



Mr. Dryden

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1893.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born on the farm where he still lives in the summer of 1840. Twenty years before, his father, the late James Dryden, came a boy from England with his widowed mother, and the family found a home in the township of Whitby, county of Ontario. The family tree is ancient and venerable enough no doubt, but the branch of it transplanted to Canada is innocent of a pedigree. The John Dryden of literature may have been nourished on the parent stem, but if he was the fact is not known to his namesake of rural fame. John Dryden, the farmer, has a character of his own, born and bred into him as every believer in blood and breeding will say; yet a character which is distinctively his own by virtue of his environment, his training and his thinking. The public school system of this Province was founded just about the time that his school days began, and saving a year and a half spent at the county grammar school, his education was obtained at a country common school. Had he taken a university course he might have become a rare good scholar, for besides possessing the intellectual qualities he has the method and temperament which give boundless capacity for hard work. He has originality too, and in science or literature he could have won distinction, for he has the faculty of being able to take dry facts and put them into new, pleasing and living relations, and he can generalize with skilful judgment. But life on the farm had greater attrac-

tions for the boy John Dryden than life in the class-room or the study, and in his choice of occupation he did not close the door against advancement. There is no occupation or employment of man which affords greater scope for mental effort with practical results in view; neither is there any other which offers opportunities for higher usefulness or the winning of a nobler name.

Mr. Dryden began as his father's tenant, working a farm of 230 acres, which less than twenty years before had been cut out of the bush. For twenty years he paid rent for this farm, becoming the owner of it only at his father's death. Meantime two other lots had been added, first under lease and afterwards by purchase, and now a block of 430 acres constitutes the homestead known as Maple Shade. The whole of it has been tile-drained; large and substantial buildings have been erected; the fields are clean, showing excellent cultivation; the roadsides have been planted with rows of stately maples; and neatness and thrift are apparent all over the place. But perhaps the best feature of Maple Shade farm is its live stock. Of all our domestic animals the dog is the only one under an interdict there. Mr. Dryden has no use for him any more than for a wolf; and if he could have his way in the Legislature, the chances are that a bounty would be offered for the dog's scalp as well as for the wolf's. "Without are dogs" is one of his mottoes as a farmer. But he has the genuine farmer's love for the sheep, the cow and the horse, and is only satisfied with the best breeds. How he came by this taste can only be surmised, for there is a tradition that his father could see no merit in breeds and no difference between a native or a mongrel and a thoroughbred except what care and feeding made. But when only a youth he reasoned the father into a frame of mind to make an experiment, and a young Shorthorn was bought and charge of the experiment was given to the boy. This was the beginning of one of the best herds of Shorthorns that is to be found to-day in America—Shorthorns of the famous Cruickshank strain. Mr. Dryden has been for many years an importer of these cattle, and not long ago he bought in Scotland and brought out to his farm in Whitby the whole of one of the original herds. As a breeder of these cattle Mr. Dryden is well

known over Canada and the United States, and he has sold large numbers of them to the best farmers in both countries. He has also devoted great attention to the breeding of sheep, and his flock of Shropshires has a reputation not inferior to that enjoyed by his Cruickshank Shorthorns. The foundation of this flock was laid by an importation from England, and new blood is added by fresh importations at frequent intervals, for which purpose Mr. Dryden goes over and makes his own selections from the best flocks of the English breeders. "A few years ago," he once told the writer, "I was going over on this errand, and among the passengers on the vessel were several Americans who were also going to buy Shrops. They were wealthy men and spoke freely of what they were going to do, saying that price was no object if they could get the best. It was their first trip. I kept my own counsel, for I could not compete with those men; but I knew all the best flocks in England, and I lost no time after landing to get to them and make my pick. I met the Americans a few days after, and you can imagine how satisfied with their own cleverness they were at being outwitted by a Canadian farmer and obliged to put up with second choice." Mr. Dryden is a leading member of breeders' associations in his own country and in the United States, and has held the highest offices in several of them. At the present time he is president of the American Shropshire Registry Association of Canada and the United States.

An opportunity to enter public life came early to Mr. Dryden, and here again he was without influence from his father's example. He was induced to stand for the office of councillor in his township in 1864, and although young and but little known his frank and manly address made so good an impression upon the electors that a large majority was given to him over every other candidate. In this training school of public men he continued for a number of years, and in 1879 he was chosen as the candidate of the Liberals to represent South Ontario in the Local Legislature. The constituency had long been held by the Conservatives, and it was no easy task to dispossess them of it. But Mr. Dryden won, and at every election since he has carried the seat in spite of vigorous efforts to defeat

him. In the Legislature he made a good impression from the start, and although not speaking often he always gained the ear of the House. Topics connected with agriculture have been his favorites, and upon these he has always spoken with authority. In 1890 he became Minister of Agriculture, and in that position he has evinced remarkable aptitude as an administrator. It is a position which brings him into intimate touch with the great industries of the country, and no other department of Government offers such large opportunities for useful and original practical work. Nor is it saying too much that Mr. Dryden is filling and magnifying his office, and that in promoting the interests of agriculture he has secured the respect, the good-will and the confidence of all classes of the people. He is an earnest believer in the power of knowledge as an agency to accomplish results, and through the helpful instrumentality of agricultural and kindred societies, farmers' institutes, the agricultural college and the public schools, he is confident that the most efficient service which government has in its power to offer can best be rendered to the agricultural industries of the country. Expositions of policy, as given in recent public speeches to farmers and dairymen, have been received with marked favor throughout the province, and it is not too much to say of those speeches that in range of information, definiteness of aim and originality of conception they will rank with the best addresses which the literature of agriculture affords.

It remains to say a few words on Mr. Dryden as a Baptist, for no paper on the man would be complete in this magazine which did not touch the religious side of his character. And here once more Mr. Dryden has become what he is without the influence of home example. True, upon his mother's side he was of Baptist origin. The grandfather, Elder Israel Marsh, and the great grandfather, Elder William Marsh, were pioneers in the Baptist ministry in this province. But the mother, who died a young woman after nursing all her children through typhoid fever, was not a member of any church; neither was the father, who lived to a good old age. There was a Baptist church in Brooklin (or rather on the 6th concession of Whitby) in those days, some forty years ago; but John Dryden used to say that

its light had gone out, and although he had early convictions he had no sympathies with the Brooklin church. A step mother was brought into the family, and being a Methodist she led them to the Methodist church. There the lad joined a class meeting, attended it every Sunday morning for several years, and at last became its leader. Then the question of baptism came up, for he had never been baptised. He read something on the subject and spoke to the superintendent of the circuit. "How would you like to be baptised?" the superintendent asked, and the question came like a revelation. Surely the superintendent himself ought to know, and the matter was left to him. But about that time the Baptist church awoke from its sleep. The Holmans became active members, there were numerous conversions, and Elder Lloyd came and baptised many. "Mr. Lloyd preached a sermon on baptism and convinced me as to the mode, but he said it was not essential. I was always a believer in believer's baptism, but never in infant baptism. The Methodist doctrine was one of working our way to heaven, and what mattered the mode, if baptism was not essential? I read ev. rything on both sides of the subject, and was bound to not become a Baptist. There was nothing bright or cheerful about the local church. Finally I made up my mind to settle the question, and when I decided to do what the Bible teaches then I began to get light. I read the Bible and studied the lexicons, and when it became clear that baptise meant immerse and immerse only I would have gone to England to be baptised." He was baptised accordingly, and began working in the Sunday school of the Brooklin church with the smallest class in it. And when Joseph Holman left the locality and resigned the superintendency of the school Mr. Dryden was appointed in his stead. That office he still holds; he has also a Bible class of thirty members, and he is rarely absent from his place.

Mr. Dryden was one of the first trustees of McMaster Hall. He has also been from the first on the Board of Governors of McMaster University, and is now chairman of the Board; and although he knows the value of a university education by the want of it, he is by common consent one of the most practical and useful of all the Governors.

A. BLUE.

ACEDÉ.

By sleeping mere, by winding murmurous stream,
 Which through the whispering reeds doth slowly steal
 Where all day long weird tones in stillness peal,
 And stands the heron ever in a dream;
 In shady wood, where playful sun-shafts gleam
 And drowsy insect-hum makes spirit reel
 And totter to oblivion, I feel
 A Presence strange and all things only seem.

O Muse, thy radiant form divine reveal!
 Why' e'er in witching wantonness dost veil
 Thy beauty's grace? For once thy burning glance
 Transfixed me, and, O ecstasy, didst seal
 My spirit's eyes,—since, with wild longing pale,
 I follow thee as ever in a trance.

D. T. DEWOLFE.

THE PASSING OF THE LAUREATE.

Three queens stood waiting by the summer sea,
 Looking with eager faces to the west;
 Each bore within her hands rare flowers that bloom
 Within the Valley of Avilion,
 With wreaths of amaranth and golden wheat.
 A barge, in answer to their earnest quest,
 Draped in soft folds of violet and white,
 Crossed by the rose-hue of the queen of Love,
 Came down the coast and floated at their feet.

The queen of Love, with radiant face, and eyes
 Long-lashed, like sapphires in a dewy mist,
 Flung back the tawny gold of her loose hair
 And lightly stepped upon the waiting barge;
 Then Vera drew the violet mantle round
 Her dainty throat, and took her place beside
 The queen of Love.

The Lily queen, white robed and starry eyed,
 Flashed for a moment her white arm and stood
 Beside her sisters, while the muffled oar
 Parted the waters of the outer mere,
 And the keel grated on the weeping sand.

The moon's light shimmered on a group who bare
 Upon a bier the figure of a knight
 Who had broke lance in field and tournament
 From Camelot to Windsor's palaces,
 Yet never tarnish dimmed his shining blade,
 Upon the violet and white and rose
 The queens spread out the garlands that they bore,
 And as the mourners laid him at their feet,
 The three fair women broke into a song:

"Do they call our warrior dead?
 Is there weeping on the shore?
 Know they not for such as he
 Death is life forevermore?"

"Never truer knight we knew,
 Had we sought one, vain the quest;
 Love and Truth and Purity
 Guard him to the promised rest.

"Larger life and broader view
 Shall our King bestow on him:
 Eye to scan the star-gemmed blue,
 Thought to pierce the utmost rim,

"Where far islands float the bloom
 Of the broad-browed gracious trees,
 Where the light of former days
 Glimmers on the golden seas."

But as the white boat glided o'er the mere
 The song grew fainter, and I only heard
 The lap of waters breaking at my feet,
 And lonely whispers of the midnight wind.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

III.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Your words of appreciation are very grateful to me, though you seem to think I am tarrying too long among the Italian paintings when there are so many other rooms to attract one, filled with grand specimens of other schools,—Flemish, Dutch, French, Spanish, and above all our English schools, old and modern, of which we are justly proud. I appreciate your eagerness to learn more of these, and it would be very pleasant to tell you what I think of Reynolds' and Turner's pictures, but my aim just now is to give you an orderly and clear outline of the progressive development of the divine art of painting itself. Besides, English art, all modern art, has been possible only because of the genius and labor of those gifted sons of light and shadow, form and ravishing color, whose campus was sunny Italy. Let me, then, take my own way through the Gallery and dwell a little on these Italian names, even though it is not possible to have them fully represented on its walls.

I have thus far called your attention to those masters whose works mark off distinct stages or steps in painting. These have given us some idea how much was done in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to prepare the way for the brilliant group of geniuses that brought art to its highest perfection in the two centuries which followed. Think how gradually the fetters of tradition and use were broken and cast aside! How slow the process of working out individuality of form! With what labor access was gained to the secrets of science, and these pressed into the service of art! The fruition of these centuries of experiment and painstaking is at last seen in the works of the four great masters of Italy, Leonardi da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian. Milan, Florence, Rome and Venice are the cities where the embodiments of the ideals of beauty of these great

masters are chiefly to be seen ; but the Gallery in London is fortunate in possessing masterpieces of theirs, which once seen by a receptive soul must be held sacred forever in the memory. In the case of *Leonardi da Vinci*, however, there are but eight paintings in the world known to be his, none of which are in America ; although his name is not infrequently inserted in the catalogues of public galleries.* The National Gallery contains one of these eight—a noble one,—while it also possesses a very beautiful composition of his—*Christ Disputing with the Doctors*,—thought to have been executed by one of his pupils, *Bernardino Luini*.

This solitary picture of *Leonardi's*—*Our Lady of the Rocks*—is to me the painting of paintings of this great collection. For expression of tender love, soft gentle beauty, it stands first in my mind. Its inexpressible beauty entered into my soul, and no matter how brief was any visit I made to the Gallery I could not leave without one loving look at the soulful face with its heavenly smile, bending as though in silent prayer over her Son. As often as I gazed upon this picture I felt that the soul of a pure loving woman is depicted,—forgetting almost that a mortal hand brought it into existence. The painting is a soft rich brown, the figures firm, clear, perfect in outline, and of wonderful truth of tone and beauty of expression. The foreground is a marvel of skill—flowers and low shrubbery. The Mother is seated on a rock, and grouped around her are the infant Christ with a cross, His hands clasped as if in benediction, with the young John and his mother seated on the ground in the attitude of listening. A beautiful family group ! In the background, through a rift in the rocks, is a glimpse of the far-off sea, at once calling to the lips the question of *Rosetti's* sonnet :

“ And is that outer sea
Infinite imminent eternity ? ”

The rocks in the background are not just like those one sees in

* The following are the pictures : *Our Lady of the Rocks*, in the National Gallery, London ; *Adoration of the Kings*, in the Uffizi, Florence ; *St. Jerome*, in the Vatican, Rome ; *The Last Supper* (wall painting), in *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, Milan ; *Mona Lisa*, *The Holy Family with St. Anne*, *John the Baptist*, and *Vierge aux Rochers*, in the Louvre, Paris. The last picture is similar to that in the National Gallery, but I do not retain so pleasing a memory of it.

nature, and one will not be amiss in the inference that Leonardi's skill in landscape was not equal to that in portraiture. As a portrait painter it is acknowledged that he surpasses all others, before or since his day. It would be well now to recall our starting point, the grim gaunt Madonna of Margaritone, if we would fully appreciate the advance made in the art of painting, above all in the art of painting the soul. Leonardi's creation may well stand as a wonderful conception of ideal womanhood,—the perfection of pictorial modelling in light and shade—the soulful flower of art.

Leonardi was born in 1452 at Vinci, near Florence. He early showed an aptitude for drawing and painting, and his father, a lawyer, apprenticed him to an artist—Verrocchio. The youth gave himself to study with an industry and earnestness prophetic of coming greatness. He rapidly mastered the sciences and art of his time, displaying an almost incredible universality of mind. The knowledge and accomplishments of this man stagger belief. He became not only a great painter, but a sculptor, architect, poet, musician, mathematician, engineer, chemist, botanist, anatomist, astronomer, and skilled in mechanics and the facts of natural history. He was an adept in riding and fencing and a favorite in society. His strong purpose in life gave him such confidence that he declared: "I can do what can be done as well as any man." It is said that he undertook too much and finished too little. He was always striving after the perfection to which he was conscious he never attained. His sketch-book was his inseparable companion, for he was ever noting down his observations. Kugler says that "Leonardi followed criminals to execution in order to witness the pangs of despair, and invited peasants to his house and told them laughable stories that he might pick from their faces the essence of comic expression."

Leonardi was for fourteen years Court painter at Milan, where he founded the Milanese school of painting. It was here that he produced his masterpiece—one of the eight to which I referred,—The Last Supper, with which the world is familiar through engravings of it. The original is done in oils upon the plastered walls of a Dominican Convent in Milan. The colors have faded on the damp and crumbling plaster, but what is now

left of the painting is carefully protected, and constitutes one of the choicest treasures of that city of

"The chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazoned fires."

The general opinion of the masters of art criticism is that Leonardi's ideal of the Christ as seen in this painting is the very highest ever realized in human art, and his ideals of the apostles the truest and noblest. Wordsworth, in a note to his sonnet on the original picture, says in reference to two engravings of it exhibited in London: "In the original is a power which neither of these works has attained, or even approached."

When Leonardi returned to Florence he found Michael Angelo on the wave of popularity as the great painter. It was with little favor that he looked upon this young man twenty-three years his junior, making use of many new phases of art which Leonardi's genius had originated. It was to Michael Angelo that he used the sarcasm so familiar to us: "I was famous before you were born." These artists did, however, compete for fresco-work, which for some reason was never executed. The cartoons for this work were long the inspiring models for younger artists. Both were called to Rome by Leo X., but as they were unable to work in harmony, Leonardi left Rome and Italy forever. The remainder of his life was spent in France in the employ of Francis I. He died at Cloux at the age of 67.

As I have said, his paintings are few in number, but they are sufficient to prove his transcendent art. He could model in light and shade! He was not so supreme in color. The emotions of the soul, its sweetness, the smile of inward happiness, found in him their great portrayer. You will read with interest one of Leonardi's sonnets. The translation is Samuel Waddington's:

Who would, but cannot—what he can should will.
'Tis vain to will the thing we ne'er can do:
Therefore that man we deem the wisest who
Seeks not mere futile longing to fulfil.
Our pleasure, as our pain, dependeth still
On knowledge of will's power; this doth imbue

With strength who yield to duty what is due,
 Nor reason wrest from her high domicile.
 Yet what thou canst not always shouldst thou will,
 Or gratified thy wish may cost a tear,
 And bitter prove what seemed most sweet to view ;
 Last in thy heart this truth we would instil,—
 Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,
 Will to be able, what thou oughtst, to do.

Let us now see what we can find of the work of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor-painter. As his paintings were mostly done in fresco, they are to be seen in their glory in the chapels of Florence and Rome. He did very few easel pictures, and there are but two of them in the Gallery,—The Entombment of Christ, and The Holy Family. The former is quite unfinished, and one can the better obtain from it some idea of the way in which the master worked. The composition is of seven figures hardly of life size. Two beloved disciples with Mary Magdalene are carrying the body of Christ, supported by a twisted sheet, up a winding flight of steps to the tomb prepared by Joseph. The tomb is seen among the rocks in the back ground. Some of the figures are only in outline, and none are finished ; but even in the chalk lines there is great strength and mastery of form, and they suggest to me more of the sculptor than painter. A glance at the dead Christ forcibly tells how the old unscientific, but devotional, art has passed away, for the opportunity is seized to display the most correct knowledge of anatomy. This is one of the very few paintings in which he used oils, a medium he did not like.—in fact, he declared easel painting in oils to be “fit only for women and idle men.”

The Holy Family is done in distemper on wood. The picture is quite small, about three and a half feet high and two and a half wide. Here is the group,—the Mother seated in the centre, having an open book, which she withholds from the Child standing beside her with his hand upon it—the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold, behind Him is the child Baptist, and beside them are angels examining a scroll,—“which things the angels desire to look into.” The eager faces of the angels are intense with love, pity and sadness. All the figures

are full and strong in drawing, and the shading is so perfect that they seem almost to stand out from the surface. Rosetti has a short poem suggested by this picture, beginning—

“Turn not the prophet's page, O Son!”

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, for this is his full name, was a Tuscan, born at Caprese, near Florence, in 1475, while his father was governor of the castle. Apprenticed to Ghirlandajo, an artist remarkable for his skill in portraiture, his command of the technical processes of painting and the brilliant coloring of his frescos, the lad of thirteen remained with his master three years. Like Leonardi he was a universal genius, though his strongest work was done as a sculptor, and as such he was patronized by the great family of the Medici. Rome is the treasury of his best works. It was after his first visit there that he executed, on his return to Florence, his colossal statue of David, a cast of which you will remember, we studied with so much interest in the South Kensington Museum.

In Michael Angelo's fortieth year the Pope wished him to carry on the decoration already begun, in the Sistine Chapel. Up to this time he had given much more attention to sculpture than painting, and it was prophesied by some of the interested artists of the day that his work in the Sistine would prove a failure. The task set him was a most difficult one, and he entered upon it very reluctantly, suggesting that Raphael, who was now quite famous, should be entrusted with the work. Designs representing the Creation, Fall and Redemption of man were to be made and painted upon the vaulted chapel-ceiling, one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifty in breadth. Michael Angelo engaged a number of artists from Florence to assist him, but being dissatisfied with their work he dismissed them all, and erasing what they had done, shut himself up, allowing no intrusion. In four or five years this stupendous work of art was completed to the satisfaction of all, and he was enthusiastically acknowledged a painter of the first rank. This is considered his masterpiece, combining his genius as architect, sculptor and painter, and the figures of the prophets and sibyls the most majestic and powerful paintings in existence. The whole contains over two hundred figures larger than life.

When he was upwards of sixty years old he received a commission to finish the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. It was then he painted *The Last Judgment*, an altar-piece forty-seven feet high and forty-three wide. Between seven and eight years were given to this picture. The subject afforded him scope to depict with the power of his masterful hand the deepest and most terrible emotions of the human soul. The work is universally adjudged to be a marvellous effort of human skill, yet inferior in beauty to the paintings on the vaulted ceiling.

Though he decorated other chapels the greatest of the productions of his brush are in the Sistine. The dome of St. Peter's and the Capitol with its picturesque group of buildings are among the monuments of his architectural skill, though he did not live to see the dome of the great cathedral entirely completed. Italy at this period was again stirred with religious thought and emotion, roused by the preaching of Peter Martyr. Michael Angelo felt the influence of Martyr's crusade, and doubtless many of his grand subjects were inspired by it. In the opinion of critics, boldness, vigor and mastery of form are combined in this great artist above all others. It has been said of him that his women are female men and his children diminutive giants. Raphael thanked God that he was born in the days of Michael Angelo: and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president of the Royal Academy of Art, said of him as a painter, that "to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections would be glory and distinction enough for one ambitious man." The finest modern sculptures are also by his hand. Indeed he equally excelled in the sister arts of sculpture, architecture and painting. The energy, strength and dignity of Michael Angelo's work were a true expression of his sterling principles and massive character. Though he spent the greater portion of his life within the circle of a base and intriguing court, he ever preserved his self-respect and lofty ideals of life. He died in Rome in his eighty-ninth year, leaving this simple will, "I bequeath my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest relatives." His body lies in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. Like Leonardi he was a poet, and poetic justice seems to require that I should add one of his sonnets also. It is addressed to the Supreme Being. The translation is by Wordsworth:

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 Which of its native self can nothing feed :
 Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
 Which quickens only where Thou say'st it may :
 Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
 No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread :
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

The ridge, or bar, noticeable over the brows of Michael Angelo in portraits of him, is with singular beauty attributed by Tennyson, in the *In Memoriam*, to Arthur Hallam. The lyric refers to their college days :

Who but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free
 From point to point with power and grace,
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,
 And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise :
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

Of Raphael and Titian I must speak in my next.

EMELINE A. RAND.

IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is probable that nine out of every ten Canadians who visit London are filled with an overmastering desire to hear a debate in the House of Commons. This is an intensely natural feeling. Strange, indeed, and surprising it would be if we Canadians, descendants of Old Country forefathers, and loyal and loving members of the great English nation, were not anxious to sit in historic Westminster and view the scenes of so many constitutional battles for liberty and right while listening to the direct parliamentary descendants of those great statesmen who won for us and our great nation the liberty we now enjoy. Under ordinary circumstances to obtain a gratification of this ardent desire is a comparatively easy matter; but just now, during the intense excitement consequent upon the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's new Home Rule bill, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain admission to the House. However, fortune has favored me, and in a most signal manner. Through a happy but totally unexpected combination of circumstances, I was brought into direct personal contact with two Welsh Baptist Members of Parliament, D. Lloyd-George, Esq., a leading Welsh lawyer and a well-known Liberal, and T. Ellis, Esq., a Lord of the Treasury and one of the Liberal whips. Mr. Lloyd-George was kind enough to offer me a ticket of admission for Thursday, Feb. 16. "You are a Canadian," said he, "and I should like you to hear some portion of the Home Rule debate. Go on Thursday, and you will be sure to hear some leading man, and perhaps you may hear Mr. Blake." I went of course, and the event proved that the day was well chosen.

It has often been said that one can never foretell what will happen in the House, and I have found it so. In the summer of '91 I spent two or three hours there listening to one of the dullest debates imaginable; after dropping to sleep under its soporific influence, I thought it time to leave and did so. Judge of my chagrin when the next morning all the papers were filled with the report of a most exciting debate, begun probably a quarter of an hour after my departure. This year, however, I

was agreeably surprised. Before Thursday arrived I knew that I should hear Lord Randolph Churchill speak, and that in all probability there would be a full house to hear the noble lord expound his views. But I did not know that I was destined to be present at one of the most exciting sittings that the House has had so far this session ; that I was to witness what is known as a "scene," and a remarkable one at that ; that I was to hear all the great leaders in the House speak, and that I was to sit within a yard or so of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and see Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Fyfe, and many others of the nobility. Such, however, was my good fortune. It is of the House of Commons, as I saw it on this occasion, that I shall endeavor to give a pen-picture.

With that zeal which is eminently characteristic of Canadians in general under such circumstances, I was early at the door of the House—to be frank and accurate, I was the *first* there—and consequently when the visitors were admitted I was the first to enter and therefore had the choice of seats. I chose the centre seat in the front row of the Members' Gallery, and from that position had a splendid view of every part of the House. The Speaker was in his seat, but only a few members present. While the first half-hour is being apparently wasted and the benches being filled, let me look around and take note of my surroundings.

The House is a hall-like room, somewhat shorter perhaps and slightly broader than old Convocation Hall in University College, Toronto, used to be. A broad aisle runs down the centre from the table in front of the Speaker's chair, thus dividing the room into two parts. On each side of this aisle are ranged five rows of "benches," much like the seats in any modern Canadian church. These run lengthwise of the house, and are crossed at right angles in the centre by a narrow alley, known in parliamentary parlance as the "gangway." When, therefore, it is said that the Irish members, for example, sit "below the gangway," it is not meant that their seats are at any great distance from the other members, or that they are in a lower position ; the phrase merely means that they sit on the side of the gangway farthest from the Speaker, that, to be accurate, they are *beyond*

rather than *below* the gangway. Completely around this room run the various galleries, that one directly opposite the Speaker being divided into two parts, a lower, the Peers' gallery, and an upper, the Members' gallery. Higher than the Press gallery, which is above and behind the Speaker's chair, is the Ladies' gallery, a lattice-work screen in front of it.

While I have been looking around, the benches have been rapidly filling up, and now the scene is an animated and busy one. Most of the members wear silk hats and black coats, and a majority of them show a partiality for greyish trousers. Probably four-fifths of them wear their hats during the debate, for it is one of the unwritten laws of our glorious British procedure that a member may wear his hat so long as he is seated, but as soon as he rises to address the Speaker or leave the room he must put it off. A great many of the members affect a rather jaunty side tilt to their silk hats, while others indulge themselves in a forward one—thus successfully shading their faces and giving them an exceedingly dark look. Some do not wear their hats, and among this number are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Redmond; on the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon generally do.

In the good old days when there were but two parties, Whigs and Tories, the party in power sat on the right of the Speaker, and the Opposition on the left. In these democratic days, when almost every man is to himself a party, and when the Irish members assert their right to be "agin' the government," if need be, and give expression to that right by retaining their old seats on the left or Opposition side of the House, it is impossible to retain the old division. At present the Liberal-Unionists are a solid mass below the gangway amid their bitter enemies the Gladstonians. The Conservatives are side by side with their old foes the Irish members; and the three sections into which these latter are divided—Ulster Tories, Anti-Parnellites and Parnellites—are indiscriminately intermingled. This leads to confusion and naturally lessens the volume of cheering. It must be exasperating for a member of the Cabinet to be interrupted by a burst of derisive laughter almost behind him,

or for Mr. Balfour, for example, to find an Irish member quite near him commenting to a brother member in no flattering terms upon the sentiments he is expressing. But these old parliamentarians get used to these things no doubt, and pay little attention to them.

"Question time" has arrived and is now nearly over. Almost every member of the Cabinet has had to satisfy the desire for knowledge on the part of some member. Nothing of very great importance has yet transpired. The noble lords of the realm are gradually filling up the gallery just in front of where I sit. I overheard one middle-aged lord greet another equally old with, "Hello, Johnny! how are you, old boy?" Another asks a titled companion, "Who is to follow Randy?" and received an answer, "Blake." The word came trippingly off his tongue, as if the name of our great Canadian scholar and jurist were as familiar to him as any of the great names of English statesmen. The Prince of Wales walks in with his son the Duke of York, and I am permitted to have a near view of the Heir to the Throne. A handsome man is the Prince, a splendid specimen of the English gentleman. The Duke of York does not look at all strong, and with his small head and fair beard barely escapes the reproach of looking insignificant. Everybody is ready and anxious to hear Lord Randolph Churchill. But he is not yet to obtain a hearing.

Quietly and without warning there rose from the Irish benches an unostentatious, demure-looking gentleman whose voice, manner and general appearance no one would associate with scenes of excitement or tumult. It was, I learned afterwards, Sir Thomas Esmonde, whip of the anti-Parnellites, and it was a simple question of his that lit the train which produced a most exciting situation. At a Liberal-Unionist dinner Viscount Wolmer had made the assertion that the Irish members were in the pay of the Gladstonian party. Sir Thomas Esmonde's question to him was, "Are you correctly reported and if so do you still retain those sentiments?" The Viscount's answer was in the affirmative though he disclaimed, he said, any intention of criticising the Irish members; his aim was against the Government. "However," he continued, "if the Irish members will

deny the charge I am willing to withdraw the statement." This lofty and lordly assurance in throwing upon the accused the whole onus of disproving what proved to be a groundless charge evoked derisive laughter from the ministerialists and brought Mr. Sexton to his feet. In an instant, and before the House exactly knew what was the point at issue, a "scene" was in full swing.

Mr. Sexton had been sitting beside Mr. Dillon and the two present a remarkable appearance. Their silk hats are pulled down over their foreheads, casting a shadow over their faces; their heads are bent forward, deepening the shadow. The impression one gets from seeing them in this attitude is a distinctly unfavorable one. There is something sullen and foreboding, something sinister and defiant, something almost tigerish in their look. But the impression wears off the moment one sees them with their hats off and hears them speak. Their faces are bright and their voices with their slight Irish accent are not unmusical. Beside them sits Mr. Blake and just behind is Mr. John Redmond, their one-time friend and present foe. He does not wear his hat, his face is clean-shaven, his countenance open. He is a solidly-built fellow, young, strong and apparently capable of wielding the "sprig of shillelagh" when necessity requires. It may be heresy to say so but I freely confess that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone and a few others, I was more interested in the Irish members than in any others in the House and that in consequence my eyes would wander to where they sat more often than to any other quarter of the House—always excepting that where the Grand Old Man was seated. However much one may disagree with them—I do not say I do—one cannot help admiring them for the struggle they have made for what they believe to be right and just; and for the fortitude, perseverance, tenacity of purpose and, shall I say, patience they have shown amid all the tremendous opposition they have met with and the bitter taunts that have been hurled at them. This charge of Viscount Wolmer's is a sample of the insulting jibes that some of their opponents feel free to cast in their teeth. But this one overshot its mark, proved a "boomerang" and rebounded with redoubled force upon the officious and imprudent lord and upon

the newspaper that was willing to accept his statements. The sting of the charge lay in the fact that they were accused of accepting pay from an English party and thus sacrificing their independence and throwing to the winds the principles they have professed for the last thirteen years. It must have been gratifying to them to hear Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Vernon Harcourt and others bear testimony to their belief that the charge was false. Every one of these great men frankly and willingly and unreservedly acknowledged their abhorrence of such warfare and their confidence in the incorruptibility of the Irish members.

But the incipient scene has been well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Sexton brands Viscount Wolmer's statement as an audacious and calumnious falsehood, quotes from "The Times," and moves that the article in that journal is a "gross and scandalous breach of the privileges of the House." Now the excitement is at white heat. Ministerialists and Irishmen cheer vehemently while the Opposition and Liberal-Unionists are silent. Mr. Sexton walks down the aisle with "The Times" in his hand. For a moment there is silence as the clerk at the table reads the article slowly and distinctly. Then there is another mighty burst as the Leader of the House rises, but in an instant all is silent and the Greatest Man in the House begins to speak. During all the noise and excitement Mr. Gladstone has been sitting with his hand at his ear, trying to catch every word that is said, and now he is to give the word that will make or mar the nation. Every eye is bent on him and every ear strained to catch his every word. But it was not necessary to strain the ear. That wonderful voice has not yet lost its full, resonant, musical tone but is strong enough to be heard distinctly even in the distant Members' Gallery. At first it was just the slightest bit husky, but after a sentence or two it was as clear and distinct as a bell. His first words were directed towards the luckless lord whose impudent audacity had led to all the trouble. And what a castigation it was! What delicious irony! What withering scorn! The House, Liberals and Conservatives alike, fairly rocked with laughter. It was simply marvellous and wonderful to behold. Then turning to the article of "The Times" he declared that

he was forced to say "aye" to the question as to whether it was a breach of privilege. He did not speak long, but he said much. His words seemed to flow as easily and as melodiously as a brook in summer heat; his delivery was slow and serene, his manner dignified, yet simple and taking. A noble scene indeed, and worthy a painter's brush or an artist's pencil! He is eighty-three and his hair is snowy white, but his figure is erect, his cheeks are almost rosy, and his eye flashes with the brilliance of a sparkling diamond. As one gazes at him and hears the music of his voice and the sonorous melody of his periods, one feels proud to be of a nation that has produced such a genius, such a mighty intellect, such magnetic power, such a Christian man.

Then follows Mr. Balfour, the clever leader of the Opposition. He is tall and spare, and rather effeminate in appearance from having his thin and scanty hair parted in the middle. His ordinary attitude during debate is that of a lounge; his legs are always stretched out as far as they will reach, and his hands are deep down in his trousers' pockets. His words are distinct and well enunciated, but his voice seems to come from his throat and not from his lungs. His general appearance, his manner and his reasoning all suggest the scholar, logician and thinker rather than the man of affairs. One would imagine that he could see into the very heart of any subject and clear away from it the net-work of specious arguments and entangling details thrown about it to mystify the unwary. Next comes Sir Vernon Harcourt to give a brief exhibition of the sledge-hammer blows he knows so well how to administer. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain throws in his weight with Mr. Gladstone. This carries the last waverer, and the motion is unanimously adopted. Mr. Chamberlain is tall and clean-shaven; if he were anybody else his eye-glass would make one think him a "snob." After Mr. Gladstone he was far and away the readiest and most fluent speaker I heard. He never lacks for a word, his thoughts are tersely and simply expressed, and his manner is easy and pleasing. I think I am not far wrong in adding as a final touch that, as I can judge from what I have seen and heard of English politics, Mr. Chamberlain is the best hated man in the House.

There is now no space to devote to a description of the Home Rule debate. Lord Randolph Churchill spoke powerfully against the bill; Mr. Labouchere indulged the members with an exhibition of his power of brilliant repartee, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman defended the Government in an eloquent speech. At midnight the debate was adjourned. Nine hours I had listened to speeches, and the time seemed short.

W. S. W. McLAY.

LONDON, ENG., Feb. 20, 1893.

Students' Quarter.

TENNYSON AND BYRON.

The poet's character is woven into his verses. Given the one, you can form a fairly accurate opinion of the other. The lines of his poetry are often more truly indicative of the man than are the lines of his countenance. An author's works are sometimes a chief source of a biographer's chapters. From these statements few think of differing. They are true of all: they are true of each. And to this rule Tennyson and Byron form no exception.

The characters of these two masters of expression were widely divergent. Both are meeting with the verdict to which their lives are so amply entitled. Byron receives his full share of vituperation; for, morally, he is without the admiration of those who believe in the honor of man, he has forfeited the confidence of those who believe in the chastity of woman, he has lost the respect of all. Tennyson so lived that no breath has ever tarnished the lustre of his name: to-day all tongues are pronouncing his eulogium, to-night no shadow falls upon his fame.

As to the relative positions of these two stars in the poetic galaxy, literary astronomers differ—as the physicians do in the proverb. But yet neither will die, for both are immortal. However, it is usually conceded that Lord Tennyson will occupy the third place among poets of the first order, and Lord Byron the

first place among those of the second. Which is preferable? Doubtless the Laureate was most skilled in the technique of his art, and was perhaps more intellectual. But the Corsair was the greater master of passion—or slave, perchance! The sculp- turesque productions of the former are more stately, grand, im- posing and philosophical. The picturesque works of the latter are more glowing, emotional, human, and therefore popular. But both are beautiful, both sublime.

Byron flashed into the firmament like a meteor. Tennyson grew as did the pyramids of old, which have endured through all the levelling years and still lift their proud heads in defiance of storms or stars.

A demon is not more powerful for evil than a false woman: such the Corsair aids in multiplying. Nor is an angel more worthy of the smile of God than a woman who is pure and true: such the Laureate helps to become even more noble than they are. Taking the general tone and spirit of their works, Byron tends to lower his readers, and Tennyson to lift his up- ward.

And had Byron lived to the same old age as he who has just passed away, who can tell but that he too might have worn a diadem bright as that which the rolling centuries will place upon the brow of Alfred Tennyson—even the triple crown of admiration, reverence and love. For the triumphs of his genius, potential as they are, shall have then become the glory of the English language.

W. J. THOROLD.

THE PANTHEIST.

God is the boundless Sea: and I one sobbing wave:
God is all Worlds; and I, of stars—one, space to pave.

God is the Wand'ring Light; and I one clouded vision:
God is all motion; I a short, swift, lost transition.

God is the Heaven; and I a skyward fluttering lark.
The Circle; I a fragment of its shattered arc.

God is the Sweeping Wind; and I one short drawn breath.
My God is Life; and I the play of "Life in Death."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

A CHARACTER-STUDY.

The one great creative genius produced by Rome and the last produced by the ancient world was Caius Julius Cæsar, the ideal of the old Roman realistic, concrete character, who preserved the Roman Empire from breaking up several centuries before it actually did and whose Empire prevented what had been won by civilization from relapsing again into barbarism.

The essential elements of Cæsar's character, the elements which combined to produce its greatness, may very appropriately be summed up in the six words—*gravitas, facilitas, celeritas, justitia, clementia* and *sapientia*—seriousness, adaptability, rapidity, justice, humanity and wisdom.

1. Seriousness, grave and unaffected, could not but form one essential element in the character of a man upon whose shoulders rested the weight of responsibility that Cæsar assumed in undertaking his life-work—a work which comprehended nothing less than the complete political and moral regeneration of the Roman Empire. With such an end as this in view, all his works formed but parts of one great and complete plan which, like Gracchus at Rome in former days and Pericles at Athens, he tried at first to execute without the intervention of arms. But growing years taught him his mistake and when forty years of age he reluctantly abandoned his peaceful designs and had recourse to the weapons of war.

2. Cæsar's power of adaptability is seen in the whole of his public career which for the sake of convenience, may be considered under three aspects—his career as a politician, as a soldier, and as a man of letters. Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. By birth he belonged to the popular party but he had no inclination, like his predecessors, the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were peaceable and practical. He was always a statesman and never a mere party-leader. Froude, the historian, says of him, "So far as his public action was concerned he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice: and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature."

It was by a mere accident that Cæsar entered the military

profession; yet perhaps no commander has ever shown greater military genius—a genius which, in his case, was shown in the wonderful forethought with which he selected his materials, the singular care which he had for the welfare of his soldiers and the surpassing skill which he displayed in correcting his own mistakes and in taking advantage of the mistakes of his enemies. As a man of letters Caesar holds no mean place. In the matter of oratory Cicero said that he excelled those who practised no other art. The majority of his writings have been lost, but of his commentaries on the Gallie wars which we still possess, Cicero said “fools might think to improve on them but no wise man would try it.”

3. His rapidity of movement is seen in the extraordinary way in which he collected and arranged his forces after what would seem to most men, overwhelming defeats. With two exceptions, he was never defeated when personally present. These exceptions were the engagements at Gergovia and Durazzo and the way in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Caesar's true greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories. Cut off from his friend Antony, by the whole of the opposing army under Pompey's leadership, he marched rapidly round Durazzo and joined Antony before Pompey was aware of the fact that he had moved at all.

4. Caesar's justice is one of the prominent characteristics of his public career. It has already been stated that the one great passion which he exhibited in his public life was the hatred of injustice. His love of justice is apparent in the code of laws which he drew up—the code known to jurists as “*Leges Juliae*.” These laws aimed at the securing of better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some part of the public lands which were being stolen by the rich. Upon these principles and upon these alone could Roman or any other society continue to exist.

5. Not less conspicuous than his justice are his clemency and humanity. At daybreak on the morning after the bloody battle of Pharsalia in which Caesar was completely victorious, twenty-four thousand of his opponents of the aristocratical party surrendered to him. They came down from their camp begging

for mercy which they had never shown. Then, as always, Caesar hated unnecessary cruelty. He ordered them to rise, spake a few kind words to them to quiet their fears, and sent them back to their camp unharmed. Had the aristocratical party won the day Caesar and his army would have been murdered in cold blood—and yet to show tolerance to the intolerant is one of the most difficult tests to which a man can be subjected. In the tent of Pompey, his deadly enemy, was found his secret correspondence, implicating many, no doubt, whom Caesar never suspected and revealing the secrets of the past three years. Motives of curiosity and prudence might have led Caesar to examine it but his only wish was that the past should be forgotten and he burnt the whole mass of correspondence—*unread*. But he not only pardoned his enemies—he actually raised them to positions of rank and influence: so that even Cicero, in referring to a distinguished case, was constrained to say “To have conquered yourself, to have restrained your resentments, not only to have restored a distinguished opponent to his civil rights but to have given him more than he had lost is a deed which raises you above humanity and makes you most like to God.” To quote the words of James Anthony Froude “If it be true

That earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice

the apotheosis of Caesar was not the most extravagant freak of ancient superstition.”

6. Finally, his wisdom is most apparent in the far-reaching schemes which he inaugurated as Emperor. C. Gracchus, Sertorius and Caesar were the three great democratic leaders of Rome. Their aim seems to have been the extension of Roman citizenship and civilization and the gradual infusion of Roman language and literature into the neighboring provinces. Caesar tried to carry out all the ideas of the Roman democracy which he led. Cæsarianism—Caesar's reforming policy—in which his wisdom is clearly manifest, comprised four leading features: (1) the alleviation of the burdens of debt; (2) transmarine colonization; (3) the equalization of rights among all freemen and (4) the rescuing of the executive power out of the hands of a powerless Senate and the establishment of personal rule. This last measure was

necessary and salutary, not because it was right in itself but because absolute government was necessary in a state where there was slavery and lack of representation. One master was better than a number of oligarchs.

Such, in brief, is the character of the man who, had he lived to successfully carry out the great reforms which he began would have played no small part in the history of succeeding ages. His Periclean wish to found a government, not by the sword but by the confidence of the nation, cost him his life—a life that was cut short when, to all appearances, its greatest usefulness was but begun. Unswerving faith in the infinitely wise and loving Providence who overrules all human events leads us to the inevitable conclusion that this event, though seemingly to the contrary, was, in reality, the best means of promoting the political social and moral interests of the universe.

BERT. W. MERRILL.

MYSTIC LOVE.

Not one ewe lamb but one sweet fragrant rose
My soul desired ; not mine, nor should it be,
But e'en with longing eyes I looked, I craved,
The fragile flowret, placed it in my bower,
And it was mine. No envious eye observed
And yet I knew my inmost soul of souls
Stood self-accused. 'Mid other plants and flowers
Luxuriant, fragrant, evanescent, sweet,
This pure white rose commanded all my heart ;
It smiled on me and sometimes made me glad,
It smiled as sweetly when it made me sad.

Resolved, determined, strong of heart, I cried
 I will restore, return or else destroy.
 And all the while my beauteous flower would smile,
 And perfume all my bower, my soul beguile.
 I breathed its fragrance, drank its pure sweet charm,
 Yet knew it was not mine. Why reckon? What harm?
 In one strong passionate moment of resolve
 I plucked my beauty, threw it far away,
 And then I mourned—mourned sadly all the day;
 I watched it fade and wither slow away.

The spell was broken now and I could rest,
 And yet my heart was sore; I could not bear
 To see it slowly die and perish there.
 I sought it quickly, placed it on my breast,
 Faded and stained and soiled but e'en as sweet
 As in its perfect bloom. My tears fell fast
 In pity deep and vain regret and gloom;
 I could not place my beauty in the tomb,—
 I loved it far too well to see it die.
 Withered and wan, my tears its lip bedewed:
 It slow revived, and smiled in life renewed.

My blossom lives to-day; the flower soul, thrilled
 By crystal drops of soul-life twice distilled,
 Drinks of my love and smiles its love again,
 And fills me with a rapture that is pain.
 Betimes it fades, and oft so nearly dies,
 A fainter fragrance gives, or, all but dead,
 In lingering hope it hangs a drooping head,

Waiting the silent grief drops of my eyes.
 I feed my sorrow still; I cherish, tend,
 E'en love the sweet regret, the spirit pain,
 That holds me spell-bound by a magic charm.
 Break, break, thou mystic thread! Flee, coy alarm:
 Ye heart-strains, far remove! Sweet peace, again
 Return! Incense of gratitude, ascend!

LETTER FROM ROME.

Well, here we are in sunny Italy, and in ancient Rome. There is so much to be seen that it is to me appalling. We arrived here a week ago Saturday last, and have been on the go ever since. We had a guide all last week, and we used to go out at 9.30 a.m., come in for lunch at 1 p.m., go out again at 2.30 and remain out until 6 p.m. I can assure you it was hard work, and at the end of the week I was very tired. We had an excellent guide who spoke good English and was well-informed, so we were fortunate.

It does seem strange to see buildings that were built hundreds of years before Christ. Really at times I feel as if I were in another world, I was never so impressed. I have been at St. Peter's twice, and am going again this afternoon. It is simply magnificent! It is beyond my powers to describe it. On Sunday last I was at the Pope's Jubilee. It was celebrated by him in St. Peter's at 9.30 a.m., by the celebration of high mass. We had to get up at 5 a.m., get our breakfast and be there a little after six in order to secure a place to stand. The church is said to hold 120,000, and there were 30,000 who could not get in. I never was in such a crowd. Talk of a sea of people—there was one there! At 9.30 the Pope entered, preceded by the pontifical guards, consisting of thirty noblemen wearing extremely handsome uniform. Then came the cardinals, looking very picturesque in their gowns of white with overdresses of red silk, and with red silk caps on their heads. Then came the Pope. He was attended by the Swiss guards who looked unique in their quaint costumes of centuries back. The Pope was seated in a large chair, resting on a platform carried on the shoulders of six of the guards. He was gorgeously arrayed in a gown of silver cloth embroidered in gold, with a handsome lace skirt. He wore a large brooch with a topaz in the centre, surrounded with jewels, a beautiful ring with a large sapphire in the centre surrounded with diamonds, and his mitre—one made for the occa-

sion—was of gold handsomely jewelled. As he saluted by a band of trumpeters, who were in a balcony over the main entrance, and as he reached the altar the chorus of hundreds of voices took up the strain, and the music that poured forth was overpowering. You have heard of the wonderful singer they call "The Angel of Rome." Above all the other voices one could hear his, floating upward. During the elevation of the host the band of trumpets played a selection from the dome of the church, about 180 feet high. It was glorious from that height. The whole ceremony was indeed very grand. But for standing on a camp-stool, which the guide provided, I could not have seen anything, it was so crowded. Hundreds of ladies fainted and had to be carried out. A hospital was provided at the church for all those who fainted, and there they were soon restored. We were standing for five solid hours, but "the game was worth the candle." The Pope is a fine looking old man, but is so feeble that he looked at times as if he were going to die. However, he may live for many years yet. At present Rome is crowded with people. There has been a pilgrimage from all over the country to celebrate the jubilee, and wherever we go we meet crowds of pilgrims.

I wish you could see the art and statuary here, especially Raphael's and Michel Angelo's work. There are four hundred churches to be visited, and each one contains something of interest. I think we have been in nearly one hundred, but I have got them all mixed up, and before I see any more would like to have those straightened out. The Church of the Capuchines is interesting—the one where they have decorated all the ceilings and walls with the skulls and bones of the departed monks. Really it is not at all disgusting, as one would imagine, and some of the designs are quite pretty. I have become so used to seeing skeletons and dead bodies, that I have grown quite familiar with them. We went to the Catacombs one day, where there are twenty thousand people buried. We went through the largest of the galleries.

You know that Italy is celebrated for beggars. The country is full of them. They make a business of it. There are a number of little boys, handsome little chaps with olive com-

plexions, curly black hair, large brown eyes—and they know how to use them.—who come up smiling all over and pointing out one finger say :

“ Parlez-vous Francais ?

Sprechen Sie Deutsch ?

You speak English ?—*git away, git away, git away !*”

I always have to give them a sous, for they are so fascinating.

We expect to be here until next Monday and then go to Florence, Venice, Vienna, Berlin, and from there to London again. We have met so many nice people everywhere we have been, but I like the English best. I wonder why ?

A MOULTON STUDENT.

Rome, Feb. 22nd, 1893.

F A M E.

I looked, and far upon a mountain height
 Mid splendour rare of brilliant beauty eold,
 I saw a luring crown of flaming gold
 Girt round with crags and peaks in garments white.
 Could I but gain yon crown ! Climbing I might.
 I climb the steep and rugged pathway bold,
 Till in my eager grasp the crown I hold ;
 Then down I look far through the fading light.

Lo, all the way was strewn with wrecks of those
 Who toiling ever upward for the same
 Had perished, falling there amid the snows.
 I climbing over them had gained the crown.
 And thus when we would seek to make a name,
 God only knows what hopes we trample down.

JNO. F. VICKERT.

FIRE DAMP.

Ten miles from the town of Newport between the high range of mountains which form the Western Valley's section of Monmouthshire is situated the town of Abercarn. Were it not for the smoke, which rises in sombre clouds from a score of tall chimneys often darkening the sun's rays and filling the air with unpleasant odors, scarcely a more picturesque spot could be found in the whole country.

Some ten minutes walk from the Market Square, is situated a large colliery in which are employed several hundred hands. The workings are entered by one of two shafts five hundred yards in depth. Down the main shaft the workmen descend daily in a cage suspended by a stout wire cable to the coal seam, which is one of the deepest, viz.: The Black Vein. In this vein large quantities of gas are found, this necessitates the use of the Davey safety lamp. Before each man receives his lamp, it is locked by the lampman in charge, to avoid as far as possible all danger which might arise from carelessness or a desire on the part of a miner to open his lamp.

Once, or twice a week, each workman is searched before descending the shaft in order to prevent the taking of either pipes or matches; indeed locking the lamps would be a useless precaution if matches or tobacco pipes were allowed to be used.

Notwithstanding the precautions already mentioned, and the ablest management on the part of the officials in charge, terrible accidents too often occur: the exact cause of which it is impossible to ascertain. All that science can do, is being done, to reduce the danger to which the miners are liable. Of late years the managers have to be educated men and are compelled by the Board of Trade to pass rigid examinations before being allowed to take charge of a colliery.

A terrific explosion occurred thirteen years ago in the colliery already named. The loss of life and suffering were terrible. Of the workmen who descended the shaft that morning, two hundred and seventy-two never again saw the light of day, indeed only about twenty of the bodies were ever recovered. The scene at the pit's mouth baffles description. Not even those who were eye-witnesses can describe the sights and sounds of that day. Although the writer has passed through many strange vicissitudes since then, he has not forgotten the wail of anguish which went up from the bereaved widows and orphans as they stood upon the bank of the pit.

Immediately after the first indications of the explosion, eager and willing hands prepared to render all possible assistance, but before

anything could be done a terrific storm of fire, dust and smoke shot up through the shaft high into the heavens. The sight of this at once filled every heart with dismay. Well did those on the bank know that such a blast would sweep all before it, and that hope was gone for ever. In vain did they attempt to signal, both the signaling and winding apparatus were injured by the force of the explosion. There stood men wringing their hands in desperate agony because there was no possible way of descending to the rescue. From the streets and their homes, like a torrent sweeping all before it, came the inhabitants of the town. Even away up on the hillsides, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen crowds leaping the hedges and crossing the fields in frantic desire to reach the awful scene. In a few hours the sad news flashed through the whole of South Wales. As a result both ordinary and special trains brought many thousands of people to the unfortunate town only to swell the dirge already heard on every hand.

Late in the evening it became known that the rescuing party had succeeded in clearing some of the rubbish from the main level. This would enable them to reach a spot where men were known to have been working. Soon it was whispered around that a few bodies had been found, and were then on their way to the surface. Dead or alive? was the next question. Little time was there to spend in discussing the probabilities, for it was seen that the winding engine was in motion. Slowly and solemnly revolved the huge drum, as if it had already commenced the march to the grave, and in truth it had. Oh, what a sight was that which met the gaze of the onlookers as the cage landed its charred freight beneath the gaslight! Once it was a man, now you could not distinguish it from a piece of charcoal. Only a few short hours ago this poor fellow with elastic step and sparkling eye, entered the same cage from which now he is borne a blackened corpse. Why this hush, even of the crying? See, they are handling, for the purpose of identification, the few ragged tatters found upon the body. After a few moments thus spent, one of the examiners softly mentions a certain name. Quick as thought some one has caught it. In an instant it is carried through the struggling mass standing in the darkness without. For a few seconds there is silence, then a shriek that curdled the blood in every vein, comes from a pale woman in the heart of the great crowd, telling to all that her five children are fatherless.

By daylight the rescuing party had succeeded in bringing out nineteen bodies. All that man could do for man they did; but man, though brave as a hero and strong as a lion, could not pass through so thick a wall of fire. Every attempt at putting out the flames only

fanned them into greater fury. After spending several days in vain, the Council of Engineers decided to flood the mine. This, of course, was not decided upon until it became the opinion of those in charge that there was not a living soul in the workings.

All hope on the part of the bereaved of ever seeing their loved ones again fled when the decision of the Council became known. Up to this time the more sanguine believed it possible that some were still living in certain sections of the mine, but to turn in a flood of water would certainly drown those who might have escaped both fire and after-damp. However, objections on the part of a few miners and their friends could not be expected to prevail against the decision of the officials.

I must pass in silence the horror that crept into the hearts of the watchers as a gang of men with pick and shovel were ordered out to cut a water-course from the canal to the shaft. When completed, the water rushed in with great force. All hope was now gone! The curtain has fallen upon the last act in the lives of two hundred and fifty-two noble men—take them man for man—as noble as could be found the world over. As the rushing water fell into the deep, dark abyss, making a hollow muffled sound, and the heart-breaking cries and sobs of the widows and fatherless children fell upon the ear, I seemed to hear the old solemn words, "Dust to dust." Sleep on now, sleep on, until the last trump with awful sound shall awake the dead.

No one can imagine the gloom that from that day rested upon the whole neighborhood. Not only were there vacant chairs at home, but there were so many vacant places elsewhere. The Sabbath schools lost their teachers, one superintendent and very many scholars. Among those entombed in the mine were two local preachers, men of no mean ability. Musical circles too were broken on that fatal day, many a musician capable of rendering some of the works of the greatest Masters perished. One whom I well knew could, after the evening meal, sit down to the piano and delight himself and friends with selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn. Another, as a vocalist, could win the applause of real lovers of fine music, by rendering Gounod's Nazareth in C or any of the bass solos from the great oratorios such as the Messiah and the Creation.

Thus perished a company of brave men. Brave? Yes, as brave as any who fought inside of Lucknow, or climbed the Redan before Sabastopol. The man who descends into the deep coal mines, there to toil amid dangers of which he is well aware, for mere bread, with no prospect of relief in old age, other than death or the cold charity of the world,

is a hero indeed. Little does England know the worth of her noble sons who with the morning light say farewell to wife and child, taking their lives in their hands and descend to the bowels of the earth.

These are the men who help to make England great, and yet they are little better than slaves. Why should they be slaves? When will England learn to put a higher price upon honest toil than upon luxurious idleness?

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the death of Rev. Joseph H. Doolittle, B.A., our denomination loses one of its noblest ministers, and our University one of its most honored alumni. The funeral sermon preached by Professor Trotter, his classmate and intimate friend, has been published in the *Canadian Baptist*, and is a most eloquent and tender tribute to our departed brother.

We are glad to receive a copy of Rev. W. H. Porter's "Converse with the King." With rare taste and skill and scrupulous care Mr. Porter has selected and brought together in admirable connection and harmony kindred passages of God's word. Each page presents a distinct thought, which is amply sustained by numerous quotations, simple truth direct from the Book; nothing is added, except a short verse of an appropriate hymn or poem. Pastors will find it valuable for prayer meeting topics, families may use it profitably at morning and evening worship. The author's poetic introduction reminds one of John Bunyan's famous introduction to the Progress:—

Here wreathed are flowrets bright with orient dyes,
 And blended hues from radiant eastern skies:
 And gathered fruits most luscious, grown in climes
 For ever hallowed by the rapturous chimes
 Of heavenly music, and inspired bard;
 And perfumes sweet from fields of myrrh andnard.

Here food prepared is found, and water cold
 From springs that rise in snowy mountains old,
 And here are rubies rich, and gold most fine,
 And jewels rare from ancient stream and mine.
 Here gathered treasures lie from many a land,
 And distant age, "sought out," and brought to hand.
 Here comfort, joy, and peace, and strength are found;
 Here counsels wise, and promises abound:
 And best of all, to him who but receives,
 All things are his, if only he believes.

The editor of *Mennonitische Blätter*, in noticing the recent celebration (November 6th) of the 400th birthday of Menno Symon, by the Mennonite churches throughout the world, calls attention to the fact that just a century later, (1592) occurred the birth of Amos Comenius, the last bishop of the Bohemian Brethren, representing the same type of life and doctrine as Menno, that about a hundred years later (1691) Spener, the Pietist leader, who also represented a revival of old evangelical Christianity, was called to Berlin, where he did his life work, and that a hundred years later still (1792) William Carey inaugurated the great Foreign Missionary movement. The Mennonites properly claim a relationship to all these leaders and the movements they represented. So also may we.

The managing editor has been favored by Dr. Philip Schaff, with a beautiful volume, privately printed, commemorative of his completion of fifty years of theological teaching. He began his work as *Docent* in the University of Berlin in 1842, when twenty-three years of age. He came to the United States in 1848, as Professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., where he labored for twenty years. Since 1869 he has been Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. His literary activity has been something phenomenal, and he has done more than any other man towards enriching our American theological literature, alike through his personal work, and through the stimulus imparted to others. The volume contains an excellent portrait of Dr. Schaff, the congratulatory addresses of the Theological Faculty of the University of Berlin, in German and in English, and similar addresses from the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Churches in the United States, the Faculty and Directors of Union Theological Seminary, the students of the Seminary, the Theological Faculty of Yale University, and the Faculty of the University of the City of New York, with Dr. Schaff's reply to each. An appendix of ten pages gives the titles of works written and edited by Dr. Schaff. Although he has not fully recovered from the paralytic stroke he suffered last summer, he is still earnestly at work, and hopes soon to publish the fifth volume of his Church History on the later Middle Ages, a work on Symbolic's and Irenics, and the second volume of his Propaedeutic. Truly a marvellous life-work. Dr. Schaff is one of the most genial and amiable of men, to know him is to love him. The writer esteems the personal friendship of Dr. Schaff as one of the most precious of his possessions.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

B. W. N. GRIGG, Ed.

STRAIGHT.—Harvard refuses a candidate permission to write if he presents himself in the examination room more than five minutes late.

A CLASSIC REVIVAL.—An academy building of Pentelican marble, costing \$1,000,000, given by a wealthy Greek merchant, has been erected at Athens.—*Princetonian*.

A PAT ON THE BACK.—One of the most enterprising College journals in Canada is THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY. The February number is up to the usual high standard.—*The Bema*.

WHAT'S THE USE?—Uncle Wayback: "Now, wot's the use o' teachin' gals all these new fangled studies? Wot good is this 'ere astronomy you're studyin'?"

City Niece: "Why, Uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—See that ring?"—*Hamilton Literary Monthly*.

RIVALS.—The Chicago University and the Leland Stanford are rivals for gold and professorial talent. Leland Stanford is making a specialty of ex-Government officials. Having secured the services of ex-President Harrison as Lecturer in Law, she is now laying for ex-Secretary Bayard.

ALTHOUGH we devoted some space in the March exchanges to an article on the late Phillips Brooks, we select the following sonnet from the columns of the *Standard*, believing that our readers would wish to have it at their command:

Such light, such heat, such life, such cheer, such power!
 Effulgent far, like virtue from the sun,
 In flood on flood all bounds to overrun,
 And, unexhausted still from hour to hour,
 Pour everywhere profuse its affluent dower,
 Lavishing largess free on every one,
 Wealthy or poor or happy or undone,
 Welcomed to sit beneath the golden shower—
 This yesterday; to-day a different world!
 A living splendor in its fountain quenched,
 A great light-giver from its station hurled,
 Sudden, as had the midday sun been wrenched
 Out of his orbit, or his beams been furled,
 And the whole earth in other climate drenched!

—WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON, in the *Congregationalist*,

AVAUNT! Soon our exchange pen will be dipped into spring examination ink. Many college papers are speaking much of the impending ordeal and discussing preparation for, and the conduct of them. No one much disputes the necessity for them—as things are now, but they are generally voted far from an unmixed good. As long as the majority of students are not students spontaneously and are unpossessed of intellectual enthusiasm, we suppose this ghostly horror will continue to disturb the spring slumbers of college men. The millennial cock-crowing alone will drive it to its shades. It is pretty well agreed that the examination of to-day degrades the motive of the student. We all know it to be the mother of the despicable triplets—cram, grind and piug. It occasions a feverish and unhealthful industry, and when over, leaves a lassitude and disgust if met unsuccessfully, and self-gratulation of doubtful justness if passed. The meritorious often fail, while the undeserving crammer sails serenely on. Rigorous class-marking and careful observation of the student as a man, is followed in some schools and is an important and welcome qualitative. Without discussing more the pros and contras of this question we must take up our ever faithful Kelly for the evening.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHANCELLOR.—Professor Jones, of Acadia University, in the February number of the *Athenaeum*, pays a very handsome tribute to the Chancellor of McMaster University. We do not remember to have seen anything in biography at once so delicate, sincere and meaningful. In the course of a very beautiful introduction he says: "It is when wandering on the margin of the lake, or in floating on its surface that you catch something of the life and energy of nature, something of the charm and beauty and mystery of her inimitable pencil. So with a great and good man. It is needful to enter into communion with him, and to be encompassed with the aroma of his life. It is only then that there is any uplifting of the veil which hides the springs of his thought and life." Again he writes: "Prepare ye the way and give the toiler his wages. He enters into his vineyards, and while his own hand has not lost its cunning, directs the work. He is the skilled laborer in the great field of Christian education." Speaking of their college days passed together, Professor Jones says: "The child was father to the man. When a college boy, he had a large acquaintance with literature. With the instinct of a bee for honey, he would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson and Shelley. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen. Dr. Rand drew from sources which the curriculum did not supply, thus broadening his views and sharpening his faculties for the prolonged conflicts of his vocation. He has worked steadily, persistently and lovingly to snap the bonds of mental thralldom to this one all-absorbing purpose—and he met with it whithersoever he turned—and only seemed to open new sources of strength. He had faith in his work, and in the fulness of that faith carried his plans to a successful issue."

HERE AND THERE.

FREE CHURCH MINISTER : " I'm sorry to hear your hu. band is so ill, Mrs. Mack ; but why did you send for me ? I don't think you are members of my church." Mrs. Mack : " You're richt, sir ; we gang to the ither church. But, ye see, it's a bad case o' typhoid. an' we didna like to risk oor ain minis'ter !"

AMONG the pleasant sights at our open meeting were the faces of several ladies from the Presbyterian College. We are glad to see the growth of this intercollegiate spirit. We may not all love the same systems of theology nor adhere to the same church polity, but we can unite in paying mutual tributes to the great masters in art, literature and music.

WHEN Johnson finished his dictionary, his publisher wrote : " Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Johnson, with the money for the last sheet, and thanks God he has done with him." The Doctor replied : " Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything"—*Selected.*

THE public debate at Wycliffe College, March 14, was an enjoyable occasion. The subject of the debate, " Resolved that the lack of chivalry and individuality resulting from the utilitarian spirit of the age, is to be deplored," evidently chosen for its rhetorical resources rather than affording any definite field for conclusive argumentation, was handled in a vigorous and interesting manner. The chairman awarded the debate to the affirmative. The programme was filled out with readings by members of the college, and music furnished by the college quintette and outside talent.

A SAILOR was discanting upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time, and then said, " What is a hanthem?" " Do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is? Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to say: 'Ere Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, ' Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give, give me, give me, Bill, give me that, Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike. spike, Bill, give, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'andspike. spike, spike, spike. Amen, ah-men. Billgive-me-that'andspike. spike. Ah men,' why, that would be a hanthem."—*Selected.*

SPRING has come. The winter has been the severest experienced for many years. Cold contracts. Undoubtedly the flatness of our globe at the poles is due to the contraction of its particles by the severe cold that reigns there continually. The coal bin also must have been contracted considerably. The severe weather has been very favorable, however, to plumbers and winter sports. Of the winter sports skating

has been indulged in but slightly by our boys, and the gymnasium, which affords ample opportunity for exercise, has been patronized but little. This is a serious state of affairs. If the hour and a half which most of the boys spend in walking on the level sidewalk were spent in climbing mountains or some other invigorating exercise, they might expect to keep robust, but otherwise they cannot. However, spring is here, and with it field sports—those great health protectors and mind invigorators.

THE following lines were written by an inmate of Toronto Insane Asylum. Dr. Clark, the Superintendent, has contributed several specimens of poetry and prose to the Methodist Magazine, showing the height of mentality to which many of them can rise.

TRIALS.

The clouds may hide, but cannot reach
 The stars afar,
 The waves may spend their noisy strength
 On rock or scar.

Vengeful winds may sweep the bending fronds
 Of forest trees,
 The lightning's flash may strike in vain
 The rolling seas.

The quivering earth may shuddering feel
 The earthquake's throe,
 Mountain torrents may remorseless sweep
 In downward flow.

The soul has storm-clouds in its dire distress,
 But heaven's above.
 The waves of anguish sweep against it, guarded by
 A Father's love.

The howling tempests of malignant power
 Beat it in vain,
 The lurid chain strikes with vengeful hiss
 At heart and brain.

The spirit quivers, passion's flood may flow
 In angry quest,
 But God commands, and says,
 "Be still—give rest."

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

OCCASIONAL letters from our old friend Hatt cheer us. We learn with pleasure that his health is now good and that he expects to return to the University in October.

THE quartette and Messrs. Grigg and Therrien gave an entertainment at Claremont on the evening of the 17th inst. The pastor and church vied with each other in their efforts to make the trip a pleasant one. We trust the evening was as interesting and happy for the entertained as it was for the entertainers.

THE members of the Ladies' Modern Language Club will number among the pleasant memories of '93 the occasion of their first open meeting. At the close of the programme they were invited to Mrs. McKay's to spend an hour with a few of their classmates, which proved to be a very delightful sequel to the proceedings of the evening.

WE learn with sincere regret that the illness of Miss Timpany, though not serious, will prevent her from writing at the coming examinations. Miss Timpany is the only lady in the sophomore class, and has the sympathy of her fellow-students, in the disappointment she must feel at being unable to put in the final test the results of a year of faithful study.

ODE TO ALGEBRA.

Its a blind mathematical, dark metaphysical, dim hypothetical mess,
 A half-epigrammatical, polycarpistical, what do-you-think-of it, guess :
 And a peripatetical, round jubertistical, superspondaical dot,
 An operdihyptical, ingensphonetical, kuminopristical lot.
 An additional, substractioniferous, minuenduvical sign,
 A mutiplectudinous, dividenderious, ophilyarginic line,
 A non head-or-tailiac, both ends foremostical, downside-in-fronteric, yes,
 This is the musical, over-much practical, Algebra, in Sunday dress.

FELLOWS, they say there's a ghost in the building. A ghost ! Aye, a veritable ghost, with flowing robes and ghastly countenance, keeping his lonely vigil in the rooms below. It is said that he made his last appearance within these classic halls in the month of April, 1892. A creature was murdered here some years ago, at this season of the year, and ever since, as the fated time comes round, his ghost makes his appearance, crying out for vengeance. Dark rumors are afloat on the breeze that he is to appear this year on the 10th of April. Faint echoes of his uncanny footsteps have been heard in the lower regions, and the only means of escape from his dread majesty is in close application to the work of the hour. That ghost is the ghost of Exams. Fellows, you had better begin to plug.

THE urgent need of a more commodious assembly room in the University was never more strongly felt than on the evening of the public meeting of the Literary and Theological Society, when after every available space in the chapel had been filled there were still numbers of friends in the halls, unable to find even standing room within. Many of these, finding that the dulcet notes of the performers were wasted to them in too soft and fitful a manner to induce a grateful reverie or convey them to the land of the lotos eaters, did not wait for the music to take them travelling, but departed as they came none the wiser for the vigorous discussion on the taxation of church property, which closed an extremely interesting programme. It is to be hoped, however, that the musical critic of the MONTHLY was provided with a good seat.

THE following notice was omitted from the February number: The President of the Convention, at the annual gathering held in Brantford last fall, compared McMaster University to the heart which pumps life-giving supplies to every part of the system. If the heart be weak the body suffers. One of the best means of strengthening our Colleges for the work they are intended to overtake is to plead that God's blessing may rest upon teachers and students. To this end the Day of Prayer for Colleges was instituted, and Thursday, 26th ult., set apart as the time for supplication in their behalf. In the Hall the day was one of special interest. The morning was devoted to the Fyfe Missionary Society, whose exercises were characterized by great spiritual power. In the afternoon the teachers and students of Moulton College joined with their friends at the Hall in a service led by Chancellor Rand. A number of letters from former students, pastors and other friends were read; addresses, pithy and to the point, were given, and earnest prayers offered for a blessing upon our educational work. The tone of the gathering was inspiring and the Spirit's presence manifested. God bless the University!

THE L. AND T. PUBLIC.—It's no use. Nobody knows. When a person is looked for among the students who remembers anything about there having been a public literary meeting before this year, one receives the impression that McMaster is not so young after all. That there was one, we have no doubt; and we feel pretty sure that it was one worthy of our *Alma Mater*, for through the years that have lapsed our outside friends have remembered it, and only needed the intimation of another one to fairly crowd our halls. This took place on the 10th of March. The first part of the programme consisted of readings and music creditably rendered by members of the Society, assisted by Mr. H. N. Shaw, for whose kindness in being present with us we are very grateful. The chief interest centred, however, upon the debate. Question: *Resolved*, That church property should not be taxed. The honors were pretty evenly divided between the two sides, but it would be hard to gainsay the opinion of the audience, which decided that the palm be awarded to the debaters on the affirmative; and judging by

the applause that followed—they got it. The success of the evening warrants self-congratulation and still greater efforts in the same direction—not years hence, but *next* year, and more than once in that year.

It was a happy thought which prompted our high Kakiac to invite the noted temperance lecturer, Mr. John Hector, to take dinner at the Hall on the 14th ult. The "Black Knight," as he is popularly called, commenced his after-dinner address by facetiously referring to his inability to "grow red in the face" with confusion at the heartiness of the applause tendered him on rising. After a few further preliminaries the big man briefly narrated the most interesting events in his varied career as cattle-boy, soldier, engine-driver, butler and preacher. He explained that although now a Methodist, he had a great leaning toward the Baptists. "He, himself, when a young man had been baptized (applause), his father and mother, who had fled from slavery in *ante-bellum* days had been Baptists (renewed applause)—so had their master." The usual applause not forthcoming here, Mr. Hector with a very surprised air enquired the reason, and then—with that inimitable "whole-soulness" peculiar to his race—laughed. That laugh was a treat in itself. In concluding his remarks the "Knight" gave some very sound advice to the students in regard to preaching and practical Christian work, at the close of which, all present joined in singing "Best be the tie that binds." After this visit the McMaster boys will always have a warm remembrance of Mr. Hector and a deep interest in his work of temperance reform.

On the 17th inst. we were all delighted to welcome Dr. Caven, of Knox College, to lecture to us on "Palestine." Our Chancellor had no necessity to introduce the Dr. to us, for he is well known to all. In his introduction he briefly related the circumstances that led to his visit to the "Holy Land." About a year ago stricken down by la grippe, he went thither health-seeking accompanied by his friend the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. Sailing from New York in February, they arrived in March, where they remained for two weeks, here he was joined by his daughter and her husband, returned missionaries from India. With Cook as their guide they sailed to Joppa and thence travelled by carriage to Jerusalem. Dr. Caven had much that was interesting to say about that famous city, its sacred sights, its inhabitants, the prevailing religious sects, the superstition and lamentable condition of the masses. They remained some time here, visiting the city and the chief points of interest in the surrounding district, such as Bethlehem, Mt. Olivet, the "Dead Sea" and many other points. After having secured their outfit they set out for the northern part of Palestine, travelling over that rough road on horseback. Passing up the Jordan, they passed through many of the chief scenes of Christ's public ministry, all of which were fraught with interest. Hallowed memories made these scenes sacred and as they journeyed they felt the presence of the Saviour overshadowing the land. Our hearts were all charmed with the simple and powerful address of our much esteemed brother.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stormy weather, a number of teachers and students availed themselves of the invitation to the "private view" of the Fifth Exhibition of the Women's Art Association. All agree that the Exhibition excelled those of previous years. The President and other officers are to be congratulated upon their efficiency in making it such a success.

ON the evening of Tuesday, March 21st, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Stevens, of the China Inland Mission. We were much interested in her description of the life led by Chinese women and girls, and of the methods of work among them. As we listened to her words, we realized how great are our privileges here, and how grateful we ought to be that our lot has been cast in a Christian land.

THE musical talent in Moulton is fast developing. It is seeking more and more to make itself heard. There was a time when the fitful dulcet strains of the chapel piano could be but faintly heard outside the chapel door; but now, if seeking soothing tones, go listen on the other side of Lake Ontario. Why is it that girls will not be satisfied with putting themselves in fashion, but even want to give pianos bangs? All are longing for the day when the chapel piano will stop putting on so many airs and will return to its original state of peace and harmony.

THE graphic account which Dr. Caven gave us at the Hall of his trip through the Holy Land, and his impressions of the country and its people, was a real treat for the Moulton students who heard it. A keen observer of men and things, with the power of vivid description, and an under-current of humor which was continually coming to the surface, he carried us all with him from Joppa to Jerusalem, Jericho and the Jordan, then north on "the vicious little horses" to Shechem, Esdraelon, the Sea of Galilee, Cana and Nazareth, and along the sea shore through Tyre and Sidon to Beirut. It was a most delightful trip for us to take, sitting quietly in the McMaster chapel all the while.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 6th, 1893.

Although we have been down here over three weeks, we have not yet seen all of the interesting places. I have been around the city a great deal and yet feel as if I knew a little bit about it. We have been very fortunate in having fine, warm weather; some days, indeed, are too warm to be comfortable. But the people take things so easy and do so little that the heat does not seem to trouble them very much. You will see them at all hours of the day sitting out on their doorsteps

or lounging round the balconies. I don't believe any of them know what work is.

But I must try to tell you something about the city, for it is so different from any other city I have ever been in. There is the up-town part, where all the finest and most modern houses are, and where most of the Americans live. There are also a great many very wealthy Jews who live in this part. There is the down-town part, which is so different from up-town that when I think of it, it seems like another city altogether. Here all the French, the old Creoles and Italians live. The houses are very old, and most of them are small, with queer little balconies jutting out into the street, and the windows seem like little round peaked holes filled with panes of stained glass. There are some large old French places that at one time must have been very beautiful; they were, I think, the houses of some of the French and Spanish nobles who lived here years ago.

The finest, and perhaps one of the oldest, churches in the city is St. Louis' Cathedral. The paintings on the walls and ceiling are beautiful; but there is another church away out near the marshes at the end of the city which was far more interesting to me. It is the smallest church I have ever seen, hardly fourteen feet wide, and having only four benches on either side of the aisle. It is called St. Roché's, and people from all over the city come here to pray to this saint who, they say, can heal all diseases. In the corner of the church are many crutches, left by those who have been cured.

And now I must tell you something about the gardens and the flowers. It is in the large up-town houses that you see the finest gardens. They are kept extremely neat; the lawns are covered with little flowering bushes and beautiful large palms. The garden walks are of smooth white stone, and the purple strip along the edge of the walk shows how beautiful the violets are. The daisies and pansies are now in full bloom, but the prettiest and most plentiful of all the flowers are the roses. You see them everywhere, some gardens having dozens of bushes, and each bush covered with red, white and pink roses; and then the rose vines which climb up the balconies are simply covered with little yellow buds, which have a delicious perfume. It is delightful to look through the green trees and see the big yellow oranges at the back of the garden. The air here is so soft and balmy, and seems to be filled with the perfume of flowers. One of the strangest things I have ever seen growing is the Spanish moss, which grows on the tops and branches of living trees. It is of a greyish color, and the bunches grow from twenty to thirty feet long. It does not get its life from the tree, but feeds on the malarious elements of the atmosphere. When the tree dies the moss soon turns black, as if putting on mourning for its dead mother.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Mrs. BATES was "At Home" to the Graduating Class Friday evening, 17th March. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

We are glad to see that football has been started again in the old style, Association. This form is favored more than Rugby here.

THE members of the orchestra greatly enjoyed the "At Home" given by Mrs. Huston on the 3rd inst. We were reminded of old times.

We are pleased to see on the walls of our reading room a new paper. This is the *American Machinist*, which with the *Scientific American* and *Popular Science Monthly* gives the students much desirable and profitable information.

THE reports of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, which met in the college, Nov. 10th to 13th, 1892, have been published. They are well compiled, clearly printed, and are well worth the small sum of 15 cents asked.

EASTER vacation is drawing near, but also Easter exams. Already the midnight *oil* is being burned by anxious ones, "cramming" up for the occasion. We wish them every success in their labors, and trust all their hard work will not go for naught, but accomplish the object for which it is intended.

THE Rev. Mr. McKay, of Stratford, addressed the Judson Missionary Society on the 16th inst. He took for his subject Foreign Missions, and spoke of its relation to the people of America. He showed where duty came in, and in all points treated the subject in a masterly, interesting manner, which showed deep research. If possible, the missionary feeling is deepened in our school.

WE are sorry to report the loss of our highly-esteemed fellow-student, Mr. Bunt. Mr. Bunt has been working very hard of late, too hard for his health. For more than a week he was confined to his room, and careful nursing was required to bring about his recovery. Now he has been forced to give up his studies. We all feel very sorry to lose him, and trust that his health may soon be perfectly restored and his eyesight fully regained.

THE room occupied by the Excelsior Society is to be improved in appearance. This room was once a class-room, and still retains its pristine character to some extent. This is to be changed. At the lecture recently given here a sum of money was collected, which will go towards defraying expenses. It is expected that the room will be so improved and beautified that the Society will increase in interest. As it is now under an able staff of officers, it is in good condition, and is training some very good speakers for the senior society. The quota received by the Philomathic this year was a credit to the junior society.

One of the principal causes, however, for this pleasant state of affairs is the condition of the *Oracle*, the society paper. Its enterprising editors, Messrs. Williams and Grant, seem determined that nothing shall be left undone which may tend to the benefit of the paper and the

society. They have introduced a completely new and novel feature. Every Friday a first-class cartoon, representing the chief characters in the programme of the evening, will be found on each table in the dining-hall, others also being posted on the "Students' Bulletin Board." Much hard self-sacrificing work is seen in these, and great credit is due to the originators of the scheme. The *Oracle* now has a loftier tone, and is more attractive and entertaining in its contents than before. Originality and good sense seem to be the aim, rather than second-hand nonsense. We trust these good times will continue.

THE Philomathic Society of this term is said to be unrivalled by any of former years. The programmes prepared are replete with interesting features. No longer is the idea held, to get through with the meeting as soon as possible: but everyone is sorry when the whole programme has been rendered. Subjects of interest and instruction are taken up and discussed, as, for instance, the relative merits of Wordsworth and Scott. This included essays, sketches from each, and a debate:--"The justification of the American Colonies in revolting against England," formed the subject of a very hotly-contested disputation. Music is not forgotten, and we are pleased to find that there is some fine talent among us, as regards both instrumental and vocal music. That there is a "boom" may be seen by the fact that numbers from the town attend. The society has good officers, and it has a faithful executive.

DR. THOMAS delivered his promised lecture in our chapel this month to a crowded house. There were on the platform, besides the speaker, Prin. Bates (chairman), Rev. E. Dadson and D. W. Karn. Esq. After singing "Old Coronation" Mr. Dadson led in a brief prayer. The lecturer wasted no time with those useless preliminaries with which so many men employ their time, but plunged right into his task. A pleasant one it seemed, as he proceeded to speak of the present age in comparison with others, showing that this was the most intense of all ages. He told us what has been done and then the possibilities before us and the qualifications of "Men for the Age." We need men of broad intelligence, cultured men, who, by means of their education can make themselves felt in the world. Such men can make some use of themselves and do something. "THE survival of the fittest" is the law now. No matter what partiality is shown, what advantages are given or how one is hindered, the best man is the man who will come out ahead in the race in this world. Good men will find their place, despite what man may say or do. Then the man for the age must be warm-hearted, far reaching in sympathy, rich in affection and tender in charity. He must have intense genuine enthusiasm. There must be no half-heartedness about him, but an out-and-out determined man. Better to stick to the wrong than to be continually vacillating. Be true, be steadfast, be earnest, if you would be "a man for the age." Then the Doctor gave us a few specimens of the men for the age, such as Gladstone, Disraeli, Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks and others, commenting on the nobleness of each. We thought, as he closed, that Dr. Thomas was a "Man for the Age." May we have many more like him.