

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
DECEMBER, 1899.

ELDER JOSEPH CHANDLER.

The Eastern Townships (counties) in the province of Quebec, have had more than one pioneer Baptist minister. Among them are to be remembered, Elders Arvis, of Abbot's Corners, and Green, of Montreal, both still living; Mitchell, of Magog; Gillies, of Eaton (Sawyerville), and Chandler, of Burford (Coaticook), all deceased.

Some time ago a sketch of the career of Elder Gillies appeared in *THE MONTHLY*. This article will briefly sketch the life and labors of Elder Jos. Chandler.

Elder Chandler was born in 1812, at Minchin, Hampton, Gloucestershire, Eng. In his youth he was apprenticed to the tailor's trade. Though naturally of a serious temperament he experienced the fact that companionship with other apprentices who were godless, caused his seriousness to wane. Yet during this period conviction of sin never left him, for one Sunday morning under the sense of sin he sought a Baptist meeting-house, and entering betook himself to the gallery, to the most remote corner of the same.

His journey to the place cost him something for having never attended a Baptist service before, he felt somewhat ashamed to be seen going thereto, and so took a circuitous route by a back alley. Though safely hidden in the corner, as he thought, from the gaze of men he escaped not the truth of God, for the text, Gen. 6: 7, ". . . . every imagination of the

thoughts of the heart was only evil continually," pierced him to the quick, and it seemed as if the minister made his whole sermon an intentional, personal thrust at him.

This service was effective, like that in the Wesleyan Chapel upon Spurgeon, in the conversion of the young apprentice. This morning had another surprise in store for him in the unexpected meeting with his employer at the door at the close of the service. Of course, hereafter the converted apprentice became the butt of ridicule among his shop-mates.

Investigation into the Baptist belief with the help of Bible and dictionary followed his conversion and ere long he was led to abandon his Episcopal views and identify himself with the Baptist people.

His fellowship with Baptist deacons at this time was always a happy memory to him. Through their direction, because of his willingness, he was led to tract distribution and exhortation at religious services, for one deacon remarked "One free man is worth two press men." Sundays became very busy days to him religiously. His labors had their outward compensation sometimes in ingratitude, expressed too at times in the concrete fashion of rotten eggs.

In 1836 the youth Joseph Chandler emigrated to America, making Toronto his home for a time. He often referred to the joy, even to tears, that he experienced over the first gospel sermon he heard in Canada. In Toronto he followed his trade, being employed as head cutter. Here he managed to save of his wages, sufficient to enable him to begin his course in the Montreal Baptist College in 1840.

Though this college did not exist long it sent out a number of worthies who have left the impress of their godly characters and labors upon the Baptist denomination in Canada.

In 1843 the recent student found his way to the Coaticook Valley, 125 miles south-east of Montreal in the district known as the Eastern Townships, that portion of Canada lying along the boundary between Quebec and the States, originally settled for the most part by families from the Eastern States. He located on a farm in the township of Burford which at that time was not very thickly settled, and here he began his doubly

pioneer work of farming and preaching. Hereafter for the space of 30 years he labored six days of the week on his farm, cleaning the land and tilling the soil, and on Sundays preached from one to three times a day, besides teaching in the Sunday School. In the early years of his ministry he made many of his preaching tours on foot, for conveyances were few and good roads unknown.

Regularly at 10 a. m. on Sundays, rain or shine, was the former apprentice and student, now Elder Chandler, found at the desk of the district school-house ready to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ to his neighbors attending the service.

The times and manners of those days were simple and plain. Oxen in summer and in winter often drew *sleigh-loads* of earnest-minded people through the woods to the services. In summer persons of all ages would be found at the services, oftentimes barefooted, and with headgear of little cost. But the spiritual joys of believers were as real then as of believers now.

Little monetary support did Elder Chandler receive for his labors, for systematic giving was not then in vogue, nor were crisp bills and shining dimes so plentiful then as now. Bro. Chandler's farm was midway between Drew's Mills (now Dixville) and Coaticook. Previous to his arrival in the vicinity a little Baptist church had been organized at Drew's Mills in 1838 under the pastoral care of Elder Israel Ide. After taking up his residence in Burford Elder Chandler held the pastorate of this church for 30 years. The services were first held in the district school-house, then in a Good Templars' hall. About 1863 the little church began to think of erecting a suitable building and to this end \$11 in subscriptions had been secured.

Just at this Juncture, Adventism burst upon the townships and spread through them like wild-fire for several years, almost demoralizing many churches, Drew's Mills Baptist church not excepted. About 1874, a re-action from Adventism having set in, the church began to recover itself and in that year united with the Baptist church in Coaticook (formerly Free-Will Baptist), forming what was known as the Coaticook and Burford Baptist church. This union took place under the direction of

Pastor M. McGregor, missionary of the Baptist Convention East, who in Dec., 1873, began to conduct services in the building of the almost defunct Free-Will Baptist church in Coaticook. Elder Chandler retired from active pastoral duties just prior to this union and confined the Christian work of his remaining years to occasional preaching, and to S. S. work in Coaticook, continuing the latter until a few months previous to his decease.

It was a custom with the Coaticook church in later years to have Elder Chandler preach on the anniversary of his birthday, and many testify that his last sermons, doubtless because of his ripened experience, were his best.

He was permitted to attend the Sunday morning prayer service shortly before his death and, being asked to speak, he arose with feebleness but spoke with a power hitherto unknown by his brethren.

Early in the spring of 1895 he began to fail rapidly. To friends wishing him "many returns" on his last birthday he replied, "O don't wish me that, wish me home." On May 17th, 1895, aged 83, he departed to be at home with the Lord and to take on the vigor of eternal youth, leaving to follow him later, a devoted wife, three sons and three daughters.

His last words to his family were, "I have no greater joy than to hear that you walk in the truth,"—"I commend you to the word of His grace which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." The funeral services were conducted by pastor A. C. Baker, of Sawyerville, son-in-law of the late Elder Gillics, the pioneer brother pastor with Elder Chandler.

Elder Chandler was twice married, in Sept., 1847, to Miss Maria E. Jenkins, one daughter being born to them; in Oct., 1850, to Miss Mary Ann Lorimer, five sons and two daughters being born to them.

His family still feel the force of his life and character for he was a man of prayer, a quiet, earnest, self-sacrificing, God-fearing man. Pastors of the Coaticook church remember him not as an obstructionist nor critic, but as a generous-hearted, fatherly counsellor.

The community wherein he spent half a century still testify to his sincerity, piety and usefulness.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are numble human souls ;
The Gospel of a loving life
Is more than books and scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives,
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

J. H. HUNTER.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK: GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS
THOUGHT AND LIFE.*

(Continued.)

It is time now to turn from retrospect to prospect and to inquire regarding the present outlook. Since to-day is the child of yesterday the outlook for the present, in part at least, grows out of these facts of the past which we have been considering. To three points I invite attention, and my observations must be brief, and must continue to be of a very general character.

For one thing, in looking out on the present, we discern a marked re-action toward faith and toward a spiritual view of nature and of human destiny. The wave of materialism of twenty-five years ago, which found a voice in Professor Tyndall, soon spent itself and began to recede. It was followed by a wave of agnosticism, of which Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley have been the most noted representatives. This also is spent and is dying away. Meanwhile faith, conviction regarding the reality of God, of the human soul, of an unseen world, has taken a new hold of the human mind. Many of you will recall Matthew Arnold's exquisitely beautiful, but most pessimistic poem, "Dover Beach," in which he sadly sings the dying away of Faith. He says:

"The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle fur'd,
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world."

* Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May, 1899.

If Mr. Arnold were living now and were re-writing that poem, he would have to say, not that the "Sea of Faith" is full, but that it is rising. Let me illustrate my meaning. One of the ablest and most influential writers in America to-day is John Fiske. He is a disciple of Herbert Spencer and a leading exponent of evolution. Here is the title of his latest book: "Through Nature to God." A reviewer says, "The movement of Professor Fiske's mind from the destructive negations that characterised the evolutionary philosophy of twenty years ago, to constructive affirmations on the side of a spiritual interpretation of life, has been slow but continuous, and this last book places him fairly within the lines of the scheme of thought which finally brought the late Professor Romanes within the circle of Christian faith." In this book Mr. Fiske says, "The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion." Here is a sentence from the late Professor Drummond, written as long ago as 1878: "The old cry, 'How far science has wandered away from God,' will soon be obsolete; and 'How near science has come to God,' will be the cry of the thoughtful and far-seeing." This that Drummond predicted twenty years ago may now be said to be fulfilled. We recall the experience of George John Romanes. Following relentlessly, as he supposed, the demands of the scientific method, he published in 1878, his "Candid Examination of Theism," the conclusion of which was pure atheism. But from this he afterward slowly but surely returned to faith, and before his death, five years ago, he re-entered the Christian church.

As regards agnosticism, here are some words on that subject from President Schurman of Cornell University, who on such a matter is a perfectly competent witness: "Our knowledge of God," he says, "is the same in kind as our knowledge of the external world, or of ourselves." Again, "Agnosticism, so

far as it rests on the supposed limits of our cognitive faculties, is in reality an utterly baseless dogma." Again, "But the agnostic fever seems already to be burning out. And unless all signs are misleading the night is already far spent and the dawn is at hand." Remember that I am illustrating the reaction towards faith. Four years ago M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote an article entitled, "The Bankruptcy of Science," in which he maintained that science has not fulfilled its promises. It has not established a universal morality; it has not organized humanity; it has not told man anything of his origin or of his destiny; it has not even explained the origin of languages, of society, of laws of conduct. He says, "We are confronted all over Europe by a religious reaction." The temper of the twentieth century will be that science has lost a part at least of its prestige, that religion has gained a part, and that it is coming to be seen that the apparent antagonism between them is mainly due to the extravagant pretensions of the men of science." Indeed "in France a new crusade has risen, a crusade which seeks to gather into its hosts men of all creeds and men of none, and which proclaims as its object the recovery of the sacred places of man's spiritual life, the holy land in which virtue shines forever by its own light and the higher impulses of our nature are inspired, invincible, and immortal. On its banner M. Paul Desjardines writes the word of Tolstoi, '*Il faut avoir une âme*; it is necessary to have a soul,' and declares that the crusaders will follow it wherever it leads them. 'For my part,' he cries, 'I shall not blush certainly to acknowledge the Christ preached by the doctors. I shall not recoil if my premises force me to believe, at last, as Pascal believed.'

We all know that the greatest poets of our time have been Browning and Tennyson, and that they rank among the few really great poets of all time. We know how profound their influence has been upon the world of thoughtful people, and also what powerful witnesses they have been to the reality of spiritual things. Once, while walking in his garden, Tennyson pointed to a rose, exclaiming to his companion, "What the sun is to that flower, that Jesus Christ is to my soul." And you

remember these lines of Browning in which, no doubt, his own faith was expressed :

"I say, the acknowledgement of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise."

Facts like these are signs of a *renaissance* of faith. I do not exaggerate the importance of these signs: sceptical doubt and practical atheism abound in plenty; and yet in twenty-five years the atmosphere has changed for the better, there has been in some measure a return to faith.

The second thing to be noted in this outlook on the present is the prevailing acknowledgment of the supremacy of Christ. Again, do not misunderstand me. I do not say that on every hand there is an acknowledgement of the orthodox doctrine of the person of Christ, or of the supernatural character of his historic appearing. The Christ of the creed is by many denied; concerning the person of Christ the conflict rages. But in spite of this no one can fail to observe the acknowledgement which prevails, no matter how inconsistent it may be, of Christ's moral and spiritual supremacy, the homage which is paid to Him as the supreme example and guide. This is found in unexpected quarters. It is well known that whilst a gathering of socialists may hiss at the mention of the church, it will applaud a reference to Jesus. Indeed in the socialistic and labor agitations of our time, men suppose that they are following Jesus, and no name carries such weight as His. You will also find a marked homage paid to Jesus by a certain section of the Jews of our day. More than once have we met with some utterance of a learned and influential Jew which has astonished us. It is no confession of the Christ of orthodoxy, but it is a confession, sometimes exceedingly intense in its language, that if the Jews are to have any life of the spirit at all they must learn the secret of it from Jesus. A little volume entitled the "Spirit of Judaism," by Miss Josephine Lazarus, one of a well-known Jewish family, makes an almost passionate plea for the recognition of the spiritual unity of men, of Jew and Christian alike, according to the teaching of Jesus. In that volume I find a sentence like this, in which, appealing to her own people, Miss

Lazarus says, "We must cross the Rubicon, the blank page that separates the Old Testament from the New, and read with fresh eyes, fresh hearts, the life and teachings of the one whom the world calls Master."

As to the men of science and the philosophic evolutionists of our day, so far as they are religious, they all conclude with a reference to Christ as the supreme Teacher; Him alone they call "The Master." For example, John Fiske ends his little volume, "The Destiny of Man," with these words, "As we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords." I know that much of this may be discounted, that it may be regarded as an attempt to gather the fruits of Christianity without acknowledging or possessing the roots. Still, it illustrates my point, regarding the supremacy of Christ as it is acknowledged in our day. The world cannot get on without Christ; it is restless; it hungers and thirsts; it gropes in the dark. Somehow it vaguely feels that only Christ can answer its questions, only He can give the living bread.

"Hushed be the noise and the strife of the schools,
Volume and pamphlet, sermon and speech,
The lips of the wise and the prattle of fools;
Let the Son of Man teach!

Who has the key of the future but He?
Who can unravel the knots of the skein?
We have groaned and have travailed and sought to be free,
We have travailed in vain.

Bewildered, dejected, and prone to despair,
To Him as at first do we turn and beseech:
'Our ears are all open! Give heed to our prayers!
O Son of Man! teach!'"

With what intensity of faith and devotion believing hearts everywhere turn to Christ I need not remind you, your own hearts sufficiently testify to this. In this restless, questioning, critical, aspiring, struggling age, amid all the sin and the scrow within us and around us, Christ remains our Saviour, our Guide, our Hope.

"Subtlest thought shall fail and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow.

Yea, Amen! O changeless One, thou only
 Art life's guide and spiritual goal,
 Thou the light across the dark vale lonely,—
 Thou the eternal haven of the soul."

A third thing is noticeable in this outlook on the present, viz., a demand that the Christian faith be manifested in life more truly than ever before, and a very earnest endeavor on the part of many to respond to this demand.

It has been said that "God in His providence seldom gives to one prophet or generation more than a single main problem for solution. Be this as it may, there are questions which, a generation ago, were living, upon which the deepest interest could be aroused, but of which, to-day, we seldom hear. I do not say, *e. g.* that the Protestant denominations are disintegrating, or coalescing, or that denominational convictions have lost their grip, but who that can run back over thirty years does not see that interest in denominationalism as such has waned, and that the denominational disputant and champion, once common, is now almost an extinct species? The demand to-day is that the Christian principle of brotherhood be acted upon, that the common brotherhood of man be recognized. The demand is that Christ's law of the service of man, to which He gave Himself, and to which He called His disciples, shall be obeyed. The demand is that Christ's teaching regarding stewardship shall be practised, that Christ's teachings regarding our human relationships, regarding the duty of man to man shall not be explained away but shall be made the law of our lives. To illustrate my meaning, think of Mr. Sheldon's little book, "In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?"—of the circulation it has had, of the influence of it in spite of its defects. Or think of the life and teachings of Count Tolstoi. And may I not refer in this connection to the Manifesto issued by the Czar of Russia, calling for a conference on disarmament? The sins, the crimes, the ignorance, the wrongs of human society are brought to our notice as never before, and the demand is that all who follow Jesus shall deny themselves and shall throw themselves into the work of destroying the kingdom of darkness and establishing the kingdom of light. And so we have brotherhoods of the kingdom, and college settlements in the slums of great cities, and

many another enterprise. Then right along side of this we have what is sometimes called "the Keswick teaching" regarding the indwelling of Christ in believers, and Christians are summoned to yield themselves unconditionally to Christ, and to go forth among men no longer living their own self-centred lives, but living the very life of their Lord.

Here we must pause in this our outlook. I have given only a few strokes of the pencil. Entire sections of the picture have been left out, as for example, the Foreign Mission work of our day. It is impossible to sweep the eye over the entire field in a short address. And I have endeavored, not to express my own opinions, but rather to be an interpreter of our time. Never was the work of the minister of Christ more inspiring, and never was it more difficult and exacting. To guide the faith and to lead in the services of the church of Christ to-day,—who is sufficient for it? Let not men enter the ministry to whom no divine call has come. For the perfunctory minister the world never had so little use as it has to-day. Never was there a greater need that we walk with God, that we preach by our lives, that our message have in it the unmistakable evidence that it comes from God. And we must hold by the old truths, the theology that has done the work in the past: the self-revealing of God in Jesus Christ, the atonement of Christ in Calvary for the world's sin, regeneration by the Holy Ghost. This we must preach, not as a system learned in a school, but as a theology which is our personal conviction experience and inspiration. The accent of conviction, of reality must be in ever word, God always has a place and a work for men who really believe in Christ, and according to Jesus' promise, forth from such men, in every land, in every age, "flow rivers of living waters."

J. W. A. STEWART.

VITA BREVIS.

A glowing spark, swift, hot-red, bright,
 Struck from the anvil ringing;
 A moment's heat, a moment's light,
 Into the cold dark flinging.

A moment's heat, a moment's light,
 A moment's music bringing;
 Life's golden spark in the cold and dark
 From the shore of eternity winging.

O. G. LANGFORD.

 IN SCOTLAND AND THE FREE KIRK.

Among the choicest memories of my recent trip to Great Britain are the ten days which I spent in Scotland, and a Sunday in the free kirk. Being of Scotch extraction I had often heard interesting tales concerning life in the home land of my parents and to hear much of Scotland is to hear of the kirk, for to the devout Scotchman the kirk is the very gate of heaven. Having taken passage on the S. S. Columba which plies between Glasgow in the south and Ardishaig in the far north I had occasion about six o'clock in the evening to visit the dining saloon in order to refresh myself as the steamer did not touch dock until late in the evening. Here I met with a typical Scottish scene. Dozens of the branny sons of the North were seated about the festive board, enjoying a bit of bonnock, (oat meal cake) and their wee dram (as they call it).

I listened with deep interest to the main drift of their conversation and strange to relate there was little discussion outside the parish minister—the last business meeting of the kirk—and the general good of the cause. I had heard many fairly successful elocutionists attempting to imitate the brogue of the Highland peasant, but to listen to their conversation—so natural, so sweet, was to find in it a simple charm that thrilled me with inexpressible delight.

If the Scotchman's blessing is his natural aptitude for religion, his devotion for God's Word—his love for the kirk—the Scotchman's curse is his natural aptitude for and participation of strong drink. Extol if you will their love for liberty—their Christian liberality—their missionary enthusiasm—their moral and spiritual superiority over other people and I will point you to one dark blot upon their national page—to one sad fact deep written in their national life—to one fatal habit that is eating at their very vitals and it is found in the fact that their sons and their daughters from youth to old age frequent the public houses of their great cities and country-sides and drink to their physical, their moral and often their spiritual destruction as well. They are bound slaves of an awful and a national curse. It is no uncommon sight to see the spirit vaults of Scotland crowded with women, mothers with their suckling babes. Nor is it uncommon to see mothers place the cup of intoxication to the lips of the little ones. Thus from infancy they become acquainted with, and form associations about, that which finally "stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder."

Scotland is a land with few doctors and is the poorest place for patent medicine men to thrive in. They have one grand remedy always by them for all diseases—aches and pains, "that flesh is heir to." Namely, seven-year-old Scotch whiskey.

In the little village where I spent several days, a town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, I was surprised to learn that there was no resident physician and none within a radius of several miles. So that those who live far back in the country are often thirty and forty miles from a regular practitioner. I remarked to one gentleman the great contrast with Canada in this respect. Being inquisitive I asked him what he did in these back settlements when one of the family falls sick? Why, maun! (with a look of astonishment) "They gie 'im whiske," was his prompt answer. But I said, supposing the patient is not improving under the treatment and is near death, what then? "Why, maun," said he, "'gie 'im a wee drahm more." But what if he is dying? "Very weal, if auld Scotch is na able to cure 'im let 'im dee, he's no fit to live in Scotland, and so we send for the minister." Religion and old Scotch go together in

life, and when "the never-failing" fails in death then the other comes to the rescue.

The week had been very unpleasant with heavy, cloudy, searching Scotch mist, falling part, if not all, of each day, but the Sabbath broke over those never to be forgotten heather-clad hills, bright and beautiful.

Everything seems conducive in Scotland to make the Sabbath Day "the best in all the seven." Nature herself appeared to reserve a special portion for that day. The Highland people make much of the Sabbath, the minister and the kirk. The free kirk in Ardishaig is truly "beautiful for situation," and it might be fittingly added, is the joy of the whole community. It stands on a considerable rising ground, behind it and on the right and left are the higher hills, while in the front, as far as the eyes can see, stretches the beautiful river Clyde. I had the good fortune to visit Scotland in the best season, the belle, purple and white heather, being all in full bloom. To see those ancient hills bedecked with these variagated colors and all radiant in the full glory of the sunlight, presented a spectacle that for beauty of natural scenery is rarely surpassed and one not soon to be forgotten.

"Hither the tribes go up" to this mountain-surrounded and loved Jerusalem, each face and elastic step reflecting the Psalmist's expression "I was glad when they said unto me let us go up to the house of the Lord."

To see a Scotchman in the kirk is to see him at his best. He has a peculiar delight in the doctrines of Sovereign grace and no higher joy can flood his soul than to hear a sermon that fits in well with his own ideas. The free kirk of Scotland has an excellent type of ministry—men of education, men of power and men characterised by intense spiritual earnestness—the enthusiasm with which they enter into the sublime work of preaching delighted and shamed me at the same time. Rev. Mr. Stewart who has been pastor of the church I attended since its dedication in the forties, and who is now over eighty years of age preached in the morning of July the 30th an evangelistic sermon on Isaiah 60: 8, with fervor that would well become a man of less than half his years. His divisions were simple, clean cut, and forceful.

I.—The Flight. II.—The Manner of the Flight. III.—The Reason of the Flight. Conclusion.—The Consequences of the Flight.

His theme was revival. He pointed out in his introductory remarks how that the prophet in this vision looked forward to an ingathering which the church as yet had not experienced. This great revival is likened unto a cloud for multitude and to a dove for swiftness. Evident danger is the explanation of the flight; its consequences are joy and salvation.

The fact that the preacher had certain fixed divisions meant more than that these formed the hinges for his thought and marked different stages in the development of the theme in hand. For at the conclusion of each the whole congregation knew well that there was a time coming for a general relaxation, when the preacher took a fresh supply of breath and got ready for the next division. In the mean time those in the audience who had been under deep tension took the opportunity for shifting their positions and momentarily diverted their minds from the fixed train of thought. This was most noticeable after the third division when all gathered fresh energy for the "now finally, brethren, in conclusion, for the application."

The free kirk at Ardishaig was in the throes of a very trying experience the Sunday I was present. A new presentor took up his duties. I sat by the one who had served them some thirty years and now was dethroned. He had resolution in his heart, and in his eye, which manifested itself also in his general bearing all through the service.

The elders watched very cautiously the new presentor—a plumber by trade—fresh from Edinburgh. He was full of new ideas and broke in on some of the long standing customs of the service. This pained several of the parishioners. When retiring after the service was dismissed I overheard several very interesting remarks from some who were not taken by his innovations, one of which was:

"The sermon was 'a very weel but there were too many motions in the hoose 'o God from the new presentor."

Regarding the service as a whole it was characterized by deep reverence on part of both the preacher and the congre-

gation. All followed the reading, prayer, singing and sermon with the greatest interest; the congregational rendering of Psalm eighty-nine was among the finest renditions of sacred song I have heard. There was a spirit of true worship in the service which seemed to reach its height as all joined in this concluding Psalm that was truly sublimely grand.

Many sermon tasters were present. One in particular who sat near me and amused me much. He never looked up, and from his appearance you might think he was bordering on the land of nod, but if the preacher, growing over earnest, approached dangerous ground, or threatened in any way to disturb the divine symmetry of the doctrines of grace, he was at once alert and you could see him quietly turning over the pages of his Gaelic Bible to square up some doubtful statement with a familiar passage; and if he found the scripture in no sense distorted he at once resumed with composure his former position. Verily like Paul he was set for the defence of the truth.

In concluding this letter I wish to describe a very familiar scene at the pier of Ardishaig, a scene which takes place at the departure of nearly every steamer. It is the farewell greeting given by those that are left behind to the hundreds of tourists and visitors who go daily out of this historic port. When the anchor is being lifted—led on by some strong voice—"Bonnie Charlie," one of the most popular of Scottish songs, is begun, and soon all on the pier are united in one hearty round of song—the chorus of which is—

" Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?"

To one who was unaccustomed to such a scene, it was, to say the least, pathetically impressive. Friends part here every day who "will no come back again." Some soldiers were leaving home for the Transvaal, after spending their furlough amidst the scenes of their childhood. These attracted the attention of all present. It was truly a pathetic sight to see them standing on the deck of the steamer looking wistfully over to those on the pier—a wife, a child, an aged father, a dear mother—until, when far out on the Clyde, as the last wave of the handkerchief greeted the eye their parting song still floated on the breeze—"Will ye no come back again?"

L. BROWN.

Grimsby,

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

(From the French.)

“So you never heard the story of Marie Labelle and her pearl necklace,” said Madame de Thou as she stopped knitting and settled back in her fauteil before the cheery fire. “Well, Marie was one of those charming girls who by a sort of mistaken destiny are born of humble parents. She had no *dot*, M’sieu, no means of being known, loved or wedded by a *gentleman*, and so she married a fat little clerk at the Bureau of Public Works.

“She had all the instincts for what is elegant and beautiful in life, for with women there is not inborn the idea of caste or rank; beauty, grace, and charm take the place of family and birth. She suffered ceaselessly, feeling that she had been born for all the luxuries of life. The poverty of her dwelling, the worn-out chairs, all these things tortured her. She thought of lofty chambers filled with the tapestries of the Orient, lit by countless tapers in tall brass candelabra, of the salons hung with satin, of the priceless bric-a-brac, of the coquettish boudoirs made for five o’clock teas with intimate friends, and became despairing. She had no dresses, jewels nor carriages; she felt made for all these things and would have liked to please, to be admired and sought after.

“She had one friend, a class-mate, at the convent school, who had all these wonderful treasures and whom she visited no longer, because she felt her poverty so much when she came back to her humble home.

“But, one evening her husband came home with an air of triumph, holding a large square envelope in his hand: ‘Here is something for you,’ said he.

“She tore the paper sharply and drew out an engraved card which bore the words:—

“‘The Minister of Public Works requests the honor of M. and Mme. Labelle’s company at the reception ball of the Ministry on Tuesday evening, January eighteenth.’

“To her husband’s surprise she disdainfully threw the invitation on the table.

“ ‘Why, my dear, I thought you would be delighted, here is a fine opportunity for you to go out. Everybody wants to go as it is very select and very few of the clerks have invitations. The whole official world will be there.’

“ She looked at him in an irritated way and asked impatiently, ‘What do you think I’ve got to wear?’

“ ‘I had not thought of that.’ He stammered: ‘Why, your theatre costume; it looks all right, to me at least.’ He stopped, for his wife was crying. Two great tears stole slowly down from the corners of her eyes. But, by a violent effort, she conquered her grief. ‘I cannot go to the ball for I have no dress, give the invitation to some friend whose wife is better off than I.’

“ He was despairing. ‘How much would it cost to buy a suitable dress that could be used on other occasions?’ said he.

“ After some seconds of calculation she replied hesitatingly: ‘I don’t quite know, but I think about four hundred francs.’

“ He turned a little pale, for he had just saved up that amount for a little trip to Nautene next summer, but he said:— ‘All right, darling, try to have a pretty one.’

“ The day of the great ball drew near, and Mme. Labelle seemed sad and uneasy. The dress was ready, however. One evening M. Labelle said: ‘What’s the matter? Why you’ve been so queer these last few days.’

“ ‘Well, it worries me not to have a single jewel to wear. I shall look like a statue of poverty. I’d almost rather stay at home, for nothing is more humiliating than to look poor among ladies who are rich.’

“ But her husband cried: ‘How silly you are! Go and borrow some jewels from your old school-mate. She will be glad to help you out.’

“ She uttered a little cry of joy. ‘It’s true, I never once thought of that.’

“ The next day she called on her friend, who received her with great attention and was delighted to be of service to Marie. Taking from a beautiful cabinet a large jewel box she said to Madame Labelle, ‘Choose, my dear.’

“ She tried on various ornaments before the mirror, but suddenly she saw in a satin box a huge necklace of pearls. Her

hands trembled as she took them, and fastening them round her beautiful throat, she remained lost in ecstasy at the vision of beauty.

“‘Can you lend me that alone, my dear.’

“‘Why, certainly.’

“She kissed her friend passionately and departed with her treasure.

“The evening of the ball arrived. Mme. Labelle was more beautiful than them all, gracious, elegant, and charming, and intoxicated with joy. All the great men, the deputies, the generals and ministers asked her name and begged to be presented. She danced with passion, made drunk by pleasure, in the triumph of her youthful beauty she forgot everything, but the glory of her success, of her awakened desires and that sense of victory so sweet to woman’s heart.

“At length it was all over and taking one of the ancient cabs near the Statue of Maissoneuve, which as if ashamed to show their misery in daylight are only seen after nightfall, they were deposited before their humble dwelling in the Rue des Recollet, and sadly they climbed to their humble home.

‘She removed her wraps to see herself once more in all her beauty. Suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was gone

“Her husband who was already undressing, demanded :

“‘What’s the matter now?’

“‘I have—I’ve lost the necklace!’

“He started up, distracted and pale with fright.

“‘What!—how?—It cannot be possible!’

“They looked everywhere, in her pockets, in the folds of her dress. All in vain. ‘You had it on when you left the Ministry, so you must have left it in the cab.’ ‘Yes, did you take his number?’ ‘No.’ They looked at one another and blank despair was written on their white faces.

“They went to police headquarters, to the cab agencies, everywhere, but came back each night with hollow pale faces; they had discovered nothing.

“By the end of the week they lost all hope, and her husband who had aged five years took the box and went from jeweller to jeweller searching for a necklace like the other, sick both of them with chagrin and anguish.

"They found in a shop on Rue St. Catherine a string of pearls the exact counterpart of the lost necklace. Its price was forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-five thousand, and if they found the other before the end of the year the jeweller would buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs.

"Loisel Labelle possessed eighteen thousand francs, a legacy from his father. He borrowed the rest. He gave notes, contracted ruinous obligations, compromised all the rest of his life, and, frightened by the black furies of poverty and the tortures he would suffer he laid down the thirty-five thousand francs upon the counter.

"Marie took the necklace to her friend, who said coldly, 'You ought to have returned it sooner, I might have needed it.'

"Marie now faced the future with heroism. The debt must be paid. They dismissed their servant and removed to one room in a tenement house. She washed the dishes, and carried the water up-stairs; she dressed like a woman of the people and as a washerwoman she soiled her pretty hands in the homes of the very ministers with whom she had danced on the evening of her triumph.

"Her husband worked evenings and copied manuscripts at five sous a page.

"This lasted ten years. At the end of this time they had paid all with compound interest.

"Marie looked old now. She had become a sister of the poor, strong, hard and rough; but sometimes she sat down near the attic window and thought of that far off time when she had been so beautiful, courted and admired.

"What would life have been without that fateful necklace, who knows? Upon how small a thing hangs the web of destiny. How little is needed for us to be lost or saved! Life is strange and filled with many changes.

"One Sunday on the Champ de Mars, while resting from her weekly toil, she suddenly saw a woman leading a little boy. It was the old friend of her girlhood, still young, beautiful and dainty.

"Mme. Labelle went up to her.

" 'Good-day, Jeanne.'

"The other, astonished by the familiar address from a woman of the people, stammered :

"'But—I do not know—you are mistaken.'

"'No. I am Marie Labelle.'

"'The lady uttered a cry of pity. 'How changed you are!'

"'Yes, I have had hard times since I saw you, bad enough, and because of you!'

"'How so!'

"'Do you recall that necklace you lent me?'

"'Yes. Well?'

"'Well, I lost it!'

"'Why you brought it back.'

"'I bought you another just like it. And for this we have saved and scrimpled ten long years. It is all over now and I am so glad. And you never noticed the difference in the pearls.'

"And she smiled with a proud naive joy.

"The lady strongly moved put her arms around Marie's poor thin neck.

"'Oh, my dear! My necklace was paste and worth not more than two hundred francs!'

G. H. CAMPBELL, '00.

"TU ES HOMO!"

As watches grievingly a loving mother
 The son who once was all her hope and pride,
 But now bro't low with sin and wine (that tide
 Whose woful flow still many more shall smother);
 She, widowed heart, to whom is left no other
 Still clings to him with tenderest affection,
 But weeps and yearns and prays in her dejection :
 "How noble might he be! Still save him, Father!"

So God from heav'n looks down and sees us each,
 Not as He meant when from His hand first came
 His creature, then by Him esteemèd good,
 But prone to sin of deed, of tho't, oi' speech,
 O, His the grief at sight of all our shame,
 And His the cry: "How noble, if he would!"

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

"THE LAND OF BURNS."

"Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, forever dear to me,
Of burgh-towns the pick and wale, the bonniest place I see."

"Auld Dumfries" is one of the most interesting of Scottish towns. Its history extends back into the dim past, when the Roman legions drove the early inhabitants of that district northwards. Kings have lived within its walls; great affairs of the nation have been transacted there; and some of the most momentous events in the annals of Scottish history have occurred in this old town. At the present time the old moats and mounds in the neighborhood afford evidences of the early occupation of that district by the Romans, while the ruins of castles and religious houses tell many a story of the exciting days of early Scottish history. The important part which Dumfries has played in the history of Scotland is sufficient of itself to add interest to any survey of its past and its present features. Added to this is the fact that the Patriot Bard of Scotland lived there and died there—this fact has overshadowed all others, so that the district has become known as "the Land of Burns."

Dumfries is picturesquely situated on the River Nith whose peaceful waters flow through the counties of Ayrshire and Dumfrieshire, both consecrated by the genius of Burns. The "Sweet Afton" of his song joins it before crossing the Ayrshire boundary, and afterwards it flows along the western division of Dumfrieshire into the Solway Firth some nine miles from Dumfries. The surrounding country is hilly and abounds in historical associations and places once the haunts of genius. The town stands in a sheltered position on the left side of the Nith, while on the opposite bank is the small, but modern city of Maxwelltown. Although having separate councils, they are practically united for municipal purposes.

Almost every town in Scotland has its traditions and institutions, which can be traced back to very early times. The burghers take a peculiar pride in these, and it is always a source of great satisfaction if they are able to refer to any particular date, as the time when some royal personage or great man visited or resided in their town. The good citizens of

Dumfries possess these traits likewise and they recall with pleasure that Dumfries was once a royal burgh. It was in Dumfries that Robert the Bruce slew the false Sir John of Badenoch, otherwise known as the "Red Comyn," and struck the first blow for freedom. The hopes of the Baliol party were crushed by this act; all Scotland rallied to the support of Bruce, and the result after eight years hard fighting was the great victory of Bannockburn.

There are many other interesting persons connected with the early history of Dumfries. Among those whose names are held in grateful memory is the Lady Devorgilla.

"A better ladye than she was none,
In all the Isle of Maré Bretane."

This noble lady erected several religious houses in the neighborhood, and about the year 1275 constructed a bridge across the Nith, which is still in use. When this was built, bridges were scarce and it was then considered a noble structure. With the advance of modern civilization this old bridge has become useless for heavy traffic and is only used by foot passengers now. Still later this same benefactress founded "Sweetheart Abbey" near Dumfries, and in 1289 she founded Baliol College, Oxford, in memory of her husband, John Baliol.

About a mile from Dumfries near a bend in the River Nith stand the roofless ruins of Lincluden Abbey,

"Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
When at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie."

It was erected in 1164 by the munificence of one of the Lords of Galloway, and in its day has served as a monastery, church and royal retreat. Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry III. of England found a refuge there after the defeat of the Lancastrian party at Northampton in 1460. In the north wall is the tomb of the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert II. of Scotland. This tomb was once a very beautiful one, and it still retains traces of its former excellence. Within an arched recess is a sarcophagus and above it is the effigy of the princess.

But Dumfries, before everything else, is the shrine of all

lovers of Burns, for it was there that he passed the most fruitful eight years of his life. It is true that he had won fame previous to his life in Dumfries. He had been feasted and lionized in Edinburgh, the idol of a day, but in all that there was nothing to aid him materially in his struggle for a livelihood, and shortly afterwards he leased a farm at Ellisland, six miles from Dumfries. To this place he brought his "Jean," and together for some time endeavored to coax a living from the farm. At the same time he found opportunities of conversing with the muses in his lonely walks through Nithsdale, or beside the gently flowing Nith. It was then that he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," a beautiful emboliment of tender memories. He held the farm for three years, at the same time acting as excise officer for a division near Dumfries. At the end of that time he obtained a promotion and also an increase of salary. Then he removed to Dumfries, where he resided until his death in 1876. To this period of his residence in Dumfries, Scottish literature is indebted for such exquisite lyrics as "O' a' the Airts the Wind can Blow," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon," and "John Anderson, My Jo." It also gave birth to that noble song of reunion so dear to every Scotchman's heart, "Auld Lang Syne"; to the patriotic verses, "Scots Wh'a Ha'e"; and to the poetical magna charta "A Man's a Man for a' That." This period embraced the most fruitful, as well as the happiest years of his life, but there were many times when he endured "the supreme misery of making three guineas do the business of five." The greatness of the man arose above the exigencies of his circumstances. The essential nobility of his mind flourished amid all the impediments of his surroundings, and produced the richest flowers of exuberant fancy in song and poetry.

He formed a happy circle of friends in Dumfries, in whose company he passed many a social hour, and where he frequently read his poems. His favorite haunt in those days was the Globe Inn on High Street, now called Burns' Howff. A pretentious sign at a narrow opening in the wall on High Street gives the first indication of the whereabouts of this inn. A narrow close leads from this to the rear of some large stores, where the old

building still stands, just as it did in Burns' time; the room in which the poet and his companions usually passed their evenings is of moderate size, finished in walnut. In one corner stands the chair in which Burns always sat and on the wall is a picture representing the poet riding in a storm while composing the martial strains, "Scots Wha Ha'e." In another part of the town on Burns Street stands his home. It is an old-fashioned, plain looking, two story house, with stone steps at the front, small windows, and to all appearances more like a peasant's cottage than the home of a poet. But genius possesses a subtle charm which often makes the most unpretentious thing interesting, and so it is that thousands annually visit this humble building in an old part of the town. It is interesting also to note that the present owner of this house derives a handsome income from the small fee charged the eight or nine thousand tourists who visit it each year. The poor Scottish bard who once lived there toiled hard to earn a living, his genius then unrewarded, while his fame now enables others to enrich themselves.

In a corner of St. Michael's churchyard stands the tomb of Burns. During his life he was a regular attendant at this old Presbyterian church. For years after his death his pew was preserved, but with late changes in the interior of the church this has been removed. His tomb stands in the north-east corner of the churchyard surrounded by the great silent company. The tomb is the largest there and the interior is very beautiful. The poet's remains rest within a sarcophagus, while on the background the poet is represented at the plow looking upwards into the face of an angel hovering over him, as the source of his inspiration. It is a striking representation of the greater part of the life of the Ayrshire peasant. There is another monument of Burns, which represents him sitting on a stump, with his dog at his feet, while on the pedestal are inscribed some of his most famous lines. Some have almost become proverbs of the language—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a'gley,"

while others breathe the spirit of that larger brotherhood—

"It's coming yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

He sleeps now in the churchyard of St. Michael's, the national bard of Scotland, honored by his countrymen, and beloved wherever an inspired strain can strike a chord in the human heart.

Many other distinguished literary men have been connected with Dumfries. Barrie, the happy delineator of Scotch character, attended the academy there, and Scott has described many scenes in that neighborhood, and the originals of many of his characters lived there. Helen Walker, the "Jeannie Deans" of "The Heart of Midlothian," and Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of the Waverley characters, are both buried within a few miles of Dumfries. Craigenputtock, the wilderness home of Carlyle, is twelve miles distant, and the great moralist was in the habit of making annual visits to his brother in Dumfries. Ecclefechan, his birth place, is just a few miles from Dumfries and is visited constantly by numbers of his admirers. To the scenes of "Maxwellton's Braes," the sweetest of Scotch songs, and "Kirconnell Lea," where "Fair Helen" and her lover lie side by side, is a pleasant afternoon's walk.

To appreciate fully the beauty of the land of Burns, and the charm of these associations, it is necessary to visit them and to listen to the stories which many an old resident there can tell of his countrymen whose genius has added lustre to their country. The history of the country as read in its ruins and traditions has made "Auld Dumfries" an interesting place for all travellers, while the songs of Burns and others less famous have embalmed the memory of scenes around it in the sweetest strains of the language.

G. L. S.

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY takes great pleasure in wishing all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the New Year bring us all a large measure of the pure and abiding happiness that comes from glad service for others and for Him whose birth the festive season celebrates.

THE MONTHLY is glad to know that Chancellor Wallace is being gratified by the reception given by the Canadian Baptists to himself and his mission. Hope is already becoming actualized, and we may expect soon to see something more tangible than visions, in the form of a much needed chapel and library building. There is, however, still room for the exercise of devotion and self-sacrifice, in order that all needs may be supplied. We are sure that a realization of the urgency of the needs is all that is necessary to ensure the desired result. To secure this realization is the business to which the Chancellor has set himself.

THE first issue of a very promising sheet found its way to us quite recently. It bears a name which ensures for it a hearty reception in the halls of McMaster University. *The Western Baptist* has its headquarters in Vancouver, a city already boasting of three Baptist churches, and of two pastors who are graduates of McMaster.

The editor of this new addition to the sisterhood of Baptist papers in Canada is Mr. Hinson, who recently left a very large church in Moncton in the far east to become the pastor of the leading church of the far west. THE MONTHLY extends to *The Western Baptist* its heartiest greetings and wishes it all success in finding for itself a high sphere of usefulness in the bringing of the Baptists of the east and west into closer sympathy and fellowship.

There is yet another reason why THE MONTHLY is glad to say *bon voyage* to this messenger of truth. The name of Mr. C. L. Brown is held in high esteem as a former business manager of our college paper, and there is therefore a special pleasure to us in finding that he has been appointed to act in the same capacity in the interests of this new publication.

To those who have seen the first copy no words of commendation are necessary; to others we can only say, send your name to Mr. Brown and read and judge for yourselves.

WE have received a programme of the course of lectures to be given under the auspices of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute, and we take this opportunity of commending the wisdom and energy of the staff of that institution in providing so excellent a series of lectures for its students and patrons. It is doubtful whether any other educational institution in Ontario—universities included—can show such distinguished names on a lecture programme as appear on that of Lindsay Collegiate Institute, namely, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Bourinot, Hon. David Mills, and J. H. N. Bourassa, Esq., M.P. The lectures, we are glad to see, deal largely with the history of Canada and its relation to the Empire, and are well adapted to promote high-minded patriotism in those who have the privilege of listening to them. We are particularly glad to learn that Mr. Bourassa is to speak on "The Contribution of the French-English Races to the Making of Canada." Just at the present time, when a united people is so necessary in Canada, it is well to remember what our French-Canadian compatriots have done in the building up of Canada. We English-speaking Canadians are prone to forget that what Canada is and is to be depends not only on ourselves, but also on our French-speaking brethren, and we ought, therefore, to welcome anyone who will remind us of the latter's share in our nation-building. We, therefore, congratulate the staff of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute in being so broad in their vision as to give place on their programme to such a lecture as that of Mr. Bourassa, and on the general excellence of their course of lectures. It is evident that they realize the truth of the following passage from Phillips Brooks, which appears in their pamphlet, and which is so true as to be worth quoting here: "Greater than anything else in education, vastly greater than question about how many facts and sciences a teacher may have taught his pupil, there must always be this other question, into what presence he has introduced him; before what standard he has made his pupil stand; for in the answer to that question are involved all the deepest issues of the pupil's character and life."

THE following quotation from an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, on "Shall I go to College," states the gist of the whole argument for higher education. We quote it that our readers may have the benefit of it:

It may as well be frankly admitted that not everyone should enter college. It is probable that there are some whose capacities are so

limited that their full measure of culture and attainment is reached before the college stage. If your measure of enlargement is reached when the academy has done with you, then it is surely time to lend a hand in whatsoever the world will give you to do. Every one of us is in duty bound, as well as supremely privileged, to make the most of himself. As soon as that is done, so far as it can be done in the schools, he should set about earning bread and serving his fellows. *

* * The story has been going the rounds of the papers that the President of Oberlin College was once asked by a "smart" young man whether one could not prepare for the business of life as well in two years as in four. "Well," replied the President, "when God wants to make a squash He takes about six weeks, but when he wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years." The squash, as a squash, is just as much of a success as the oak. It is by no means to be spoken of with disrespect; but it is not so admirable and noble and useful a result. * * * A man of wide experience in public affairs was asked by a young man what he thought of higher education whether it did not consume altogether too much time. "If I knew that I had but ten years to live," replied the great man, "I would spend nine of them in getting ready for the tenth." There is stated the whole argument for the college course—preparation, training, getting power to see, to enjoy, to do, to live, to get much out of life and the world. The world is not the same to every man. It is for every one of us what we have eyes and wit to see and power and skill to use. The higher education is an eye-opener, or rather an eye-multiplier, for the educated man is all eyes, and he sees and uses what is hidden from others. The difference in the lives of men is not in any great degree due to the difference in their opportunities; it is due to the difference in the men themselves. Opportunities in abundance are all about us. Do we see them? Can we use them? Have we made the most of ourselves? * * * It is well known what a gymnasium is for. It exists in order that a possible man may become an actual man. It takes boys who are half alive, hollow-chested, thin-blooded, slow and stooping, and literally unfolds, develops them, makes them alert and erect, makes real the life that was slumbering in them. It makes the body usable. What the gymnasium is to the body the higher education is to the mind. It calls out individuality and personal power; it makes the man alert and alive in every fibre of him; it makes him understand himself, command his faculties, and make them do his bidding promptly and well; it leads him to understand life and the world

and adjust himself truly to others. Of course the man does not stop learning these things when he leaves college, but the college trains him in these things and gives him an enormous advantage for the future. * * * If this is soberly true, then we should expect to find college-bred men and women in the highest places of influence and usefulness. And this we do find. Actual facts and statistics gathered from many sources seem to make it evident that almost every department of active life at this moment is dominated by college men and women. On the whole, we may say that the leaders, the organizers of the world's activities to-day, are college trained.

Book Reviews.

THE SKY PILOT.*

Ralph Connor is the Canadian Ian Maclaren. His stories and his style are different from those of his Scottish *confrère*, but the spirit of his stories is the same, and that is saying a great deal. It should be encouraging to us to know that our country is finding a voice, and to us of Ontario it is especially interesting to remember that it is not very long since Ralph Connor was wearing a student's gown in Toronto.

This story tells about life on the Foot hills in the great West—that West which, as the author says, discovers and reveals the man in its children, sometimes to their honor, often to their shame. The spell of this great expanse of prairie and mountain has evidently settled deeply upon the spirit of the writer, for his book abounds in fascinating and sympathetic descriptions of the mountains and prairies and canyons, as they appear in the changing dress of each new season. The people of the country are painted in colors of reality, and it is incidentally made clear how soon, even in a new country, a dominating and even tyrannical social atmosphere is created, and it is shown how there, as elsewhere, men's influence counts for much in the actual life of others, and how easy it is for one who likes another, to help his friend down instead of up. Faults these men have, and serious faults, that bring their own retribution, but in spite of all, the author bears testimony that he has "never fallen in with men braver, truer, or of

*The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co., Limited pp. 300.

warmer heart." To this community comes the Sky Pilot, whose name, given in jest at first, comes to express after all the real place that the youthful missionary, with all his limitations, takes in the community, for whenever any one is led to seek the "upward trail," the Pilot is the man whose help is sought. The Pilot is disappointing at first, but he soon makes it apparent that there is something in him that men do not see at first. For when he is talking to them, men can see the hills breathe as the sun sets behind them, can feel the magic of the canyon's scenery when they lie helplessly in their sick-room, and, what is greater than all, can hear the heart of the Bible throb when he tells its stories. The theological ideas are not put obtrusively, but they are there, and they make the book clear and strong. It is made clear that however attractive sin is in the dawn of the day, its wages come with unerring certainty when the shadows of evening fall. It is made clear that men cannot live without Christ, and still be men. It is made clear that we are our brother's keeper, and that it matters greatly how we act toward him. And upon the mysteries of pain and death, the country itself is made to shed light, for it is made clear that the sweetest flowers bloom in the scarred and twisted canyons, and that "lives are like flowers: in dying they abide not alone, but sow themselves and bloom again with each returning spring, and ever more and more." This is a book to be recommended, and to be thankful for. Its tone is manly and natural, its style is clear and beautiful and strong, and its teachings are drawn from the Fountain of purity and truth. There are many dark things in human life that are not touched upon here, although we meet them in experience, but for discovering to us the good that there is in men we must thank the author, for we are not always able, unaided, to see it. When a man objected about another of Ralph Connor's books, that he had been at the Selkirks and had not seen the things that the author describes, it was a sufficient answer when the reply was given, "Don't you wish you could?"

J. L. G.

"HOUSES OF GLASS."*

This is a production of more than passing merit and charm. The keynote struck of "Charity the greatest of virtues," denotes the author's keen realization of the crying need of to-day. Using as data this ancient but unlearned axiom, he clearly demonstrates the sole and simple solution to the ills of home and of society so pregnant in this advanced age.

* Houses of Glass. By Wallace Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co.

The movement of the plot in its earlier stages seems somewhat slow, but with its development comes an increased momentum that culminates in a climax of absorbing interest. The vividness of dramatic action pervades the whole. The characters delineated are forcibly applicable to modern life. Pain, pleasure, passion, pride, prejudice,—these promenade upon the stage in each and all the scenes. Bitter tears are frequent, and often follow fast upon sounds and smiles of gladness. The weaknesses inherent, even in the strongest characters, are pathetically portrayed, while in bold relief, the supreme virtues of love and self-sacrifice stand forth and dominate the plot. The question of life being worth living, is, at first, firmly doubted, then fairly discussed, and finally, fully disposed of. An earnest plea is presented for the placing of society's artificial laws, upon the unerring and unchanging laws of Nature. Hence the question of the magnetic relations of the sexes preserves a prominent place, from a just recognition of which, the author intimates, that divorce and disunion of home would become less alarming in their frequency.

In brief, the entire work discloses, frankly and fearlessly, to earnest men and women (to whom alone it is addressed), the ripe results of twenty years' actual experience in the various walks of life.

As regards style, the author at times flashes with the cold sarcasm of Dean Swift; sparkles again with the suggestive sentiment of Hawthorne, and anon he melts into the tender pathos of a Dickens.

J. R. C.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

THE Sophomores are rejoicing over the return of Edgar Tarr from England. Probably visions of the hockey championship are floating before their minds.

A CERTAIN member of '03—"If I am ever preaching and you are within a mile of me, will you come to hear me?"
Junior—"Oh! I wouldn't need to come any nearer."

MR. ZAVITZ is now being congratulated on his election to the presidency of the Inter-college Football Union. Association football is at present booming among the colleges, and certainly the new officers are the very ones to keep its popularity on the increase.

As the holiday season draws near and the number of rallies and other "meetings" increases, we notice a large number conspicuous by their absence from the breakfast table, and also notice on their faces a wearied look as they wander about the hall.

EVEN at this festive season there are no gatherings more enjoyable than the class rallies. December 13th, the occasion of their 2nd annual rally, will long be remembered by the members of '02 and the representatives of other years who were present. Professor and Mrs. McKay extended their hospitality to the class, and their new home was thrown open to them on that evening. The first half hour which was spent in hemming aprons, was much enjoyed by the ladies and was certainly very interesting to the gentlemen, who have found out that aprons are fearfully and wonderfully made. President J. A. McLean then, in a neat address, welcomed the guests and presented to Mrs. McKay a beautiful bouquet of roses. Following this a short programme was carried out. The bard read a poem, "The Sophs. of McMaster," which promises to place him on the pinnacle of fame, and Miss M. C. Blackadar gave an excellent history of the class. After an oration by the orator and an instrumental by the minstrel, Professor McKay, the honorary president, gave some reminiscences of his college days and in conclusion wished every prosperity to "Naughty Two." The rooms were now arranged for progressive crokinole and the fifteen scheduled games were played, Miss Tarr winning the prize, a handsome paper knife. Shortly after lunch the gathering broke up by singing, "The Soldiers of the Queen."

THE chapel-room of the University was completely filled, Friday evening, Dec. 1st, when the semi annual public meeting of the Liter-

ary and Scientific Society was held. The President, Mr. Cornish, occupied the chair, and after an opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Fox, made a short address, in which he expressed the hope that before long the Literary Society would be able to welcome its friends to its meetings in a more comfortable audience room. The musical part of the programme was excellent, consisting of an instrumental duet, "Marche Militaire," by Misses M. A. Bailey, B.A., and N. D. Cohoon, '00; a vocal duet, "The Battle Eve," by Messrs. W. E. Bowyer, '02, H. Bryant; an instrumental solo, selected, Miss Dora Hill; vocal duet, "The Fisherman," Messrs. Bryant and Bowyer. Mr. P. E. Baker, '00, gave a reading from "The Habitant," "The Stove Pipe Hole," which was enjoyed very much. The most important part of the programme was a debate, on "Resolved, that the National Spirit has done more for Mankind than the Cosmopolitan Spirit" Mr. R. E. Smith, '00, and Mr. A. T. McNeil, '01, spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. H. C. Newcombe, '00, and Mr. J. R. Coutts, '02, for the negative. All four speakers gave excellent addresses and were remarkably well matched, for the negative won the debate by only four points. The Society were happy in having Rev. C. A. Eaton present in the capacity of judge of the debate. Mr. Eaton's criticism was fair and replete with his own delightful humor. An evening of great profit and pleasure was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem and everyone went away thinking that it would be well to come again.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—There was an unusually large audience at the second meeting of the Theological Society and a most profitable hour was spent by all. Dr. Goodspeed gave his report of the conference held in Pittsburg. Besides the report of the proceedings he gave some of his own opinions on the subjects discussed at the conference which were very helpful. Although there were some views expressed at Pittsburg which differed from his own he considered that he had derived much profit from the meetings. During the evening the Theological quartette gave two selections which were much appreciated.

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY.—The last meeting of the Tennysonian for the term was held in the chapel on the 8th inst., with President Meldrum in the chair. The particular point of interest in this meeting was the reading of the *Argosy*, a paper supposed to make hits on the students. The editors deserve great credit for the painstaking way in which they collected their information and the impartial way in which they dealt it out. Mr. Wilson read the first part and Mr. B. R. Allen the second. Between the two portions the 31 Avenue Road chorus, an unnameable aggregation under the leadership of Mr. Bowyer, delighted the audience with their sympathetic rendition of "Johnny Schmoker." A piano solo by Mr. Harton and one of Mr. McLean's inimitable character sketches completed the programme for the evening.

FIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The December meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Friday, the 15th. The morning session

was one of great inspiration and rich blessing. The first address was on Spirituality, and was given by Mrs. Armstrong who has spent so many years in Burmah. It was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Rev. C. A. Eaton followed with a characteristic address on the Higher Mission. The preacher can only be successful as he possesses the higher life and larger vision. No merely college-made man could move men; he must put his ear to the lips of God. He needs to study the great racial movements, the world's religious movements, the intellectual trends of the times and the social problems of the day. The second session, which was the annual public meeting, was held in the evening. The annual report was presented by the secretary, Mr. A. J. Saunders, and its adoption was moved by Rev. Joshua Denovan, and seconded by Rev. W. W. Weeks, each of whom gave splendid addresses. Mr. Denovan gave many interesting reminiscences of Dr. Fyfe and expressed the keenest sympathy with the work of the Society. He urged Christlikeness and defined it as being like Christ in aim, purpose and act. Mr. Weeks deplored the fact that fewer conversions than formerly was the cry of the church. Numbers did not always mean highest spiritual condition and yet the purpose of Christianity was to bring men to Christ. The secret of success may best be found by studying the methods of the Apostles. The preacher requires to know three things: first, the world's need; second, a soul's value; third, the obligation resting on himself as a minister. The session was closed with prayer led by Dr. Welton.

THE members of The Year One and their friends met on the evening of Dec. 7th, to hold their third annual rally at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, who, for the second time, have shown their generous hospitality in opening their home to The Year One. President A. T. McNeill and Miss McLaurin received the guests, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Farmer, Miss Lick and F. H. Phipps, the latter two of whom were at one time members of The Year One. The first part of the evening was given up to a Library Party, after which an informal programme was rendered, consisting of addresses from the President, A. T. McNeill, and the Hon. President, Dr. Farmer and several selections of music both vocal and instrumental. The members of the Junior Year well remember when they were first initiated into the responsibilities and pleasures of a class rally. The first one, though enjoyable, was surpassed by the one of the following year, and now it may be said that this, the third one, far excels both of the previous ones. This is due to the fact that as the members of the class have remained in the University and struggled against the same difficulties, and met the same successes, the bands of friendship and the ties of comradeship have become stronger and closer. One special feature of the evening was that the new class pins were for the first time exposed to the public gaze for admiration. The general verdict is that they are neat and handsome.

INTER COLLEGE DEBATE.—The evening of Dec. 4th was of special interest to us all, being the first time the picked men of McMaster and Victoria crossed swords since the Inter-College Debating Union was organized. The chapel of Victoria University was crowded with an enthusiastic audience of supporters for the contesting parties. The subject of the debate was the proposition, "Resolved That competition is more beneficial to mankind than co-operation would be." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and T. H. Cornish, of McMaster; while Messrs. I. W. Davidson, B.A., and F. L. Farewell supported the negative for Victoria. Dr. B. E. McKenzie officiated as chairman; Prof. Hume, Prof. Hague, and Prof. McFadyen acted as referees. Argument and eloquence waxed until time was called, when all, of course, were confident of the decision. While the referees were considering the matter Miss E. Jean Cross favored the audience with two beautiful selections which were well received. Prof. Hague in giving the resumé of the addresses drew attention to a weakness in the wording of the proposition, being capable of two interpretations. Unfortunately McMaster men had interpreted it contrary to that taken by Victoria and upheld by the referees. In matter, the honor fell to Victoria, but in the manner of delivery and style, McMaster carried the palm. The decision, although given in favor of the negative, did not lessen the confidence placed in our men. The able and masterly way in which they presented their arguments was especially complimentary to their Alma Mater.

THE last regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League for the Christmas term was held Friday afternoon, Dec. 8th, in the chapel. In the absence of the President, Miss Dryden, the chair was occupied by our Vice-President, Miss Sanders, who ably performed her duties. The programme consisted of readings from three of the popular books of to-day. Four members of the society, Miss Bailey, '98; Miss Gile, '00; Miss Iler, '02, and Miss McNeill, '03, gave readings from the following books:—"A Double Thread," "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus," and "Penelope's Experience in Scotland." Miss McNeill pleased all lovers of the dear "auld" Scotch tongue by her reading, in which she showed clearly her Scotch parentage. Miss Cohoon, '00, played an instrumental solo with admirable technique, and Miss Parlin, '03, sang very sweetly for us. We were very glad to have with us at our meeting, Mrs. C. A. Eaton, who kindly consented to act as critic. Her sweet manner would remove the sting from all criticism, however harsh, that she might choose to make, but she was good enough to say, "That she could make no criticisms which were unfavorable." The meeting was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

STUDENTS will please take note of the following:—You are hereby requested earnestly to entreat Santa Claus with all your youthful ardor to give us lots of snow and skating for Christmas. Tell him to be sure and send the kind that will stay and that won't go off after a day or so.

THE SOPHS OF McMASTER.

(Apologies to Kipling.)

Ave ye 'eard of the Sophs of McMaster,
 With their bloomin' big bumps of conceit ;
 We take Greek with a groan, we've mechanics at 'ome,
 O, they knock us clean off of our feet

(Poor beggars—clean off of our feet).

We've our mark on the cup for athletics,
 And we kicked up the deuce with the pins,
 And our fellows, you'll find, 'ave a fair share of mind
 And an 'orrible wallet of sins

(Poor beggars—we pay for our sins).

Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
 And 'ere's to our dear little cribs,
 And Professor McKay, e's the 'ole bloomin' way—
 Yes, 'ere's to 'is generous nibs

(Poor beggars—he lays for us, kids).

Walk wide of the Sophs of McMaster,
 For the 'ole bloomin' fellows we owns,
 We win all the praises, e-cape all the hazes,
 And we've plugged till we're nothing but bones

(Poor beggars—we're nothing but bones).

We may sleep till its ten in the morning,
 Or go to our classes like lambs,
 But we can't get away from the tune that they play,
 When the time comes around for Exams.

(Poor beggars—those bloomin' Exams.)

Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
 The president, h'orfers and wimmin,
 And all we desire, is to wade through the mire,
 And not to go down when we're swimmin'

(Poor beggars—its bloomin' 'ard swimmin').

—W. P. McDonald, '02.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS LILLIAN BAIRD.
 { MISS SARAH HOWARD.

MOULTON has many friends, and although circumstances prevent a number of them from throwing open their doors to a bevy of young girls, full of mirth and gaiety, there are some who are very active in their efforts to make particularly happy these same pleasure-loving students. On Friday evening of November 24th, the students of the First and Second Year classes were entertained by Mrs. Burke at her beautiful new home in Rosedale, while the remainder of the students spent an equally enjoyable evening at the home of Mrs. A. R. McMaster, on December 9th.

LAST month we referred to the entertaining lecture given by Prof. Cody, upon "Rome." This month the famous city was viewed by us

from a different standpoint, when Prof. Dale, of McMaster University, gave a very able lecture upon "The Greatness of Ancient Rome." The high character of the Moulton Lecture Course for this year was fully sustained on this occasion.

THE Moulton students who attended the open meeting of the Ladies' Literary Society of McMaster, report a very interesting and profitable evening.

WE have been favored during the past month by a visit from Chancellor Wallace, who conducted chapel service. The visits from the Chancellor are not as frequent as we should like them to be, but he is always welcomed with much pleasure, and his good advice is well received.

DURING the month we have had with us at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, Miss Ross, the Representative of the Student Volunteer Movement; and Mr. Bingham, a returned missionary from Central Soudan. Miss Ross, whose visit to us last year made her especially welcome again, gave us a very interesting talk on the work and object of the movement with which she is associated. Mr. Bingham, who is to return the first of the New Year to carry on his work in the Soudan, brought before us, very impressively, the needs of that land in which, while there are many natives enrolled as soldiers of the Queen, there are so few who are soldiers for Christ.

THE last meeting for the year of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, Dec. 8th, when the following interesting programme was given:—

Piano Solo,			Miss Guyatt
Essay,		Florence Nightingale	Miss Thompson
Vocal Solo,			Miss Mihell
Essay,		Louise Alcott	Miss Annable
Piano Solo,			Miss Alexander
Reading,		Heliconian Paper	Miss Gertrude MacGregor

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

THE Literary Societies have both been busy this month. "The Excelsior" has met regularly and engaged in two debates. The Philomathic held its "open night" last Friday (8th inst.), and the evening was a signal success. We were favored by a very large attendance of town-folk. Piano solos were given by Prof Teakles and Mr. King; "Soldiers of the Queen" was sung by Mr. Bert Bingham,

supported by a chorus of members; "The Oracle" was read by "Editor" Bingham, and proved witty and wise. However, the chief item of entertainment was a debate upon "Trusts." The resolution had been given the following form, "Resolved, that the time has come in Canada when Trusts should be controlled by Legislative Action." Messrs. Woltz and Beddow represented the affirmative, while Messrs. Jones and Roberts did battle for the opposition. The judges were Principal Levan, of Woodstock Collegiate Institute; Pastor McKay, of the First Baptist Church, and Principal McCrimmon, of our own College. After a spirited contest, Principal Levan, on behalf of the judges, announced victory as resting with the affirmative.

THE Judson Society meeting of this month proved to be very interesting. Two of the students, Mr. H. H. Bingham and Mr. W. T. Roberts, each gave an excellent address, telling of experiences which met them on their summer "fields."

MR. ROBERTS has been chosen to act upon the Executive Committee, in place of Mr. Alexander, now at McMaster.

THE student body has been pleased to give welcome to several visitors at "morning chapel," among them the Revs. Alfred Day, D. Hutchinson and J. P. McEwen.

THE Rugby season closed with two games against the O. A. C., Guelph. The first was played on our own campus, and resulted in a fine match, Woodstock, however, being defeated. The last contest was fought out at Guelph, and ended in another triumph for the more experienced home team.

THE red and yellow leaves having at last been buried under the first snows of the new season, skates are being sharpened up, hockey-sticks are flourishing about dangerously in the halls in anticipation of their exercise out-of-doors before long, and every night after four o'clock bell, basket-ball keeps our "gym." very full of noise and dust.

JUST now our thoughts are on Christmas, of course. Most of us have visions of roast turkey, plum-pudding, and other friends at home! but—ah! baneful "but,"—the exams. come first!

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

ON Nov. 24th we were treated to a very enjoyable entertainment at the Rousay Memorial Chnrch. Rev. A. L. Therrien kindly consented to read us a chapter of a new book which he is about to publish.

The title of the book is not yet made known, but the subject matter is drawn from incidents in connection with the Grande Ligne Mission work. The book is to be in the form of a novel, but Mr. Therrien says that the incidents recounted, and the situation described have nearly all of them their basis in fact connected with our own mission work. The chapter he read us was certainly very enchanting, and if the book sustains the same character throughout it will be of thrilling interest. It is written in Mr. Therrien's own pleasing and graceful style. The reading was relieved here and there by the singing of appropriate songs by the Institute Quartette. Perhaps a few who did not understand English could not appreciate the reading, but refreshments were afterwards served to which all did full justice as usual.

THERE seems to be quite an interest taken in sports this year. On the evening of the 12th inst., a meeting of the boys was called for the purpose of reading and adopting a constitution for the association now known as the "F. I. A. A." We are pleased to see the boys organizing themselves into a society of this kind and trust that it may increase the interest taken in that part of our school life, which is certainly much needed in all such institutions of learning.

OUR rink is in very good shape at present. All that is needed to make good skating is water and a little cold weather. We certainly ought not to be very far from enjoying this favorite "pastime."

OUR Temperance Society is still in existence and is doing good work. On the 8th of December we listened to an interesting programme prepared by Miss Rustedt and Mr. Bullock. The report of the committee appointed to canvass for new members informed us that the scholars, with few exceptions, had signed the pledge. The aim of the society is to instil, in those who become members, such principles as will enable them, not only to sign the pledge, but also to keep it after they have signed.

THE Annual Musical Soiree is an event of no small importance at Feller Institute. It is always anticipated with pleasure, and coming as it does, about the middle of December, it is a welcome break, in the routine work, before the beginning of examinations. The evening, on this occasion, was devoted entirely to the works of Robert Schumann. As an introduction to the musical programme, Mrs. Arthur Massé read an interesting paper, on the life of the great composer. She spoke particularly, also, of the need of cultivating the musical taste of young people, and of imparting high ideals, so that even boys and girls might enjoy something besides a merely catchy air. The Glee Club, composed of about twenty of our best singers, teachers and scholars, sang three very lovely selections, "Happy Farmers," "King Ringang's Daughters," and "Gracious Me! the Goslings are Flying." There were vocal solos by Mrs. Massé, Miss Piché, and Mr. F. W. Therrien, besides two duets and a trio. The instrumental music included piano

solos, by Miss Rustedt, and quite a number of the girls, and a violin solo. Our youngest pupil, little Louis Côté, son of one of the Grande Ligne missionaries, also took part, playing his piece with a great deal of skill. One of the most enjoyable items on the programme was a sweetly sentimental duet, "In the Woods," by Mr. and Mrs. Roy. As they stood arranged in their wedding garments, and singing with appropriate expression, it was only natural that the young people, always imaginative, should fancy that while the composition was Schumann's the blissful reality had been, very recently, their own. To Mrs. Arthur Massé, who has charge of the musical department of the school, is due much praise for our delightful entertainment. She was very ably assisted by several of the other teachers, and the pupils acquitted themselves very creditably. After all has been said, there are still some young people, who think that a tête-a-tête is more charming than any music and being rare in Feller Institute, should be duly appreciated. So, the social hour, after the programme, passed all too quickly and Mr. Massé's reminder that it was late, was not applauded. —M. R. M.

Here and There.

A. B. COHOE, B.A., ED.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR.

I wonder what this new year holds
Of sorrow, gladness, joy for me;
How many fruitless hopes enfolds,
How many smiles and tears to be—
I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if the sun will shine
For me as bright as it has shone;
Will light with bliss this heart of mine
As in the days that now are gone—
I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if you'll love me still,
Will give me answer sigh for sigh;
Will let my heart adopt your will;
Will feel my presence ever nigh—
I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if it please our God
To let us live through this new year;
To let us loveful tread earth's sod,
And to each other be near—
I wonder, ah, I wonder.

—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

THE CUP-BEARER.

The beauty of the world but runs to waste,
 For sunrise after sunrise comes and goes
 And leaves no trace of all its splendour gone,
 And sunset after sunset, like the sea
 We cross in dreariness to reach the gates of God,
 Ebbs far and farther and is seen no more ;
 Night through her billowy clouds upswings the moon
 And bids the dark with flying mists of light,
 Or bares her fathomless deeps of stupefying calm
 And silent hollows pebbled thick with stars,
 But fades and is forgotten of the day ;
 And love and hope and joy and youth, and all
 The bloom of life and sweetness of the year
 Flows past us ever to its bourne of death,
 Sings like a stream adown its sunny hill,
 And sighs through sunless places of the vale,
 Its depths and shallows glimmering strangely flecked
 With shadowed gloom and glory of earth and heaven,
 Slips from our touch and flashes out of sight.

And even as it passes and is lost—
 Ere yet it spills into the sunlit sea
 That far-off murmurs by the gates of God—
 The immortal Hebe captive among men,
 Art dips her golden cup into the stream
 And lifts the living waters to our lips
 That we may taste how sweet is all we lose.

—A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, in the *London Outlook*.

THEY tell this story of Lord Rosebery, who is a very bad shot : Not long ago he was on the Scotch moors, and having unsuccessfully fired at a covey of birds that rose not more than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed : " It is strange that none of them fell ! I'm positive that some of them must have been struck ! " " I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with the usual freedom of his class, " that they' were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy ! "

THE *Canada Educational Monthly* for October publishes a paper by Percy J. Robinson, B.A., on the subject of Residential Schools. The paper though brief gives a suggestive and timely presentation of the subject. Residential schools have been passing through a period of depression due largely to a corresponding period of depression in material prosperity, accompanied by the general establishment of high schools. It is well at this time that the use of residential schools should be recognized and the conditions pointed out which will favor their return to popularity. The work of the educational development of the three-fold nature of a boy is at present divided between the day-school, the home, and the Sunday-school. The boarding school takes the place of all these, and by so discharging all three functions it gives additional strength and is able more effectively to do the work of each. The work of Woodstock College and kindred schools is not a work of the past, but largely and ever-increasingly of the future.

THE PUBLICAN.

I would be strong, O Lord !
 Strong-souled to trust Thee in the midst of foes,
 Strong-armed to strike at every wrong and sin—
 Yet gentle, Lord !
 For all injustice give me fire and sword ;
 For wrong that touches me, the grace to wait ;
 And for Thy poor, who stumble in the way,
 A hand all strength, a heart all tenderness.

I would be brave, O Lord !
 To speak Thy word 'gainst every lying creed ;
 To hate the hypocrite and all his kind,
 Though in the guise of Fortune's self he come
 With both hands full of gifts, of wealth or place ;
 To be regardless of all consequence
 When for Thy truth I stand, though all alone—
 Yet generous, Lord !
 And not unmindful of that yesterday
 When 'mongst Thy foes I stood, and truth opposed.

I would be true, O Lord !
 Would seek to find, would find to do Thy will ;
 To every idol, though within Thy church,
 "Nehushtan !" cry ; nor ever think of rest
 Till Thy light floods the world, and all men see—
 Yet humble, Lord !—
 What's truth to me another soul may vex
 That has not lived or battled in my place—
 And tolerant of all who seek and fail ;
 Clear-eyed to seek 'neath error's every form
 The seed of living truth that's hidden there ;
 To find in every erring son of man
 What Thou did'st find in me—a son of God.

O Master mine ! that found me in the way
 Oppressing where I might have served my race,
 Receiving tribute, though I had enough,
 From hands that ached with toil and penury,
 My answered prayer I saw within Thy face,
 Thy face all power and faith and gentleness,
 And from Thy face it leaped into my soul—
 My prayer, my hope, and my sufficient creed,
 To be like Thee.

—WILLIAM J. LONG, *in The Outlook.*

DEDICATE IT TO THE LORD'S WORK.—The saloon-keepers are asking, "Where is the consistency of church members who, by their ballots, make the selling of liquor in saloons a legal business, then refuse to accept our contributions because our business has contaminated the money?" I believe the saloon is the greatest curse the world has at the present time. But if saloon-keepers have a desire to contribute of their means for spiritual purposes, I say, by all means accept it, and with clean hands and a pure heart dedicate it to the Lord, praying that His blessing may attend it wherever it goes. The great sin lies back of all this by legalizing the saloon.—*Mrs. J. S. Hunt, Erie, Pa.*

THE preacher does not always take it as a sign of approval when he sees members of the congregation nodding.—*Tit Bits.*

STUDENT (after preaching a forty-five minute sermon)—It took me just fifteen minutes to prepare that sermon. Deacon—I thought so.—*Ex.*

They were playing they said at a practice game,
That they oft had played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
And wondered which one would score.
And Cupid as umpire, called the game,
With a clear and cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
For the game had come out a "tie."—*Ex.*

THAT was a rather pointed story that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst told in his pulpit to illustrate the fact that no man could come into close contact with the universe without having the idea of the Maker come into his mind. The late Robert Ingersoll, while in Mr. Beecher's study, at one time, saw a large globe standing on his table—a globe that showed, in elegant outlines, the contour of the earth's continents and seas. "That is a fine globe you have there, Mr. Beecher? Who made it?" was Mr. Ingersoll's inquiry. "Oh, nobody," answered Mr. Beecher.—*Boston Transcript.*

WE take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, The Varsity, The Trinity College Review, The University of Ottawa Review, Vox Wesleyana, The Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine, The University of New Brunswick Magazine, The Queen's University College Review, The McGill Outlook, The Presbyterian College Journal, The Manitoba College Journal, The Albert College Nines, The O. A. C. Review, The University of Virginia Magazine, The College Index, The Kenyon Collegian, The Ottawa Campus, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Shurtleff College Review, The Athenaeum, The Young Women's Gazette, The Mitre, The Advance, The Sybyl, The Bowdoin Quill, and others.

SHE LOVED BOOKS. — The danger of pretending to have read books that one has never seen is pleasantly illustrated in the following story which appears in an American paper:—

He was a grave, thoughtful man of marked intellectuality and fine literary tastes. She was a featherbrain of a soubrette. Most vivacious and winsome in her petite blonde loveliness, but in no sense a book-worm.

"Are you fond of literature?" he inquired, with accustomed carelessness, but he was watching her attentively.

"Passionately," she replied, "but I get so little time to read anything except the chronicles of my profession. Ours is a most exciting art, but I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not——"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And 'Scott's Emulsion'"—he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

THE WORD OF GOD.

I hear a babel, an alarm of tongues,
And a wild whisper on the lips of Fear:
"Say, will the ancient Refuge of the Soul
Be broken down by rude irreverent hands?"

Nay, fear not, for the God's Truth is secure—
The Truth, the high Truth of humanity.
It is the Light behind our broken light.
The fire whereat men warm their wintry hearts.

After the tug and roar of centuries,
The Word will still endure, immutable—
Till through the shadow of the letter shine,
As fire in ashes, as a star through cloud,
As soul behind the body. Rest in peace.

It will endure: no power can break or bind
Its inaccessible majesty and might.
It was anterior to Aldebaran;
And will endure, impeccable and strong,
And seraphs will climb onward in its light,
When earth has faded as a whirl of smoke,
And the last sun withers in the wrinkling skies.

—EDWIN MARKHAM, in *New York Journal*.

THE following is from the "old land" where apparently the conditions are not entirely different from those prevailing in the "new land": The recent case at Aberdeen, where an applicant for an educational position represented himself to be an alumnus of the University of the granite city, although he had never graduated, gives a contemporary an opportunity of telling a very good story in connection with University degrees. A chimney-sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding justice called for the sweep to give evidence as to the debt. "And what is your name?" "Jamie Gregory, LL.D., sirr." "What, Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?" "'Twas a fellow frae an American college, an' I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash Jamie,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye an LL.D., an' we'll ca' it quits.' An he did."

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

The night wind murmurs in the poplar tree ;
 The white moon sails in deeps of cloudless sky ;
 The nightingale is singing, all for thee,
 Her lovely lullaby.

The bright, light birds that in the sunshine sing,
 Are sleeping now, as thou, my bird, should'st be ;
 The spell of night lies soft on everything—
 On all the flowers and thee.

The lawn is grey with dew, the river flows
 With ceaseless murmur by the willows gray ;
 Soft sleeping now, the lily and the rose
 Wait patiently for day.

The daisy buds are sleeping—softly curled—
 Soft sleeps my flower at last upon my knee ;
 And the Almighty love holds all the world,
 As mother love holds thee.

—*British Weekly.*

For all true words that have been spoken,
 For all brave deeds that have been done,
 For every loaf in kindness broken,
 For every race in valor run,
 For martyr lips which have not failed
 To give God praise and smile to rest,
 For knightly souls which have not quailed
 At stubborn strife or lonesome quest ;
 Lord, unto whom we stand in thrall,
 We give Thee thanks, for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble
 Hath followed wealth of waving grain ;
 For every passing wind of trouble
 Which bends Thy grass that lifts again ;
 For gold in store that men must seek,
 For work which bows the sullen knee ;
 For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,
 For love by which we climb to Thee ;
 Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,
 We give Thee praise for all, for all.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *in the Young Women's Gazette.*

A CANDYDAIT.—“We invite attention,” writes a Georgia editor, “to the announcement of a candidate from the F. rks for school commissioner, and we will say this much in his behalf: If ever a man needed an office with a school attachment, he is that man. Read his announcement: ‘To the ediTor i am A candydait to the Office of skule KommiSsioner an Ask My frens to Cast a Voat in My Beehalve, I am a r Arm man, beein cut oph in a saw Mill, an nead the Office.’”

TO A DEAD BIRD ON A WOMAN'S HAT.

Had I found you where the sunshine
 Sifted through the lacy screen
 Of the overarching treetops
 To the mosses mottled green,
 I could smooth your downy feathers,
 Saying, "Happy fate was this,—
 Dying, while the world was fairest,
 From an overweight of bliss."

But too brief your time of harking
 To the summer's joyous laugh,
 And your crimson throat was surely
 Stiffened ere it sang the half
 Of the songs our Father gave you,
 That the forest fain had heard.
 Unappeased, I mourn you,—cheated
 Of your birthright, little bird.

—BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS, *Washington, D. C.*

AN Irishman was painting a fence. His face wore a troubled look. Suddenly a smile shot across it, and dipping the brush into the paint pot, he began to paint faster and faster.

"Why are you painting so fast?" asked a bystander. "You're in a rush all of a sudden to finish the job."

"Sure, an' thot's all right," was his reply "I haven't much paint left, an' it's finishing the job Oi'm aafter before it's all gone."

THE SEVEN BIBLES OF THE WORLD.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedan, the Tri Pitikas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the Scriptures of the Christian.

The Koran is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitikas contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to the late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians next to our Bible is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contained, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, and it is maintained that that portion of our Bible

is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was given to the world in the fourteenth century.

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough ;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so ; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence, all your thoughts till faith shall come ;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

ELLA WHEELER, in *The Young Women's Gazette*.

A HEROIC SHEPHERD.—An incident of the recent blizzard on the ranges of Montana is told by a journal of Helena. It appears that a large sheep owner, near Healy, Butte, employed a man of considerable experience as his shepherd. He was out with the sheep in the "coulee" when the storm came on. He did his utmost to get them into the camp, but they were too widely scattered, and he was unable to get them together. Evidently knowing the danger of trying to save them, he went into his tent and wrote a brief note which he left behind him, saying that he was just about to start up the "coulee" after the sheep, although he was almost exhausted. His body was found the next day stretched on the snow. He had followed them a long distance but had perished in trying to bring them into camp.