a good one, as usual.

CHRISTMAS vacation is now a thing of the past, recalled only by sweet remembrances of its scenes, and of the fond greetings with which all were received by friends at home. The two weeks seemed to fly, so quickly did they pass, and the opening day of the winter term arrived before anyone realized it. But whatever may be the attractions which tempt them to remain, the boys of Woodstock College are always too loyal to the old school to desert it, so it was not long before the majority of the old boys had gathered back again, and their trunks and valises, fragrant with suggestive odors, lined the corridors. Everyone had some delightful tales to relate concerning the adventures and exploits of the holidays. But there were others assembled who were not so merry, upon whose countenances dwelt a sad, longing expression, which betokened that they were victims of that dread and insidious disease, home sickness. However, when they grew accustomed to the different phases of college life, they soon recovered, and are now quite as happy as anyone. The term promises to be a very prosperous one in every way, and both old boys and new will endeavor to uphold the good reputation of the College.

THE Philomathic Society has organized for the coming term. The officers were elected on Friday evening, January 8th. A very exciting meeting was held, many stump speeches being made concerning the merits of the candidates, so that all the elections were well contested. The officers elected are:—President, Mr. V. Ray; Vice-President, Mr. H. Guyatt; Critic, Mr. J. J. McNeil, B.A.; Marshall, Mr. A. Mann; Cura-

tor, Mr. C. E. Wolverton. The newly elected officers were called upon to make addresses, which they did in a most worthy manner. They all expressed their desire for the welfare of the Society, and declared their willingness to do their utmost to further it. The programme was interspersed with a pleasing variety of speeches from the new boys. Some waxed eloquent, while others evidently believed that actions speak louder than words, and after enlightening the audience as to their names and addresses, and after stating in a faltering tone that they were glad to be there, they took their seats with much satisfaction, amid the thunder of the applause which followed their orations. There is considerable interest taken in the Society this term, and good meetings are expected.

WHEN exuberant spirits have been subdued for some time, a very high pressure results, and generally some ingenious method has to be devised to relieve the tension, lest it should prove dangerous. Such was the case just before vacation, when the students determined that a "night shirt parade" was an effectual, and at the same time a highly interesting way of giving vent to their spirits. Preparations were accordingly made, and at the dead hour of midnight a trumpet's clarion notes rang through the silent corridors. This was the signal for the gathering of the clans, and in an incredibly short time troupes of shadowy forms arranged themselves in line. Then the band was ordered to strike up a suitable march. Their instruments consisted of mouth-organs, tin pails, tomato cans and horns, while the enthusiastic ones who had no instruments, accompanied the music with their vocal organs to the best of their ability. Such was the martial and soul-stirring music which resounded through the halls, and filled each breast with a longing to do or die. A few accidents occurred, one of the leaders having his armor rent in twain from the top to the bottom, in a skirmish with the enemy. At length, after many complicated movements, several College songs, and many cheers for the W. B. C., the army disbanded, and retired to the barracks, and soon nothing could be heard but the muffled sound of snoring in many keys. The next morning a great many hoarse voices testified to the military enthusiasm which had prevailed among the members of the "Night-shirt Brigade."

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

To spend one's vacation shut up within the same walls where we have pored over so many hard lessons, is not the most pleasant enjoyment at the Christmas season. Yet this is what some twenty students have to do each year and have had to do again this year. However, our lot was not so very pitiable after all. The rink was in good condition, receptions in the ladies building were frequent, classes were all suspended, and even though Santa Claus may not have been very

lavish of his gifts to us, we had an abundance of turkey and Christmas fare on our tables, and plenty of time to read and sleep. After all, the vacation was far too short.

SINCE the re-opening of school we miss from our halls several places that were familiar before Christmas. Their places have been filled with new ones. We welcome them to our midst and wish them success in their work.

RECENTLY we had the pleasure of having with us Rev. A. J. Therrien, in place of our pastor, who had gone to supply Dr. Dadson's pulpit. We are always delighted with Mr. Therrien's visits, for he always has something profitable and interesting to tell us. He gave us two excellent sermons that were thoroughly enjoyed.

Two of our old students, John and Charlie Schutt, have given us passing calls while on their way home from McMaster University, for the Christmas vacation. They are evidently enjoying their work in McMaster. They conveyed to us greetings from McMaster and gave a good account of our Feller Institute boys that have gone to Toronto.

ONE thing that, perhaps, destroys to some extent the pleasant anticipations of Christmas vacation, and at the same time increases the pleasures of the vacation itself, is the never-failing and relentless examination paper. The results of these examinations are depicted in very different ways on different faces. Of course there are the usual successes and failures, but the eye quickly shows its owner's feelings when the name comes above or below the line. The successful student has no regrets to carry through his holidays, but many a wasted hour's pleasure turns bitter when the unsuccessful boy remembers that it has cost him the humiliation of being plucked. Then better not waste the hours, or the minutes either.

ON Dec. 11th, our somewhat monotonous student life was greatly enlivened by Mrs. A. E. Massé's annual musicale, to which we always look forward with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The execution of the programme showed that much patient work had been done in order properly to prepare the students for the performance of their respective parts. The bad condition of our clay roads prevented very many visitors from being present. However, our chapel room was well filled and we all enjoyed the rendering of the following programme:—

PART I—Piano duet, "Marche" op. 250, Mesdames Massé; Piano, "Hunting Song," Miss Alma Schutt; Piano, "Idillio," Miss Harriet Carr; Piano, "Chanson Triste," Miss Lily Brownrigg; Vocal Trio, "Fast the Night is Falling," Misses Piché, Wilton and Bullock; Piano, "Mystery Valse Caprice," Miss Pearl de la Ronde; Piano, "Kojoka Dance," Mr. Walter Davison.

PART II—Piano, "Pastorale," Miss Eliza Norman; Vocal Solo, "Heaven hath shed a Tear," Mrs. Arthur Massé; Piano, "Allegro No. 26," Miss Valida St. James; Piano, "Mazurka," Miss Clorinde Roy; Piano, "Andante Célèbre" op. 14, Miss Wilton; Piano Duet, "Wiegenlied," Mesdames Massé; Male Quartette, "Evening Hymn," Messrs. Rainville, Norman, Lafleche and Fournier.

After the last selection had been given, a short reception was held, which to many of the students was no doubt the most entertaining and enjoyable part of the evening's exercises.