

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
DECEMBER, 1898.

ROWLEY KILBORN.

The Baptist church in Beamsville is one of the oldest churches of the denomination in Canada. Throughout its history it has been an honored name among the sister churches of the body. Its pastors have been men of high character and ability. Its deacons have been men of intelligence, wisdom, and piety. The three who lately passed away were respected, honored, and loved during their long years of service, and are still remembered with deepest gratitude and admiration by those with whom they were associated and by those whom they served.

The subject of this sketch was one of the three, and was always treated by the rest as their leader and spokesman. Deacon Kilborn was born in the year 1800 and died in 1880.

Little is known about his childhood. When he was a young man he married and settled on a farm near London, in Canada. While living there he was visited by the Rev. Thomas Mordan, then pastor of the church in Beamsville, who preached a sermon in Mr. Kilborn's home in the bush, that was the means of his conversion. Soon after this event he returned to Beamsville, where he continued to reside until the time of his death.

During his long life in our village he was identified with every movement that had for its object the good of the community. At different periods of his life he held nearly every office

at the disposal of his fellow citizens. He was for many years clerk of the township, and when he retired he was presented with a handsome sum of money as a token of appreciation for his long and efficient services. The chief and most important office held by him was that of Justice of the Peace. The duties of that office he discharged with great wisdom, fidelity and success. By his counsel and advice many quarrels among neighbors were adjusted without a law suit. Where no injury was done to any one he advised the parties to arrange the matter between themselves. When that plan failed he would get them together and by explanations and kindly words often secured a settlement of difficulties that might have led to serious consequences. Mr. Kilborn was in the truest and highest sense a peacemaker. Since his death this fact has often been remembered and gratefully acknowledged by the people of Beamsville and the surrounding locality.

It was, however, as a Christian man, as a deacon of the Baptist church, and as an intelligent and warm friend of the Baptist denomination that Mr. Kilborn was best known and highly esteemed. His Christian life was consistent, uniform and exemplary. He was an honest, upright man in the business affairs of life. He was a man of warm sympathies and practical benevolence. Many a weary traveller obtained refreshment and found a comfortable resting place in his home. He had a room and a bed for the purpose.

The closing years of his life were singularly mellow and beautiful. He appeared to us all to be ripening for his heavenly home. There was a wonderful tenderness and sweetness in his words, and his very appearance impressed us that he would soon be taken from us. His end was peace. He discharged the duties of deacon with intelligence, faithfulness and wisdom. He loved the church and ever sought its purity and peace. He was always respectful toward his fellow officers, and ever insisted on consulting the church before taking any important step affecting the interests of the body.

He was the true friend of every pastor and supported him in every way in his power as long as he could approve of his course and believed it to be for the good of the church. In cases of difficulty he was calm and firm, but kind. He mourned over

a fallen brother, and would never loosen hold of such an one as long as there was any hope of his recovery. And when a fallen one was won and restored his joy was unbounded. By cherishing this spirit, and pursuing this policy, he rescued some who in their after life became distinguished for their piety and usefulness. Our friend was wise in warning souls. He felt and manifested the deepest and warmest interest in the anxious enquirers. The writer, on one occasion, introduced him to a young man in deep perplexity and distress of mind. He had a long conversation with him, unfolded to him God's way of peace, told him his own experience, and was the means of leading him to the Saviour. That young man is now a preacher of the Gospel, and in years past has been the means of winning many to Christ.

He greatly enjoyed the covenant meetings of the church, and usually added to their interest and usefulness by what he said and by the deep interest he manifested while listening to what was said by others. There was true fellowship, pleasure and profit in the old covenant meetings of the Baptist church in Beamsville thirty years ago. In ordinary circumstances they were largely attended. Members travelled five and six miles to be present. They told of their joys and sorrows, their trials and perplexities, their desires, their hopes and fears, and all felt it good to be there. New members were received then. Nothing could exceed the interest, the thankfulness, the gladness of God's people while hearing the experience of young converts. They often recognized in what they heard the accomplishment of desires long and ardently cherished, the answer to prayers that had oft ascended to the throne of grace for the members of their own families, for the scholars of their Sunday school classes, for their friend or relative for whose spiritual welfare they were deeply concerned. No wonder that every one felt it was good to be there. At times Deacon Kilborn would gather up, and give expression to the feelings of all on these occasions in a few closing words, which were always listened to with the deepest attention, interest, and appreciation by every one present. Those who mingled in these meetings can never forget them. They were seasons of refreshing and of rich spiritual blessing and enjoyment to all.

Deacon Kilborn had clear views of the distinguishing doc-

trines and practice of Baptist churches, and could state them with great force and precision. On one occasion, many years ago, he replied to a Methodist minister from the pulpit of the Baptist church. He prepared his reply, to a large extent, when following the plough, thinking out his arguments, and writing them in his note book at the end of every row when his horses were resting. Some years after his reply was given he revised it, and it was published in our denominational paper and was regarded by wise thoughtful men as an able, concise, and common sense statement of Bible truth. He felt a warm interest in our missionary work. When the Convention West was formed, he was chosen as the first President, and he manifested a deep and warm interest in the work of the society till the close of his life.

The last meeting of the Convention he was able to attend was held in the city of Brantford. His presence in the meeting was noticed by the president, who mentioned the fact, and expressed the pleasure all felt in once more seeing their *first* President with them in the annual meeting. He was asked to favor them with a short address. He addressed the Convention at an afternoon session. I assisted him to the platform and sat beside him while he was speaking. The impression upon the audience was astonishing. I have seldom seen an audience so moved. His venerable appearance, his earnestness, his words, being his last words to his brethren of the Convention, all made a profound impression.

During the closing years of his life his health was poor, and he was at times very feeble, but he attended the services of the church and the prayer meetings until nearly the last. His mind was clear and he often told of his joys and hopes in a most delightful way. He died on the 17th of October, 1880, and was interred on the day before the meeting of the Convention, which met that year in the City of Toronto.

An outline of his life, character and work was submitted to the Convention in the form of a resolution which was moved and seconded by two of the oldest pastors. Kind and appreciatory words were spoken, the resolution adopted and a copy of the same ordered to be sent to his family.

Thus closed an honorable, useful, and beautiful life. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

JAMES MACKIE.

Brantsville.

ON THE DOG RIVER.

"Bely bad clooked liver" said my Indian guide as he shouldered his pack for the twenty-first portage of that day. The course of this 'crooked river' you will find on no map, at least on no published one. Twenty miles west of Michipicoton Post the chart of the north shore of Lake Superior shows a stream "ten fathoms wide at the entrance." Fishermen we met knew it as Dog River, but none seemed to know whence it came. Indeed this section of Ontario is a veritable *terra incognita*. From the mouth of the Michipicoton north-westward to the mouth of the White, a distance of one hundred miles, nothing is shown on our maps but the immediate shore line. Northward forty to fifty miles the Canadian Pacific Railway has carved through the wilderness a line of travel.

This area of over three thousand square miles our party undertook to explore the past summer. We were sent out by the Bureau of Mines of Ontario, and were expected to report on the geology, mineralogy, timber and water-power of the district and to construct maps as far as possible.

A paddle of a quarter of a mile convinced Mr. George, '97, and myself that the river would be very hard to ascend. A walk of two miles more brought stronger currents and then rapids, and finally a succession of falls aggregating 150 feet. Away beyond were more flat rapids, beautiful places to glide down but most abominable ones to 'pole' up. One can portage round a fall, but for a long, flat rapid there is nothing to be done but to push yourself up foot by foot.

We quickly reached the conclusion that it would be easier to come down the Dog River than to go up it. Executing a flank movement of 150 miles we next appeared at White River, a station on the C. P. R. forty-five miles north of the mouth of Dog River. An Indian trader here, Mr. McDougall, was able to give us the desired information. One hard day's journey up the White River and over the height-of-land portage would bring us into the head waters of the Dog. Indeed, he could furnish us with Indian guides who knew the whole route. As we needed a man for each canoe, the proposal was gladly accepted and I set

out with the clerk for the Indian camps in the neighborhood. After considerable parleying, and much consultation between husbands and squaws, two men agreed to go. Though they had been on the head waters, neither had been down to the mouth of the stream. Nor had any other Indian in the place; all describing it as a bad river. So far as I could learn but one white man had ever been over the route—an engineer at the time of the construction of the C. P. R. Next we repaired to the store to order the 'grub' for a ten days' trip. Three-quarters of a pound of bacon a day for each man, one pound of flour, and so on through the list. Beans, sugar, baking-powder, a little dried fruit and tea were the other staples. To these were added a frying-pan, a few pails, some tin plates and cups, four iron knives and forks and a few etceteras. Every luxury was weeded out to reduce the weight to a minimum.

For two miles our route followed the railway which here crosses and recrosses the White River. Then we turned our faces southward and bade adieu to all traces of civilization for ten days. Except for one Indian, we saw no one but ourselves during the trip. Aleck Matchinini, who spoke a little English, acted as steersman in Mr. George's canoe. With me in like office was Wm. Pausway who spoke neither English nor Indian. In camp Alek would chatter like a chipmunk for five minutes and only provoke a grunt of assent from Pausway. Another harangue would be followed by the customary grunt, and so the conversation would go on between these two until we fell asleep.

From the railway to Lake Superior we made a track survey by means of the micrometer and compass. Mr. George went ahead and held the target. I followed with the instruments, the first giving me the distance, the second the direction. Owing to the crookedness of the stream scores of observations were made. The plot of all these distances and directions now lies before me—a map four feet long on the scale of one mile to the inch.

After five hours of hard work—paddling, portaging measuring and note-taking we stopped for lunch. As the Indians had a short rest at every observation, Mr. George and I decided to even matters up by leaving the cooking to them. Taking a towel and a piece of soap from my pack I presented them to my Indian and pointed to the river. Nothing was said and I had

no occasion to complain during the trip of lack of faithfulness to my wishes in the matter of washing. Indeed, I think these Indians surpassed many of the white voyageurs I have had with me. As cooks they were fair. Lack of utensils did not hamper them. Probably they did better work with the frying-pan during this trip than they would have done at home. In this they surpassed Mr. George, who assured us that he could make good bread in an oven, but when he tried a frying-pan and an open fire his success was doubtful.

All afternoon we travelled up a crooked, marshy stream with solid footing one quarter of a mile away. An occasional rock projected as an island through this waste, and on one we camped for the night, but not to sleep. We were attacked by the natives in great force, and would willingly have retreated had that been possible. We ate our dinners standing in the smoke of our camp fires, which blinded the enemy while it brought tears to our own eyes. Then we rushed to our tent with the hum and buzz of the innumerable bands of our foes close behind us. But scores of them had found a breach in our fortifications and were struggling in through the grass. We rolled in our blankets and smothered—we sat up and slew a few helpless insects—we tossed and pitched, eager to sleep and yet unable. At four a thunderstorm came to our relief and we rested for two hours.

The next night we were very careful in locating the camp. A smooth flat rock was chosen, and the sides of the tent closely fastened down with stones. No brush was brought in for a bed lest the little pests should be in it. Finally a smoke test was applied to the interior to insure perfect peace.

This country is pestered with flies. There is the deer-fly for the bright sunny day, who cheerfully pinches out a piece of your scalp. He is large but not numerous, that is relatively to the sand-fly. The latter, known also as the no-see-ems, is so small that it stands on its fore legs to be the better able to delve into your flesh. He loves the twilight and a sandy bay. The ubiquitous mosquito is said by the Indians to have been created on the Michipicoton. Dull days and the early morning hours are his delight. The black fly fills all the remaining hours with his quiet but bloody work. It is an enigma to me why these insects

should have stings. I would willingly eat the extra pork and beans required to feed 1000 sand flies a day if they would take their food without poisoning me. What good purpose does the sting serve? Is it not rather a detriment to the species and on the theory of the survival of the fittest should there not be slowly evolved a stingless variety of musquito and black fly? Let us hope so.

The second day we crossed a large lake and began a toilsome portage over the height of land. The distance turned out to be less than a mile and a half though it seemed fully three as we struggled over with our loads. Mr. George carried, as the foundation of his load, a fifty-pound bag of flour, held in place by a strap across the forehead and over the shoulders. Lying on this as a top pack was a tent weighing twenty pounds. In his hands he carried the bean and tea pails, not so heavy as awkward. These caused great trouble when climbing over the numerous burnt logs that lay across the trail. A stony hill, 300 feet high, soon made the perspiration flow very freely, and the frequent jars from striking trees and jumping over boulders and logs caused the flour to shake through the bag. Flour and perspiration and charcoal dust make an unpleasant combination and the end of the portage was reached with the greatest satisfaction.

A beautiful little lake, a mile and a half long, lay at our feet. We were at the head waters of the Dog. The Indians call the lake Wawung, that is clear water; but there are so many with this name that I decided to change it. Acting on a suggestion of Mr. George's, it has been named McMaster Lake, and another of equal size, close at hand, appears on the map as University Lake.

For the next two days we had comparatively easy travelling along a number of beautiful lakes. The height of land is not mountainous, as usually supposed, but rather a plain of small rocky hills with swamps and lakes between. As we approached Lake Superior the country changed. For the last three days, I think, we were not in our canoes one-tenth of the time. In place of their carrying us we carried them and often more than half the distance. Here there were no portage paths of any kind, and we had to scramble over the roughest of boulders and through thick spruce woods with our packs. Then back over

the same rough road for a second load. Our canoes were launched at the foot of one rapid and we glided down one hundred yards or so to the head of the next. Possibly we could run it, more often not. Then the same wearisome strapping of our dunnage on our backs and scrambling along the rocks had to be repeated for a few hundred yards more.

Once I fell in the only misfortune of that kind that overtook our party. The place selected was 10 feet wide and twelve inches deep. I crossed it by walking in the canoe, but stepping onto a slimy rock fell forward and slipped back to the side from which I started. My pack kept my face under water for a moment and then I crawled out with top of my head and shoulder-blades still dry.

Five deer visited us during the trip, perhaps because we carried no guns. One, a red deer, swam between our canoes from the mainland to a small island where we could easily have surrounded him. A caribou and her calf gazed in wonder at Mr. George, trotted off a few yards and turned for another look. Another within fifty yards of me was hemmed between a vertical cliff and the river for several minutes. Game of this kind is certainly abundant, but on the whole the region is destitute of animal life.

There is some possibility of minerals of economic value being found, though Dog River itself does not run through much of the metalliferous Huronian formation. Agriculturally this valley is useless, as is indeed this part of the shore of Superior. The large spruce forests will shortly be its most valuable asset. After a wait of two days at the mouth of the river our Collingwood skiff picked us up and carried us on our way.

A. B. W.

THE OLDEST SCOTCH UNIVERSITY IN THE FORTIES.

On the east coast of Fife, bordering on the German Ocean, stands the ancient historic city of St. Andrews. It was once, under Papal authority, the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, and had a strong castle, a noble cathedral, and a university. And it was in this city, about the middle of the 16th century, chiefly under the teaching and preaching of George Wishart and the celebrated John Knox, that the Reformation in Scotland first obtained a solid footing. Wishart was apprehended and burnt in front of the castle, his bigoted persecutor, Cardinal Beaton, looking from one of its windows exultingly on—from which window, however, after his assassination in the castle, through revenge, his body shortly afterwards was thrown out, and left many hours lying on the ground as if it were but the body of a dead dog. The castle and cathedral are now only interesting ruins, but the university still remains—the oldest Scotch university—being founded in 1411, while that of Glasgow was in 1450, of Aberdeen in 1495, and of Edinburgh in 1585. And although, of these four, that of St. Andrews is the smallest in number of students attending; yet, as it has within this century reared such distinguished men as Rev. Dr. Chalmers, chief founder of the Free Church, and Principal Tulloch of St. Mary's Divinity Hall, it must be confessed that its record is still brilliant.

This oldest university consists of St. Salvator's College and St. Mary's Divinity Hall, the one on the east, and the other on the west side of the city. It was from the very first, and on at least to '52, designed chiefly for raising up an educated Christian ministry in connection with the Established Church. It has many advantages to draw students within its walls. The city itself is a most healthy location. It enjoys the sea breeze, has no manufactories to create smoke and dust in it: and its few streets are wide and open. It is quiet and retired—having no theatres, political halls, or athletic clubs—given up almost wholly to educational institutions—and being removed far from the 'madding crowd's ignoble strife,' there is nothing, except his own heart, to lead a student's sober wishes astray, or hinder him from devoting his whole mind to his studies. It offers good society: the

majority apparently of its 5,000 inhabitants being educated, affable, and in comfortable circumstances. It is one of the cheapest places to live in—fish, lobsters, crabs, etc., newly caught, and sold at next to nothing. And there are few temptations to lead a student to squander away his money, if there be such a thing as a student having any money to squander.

Our name, if worth noticing, stands in the records of this university, as a student of St. Salvator's College from '48 to '52. Our fellow-students were principally from the immediate counties of Fife, Forfar, and Perth, especially from the Perthshire highlands, with a few from the remote north and south of Scotland, and one or two Hindus from India. Two-thirds of these students belonged to the Established Church, while the other third consisted of Frees, U. P.'s, Baptists, Congregationalists, Catholics, and Anglicans, who were all equitably treated by the professors, and who all lived on friendly terms with each other.

Some of those students were born with a golden spoon in their mouth—that is, they had wealthy parents, who liberally defrayed all their college expenses, leaving them without any care about that vital matter. Then a goodly number of the Established Church students enjoyed free bursaries, extending from \$20 even to as much as \$400 per annum, granted them by certain big landowners, who had, within their own parish or parishes, power over certain revenues to confer a bursary on whomsoever they pleased, and that was almost invariably a son of one of their own servants or tenants. There were, however, at the opening of every session, a few bursaries to be awarded upon competitive trial, in which all entrants might engage, and obtain one of them, if successful. There were in '48 five open for this purpose—four for Latin, and one for Greek. Not having been born with a golden spoon in our mouth, we, on the second day of our arrival in the city, entered into this competition, and found a day or two after that good luck had awarded us the Greek prize of \$200, or \$50 per year during our course. There were also ten bursaries of \$50 each per year, founded a year or two before by Mr. Henderson, a wealthy Glasgow merchant: and open for competition to all students connected with the U. P. church, whether they studied at St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Glasgow or Edinburgh College. This competition, embracing some thir-

teen different papers, and lasting for three days, we tried also, and fortune again smiled upon us. And so in '49, '50, and '51, we still tried on more advanced papers for one of Mr. Henderson's bursaries, and were still successful, receiving in the last two years an increase to \$75 per year, along with two other students of other colleges. And, in our third year, we competed by an essay for the college Gray prize of about \$42, offered every fourth year—the subject being that year "The Philosophical Character of Cicero," and fortune still did not desert us. It was said that, in these bursary matters we had broken the record. Well, a few others afterwards did much the same thing—a prominent divine, visiting Canada some six years ago, telling us that he had gone one better. Of course, we valued our record for the honor, but especially for its having enabled us, without any other monetary help, "to paddle our own canoe." *Juvat nos meminisse luce olim.* And it may not, in the founding of such bursaries, as helping to raise up preachers of the everlasting gospel, be inappropriate to remark here, that we have introduced it, so that some other wealthy gentleman, if he wishes to build up a good monument for himself more enduring than that of brass or marble, may imitate the example of a Mr. Henderson or a Mr. McMaster.

The regular literary course of study at St. Salvator's College extended to four years. The first year embraced the Latin, Greek, and Mathematical classes, the two first at least, and at an entrance fee for the first two years of \$16 per year, and the last two years *gratis*. There was no entrance examination. Students, with little Latin and less Greek, found admittance upon presenting themselves, as easily as those who had attended some academy for even six years; and yet some of these raw students, by superior diligence, came out in the end in the front rank of honors.

The Latin class was under the care of Professor Pyper, LL. D. In appearance, he was a short, thick-set, elderly man, but dressed with much scrupulousness. Before his elevation to the professorship, he had been for some years teacher in some town academy, and notwithstanding his elevation, he continued to be but such a teacher. He put emphasis upon the students being able to give the proper quantity of every Latin syllable, to con-

jugate a verb or decline a noun correctly, and to make no mistake in scanning a line in poetry : but, as for the peculiar beauty or force of any passage, there was little or no attention called to it. In his eyes, his class was peculiarly the *Humanity* class, the special class from which all higher civilization springs—an idea common some three or four centuries ago. He was faithful to his duty, and civil to every student : but it was such a cold distant civility, that the students as a body felt cold and distant towards him. With him we remained three years, reading in Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Tacitus, and Livy.

Professor Alexander, LL.D., had charge of the Greek class. He was a tall, aged man, of a gentlemanly appearance, and affable to his students, especially very attentive to their health, kindly speaking to any one who through sickness had been absent from his class, and sure to recommend him to wear flannels. Though not regarded as a highly accomplished scholar, yet, on account of his kindness, he was not unloved. With him, some of us remained four years, reading Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Euripides, etc.

The professor who taught mathematics was Mr. Thomas Duncan, M.A., an intimate friend of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. He was a good mathematician, and much loved by the students, whom he treated not only as his scholars, but as if they were his own personal friends. Under him, some of us studied the three years, beginning with the axioms and definitions, and ending with the differential and integral calculus. He was an elderly, good-humoured gentleman, but somewhat absent minded, speaking his native Scotch Doric, and very careless about his dress, rendered all the worse by sometimes rubbing his hands, when besmeared with chalk, upon it. There were many stories current, about his naive eccentricities. Once, after solving a problem on the board, we were led from it to ask him, why the magnetic needle, so necessary to the mariner at sea, did not point due north and always do so, and so be a sure guide to the mariner ? “ Weel,” he replied, “ I can only gie you a woman’s reason for it. It does it, juist because it does it ; and, if ye want a better reason, ye had better ask the Maker o’t.” He was a bachelor, but perhaps not altogether to blame for being so. It was currently reported that one afternoon, after finishing his

day's work, he went out to the links—the famous golf links of St. Andrews—for a walk, his hands in his pockets, and his clothing more besmeared with chalk dust than usual, when a lady returning from hers drew near to him. He looked up, and, Cupid-struck at once, he blurted out “*Mem, will ye marry me?*” “*Get out, ye impertinent fellow,*” was the answer, as she rushed indignantly past. When she reached the house of the ladies, with whom she was then staying, she told them how grossly she had been insulted, and described her insulter. “*Why,*” they replied, “*that is Professor Duncan, one of the most respected gentlemen in St. Andrews, and, besides, well-to-do. He would insult nobody.*” That evening, she sent a letter to him, expressing regret for her rudeness to him that afternoon, that she had changed her mind, and would be glad to hear from him again. And next morning came to her the answer—“*Ma'am, I've changed my mind too.*”

The chief subjects of study during the second year were those of Logic, Rhetoric, etc., taught by Professor Spalding, M.A. His constitution, naturally weak, appeared to be much injured by over study. He was the author of a volume on Italian Literature, so full and well digested, that it must have cost him immense research and labor. From being an assistant to Sir Wm. Hamilton, the distinguished Professor of Metaphysics, in Edinburgh, he had been elected to fill the Logic chair in St. Andrews. He was so kindly and respectful to his students, and yet always kept his own place, that we all held him in much esteem and affection. In addition to his valuable lectures, he exercised us thoroughly in the various forms of the Aristotelian syllogism: and, in order to show how far we had profited by his prelections in Rhetoric, we had to give in to him seven pretty long essays on “*Criticism of some popular poet, a speech supposed to be delivered before an assembly, a description of the town or village we came from, etc.*,”—all of which papers he criticised most carefully, pointing out most faithfully their faults, but delighting to praise their excellences. In his vocation, he was, indeed, both efficient and pleasant.

In our third year, the chief subject was Moral Philosophy, taught by Professor J. F. Ferrier, M.A., a graduate of Oxford. He was in deportment, courtesy and appearance, every inch a

gentleman. He was distinguished by us as the thinker, and his lectures were delighted in, not only for their ingenuity and ability, but also for their eloquence. They were divided into two parts—the Metaphysical and the Ethical. In his ethical lectures, he adhered closely to Bishop Butler's theory—that neither Self-interest, nor Utilitarianism, nor Expediency, but Conscience was the supreme and sole King and Judge of what was right, and that it would reign in every man's soul, if man was not blinded by his own ignorance or evil passions. And, as to the moral precepts of the Great Teacher, Jesus Christ, he exalted them as immeasurably superior to those of Buddha, Seneca or Mahomet, and commended them to us in the warmest and most eloquent terms. Nevertheless, good as were his ethical lectures, it was evident that his metaphysical were those upon which he had expended his chief strength. His metaphysical system was his own, and yet closely allied to the idealism of Bishop Berkeley. He maintained that matter must have a *substratum* to make it exist independently, and that, as it has no *substratum* in itself, the *substratum* must be in the mind's perceiving it. *Esse is percipi*. Once we said to him, "Do you mean to say that that tree, which we now both perceive as existing, would cease to exist if neither we nor any other creature was perceiving it?" "No," he replied, but added, "it would continue existing, because perceived by the Divine mind. "In Him," not only "we," but all created things, "live, move, and have their being." He frankly told his class that his metaphysical system, like all that preceded it, would pass away. And why do they all pass away? Because God, man and the universe—the three subjects of metaphysics—are beyond man's comprehension. A little about them we may know, but man's finite mind cannot fully understand the infinite, the eternal, or the essential. And yet metaphysics is not only a noble study, but an excellent discipline for the mind. And if any reader of THE McMASTER MONTHLY is metaphysically inclined, we would commend to his notice "Ferrier's Institutes of Knowing and Being."

For the fourth and last year, there was the Natural Philosophy class, taught by Mr. Fischer, a German, a graduate of Cambridge, who had been elected to that position on account of

very high testimonials from his Alma Mater. He was a master of his subject; but, unfortunately for himself and the students, his speech in idiom and pronunciation was a kind of Germanized-English, and the signs which he used in working his problems were the Cambridge signs, different from the signs we had been trained up in. Moreover, in those days natural philosophy was something very different from what it is now represented to be, and was very much undervalued. At any rate, all the natural philosophy we were taught was statics, dynamics, and angles of refraction and reflexion, with some remarks about the mode in which the sun's rays reach our globe. The professor was, doubtless, master of his subject, but, from the disadvantages noted before, his students did not profit as much as they ought to have done.

And, to conclude our notice of the college course, we attended a class of chemistry taught by Dr. Day; and also a course of nine lectures on popular science by Sir David Brewster, rector of the college; but, as both chemistry and science were then but in a very primitive state, they, although gratis, attracted little interest, and were but thinly attended.

In those days also, we fear that the degree of B.A. and M.A. were, especially in the Scotch colleges, not as much prized as they ought to have been. In fact, they were generally regarded but as useless appendages to a student's name; and, as they cost extra labour and money, some, who had the leisure, grudged to give the labor, and others, having more pressing duties, thought it unwise to neglect these duties for the sake of obtaining a useless appendage. Moreover, the standing or reputation of a student then depended chiefly upon his position in the honour list—a copy of which was printed and given at least to every student whose name appeared upon the first, second or third rank of honour.

In regard to exercise and amusements, we had no gymnasium or organized clubs for lacrosse, hockey, or such like thing. Nevertheless, in winter we had skating and snow-balling; and, in autumn and spring, cricket and golfing upon the links, bathing in the sea, walking along the sandy beach, and racing around the beautiful oval green in front of our splendid sandstone college. And then, every Saturday we had the debating

club, where, like young roosters just trying to crow, we tried to soar as high as Cicero or Demosthenes, which, if not to the chicken-orator's own satisfaction, was certainly a great amusement to his audience. And yet, in due time, a fair average of these incipient orators rose to be in the front rank, especially in the Church.

With a few exceptions, the conduct of the students was quiet and orderly. Sometimes, on Hallowe'en, some disagreeable pranks were indulged in, and, of course, the blame was imputed to the students. Again, once we saw an incipient collision between two bands of the town and gown, which was just like the meeting of two strange dogs, that defiantly approach each other, stand gurring and snarling for a few minutes, and then slowly separate, each quite satisfied that, with the gurring, he had duly maintained his own dignity. In college, however, there was no insubordination against a professor; and, as for fagging, jostling, or tossing first-year students, it was totally unknown. On the Sabbath, the attendance of students at the collegiate church, in their own allotted seats, and wearing their red gowns, was good; while those of us who were Dissenters, were allowed each to attend his own church, with the simple order that each appear in his red gown. And a number of the students kept up a weekly prayer-meeting of their own, each in rotation taking charge of the exercises.

Just before dispersing for the year, there was the annual supper, to bid farewell to those who had finished their course, and probably would never appear again within the college walls. We draw a veil over the sad parting scene. And yet, so far as our experience goes, a student's life is one of the most pleasant and profitable. There is a singular fascination in study, in the acquisition of higher knowledge, and in the fellowship of kindred minds. And then, whatever or wherever may be his future lot, yet, in the higher knowledge, memories and activities of his own mind the true student has within himself, if we may apply the poet Keats' words to it, "a thing of beauty" that is "a joy forever."

THOS. WILSON.

P.S.—In a small volume entitled "Universities of Canada, Great Britain and the United States," under the editorship of

our present Minister of Education—which volume was handed in to us by the editor of *THE MCMMASTER MONTHLY*—we find that, in '89, the University of St. Andrews, as well as the three other Scotch Universities, has been re-modelled and now possesses all modern improvements, embracing among others, entrance examinations, examiners, conferring of honors, gymnasiums, etc. Of all these we heartily approve. As regards the Christian ministry, we think that ambassadors for Christ should have the higher education. Does not Scripture tell us that a preacher of the gospel should be “apt to teach,” and “not a novice?” Were not the Apostle Paul, Bishop Hooker, Knox, Wesley, Calvin and Luther all highly educated? This, as a law, however, should not be pushed to the extreme. Any law that would have excluded such men as Spurgeon or the Apostle Peter from the ministry, because they had no degree, or had not passed through the full course, would certainly have been a pernicious law, and doubtless there are still some incipient Spurgeons and Peters who, without a full course or degree, under a higher call, are capable of being “fishers of men.”

T. W.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MOLE, B.A. D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

III.

The recognized leaders of Canadian poetry at the present day are Roberts, Lampman, Carman, and Campbell. They are all young poets, yet their work has been before the public long enough to have won them this distinction. A little volume, however, has lately appeared which must add another to the names of first renown; though the public has scarcely yet had time to form its opinion concerning it, much less to rank it. It is a book which is instinct with a living, insistent message. It is marked by the broadest culture. It possesses the purest faith

and the finest optimism. Its characteristics are sweetness, dignity, earnestness and calm, and a founding on religious faith. As preface Poesy entreats this prayer,—

“ A body of beauty is mine.
O poet, moulder of me,
Inbreathe with breathings divine,
Or body alone let it be.”

The volume to which I refer is ‘At Minas Basin and other Poems,’ by Theodore H. Rand, of McMaster University, Toronto. There is something almost too sacred about these poems to be classed in a general review, or touched by a blunt, unskillful pen; and it is with a sense of all unworthiness that the work is attempted in this paper.

The ‘divine’ spirit inbreathed into this volume is to be found in its essence, in the little poem, ‘I Am,’ “I Am, and therefore these,” which embodies a most wonderful conception of God, the eternal, beginning and end, author and soul of all; God, hidden in the mysteries of Nature: God, supreme above the activities of man.

“ I am the shimmer of dawn,
The blush of the rose
Am end of the way men grope,
I am man's bread of life.”

This supreme conception has too aspects. There is the nature and the human side.

The sonnet on ‘Hepaticas’ beautifully expresses the nature aspect. The tiny, pure-faced flowers are likened to a ‘troop of cherubs, just emit from the fresh fount of life,’ who to all ‘listening ears’ repeat “Man shall not live by bread alone.” They are ‘evangelists,’ bearing a message, which is to make men “know the beautiful, the good, the true.” This sonnet not only expresses the great underlying principle of the spiritual significance of nature, but bears interwoven with it a narrower, but almost equally great thought,—the mission of beauty. It is the *beauty* of the ‘child faces sweet’ which brings the message, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone.’ The idea of this line is to be found expanded in another poem called ‘Beauty.’

“ ‘Had I two loaves of bread—ay, ay!
One would I sell and hyacinths buy
To feed my soul.’ ‘Or let me die!’ ”

And to get the full conception of this mission of beauty one passage more must be added. This is from 'The Moonglade,'—

" This glimmer-dance of moon and wave in plight,
 Across the shifting floor of waters dim.
 Is more than pathway beacon unto him
 Who sails beneath the silvern eye of night ;
 Its rays of beauty seek the inward sight,
 Dissolving from the sordid spirit grim,
 Utility's forged bonds, that it may swim
 Buoyant and free unshadowed seas of light."

These two extracts give us the desire of the soul for beauty, and beauty's effect on the soul. The poet's message is this,—Existence is but half of life : with the growth of the body and mind must be growth of the soul ; to grow, the soul must be fed ; and to this end was beauty put into the world.

Do we grasp the message ? Do we realize in it's fulness the divine significance of nature, and the mission of beauty on earth ? We know that man is three beings united in one soul,—the ' What Does,' ' What Knows,' and ' What Is,' of which greatest is the ' What Is.' We know that if there is one characteristic more deeply marked than another on this age, it is the spirit of utilitarianism, which holds us in a grip like frost, and the part of our natures which it affects most is the ' What is,' over which it exerts a paralyzing influence. The ' What Is' is the mysterious undefinable *something*, lying at the back of our natures, directing and controlling our activities for good or ill. The whole course of our lives depends on the rectification or perversion of this inner consciousness. Then, if the poet of to-day has one mission above another, it must be to strive to his uttermost to counteract this fatal tendency. It is essentially the poet's task ; for the inner consciousness can be touched only through the sympathetic influence of another spirit ; and this sympathetic power is the prime quality of poetry. This poet has grasped his mission. It is this ministering to the needs of the age of which Mrs. Browning writes in ' Aurora Leigh,'—

" Every age appears to souls who live in't
 Most unheroic,—ours for instance,—
 Poets abound
 Who seem to touch it with their finger tip,
 An age of mere transition, meaning nought."

"Nay, if there's room for poets in the world,
A little overgrown, (I think there is)
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age,—this live, throbbing age."

Taking only the significance of that one word 'represent' to be to strengthen, help, uplift, add yet one line to the quotation,—

"This live, throbbing age,
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires—."

and we are brought to the human side of the great conception. In "An Old Fisher's song," we find discussed those dark blots which scar our fair time,—

"Man's grim lust and greed,
Delusions wand
And simpering guile that toys with capital,
And robs the workman of his honest wage,
While like the surgy murmurs of the sea
Sounds out the moan of willing labor's voice
For bread to fill it's famished children's mouths ;
The lust of power to sit in place of God
And turn for selfish ends the wheels of fate
Of fellowman."

Man, in his puny human knowledge, grapples with these tremendous problems only to find himself baffled. But here the answer clearly comes,—

"Philosophy of schools, nor science wise,
Nor labor itself, life's secret finds ;
'Tis love alone can sheathe the alien sword,
And crown mankind in his own kingdom lord."

And over, and through the discussion, ring like a chime of golden bells, the glad, strong choruses of the simple faith-taught fisherman, of which we bear away the last re-echoing note,—

"It is Love, King of men,
Alleluia, Amen !"

In this paper the thought alone has been touched to the exclusion of the form ; which latter is too often the chief excellence of our Canadian poets. But form in its true function is but the lovely dress of a greater thought. And while it is possible to have beauty of form without depth of thought, it is not possible

to have depth of thought without beauty of form. Yet, in passing, a glimpse of this beauty of form may be given in the true, artistic perception and the rhythmic power of expression of the opening lines of "The Old Fisher's Song"—

"From the broad-shouldered Cobequids we saw
Prone Blomidon in lotus-eyed repose,
The immemorial vigil lapst to dream.
The Basin lay as if in calm of swoon.

We saw the sky within a silver pool.
Like a great vase of lapis lazuli
Veined with the feathery spray of cirrus cloud,
While cumuli in spotless beauty bloomed
Therein—a garden of the gods! And all
The pool seemed fragrant with a myriad sweets."

Referring once more to the great message of the book, the divine significance of nature (always regarding it as a phase of a higher conception), read this extract from Carlyle:—"Literature, in so far as it is literature, is an Apocalypse of nature, a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named in Fichte's style, a continuous revelation of the godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. All true, gifted singers are consciously or unconsciously doing so." This, then, is the rank of this singer. Whether or not this book will be received according to its true worth, remains for time to show. But

"Whosoever writes good poetry
Looks just to Art. . . .
. . . . What the poet writes
He writes. Mankind accepts it if it suits,
And that's success; if not, the poem's passed
From hand to hand, and yet from hand to hand
Until the unborn snatch it, crying out
In pity for their fathers' being so dull;
And that's success too."

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

BLACK ROCK.*

“Because a man’s life is all that he has, and because the only hope of the brave young West lies in its men, this story is told.” Such is the *raison d’être* that the Rev. C. W. Gordon assigns to the book, recently published by the Westminster Press, under the *nom de plume* of Ralph Connor. “Black Rock, a Tale of the Selkirks,” is not only a remarkable book, it is also a significant work. Apart from the intrinsic literary excellence and almost idyllic style of the book, it possesses an extrinsic value in that it is significant of the epoch-making time in which we are living. The political history of Canada, in which a nation is awaking, is paralleled by the stirring of a new-born literary activity, and, amid many other names, all worthy of mention, which of late have come before the reading public, the name of Ralph Connor is worthy of a foremost place.

The story was first published in *The Westminster*, and ran through the series of publications, gaining more readers and greater commendation as the series progressed. The only blemish that the series of sketches then possessed, for they were most truly characterized as such, was that they lacked a strong, cohesive unity. That defect has, in a large measure, been removed by a re-casting of the material, so that the neat book form in which it is now presented admits of its being regarded as a unified whole.

The book may, I think, be regarded, even by a conservative judgment, as the Canadian counterpart of “Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.” It will be more interesting, I fancy, to the average Canadian reader, because not only is there the tender pathos and kindly humor of “Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,” but there is a Canadian coloring and local warmth that add to the interest of the story.

The scene of the story is laid, as the title betokens, in the Selkirks. It is a story of rough, rude miners, and hardy lumbermen. The characters are drawn by one deeply in sympathy with the men, and aware of the conditions which face them.

*Black Rock, by Ralph Connor: Toronto, The Westminster Press.

There is first of all Ralph Connor, an artist, who goes west to paint pictures for a railway magnate. In the West he meets his friend and former class-mate Graeme, and is thus introduced to the scenes of which he writes. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the character of Connor, and although in a sense incidental to the narrative, yet his passing from a somewhat apathetic to a strong, intent Christian character is a piece of spiritual evolution of much interest to the reader.

It would be a poor, inadequate presentation of life which did not contain a heroine. In this case the heroine is Mrs. Mavor. With deep wonderful eyes, and a voice that sways the rough hearts of the miners until there is none but is her slave, she is an instance of the good that a true-hearted woman may do. It is a sad story that tells of her loss, and no situation is more intense than where she is described as coming, singing a love song, to where Craig, the minister, stands amid a grief-stricken group around the dead body of her husband.

Craig is the minister, a strong, typical character. A human man he is, with great sympathy for, and faith in, the men who are fighting their hard fight against all the sins and vices of the redundant life of the West. It is under his guidance that the temperance movement in Black Rock culminates in "The League," and with the aid of Mrs. Mavor is set a-going. It is perhaps the natural sequence of events that Craig, the clean-souled, strong-handed, should love and wed Mrs. Mavor.

Then there is Graeme, clever, brilliant Graeme! He has come to the West from his home in the old manse far away in the East. He has left a dishonored name behind him, but as the story unfolds it tells of his fight with sin; the conquest of faith: the clearing of his name and the visit to the old home, to the mother and the father. Finally, in a chapter all aglow with quiet, intense conviction there is the record of a strong, true, manly confession of a personal faith in the Absolute and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Some of the characters of the miners are most admirably drawn. There is George Crawford, commonly called "Geordie," with his strong Scotch common sense, his narrow insistent orthodoxy, his keen eye to a bargain, and his love for good whiskey. Yet it is Geordie who is tender and loving as a

mother to Billy Breen. No picture is more pathetic or more tenderly beautiful than that where Billy Breen dies. Poor Billy with his poor misshapen body, warped mind and blighted life; Billy, who whilst fighting manfully against his besetting sin—drink—is trapped into his weakness and through it to his death. There is a tender suggestiveness of treatment about the dying scene. Billy says, "Oi hought t'a done better. Oi 'm hawful sorry oi went back on 'Im. Hit was the lemonaide. The boys didn't mean no 'arm, but it started the 'ell hinside." Then, when the last moment comes and the thought of the poor, destitute mother in England troubles the dying man, "My—poor—hold—mother," he whispered, "she's—hin—the—wukus." Mrs. Mavor promises to care for the far-distant, widowed mother. And "Tell 'er," he said with difficulty, "'E's took me 'ome." And all is silent.

Another character of great interest is that of "old man Nelson." His early life had been one of deep, dark sin. Through the efforts of Craig he becomes converted, and from that time is an ardent worker for reform. His is a simple experimental faith in the Christ who has forgiven him. One of the chapters strongest in dramatic interest and pathos is "How Nelson came Home," and relates the story of how Nelson gave his life for Graeme and was brought home dead to the children who awaited his coming. After telling of the fight in the gaming house from which Nelson had vainly endeavored to get him away, Graeme goes on to tell Nelson's children of their father's death in the hospital. "I can never forget his face as he turned it to Craig. One hears of such things; I had often, but had never put much faith in them; but joy, rapture, triumph, these are what were in his face, as he said, his breath coming short, "You said—He wouldn't—fail me—you were right—not once—not once—He stuck to me—I'm glad he told me—thank God—for you—you showed—me—I'll see Him—and—tell Him—"

I cannot stay to tell of Abe, nor of the rich humor of the situation where he breaks into a torrent of swearing at the defeat the Reform party have sustained at the hands of their opponents. Abe swears, a stream of oaths falling in perfect abandon from his lips, nor does he cease at the first entreaties of Craig, nor can he understand why, if they deserve it, he

should not swear at them. "Yes! yes!" urged Craig: "but that is not our business." "Well! so I reckon," replied Abe, recognizing the limitations of the cloth. "You aint used to it and you can't be expected to do it; but it just makes me feel good—let out of school like—to properly do 'em up, the blank, blank," and off he went again.

Slavin is the innkeeper. Billy Breen's death, accentuated as it was by "Geordie's" stern denunciation, together with the death of his baby, were too much for the morbid conscience of Slavin. His gloomy fears were stirred by his Irish-Catholicism and indulgence in drink, so that ultimately Slavin discards his saloon, and one of the surprises of the book is that he becomes the coffee-house keeper of the League.

There are some typical pictures of Western life: such as a horse-race in which Sandy and Baptiste figure conspicuously; the fight between Slavin and Graeme; and the eventful night in which Graeme and Connor make a raid on the store of liquor and spill it on the ground. But deep through all the story, and amid all its action and changing scenes there is a pure ethical strain. The book presents a picture of healthy Christian life. Neither Craig nor Mrs. Mavor, nor indeed any of the Christian characters, are prudes: they are strong, whole-souled human beings. They have to fight sin, and they fight it in a strong, brave spirit. Such passages as "I do know that good is good and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same. And I know a man's a fool to follow the one, and a wise man to follow the other," and, lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad," and, "There are great compensations for all losses; but for the loss of a good conscience towards God, what can make up?" are full of strong, healthy sentiment.

After all it is a good book to read, and Mr. Gordon is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his effort. We trust that other works from his pen may yet appear which will do much to depict the conditions and life of this country of ours in which so fast a nation is a-making.

BETA.

A VISIT TO RANGOON.

As the steamer slowly glides up to the Rangoon wharf, whither we are bound, what a strange sight confronts us! A crowd of the dark sons of the Orient throng the landing, awaiting the arrival of the incoming boat. A nearer view shows us that some are very different from others, both in appearance and dress. Here is the haughty Burman, decked in his brilliant turban and gorgeous costly silk skirt wound round his body, while there stands the poor coolie very scantily clad, if clad at all, basket in hand, eagerly watching every movement of the passengers, hoping to have the good fortune of being of some service to some one, and thus earn a few *piec*. Hailing one of the last mentioned class, we will hand him our luggage to place on a *gharry* (closed carriage), in which we will drive to the house.

How quickly night has set in! We shall not be able to see any sights along the way. Ah! here we are turning into our own compound, and there are my mother and father waiting to welcome us. The house naturally looks peculiar to you as we drive underneath it. The houses are built on posts to avoid the dampness during the rainy season, which lasts six months. By coming here this time of year we have just escaped the rains. Here are the stairs leading up to the house. Naturally the house seems rather open and bare at first, for we need to admit all the air available, and the bare feeling is accounted for by the fact that there is no carpet on the floor. A carpet would only be a hiding place for centipedes and scorpions. We have just arrived in time for dinner. I am glad the boy has made some rice and curry to-night, for now you will have a chance to taste the real article. Dear me! the bread is full of ants—and the sugar. Oh! I see! the boy forgot to fill the *chatties* (earthenware saucers in which the legs of the table stand) with water to-day, which of course is necessary to keep the insects away. We eat a good deal of fruit at our meals, for we have a great abundance, and a great variety the year round. No! you need not look so suspiciously at those little lizards overhead, for they are perfectly harmless; in fact we find them very useful in

ridding us of all the small animal life, which we would find very troublesome if left to accumulate.

After our long journey we had better go to bed early in order to have a good rest and be better fitted to enjoy the sight seeing on the morrow. The room to the right is the one you will occupy to-night; perhaps I had better arrange the mosquito curtain for you, as you are not accustomed to it. See! I have tacked the bottom edges under the mattress all around, leaving just this little place clear for you to crawl in, which you can fix afterwards, thus keeping you free from being molested by mosquitos or any reptile or insect which may chance to pass that way during the night. If you should happen to be disturbed through the night by a strange sound, *Tou-tai-rrrrrh*, you need not feel alarmed, it is only a *toutai*, which has made its home in the rafters somewhere, and comes out at night in search of food. I will call you about six o'clock if you do not waken before then. Ah! I thought it would not be necessary, for the incessant caw of the many crows that rise with the first streak of dawn, will almost always waken one until accustomed to the sound. We always have *chota-luzra* (little breakfast) the first thing in the morning, consisting of a cup of tea, some toast and a banana or two, which are exceedingly plentiful all the year round, and then wait till ten o'clock for breakfast proper.

There goes our boy to the bazaar, to purchase the necessaries for breakfast. Let us follow him. For a new comer, at least, the bazaar is a most interesting sight. As the sun is not yet high, I think it would be pleasant to walk there, if you wear your *topie* and take your umbrella. These quarters all around the bazaar are inhabited by Chinese, as you can see by the signs on the doors. Before these, morning and evening, adoration is paid to the departed ancestors whose names are written on the boards. These dead they think are dependent on them for food, clothing, servants, etc., so, cutting out these articles in paper, they burn them before the tablet, thinking their ancestors will receive them in reality in the other world.

But here is the bazaar! What a hublub! Stalls everywhere. Here is the cloth department. The dealers you see are sitting on the stall, cross-legged, waiting to show you anything

you may desire. Notice the thin texture of the materials, and the gay colouring, for the natives are very fond of colour. Here are beads, jewelry, chatt^r, anything and everything for sale. The woman just in front of us is a Telegu; her dress is composed of one piece of cloth some eight yards long, wrapped in graceful folds over her body, hanging loosely at some points and tucked in at others to keep it in place, without the use of button, hook or pin. Notice the amount of jewelry she wears, necklaces, earrings (some two or three on each ear), nose rings, bracelets and anklets. The Telegus are really natives of India, but as India is very over-crowded, of late years a great many have come over to this country to find work. That man, buying an umbrella yonder, is a Karen. He is Mongolian in feature, you see, like the Burman; in fact, you would find it hard to distinguish between them at first. Perhaps he has come quite a distance, and will purchase several articles for his fellow villagers before he returns, as they live for the most part in the dense jungle. He cannot make himself understood, and so has called an interpreter to assist him. Near him stands a Bengali woman, somewhat resembling the Telegu we saw. Notice the huge anklets and toe rings.

Now we come to the vegetable and fruit department. There is our boy making his purchases. The Tamil youth at his side is a coolie whom he has hired to carry his parcels, as it is against the custom for him to carry them himself. The man nearing us in yellow garb is a *john-gyee* or priest; with his *chatty* which you see him holding, he goes through the bazaar receiving alms from the people. It is needless to say he lives on the very fat of the land, for they deem a gift to the priest a meritorious act. The meat is sold almost altogether by Mahomedans as the Hindu will not touch meat. I have seen these meat sellers try to cheat the people by fixing a sheep's tail to goat's mutton in order to try and assure you it was the genuine article. But it is getting late and we must hasten for we have many things to see yet.

Hi gharry wallah! That large white building to the right, with large dome and small towers, is a Mohammedan mosque; the pool at the side is where they bathe their feet before entering. That pyramidal cone-looking structure, looming up ahead

of us, is the Soolay Pagoda or Burman temple. Numbers of these are erected all over the country, by different individuals for merit's sake. Some relic of Gautema as a tooth or nail, etc. is usually enclosed, which adds to the sacredness of the shrine. Notice how it gradually diminishes toward the summit, and is surmounted by an umbrella spire, which, you see, is covered with precious stones. These *pagodas* are always solid and usually covered with gold leaf, which is presented by the people.

But it is quite time we were returning home. In this pond you will notice the *dhobies* (washermen) are endeavouring to wash our clothes. From the way they are slashing and beating them against the rock, which is placed there for the purpose, you would think they would never be fit to be seen again. But these men never seem satisfied until they can wear a hole in the clothes, which to them seems to insure cleanliness.

Now I know you are quite ready for the breakfast which the boy has prepared for us. Take this fan: no wonder you feel warm, for you are not accustomed to this great heat. We had to place that thin netting all around the verandah, as you see, to keep the crows away, for the minute our back is turned, they fly on to the table, and carry away anything they fancy. After breakfast we always call the servants to worship. We have to have several in this country as you cannot get one man to do anything outside of his own work, for he would then break caste: for instance, you could not induce the boy to draw some water for you from the well, but a *puni wallah* must be hired for that special purpose, as the name implies (water carrier).

Having had a rather late breakfast on account of staying out longer than we had first intended, we shall hardly feel the necessity for *tiffin* (little lunch), which we usually have about 2 p.m. Doubtless you feel like resting now for a little while during the hottest part of the day, but when it gets a little cooler perhaps you would feel like visiting the mills to see the elephants at work. It is a marvellous sight to watch them go down into the water, to procure a log which has been floated there from up the stream, and on bringing it to shore, to see with what accuracy they place them in different piles according to their various lengths. Then after dinner some of the native Christians are going to the *dhobie* quarters by moonlight to hold an

open air service. I am sure you would enjoy going with them if you are not too tired. For the Christians, singing hymns to their weird tunes, in order that the inhabitants may know of their arrival; a black, scantily clad audience quickly gathering around them, squatting down on the ground before them in the moonlight, as they endeavour to tell them the "old, old story" which, alas! to so many is entirely new; all this presents, at least, a very quaint scene. To-morrow I hope to show you some of the mission work that is being carried on in Rangoon among the different peoples.

KATIE W. ARMSTRONG, '01.

(To be continued.)

Editorial Notes.

Various circumstances have hitherto prevented us from making more than passing mention of the changes in our teaching staff and the additions thereto. We take this first opportunity, therefore, to extend a cordial welcome to the gentlemen who have lately joined us, and to express the hope that their work in the University may be not only profitable to us, their co-adjutors, and to the students, but also in the highest degree a source of satisfaction to themselves. Those of us who have been longer on the staff of McMaster University are more and more convinced of the high privilege we enjoy in being permitted to help mould the fresh young life that comes up to the University each year, and to direct it to the pursuit of high and noble ends. Some of the younger members of the staff are not unconscious of the inspiration of daily association with the older members, men whose every-day lives are to us refreshing examples of sweetness and light. Perhaps, too, these find in the enthusiasm and abounding activity of the young men and women about them one source of their own buoyancy and energy of spirit. In any case, however, it is an enviable privilege that we all enjoy, and we can only hope that those who are now joining us as members of the teaching staff may experience the same joy in their work as we are continually finding in ours.

While extending our heartiest welcome to these gentlemen, we may be permitted to make a few personal references to them. Rev.

Elmore Harris is too well known to require any introduction at our hands, but we should be failing in our obvious duty, were we to omit a reference to the unique circumstances of his appointment. Mr. Harris joins our staff as Honorary Lecturer on Evangelistic Methods. In this instance the epithet, honorary, does not mean that Mr. Harris merely graces our staff with his name, or that his lectures are few in number and somewhat perfunctory in character: it is, rather, a recognition of the fact that Mr. Harris has generously placed his services at the disposal of the University without monetary remuneration, and that his work amongst us is wholly a labor of love. Such willing sacrifice of time and energy is quite in keeping with Mr. Harris's well-known reputation for generosity, and it will, we are sure, be its own reward. We are certain that his lectures will be of incalculable benefit to all our students in theology, and that his presence among us will be an inspiration to us all. Mr. Harris has done much for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in Canada, but we doubt if any other work of his will exert such large and ever-widening influence as his lectures in McMaster University.

The addition of Mr. William Houston, M.A., to our staff as Lecturer on History and Economics, will be likewise a source of strength to the University. Mr. Houston is well known in the educational world of Canada, and has been connected with our educational system of Ontario for many years. At the present time he is a member of the senate of the University of Toronto, to which important position he has been successively re-elected by the graduates of that institution. He is also Director of Teachers' Institutes for Ontario. Besides holding these and other positions in the educational world, he has a reputation as a student of History and Economics that proves his entire suitability for the important post he holds in our University. We are glad to welcome him.

We are equally glad to extend a hand of welcome to E. R. Hooper, B.A., M.B., the new Demonstrator in Biology, and to Messrs. Vining, Tapscott, and Menge, Fellows in Mathematics, Moderns and Classics, respectively. The last-mentioned three are all graduates of our own University. By the excellent character of their work as Fellows, they are every day proving the kind of training they received as undergraduates. Dr. Hooper joins us with a splendid equipment for successful service. A son of one of our Baptist pastors (Rev. Dr. Hooper, until lately pastor of Beverley St. Church, Toronto) and a former student of Woodstock College, he has been in touch with our work in McMaster for many years. He believes in our ideals, and is

prepared to work to attain them. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto in both Arts and Medicine, and has had considerable successful experience as a teacher in Collegiate Institutes and in the Toronto Technical School. We are certain that he will prove a worthy successor of Mr. W. H. Piersol, B.A., whose work as Demonstrator was so excellent, and whose resignation we all regretted. With regard to Mr. Piersol we but express the feelings of the Faculty and students when we wish him the highest success in his chosen calling, Medicine.

There have been several changes in the teaching staffs of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges. At Woodstock Mr. H. L. McNeil, B.A., has resigned to take post-graduate work in classics at the University of Chicago. We are particularly glad to observe the desire of so many of our graduates to devote themselves to post-graduate studies. Mr. McNeill's place has been taken by another of our graduates, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A. Mr. Teakles is a fine type of University man and student of classics, and has already made an excellent impression upon Faculty and students at Woodstock. Moulton College has suffered a loss in the resignation of Miss McKay (now Mrs. Harry Stark), but has found a capable successor in Miss Margaret Hutchinson, B.A., a graduate of McGill University and of the Normal College. The department of French and German is now under the charge of Miss Menhennick, B.A., an honor graduate of the University of Toronto. Miss Menhennick's ability may be judged from the fact that she is known to have taken one of the heaviest and most brilliant courses in Moderns, and to have been the only one in first-class honors in the department of Moderns in her final year. Miss James, in the Preparatory department, and Mr. F. N. Goble, in Natural Science, are also new members of the staff. It seems a pity that there should be so many changes at Moulton College, but they seem unavoidable.

We are in receipt of two booklets from a friend in Lindsay, one being the list of lectures to be given under the auspices of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute, and the other the programme of the Twenty Club, for the season of 1898-99. By the inauguration of such a series of lectures, the teachers of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute show that they are alive to the responsibilities of their position and to the possibilities within their reach of laying the foundation of a generous culture in their students. The citizens of Lindsay have cause for congratulation in the fact that they and their children have the opportunity of attending such an excellent lecture course

as their Collegiate Institute staff are able to present. The following topics and lecturers appear on the list: "The Agricultural Resources of Canada," by Prof. James W. Robertson; "Our Commercial Treaties," by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada; "The Canadian Outlook," by Hon. George E. Foster; "National Finance," by Byron E. Walker, Esq.; and "Some Thoughts on National Defence," by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Smith, lately D. O. C. To attend such a course of lectures is an opportunity which we wish every High School student in Canada might enjoy.

The existence of the Twenty Club is another evidence of the intellectual activity of the citizens of Lindsay. The club meets once a month to discuss questions of social, political, economic, and literary interest. If one may judge by the various topics discussed, one may certainly conclude that the Twenty Club is a source of large benefit to its members. It is encouraging to observe that so many taking an active part on the programmes are university men. By so doing they prove that they did not leave behind the university spirit when they graduated from their respective colleges. The MONTHLY takes pleasure in commending the spirit of the Twenty Club of Lindsay, and expresses the hope that other clubs of similar purpose may spring up all over our land.

Book Reviews.

CONVERSE WITH THE KING.*

One's first impulse in calling attention to this attractive volume of 386 pages is to congratulate the author on the fact that it has reached its fourth edition in so short a time. That fact is the best proof that the book meets a widely-felt want. Such hunger is heaven-sent. Blessed are they who feel it, and blessed, too, he who satisfies it. "Converse with the King" is all heavenly manna. *Converse* implies two persons at least—the King and the King's friend; and it is fitting that when the King is the King of kings, the words of the friend should be few. So we have it here. The King's words taken from the Book of books occupy five-sixths of every page, the other sixth being

*CONVERSE WITH THE KING.—By Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. William Briggs, Toronto. Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

the soul's response in verse. If that idea of "converse with the King" is well carried out, the volume ought to be one precious to all children of the Kingdom, should it not?

A somewhat careful examination of the book enables us to say with much confidence that the idea is well worked out. A page is given to each topic of this heavenly conversation. The topics are arranged in alphabetical order. Under each are given Scriptures bearing on that topic. These Scriptures are judiciously chosen and logically arranged, so that each page is a brief but very well chosen and suggestive Bible reading. We venture to say that the most intelligent reader will see new beauty in many a familiar text, as he scans these pages. For this reason we can heartily commend the book for private devotion, for individual study, or for family worship. The verses that close each topic are for the most part Bro. Porter's own production, but the standard hymn writers are nearly all represented and not a few of our own Canadian Baptists contribute one or more stanzas. Some of these, such as Mrs. Yule, D. A. McGregor, J. Clark, and Dr. Rand, we are not surprised to see; but it is pleasant to meet the names of two of our missionaries in the list: John Craig, and Katie S. McLaurin. The volume closes with an appendix, consisting of eight poems by the author, full of Christian feeling and aspiration. We most cordially commend "Converse with the King." Wherever it finds a reader it will bring the Word of God, with its light and power. The Lord speed it on its holy mission.

J. H. F.

College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, MISS B. E. GILE, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01, EDITORS.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—“Students should be able to take their oaths as to the accuracy of their experimental results.” STUDENT, with acid-eaten clothes, and amid broken apparatus—“Professor, I am prepared to swear.”

Captain Sigsbee Welch, of the Rink squadron, has reported to headquarters another “blowing up of the Main.”

For all supplemental wit and humor *vide* our contribution to “The Student.”

REV. T. A. FROST, of British Columbia, was a caller at the University during the first week of December. He left with Prof. Willmott for the mineralogical museum a fine collection of Rosslund gold and five nuggets of Klondike gold worth about \$10. Messrs. McKechnie, Grant, Welch and Newcomb have also made gifts of British Columbia minerals to the University this fall. Mr. Henry Newman has given a large collection of rare and beautiful insects to the University, and we understand that this valuable contribution is to be supplemented in the near future by a similar gift from the same donor.

TENNYSONIAN.—A regular meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held Friday evening, Nov. 25th. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. E. J. Tarr, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with appropriate remarks. Some novel features were introduced, but these digressions were enjoyed by all whose taste is not over-fastidious. The programme included the following:—Instrumental, Miss L. M. McLay; Declamation, A. B. Mann; Song, A. J. Welch; Declamation, J. A. McLean; Selection, Harmony Quartette; Declamation, D. E. Bagshaw; Instrumental, Miss Throop. Mr. Scott kindly acted as critic, and gave some valuable advice to the Society.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.—The third meeting of the Club was held November 17th. Short papers were read on the conditions of hope and of difficulty of the Social Problem, by Messrs. Simpson, Baker, Sprague, Nicole, Manthorne, Coltman, Wright and Reekie. A few remarks by Dr. Ten Broeke on the great complexity of the problem and the difficulty of fixing the responsibility for the evils existing, brought to a close an interesting and profitable meeting. At the meeting on December 1st, papers were read by Mr. J. I. Manthorne, B.A., on the organic view of society, and by Mr. J. Hannah, '99, on the application of the view to the actual conditions of society. The organic conception is one that is now dominant in every department of modern thought, and these papers proved very helpful in giving a clear exposition of this important principle. The attendance at the meetings has not been large, and it is to be hoped that more will avail themselves of this chance to pursue this most valuable course of study.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on the evening of Friday, November 18th; and the large and enthusiastic audience which crowded the University Chapel on that occasion showed how keenly are appreciated these occasional musical and literary treats. The most striking feature of the programme was a number of addresses on the lives, characters and achievements of some noted royal ladies. The President, Miss Newman, occupied the chair; and after extending a very cordial welcome to the friends of the League, she spoke in glowing terms of the virtues and works of that "queenliest of queens, womanliest of women," our beloved Queen Victoria. The first number on the programme was a piano duet, *Lustspiel Overture*, by Misses Hargrave and Gaylord, which was warmly applauded. Miss Nesbit's address on the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria-Hungary, Miss Blackadar's on Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Miss Armstrong's on Queen Esther, and Miss Cohoon's, on Queen Louise of Prussia, were both instructive and entertaining. Miss Gile's reading, "Mary Queen of Scots," was singularly in keeping with the thought of the meeting. A solo, by Miss Flanagan, which was much enjoyed by the audience, an instrumental solo by Miss Carey, and two violin solos, both of which were heartily "encored," by Miss Hilda Davis, completed the programme for the evening. "God Save our Queen" then brought a very successful and enjoyable evening to a close.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society of McMaster University held its second monthly meeting of this year in the chapel on the 15th inst. The attendance was large at each meeting and a deep interest was manifested in the several exercises. The morning session was opened, as the custom is, by a half-hour of prayer and praise, led by the president, Dr. Rand. Spiritual earnestness is always a marked characteristic of this devotional half-hour. The leaders of the various city missionary interests of the Society then gave their monthly reports. They were most encouraging. There seems to be increased attendance and deepening of interest in all the meetings, and at Taylor Street Mission there is an especially gracious work being done among a class of boys, mostly Catholic, who are otherwise destitute of religious instruction. The chief items on the morning programme were a paper, by Mr. J. H. Cameron, B.A., giving a review of the missionary progress of the past year, and reports of the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance Convention at Kingston, by two of the delegates, Messrs. W. J. Pady, B.A., and R. Smith. Mr. Cameron ably presented to the meeting many interesting facts and incidents of missionary progress in India, China, Japan, Africa, South America, and the Islands of the Sea. He showed the relation of passing events to the world's evangelization. The Spanish-American war has opened up the hitherto closed doors of Cuba and the Philippine Islands to missionary effort, and the British conquests in the Soudan have done the same thing there. The reports of Messrs. Pady and Smith were full of interest. Dr. Rand said that the former's report of the proceedings was the best resumé he had ever heard. They spoke in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hands of the Kingston friends,

and the gatherings there must have been inspiring, if the enthusiasm of the returned delegates means anything. They informed us that we are to be honored with the presence of the Convention next year at McMaster. Prayer by Dr. Ten Broeke brought this very interesting session to a close, and everyone went away feeling that they had received a blessing.

VERY frequently the columns of the college news department contain reports from our Literary and Scientific Society, but special interest always attaches to the public meetings which are held twice in each college year. On Friday evening of Dec. 2nd, the public meeting of the first term was held. A large number of friends of the students and of the university gathered to enjoy the programme of music, reading and debate. The programme was of a high order. The male quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Riggs, Brownlee and Welch sang Emerson's "The Hunter's Call," as the opening selection, which was well received. The second number was a piano duet, "Overture," by Rossini, excellently rendered by Misses M. A. Bailey, B.A., and Miss Nellie Cohoon, '00. Miss Jessie Dryden, '00, then gave a reading from Longfellow, "The Legend Beautiful." Miss Dryden has frequently helped the Society on former occasions, and her excellent reading of the above selection was highly appreciated. The vocal duet by Messrs. Bryant and W. Welch received an encore, which was responded to by Mr. Welch singing a solo. The Society was very fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Lester Riggs, of Woodstock College, whose rendering of two clarinet solos was most exquisite. Of course the boys could not let Lester off without making him feel how much they were pleased with his handling of the instrument, and both times he was forced to return by the continued clapping and calling of "encore." The main event of the programme was the debate, subject, "Resolved that England is justified in proclaiming a protectorate over Egypt at the present time." The affirmative was led by E. W. Parsons, '99, supported by L. H. Thomas, '99. The negative was led by J. D. McLachlin, '99, supported by T. H. Cornish, '00. Notwithstanding the excellent speeches of the affirmative, the negative gave more excellent speeches from a debater's view point. Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C., who had kindly consented to act as judge, gave an able and interesting summing up of the arguments, and decided in favor of the negative. Mr. Thomson was then offered the thanks of the Society for his kind services. The President, Mr. A. M. McDonald, and his colleagues deserve great credit for the success of the evening's programme. "Thy Praises McMaster" brought the meeting to a close.

THE evening of Saturday, Dec. 3rd, was a joyful one for McMaster and her friends, for it was the occasion of a "glorious victory" in inter-college debating. "That the Permanent Retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States would be Advantageous both to the United States and the Philippines," was the resolution upon which this, the second of the series of inter-collegiate

debates, was contested, between Osgoode Hall and McMaster University. Messrs. H. R. Smith and Anson Spotton, B.A., of Osgoode, spoke on the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and S. E. Grigg, of McMaster; Dr. Badgeley, Provost Welch, and Mr. Emerson Coatsworth, Jr., were the referees; the field of battle was the platform of Osgoode Convocation Hall. McMaster men, and ladies, too, turned out *en masse* to hear the debate and cheer their champions on to victory. Some rousing college songs filled in the short delay before beginning the programme; the regular business of the Osgoode Society was then speedily transacted, after which Mr. Matchin favored the audience with a baritone solo.

The debate was then opened by Mr. Smith, who argued that the United States, because an Anglo-Saxon nation, would be a successful colonizer, and would also respect constitutional principles. After answering some anticipated arguments, he concluded by showing that by the retention of the Philippines the United States would enjoy the advantages of having an outlet for emigration, a basis of military supply, and a centre of commercial activity. Mr. Cohoe then opened the debate for the negative. After dealing with the previous speaker's arguments, he pointed out the enormous disadvantage to the United States in supplying an army to subdue, then another army and a civil service to control, the Philippines; in the ravages of disease upon American troops; and in the vulnerability of this added territory, entailing, as it would, the enormous expense of added armament and increased pension list. American merchants would reap no benefits, as trade with the Philippines could not be exclusive; cheap labor would be brought into the American market, which would at once be disastrous to the American employee; and finally, by mingling in European affairs, the United States would never be free from real or threatened war and its attendant evils.

Mr. Spotton dwelt upon the moral obligation which rested upon the United States to retain the islands, since, as he showed, it would be advantageous for the latter to be retained. It was the duty, he said, of America, as a strong and civilized nation, to uplift her degraded sisters. The Monroe Doctrine he considered petty and selfish. The Philippines would be peaceful under American rule, but would be torn by civil strife and become the prey of stronger nations, if left to themselves. The United States was the only power in a position to colonize the Philippines, and therefore, again, morally obligated to do so. The United States would be able, too, by retaining the Philippines, to control the trade of China. Mr. Grigg argued that the United States would lose prestige by departing from her stated determination to fight only for justice, not for territory. The Monroe Doctrine has proved a "mighty fortress" for the United States, and should not now be abandoned. By annexing the Philippines she would become very vulnerable, and would also suffer from being complicated in European politics. Annexation would have a baneful influence on the public, moral and social life of the nation; militarism would come to blight the national life. The assertion by the affirma-

ive of the United States' ability to successfully colonize was answered by Mr. Griggs' concluding reference to their signal failure in the case of Alaska. After the leader of the affirmative had made a brief reply, the referees withdrew to make their decision. In the interim Mr. Matchin gave another solo, which was heartily encored, and Mr. Brophey, of University College, gave a recitation, "The Spring Arm," which was enthusiastically applauded. The referees then gave their decision, which was in favor of the negative. The report was received in good part by the young lawyers, and with boundless enthusiasm on the part of the McMaster men. After a vote of thanks had been extended to the referees, the national anthem sung, the assembly broke up.

INTER-YEAR MATCHES.—

"Slush, rush, crush and
Again we're after the prizes."

Football enthusiasm, owing to the successful season of our football club, and the kind interest taken in us by the Board of Governors and Ryrie Bros., is no longer a past myth, but a present reality. Although late in beginning our inter-year matches this season, and though the weather was unfavorable, yet great interest was manifested by the students. Emulation, the mother of inter-year football enthusiasm, reigned with pristine power. When the games are scheduled, and the referees chosen, the shrill shriek of the whistle brings forth for the first game the doughty Theologs. and "Naughty One." The snow lies six inches deep, soft, and inviting, and well it does, for many a time it receives in close embrace a disciple of "Calvin" or "Canis." After an eventful and exciting hour, during which the theological forward line makes a very brilliant rush, the score stands 5-1 in favor of the sophomores. And now with the yell of "Wager your ducats on the Old Guard," ninety-nine and the freshmen line up. The hot blood and agility of the youngsters (?) is soon in evidence. First Walker and then Zavitz shoots a goal, next Thomson scores for '99. The game becomes more interesting. Immediately after half time the freshmen make a grand rush; another goal, score 3-1, against '99. "I'm afraid for their ducats," whispers a sympathizer from the grand stand. Positions are changed on the senior team, the tide turns. Hotter and faster grows the fray. Thomson takes a cramp, Hannah, bulwark of the team, is down,

"But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
Play up! play up! and play the game,
And they all play the game."

Another goal for the seniors, 3-2. Then Thomson scores 3-3. Zavitz prays for night and Blucher. Both come to help the enemy. Another noble rush, Simpson centres, Reid scores. The freshmen feebly gasp, and the whistle blows. Score 4-3. Then cheers for the victorious, and the day is lost and won. The next match between '99 and '00 was long and interesting, at the end the score stood 2-2. To complete the series the winners of this match should have played off with '01,

but owing to the unprecedented fall of snow, the interesting competition had to cease *pro. tem.* However, it will, we hope, be brought to a satisfactory issue, in the near future.

THE social season of McMaster University opened this year by the Rally of Class '01, which was held on Dec. 6th, when Mrs. Bailey very kindly placed her pleasant home at the disposal of the Sophomores. A good programme interspersed with Topics added much to the pleasure of the evening. The Literary part consisted of a well-rendered recitation by Miss Nesbitt, an oration on "Courage," by Mr. Coumans, and a humorous account of the Class history by Mr. Mann. Instrumental music was rendered by Misses Bailey, Clemens, Cohoon and Blackadar, and vocal music by Miss Lick and Messrs. Coltman and Torrie. At the conclusion of the programme, dainty refreshments were served, and after a short time spent in pleasant conversation, the evening of our second Rally of Class '01, closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE regular meeting of the Theological Society was held on the evening of Dec. 8th, President Pady in the chair. The main feature of the evening was a report by Dr. Goodspeed, of the Baptist Congress recently held in Buffalo. In his opening remarks the Doctor indicated the purpose and province of the Congress. It exists for the discussion of religio-historical and religio-scientific problems. It is endowed with no authority in denominational matters, nor represents officially any baptistic organization. The speaker dealt with only three of the main topics that had been discussed at the Congress. I. "Man's Fall and Redemption in the Light of Modern Evolution." Special reference was made to Dr. Strong's paper, in which he found in evolution God's *method* of accomplishing certain ends; but his definition of evolution differed widely from the purely scientific one. Dr. Boardman sought to reconcile the scientific and Biblical accounts of the creation and the fall of man, but he evidently sacrificed too much of what God has said to make room for what man would say. Dr. Peabody subordinated everything to his theory of evolution, and this in spite of the logical conclusion therefrom that the fall of man was upward. II. "On What Ground do we Accept the Books of the Bible as our Bible?" was the next topic discussed. Papers were read by Profs. B. O. True, D. D., of Rochester, Geo. E. Merrill, D. D., of Newton, and an address was given by Rev. Geo. Ferris, Tarrytown, N. Y. Dr. Merrill showed that the books of our Old Testament Canon constituted Christ's Bible, therefore received his divine imprimatur, and are to be accepted without hesitation. III. Among the speakers on the subject of "How Far Can the Truth of Christianity be Stated in Terms of Naturalism?" were Drs. Foster, of Chicago, and Clarke, of Hamilton, N. Y., both formerly professors of McMaster. In discussing this question much was found to depend upon the definition of "Naturalism." On the whole the Congress numbered very able and earnest men, and was highly profitable to all. Dr. Newman, who read a paper at the Congress, then stated that the Congress might have been better had the

more orthodox class been represented. Rev. Geo. Cross, B A., an old student of McMaster, and recently returned from his studies abroad, was listened to gladly as he spoke a few words.

'99 RALLY.—On Friday evening, Dec. 9th, Class '99 held its annual rally at the residence of Mr. D. E. Thomson, Queen's Park. This is the last time that the famous class will meet in this capacity, but notwithstanding the gloom which such a realization brought, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the entertainment and hospitality Mr. and Mrs. Thomson so graciously offered. The evening was favorable, and even the spacious home of our host and hostess was well filled with ladies and gentlemen. The President, Mr. Peter MacGregor, of Chilliwack, British Columbia, spoke in eloquent periods of our Class' experience, and presented to Mrs. Thomson a bouquet of flowers as a slight token of our gratitude and esteem. The game of the evening was then indulged in, which was a photo. war between the Spaniards and Americans. Without explanation of the forces and tactics of this war, suffice it to say that the Spaniards were victorious. During the evening, the President called upon Chancellor Wallace to make a few remarks. The Chancellor, who is a member of Class '99, but who, we fear, will not be graduated with us, as he evidently intends to "skip exams.," spoke words of encouragement. Mr. Harold Grant, the Prophet, then prophesied. We have great regard for Mr. Grant's prophetic gifts. He did not soar into the realm of the wildly imaginative, but remained in the realm of the probable. Mr. Faulkner, as a representative of the other classes, conveyed good wishes to Class '99. Chatting, laughing and luncheon filled out the remaining part of the evening, and it was with a sense of gratitude to the parents of our own Arthur Thomson that we wended our way *homeward* (?).

MON! I was owe tae the Tennysonian Societie Friday nicht gone, an' we a' hed a bra.w time o't. "The Bruce," a Heilandman frae the North, was in the chair, an' ca'd aff the pieces ane aifter the ither. First four fellows were ca'd up, an' sang "The Jolliest Boys Alive," an' a cudna but think thet tha maun be the McMaster laddies. Next Wilson McDonald read a poem o' his own, an' eh mon! but it was *fine*. I've speired aboot the chield, an' a find he's a lad o' pairts. Then Mr. Bryant sang a' alane, "Brak the News tae Mither," an' losh he warbled like a bird. Noo came a debate, atween Watson an' Walker on the ane han', an' McKerricher an' Stewart on the ither. The first twa laddies claimed thet when ony mon gangs tae schule, he gangs to study only, an' the ither twa sed thet he's the better o' mixin' up wi' the Societies an' sic like. Weel tha went on, an' ilka ane got sae lang to speak, after which the Chairman sed thet Ian McNeill wad say which pair hed the best o't. Whiles he was making up his mind, 'Torrie an' Coltman sang tegither, "Lucky Jim," Coltman thrummin' on a box wi' his fingers the while. Then the judge sed, that takin' a' things into his counseederation, he wad gie the debate tae Meester McKerricher an' Meester Stewart.

At the close of the football season, brought about so abruptly by the early snow, the Athletic Association, having in view the development of McMaster's genius for hockey, and the pleasure of those who love the king of winter sports, with characteristic energy set about the establishment of a rink. Through the efforts of Mr. R. C. Matthews, the indefatigable President of the Association, the University Grounds on Bloor Street were secured for that purpose. A general manager in the person of Mr. G. R. Welch was appointed, and with him a large and efficient Committee. Work was begun on the 9th inst., when a rink 175 feet long and 150 feet wide was staked out. This was covered with "the beautiful" to the depth of nearly a foot. The problem was how to dispose of it. This was solved by the sporting enthusiasm of the student-body of McMaster rising to the occasion. Armed with shovels the latest improved, brigade after brigade, led on by captains whose ambitions knew no defeat, they advanced upon the position, and ere many hours had elapsed, the field was clear. Then came the division of the spoils. The devotees of hockey were content to dwell in the south of the land, occupying all that territory contained within 80 x 150 feet. The remainder forms the rink general, of McMaster and her friends. As far as weather will permit, the rink will be kept in the best condition possible throughout the season. All modern appliances, such as cloak rooms, electric lights, etc., etc., will add to its convenience and popularity. We trust that on many occasions the music of the ringing steel, accompanied by the joyous laughter of happy youths and merry maidens, may tone up the monotony of student life until it becomes a pleasure never to be forgotten.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. MCLEAN, EDITORS.

Mr. "TAP" FROST paid us a flying visit a short time since.

BASKET BALL is booming. Several matches have been played, and so far the Fourth Year hold the championship.

THE Rink Committee are discharging their duties faithfully, and the rink will doubtless soon be in shape. Hockey prospects are good.

DR. MCLAY now gives the College a clean bill of health. A short time ago many were suffering from colds, but now the physician's call-book is having a rest.

THE shadows of Xmas exams. are hovering over the College Halls, bringing exceptional industry and application beneath their shade.

THE Mock Trial of a few weeks since resulted in the defendant, W. C. Wickett, being fined \$5000, and being sentenced to deprivation of all feminine society except under the chaperonage of some married master.

WE feel justly proud of the prowess shown by our foot-ball team in their contest with McMaster IIInd., on Thanksgiving Day. A score of 2-0 satisfied even the most ambitious. The college steward, Mr. Cray, was equal to celebrating the occasion adequately, and a fine oyster supper was served shortly after the team's home-coming.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

WE are glad to have with us this evening, (12th inst.) Dr. Dadson, the President of the Board of Directors of the Mission, and Rev. E. Bosworth, Field Secretary. When such men as they are interested in any object, it means that such an object is worthy of a permanent place in the thoughts of every Christian. May God send more such men who will take this work so much at heart as they do.

WHAT would we do without the "Gym"? Never before has it been so well patronized. Athletes are numerous, amateurs are zealous. We hope, however, that while they are developing muscles, none of them will ever leave us to go and join Barnum's circus, and thus try to make a mark in the world. We, also, hope that the punching bag will not kindle pugilistic fire in them, or stir up pugilistic blood in their veins, lest departing they should leave behind them fistprints on their comrade's nose.

ONCE more exams. are staring us in the face, and now is the season for "plugging." It cannot be said that many are looking forward to these with pleasure. But the comforting thought, that after a long week of hard toil, there follows nearly two weeks of perfect rest, is a source of encouragement in this difficult work. We are pleased to say that among our boys this year are many who see the necessity for hard work, and who will by no means come out last in their classes.

A BRIGHT entertainment was held at the Grande Ligne Church on December 6th. The programme, which was prepared for the benefit of the church, consisted of singing, lectures, and gramophone recitations, all of which were followed by a dainty supper. The whole affair was very interesting, and a large number of people were present. All the Institute students attended with few exceptions. Although these exceptions had made the necessary arrangements to attend, they thought it wise to substitute this pleasure by hard study. This they did in a truly stoical manner. After the programme came the long-looked-for social time, in which everyone made it a point to take part.

Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

THOUGH the Bible is the most widely translated of all books, it is said that there are still 3,000 languages into which not even fragments of it have been done.—*Ex.*

BEGINNING with 1902 no one will be admitted to the law or medical departments of Western Reserve University who has not taken at least the junior year at college.—*Ex.*

SIXTY per cent. of the brainiest men, Americans who have risen to prominence and success, are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside their States.—*Ex.*

WE ARE glad to welcome back to our table, and to place once more upon our exchange list, the *King's College Record*, which by some means we have not seen for a considerable time. It is gotten up in its usual good style.

THE Christian student stands on a lofty, proud eminence. He occupies the only position commanding the excellencies of earth and heaven. He occupies the only proper, the only enviable position in the sight of good men."—*Reveille.*

DREAMS.

Sweet dreams of the day
Come, bear me away
Where the mind roams unfettered and free ;
Where the blooms ever new
Are drooping with dew,
And the gossamer's eye on the tree !

Restore me once more
The scenes that of yore
Filled my soul with hope and with glee.
The faces of friends
That memory lends,
Bring a strength to life ere they flee.

The shades of the dead
With ethereal tread
Glide in from the dim misty sea ;
And with magical reed
Stay Time in its speed,
And force him to leave them with me.

—*University Monthly.*

DE ALUMNIS.

WE who remain always follow with unabating interest the careers of those, who, having ended college preparations, go out from our halls to link arms henceforth with the serious realities of life. There are some incidents in these careers that we welcome with an interest born of expectancy, and which appeal to us as occasions of more than ordinary congratulation. Such an event was that of September 14th, 1898, when Rev. Llewellyn Brown, M.A., formerly editor of "Here and There" took as his bride Miss Hattie Jean McLay, eldest daughter of Dr. A. McLay, of Woodstock, and sister of our lecturer in English. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, where her pastor, Rev. R. R. McKay, assisted by Rev. J. G. Brown, officiated. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Bertha McLay, '00, as the bridal party took their places. The groom was supported by Rev. D. Brown and Mr. W. S. W. McLay, of McMaster University, while the bridesmaids were the two sisters of the bride. Almost eighty guests gathered to do honour to the occasion, and leave their blessings with bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are now settled in their own pleasant home in the parsonage of Grimsby, Ontario, where their work and worth will ensure them the truest success of life. We commit them to a life of usefulness and honorable service, with the blessing of THE MONTHLY resting upon them.

It is with very great pleasure that we announce the marriage of Miss Annie M. McKay, B.A., sister of Professor McKay, to Mr. Harry L. Stark, of this city. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, London, on Wednesday, Oct. 19th, Rev. Charles A. Eaton, of Bloor St., Toronto, officiating, assisted by Rev. W. J. McKay, of Stratford, and Rev. R. R. McKay, of Woodstock, brothers of the bride. A large number of guests were present from Toronto and other places, including several from the University. Miss Mabel Stark acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. George Stewart, of Guelph, attended the groom. The bride belongs to the Class of '94, a class that has the distinction of being the first to graduate from McMaster. Since graduation she has been on the staff of Moulton College, as teacher of mathematics, and has thereby had many occasions to show her interest in her Alma Mater, which opportunities she has not failed to accept. She was very popular with both faculty and students, endearing herself to the latter, especially, not only by her ability and enthusiasm as a teacher, but also by her unaffected, cheery friendliness and ready sympathy and interest in all that concerned their welfare. They all unite with her hosts of friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stark a happy and useful wedded life.

On June the 22nd, the Rev. G. H. Sneyd, '97, was united in marriage to Miss Nellie H. Simpson at the residence of the bride's father, Drumbo, Ontario. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. M. Leehy, of Gobles. After a short trip to the West, Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd returned to their home in Fonthill, where Mr. Sneyd is pastor.

On September 20th, at the bride's home in Tayside, Ontario, Rev. A. J. Darroch, '96, pastor of the Baptist Church at Flesherton, was

married to Miss Jessie McDermid of Tayside, by the Rev. J. Robinson, of Dominionville. The newly married couple returned at once to their home in Flesherton.

On the 21st of August last, our old friend Rob Routledge of the class of '95, was married to Miss Sarah McConnel. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Brant Township, County of Bruce, Ontario, and was performed by the Rev. Jas. Grant, of Ingersoll, assisted by the Revs. J. A. Bantan and John McKinnon. The students of McMaster are particularly interested in this, not only because Mr. Routledge was very popular here, but because he with Rev. A. B. Reekie, another McMaster man, are the first Protestant missionaries to Bolivia, South America. Mr. and Mrs. Routledge sailed from New York on September 24th, and late accounts report them at Oruro, where they were just beginning to grapple with the difficulties of the Spanish language. Our best wishes and earnest prayers follow Rob and his wife to their far away home.

At the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., a quiet wedding took place on July 18th. Mr. J. W. Russell, '95, was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Clarke, sister of one of our graduates, G. Herbert Clarke, M.A. Mr. and Mrs. Russell are now residing at Woodstock, where Mr. Russell is teacher in the College.

To all these the MONTHLY extends hearty congratulations, and the kindest wishes for future happiness.

A NUMBER of McMaster graduates are pursuing advanced courses across the border. Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, '96, who completed his M.A. course last year, and who was for some time teacher of science in Moulton Ladies' College, and Lecturer in chemistry in the Dental College, is taking post-graduate work at Harvard. The University of Chicago, however, claims the largest number. Mr. R. D. George, '97, another scientist who took M.A. work here last year, is studying in that University, as well as being Fellow in geology. Mr. H. H. Newman, '96, who last year was on the staff of DesMoines College, is at the same place taking post-graduate work. Mr. H. L. McNeill is taking classics there also.

THE MULBERRY CLUB BOOK.—Some time ago we received a little volume of verse from the Mulberry Club of the University of Chicago, but until the present have been unable to notice it in these columns. In its mechanical make-up it is a good example of the printer's craft. It is printed on antique type with decorated initials on hand-made, deckle-edged paper, with a tastefully decorated title-page. Its whole outward appearance is a credit to the taste of the young ladies and gentlemen forming the Club. The following note printed at the end of the volume will give our readers information regarding the Club and its aims:

The Mulberry Club is a group of verse-makers, nearly all of whom are students in the University of Chicago. When of a Saturday morning the spirit moves thereto, those that will, repair to the south side of the Pine-tree Isthmus, an idyllic spot in Arcady, which borders on Bohemia but is farthest from Philistia. Here no emporium

chimney can be seen—the pines take care of that!—the water is blue to north and to south, the forest is thick to east and west. The rules of the club are few but inexorable: 1. The club shall meet not regularly, but occasionally. 2. Each member shall read to the others his latest verses, and read them twice without reprieve. 3. The Sacrosanctum Yprocas Theologicum Mori shall be quaffed.

Concerning the poems contained in the book it would be trite to say that no one of them is a great poem: it is simple justice to say that the members of the Club have good reason to feel satisfaction at the excellent quality of their verses. Indeed, one may fairly go farther and say that the verses here printed are above the average of college verse, and would bear comparison with not a little of the verse appearing in more pretentious magazines than college publications. The verse of young writers is too often pessimistic and cynical, qualities generally mere affectations to youth, or it is mere humorous jingle. The verses in this volume do not contain a line of cynicism, and the one example of humorous verse is not out of keeping with the generally excellent tone of the volume. If we were to express our opinion concerning the members of the Mulberry Club as formed by a perusal of what they have written, we should be inclined to say that they are young men and women whose hearts are right, whose feelings are unsullied by the corroding cynicism of this *fin-de-siècle* age, and whose outlook on life is hopeful and wholesome. Their Club and its volume of verses are a credit to their Alma Mater. We shall take the liberty of quoting from time to time some of their poems.

DUELLING has shown a new development in Germany. The university student is no longer content with disfiguring the noses, chins, and cheeks of his friends to avenge supposed insults, or with gaining the glory of scarification himself. He aspires to greater enterprises, and is determined no longer to stand the tyranny of his professors and examiners. The President of the Berlin University had the misfortune the other day to plough a student in an examination for the twelfth time. This candidate for academic honors resolved no longer to tolerate such repeated insults, and forthwith sent the President a challenge by a fellow-student. The President, however, refused to comply with the polite request of pistols for two and coffee for one, or of swords and bolsters in the park in the early morning. But he has not sent the bloodthirsty undergraduate for a change in the country, as he might well have done. The students of Berlin have dubbed the Professor a coward. But the German press thinks that his decision not to accept the challenge is, on the whole, justified. They argue it would never do for the undergraduate at a university to be able to appeal to arms if ploughed in an examination. And there is certainly something from the Professor's side to be said for this view.—*Westminster Gazette.*