



Sincerely yours  
J. P. Jones

THE  
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

*FEBRUARY, 1895.*

---

JAMES EDWARD WELLS.

The announcement that the highly gifted and respected editor of the Canadian Baptist had kindly consented to deliver the address of 1894, in honor of Founder's Day, was received with evident satisfaction by both students and professors of McMaster University. An address on any subject in connection with our educational work, from one of so lengthened and varied experience, and one too in profound sympathy with the aims and efforts of our University in all its departments, was sure to be exceedingly interesting and helpful, and certain to command a most attentive hearing from all the friends who should have the pleasure of listening to it. In view of the importance of the question so ably discussed in this address, and with the desire of bringing it within reach of the larger circle of our friends at a distance who could not meet with us on the evening of Dec. 21st, we take great pleasure in giving it a place in this number of the McMaster Monthly, and in presenting with it a portrait of the well known features of our old friend and colleague, the writer thereof.

As the beloved and highly valued coadjutor of Dr. Fyfe for so many years at the Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College; as the author of the Life and Labors of Dr. Fyfe

and latterly, as the editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, the name of Mr. Wells is so familiar, and the chief events of his life so well known to the Baptist denomination in every province of the Dominion, that anything but the briefest reference to them at this time is wholly unnecessary.

James Edward Wells, M.A., still known to his old Woodstock colleagues and friends as Professor Wells, is a native of the Province of New Brunswick. He was born at Harvey, Albert Co., on the 3rd of May, 1836. After finishing his preparatory studies at Horton Academy, N.S., he entered Acadia University, from which he graduated in 1860, and took the degree of M.A. three years later.

We have failed to obtain particulars of his college life. Mr. Wells is personally too modest to dilate upon such themes, and, we have reason to believe, would not furnish materials for a brilliant narrative, if interviewed respecting them. That he was regarded as a strong man in his classes, an earnest and thorough student, we have heard more than once from one who knew him well in those days. There is evidence too that he could give a good account of himself elsewhere than in the lecture room. Those who will read between the lines of an editorial on University matters in *The Week* of January 18th, may safely infer that there were now and then exciting occurrences even at staid old Baptist Acadia, and that at such times, when the students rose to the occasion, James Wells, if among them, was sure to be foremost, with willing hands or rousing speech, doing his full share to meet the demands of the hour.

Shortly after graduation he went to Woodstock, Ont., to enter upon the duties of classical master in the C. L. Institute. Those were the days of comparatively small things in our educational work, but Dr. Fyfe, with a loyal staff of teachers at his side, full of confidence in the wisdom and ultimate success of their undertaking, was prayerfully and arduously laying the solid foundation upon which the grand superstructure of the present time has gradually risen. Professor Wells brought to his work at Woodstock superior natural endowments, which had received healthy development and training in his course of study at Acadia, and thus equipped, he laid hold of his work with a conscientiousness and earnestness of purpose which promised

speedy success in his department. He was a man of profound religious convictions which manifested themselves in a keen sense of moral obligation, faithful discharge of every duty, a kindly regard for the sensibilities of his fellowmen, and a gentlemanly, Christian bearing towards all with whom he had dealings of any kind. The influence of such a teacher must have been strong and healthy from the first; it became wider and more marked as the work and aims of the school expanded, inspired confidence and trust and, as a matter of course, drew Prof. Wells more and more into the responsibilities of general management and discipline.

Prof. Wells was an able and successful teacher, not merely in imparting instruction, but in awakening the interest of his pupils and arousing and developing their own powers of independent examination and judgment. His kindly but firm and dignified demeanor begat confidence and secured attention. The moral and spiritual earnestness, the strength and maturity of thought of such a teacher produced in the minds of the pupils a deep conviction of the value of the work they were called upon to perform and spurred them to do their very best.

Prof. Wells had learned at college to appreciate the peculiar strength and beauty of classical literature, a qualification for intelligent class-work by no means so common in those days, and one great object he now aimed at was to teach his own pupils how to work their way through these ancient channels of thought, discover the author's meaning and enter thoroughly into the spirit of it. The acquisition of such habits of study and this power of finding hidden wisdom he held to be of far more real and lasting benefit than mere grammatical or philological erudition. It is our firm conviction that the mental drill and linguistic knowledge obtained by such study as above described of the ancient classics, under the wise direction of a strong and sympathetic teacher, such as he, furnishes the best possible preparation for the profitable study of the masterpieces of our own or contemporary languages, and after some years of experience of educational courses and methods, we regret most of all that, during the most important years of our student life, we did not have the benefit of a longer time under Prof. Wells' instruction.

For several years previous to Dr. Fyfe's death in 1878, the

care and discipline of the college had, in consequence of his failing strength, fallen largely upon Prof. Wells, who held a place in the esteem and affection of the students second only to that of the venerable Principal himself. He was ever the kind, genial, sympathizing teacher whom every student loved, and none feared to approach when needing counsel or encouragement. His gentle but powerful persuasiveness brought many an erring lad back to repentance and higher thoughts, and won him for a pure and manly life.

As is well known, Mr. Wells severed his connection with the college in 1881, in order to accept a position upon the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*. The duties of this position, together with more or less editorial work in connection with the *Educational Journal* and *The Week*, occupied him, for the most part, until about six years ago, when he was appointed to the position he now holds as editor of the *Canadian Baptist*. To this important work Mr. Wells has brought exceptional qualifications of head and heart, in themselves a guarantee for the excellence of the paper as he will seek to make it. He has studied long and profoundly and written largely on all the leading social and political questions of the day, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the closest thinkers and most powerful writers in the Dominion. He has the greatest reverence for God's word, of which he has been all his life a diligent and careful student. He has strong and honest convictions, will advocate only what he believes to be true, but by that will stand with unswerving loyalty. Surely such an editor can be relied upon to produce a most helpful, stimulating and entertaining religious paper, and may cherish on as strong grounds as any other man in the denomination, the hope that the Holy Spirit will guide him to the truth and help him by his work to honor and serve his Master.

As Editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, *The Week*, and *The Educational Journal*, Mr. Wells enters weekly with the products of his busy pen into many thousands of homes in every part of our vast Dominion. The moral influence of such a man is simply incalculable, and no man realizes more than he how great is his responsibility for every word he writes. Of one thing we may rest assured, no article from his pen will ever

advocate what does not rest on sound principles of truth and justice to everybody. He will always strive to make men better and more charitable; purer, nobler and more self-reliant. Long may his great heart, always to be found in the right spot, his fertile brain and vigorous pen continue their noble service in behalf of truth and right, of home and fatherland.

M. S. CLARK.

---

TO A. P. McD.

Age after age the tireless sea doth fling  
 Its serried waves against this frowning rock,  
 (Whose base has known a thousand years of shock)  
 And shouts its purpose to its floor to bring.  
 High up and landward now the ravens wing,  
 On trees sure-rooted inland nests the hawk;  
 Instinct of doom! for here swift ships shall dock,  
 And give of east and west, and commerce sing.

Warriors of truth, unwearied host of God,  
 Who, like the deep, march to the signs of heaven,  
 "Thus saith the Lord" your cry, count not the years!  
 Grey superstition's crumbling front shall nod  
 Beneath the iteration of your steven,  
 And God's sweet love flood all the place of tears.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Partridge Island,  
 Minas Basin.

## THE WORK AND PRODUCTS OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

The Founder of McMaster University did much in the course of his long and honorable life for the promotion of the cause he loved, but the greatest and the wisest thing he ever did was, we believe, the establishment, on a firm and permanent basis, of this institution, which is designed as it fulfils its mission to send forth, year by year, century after century, men and women of trained minds, and, it may be hoped, of the highest Christian character, to give consecrated lives to the service of their fellow-men and of their Master. Perhaps I cannot better use the few moments allotted to me, on this anniversary occasion, than in attempting to outline, necessarily in a very hasty and imperfect fashion, the manner of men and women these ought to be, in one or two aspects of their characters, after undergoing the training and enjoying the advantages provided for them by the generosity of the Founder, and the kind of work which the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec have a right to expect from them. We cannot better honor the Founder's memory than by forming high conceptions of his work, and seeking each of us, as we have opportunity, to do whatever may be in our power to increase the extent and the excellence of that work.

What is then the work of this particular institution? What will be the character of its finished product, provided it does its work in the manner and the spirit intended by its Founder? He intended it, as we know, to be a great industrial establishment. If institutions for the conversion of the raw material of the fields, forests, and mines into the finished products of commerce are so valuable and needful, what shall we say of those whose work it is to turn out finished citizens of the highest type? If it be true that it is men, high-minded men, who constitute a state, it follows that the institution which does the most for the production of such men is the institution which does most for the state. We hear a great deal about patriotism and how to promote it in these days. There is a great deal of spurious patriotism. Such is the species of patriotism which seeks to raise the status of its own country by depreciating other countries, a

species which has no existence, let us hope, within these walls. There is a so-called patriotism which teaches us that it is our duty to stand up for our own country, right or wrong, in every transaction with other nations. Of course the true patriot is the man who stands up for his country only when she is in the right, and who uses all the means of influence within his reach to put her and keep her in the right. Depend upon it, the very best service which any young man can render his country is to mend and improve one of her citizens until he makes him a true type of a cultured, high-minded man. If each one will thus mend one, all will be mended.

This truth applies also to women. What a pity it is that our language gives us no personal pronoun in the singular number to denote an individual of either sex! Such a word is greatly needed. In fact, it is now becoming indispensable. So long as women were in the background, attending only to domestic affairs, and willing or constrained to sink their personality in that of their respective lords, the want was not so much felt. Now that they are coming to the front and taking prominent, often leading positions, in almost every pursuit and employment of life, public and private, the need of such a pronoun is becoming imperative. I notice that in many of the American educational publications, the tables have been handsomely turned, and the feminine pronoun is regularly employed whenever a teacher of either sex is spoken of. This is probably only fair, if numerical considerations are to decide the question. Yet it is not probable that the coarser sex will take readily or kindly to a usage which brings them into the discussion of public concerns only as it were on sufferance, to be taken into the account as mere secondary personages, obscurely implied in the "she" and the "her." It would seem to be an easy matter to add the single inflected word, so much needed, to our language; but the most influential savants have hitherto failed in the attempt. Here is a task worthy of the attention of some of the literary societies of this new and ambitious university. Let them coin a word of not more than two or three letters, properly inflected, and induce speakers and writers to take it up and bring it into use in the language and they will have deserved the thanks of all users of the English language. Meanwhile we shall have to submit to



the old disability, and I can only beg all to bear in mind that whenever I have occasion to use *he* and *him*, in a general way, I mean those terms to include also *she* and *her*, recognizing, as I cheerfully do, that the moiety of our populations denoted by those feminine forms is not a whit less influential, and not a whit less responsible for making the best use of every opportunity for gaining and employing increased power for the good of the community and the nation, and so far as possible of the world.

Are the young men and young women who are now the undergraduates of McMaster sufficiently grateful for the immense advantage they have over the great majority of the young men and women of the country? To what extent do they realize how great a boon it is to be able to turn aside from the pursuits and cares of the busy, work-a-day world, and give themselves up for four, or five, or six years, to turn to account the grand opportunities afforded them by such a period of preparation, under earnest and competent instructors? How many there are who have never had such a chance, or who, having had it, now look back with vain regrets to see how poorly it was appreciated and improved compared with what might have been—how many such, now immersed in the work and cares of life, would hail as one of the most precious of all opportunities that of going aside, even for a single year, from the busy crowd and spending the time in mental improvement and the calm quest after truth? That would be bliss indeed, but it is a bliss which unhappily comes usually but once in a lifetime to even the most favored, and to the great majority, alas! never comes at all. Is it any wonder that the world expects so much from the few who have such exceptional advantages?

I used just now the expression "quest of truth." Does not that expression, to a very considerable extent, denote the true aim of every true man and woman in the world? Is it not one of the highest aims of every one who has a soul above the pelf for which so many grovel? Nay, is it not one of the chief ends for which human beings are created and placed in the world? Is it not pre-eminently the aim of every student who is worthy of the name? We hear, from time to time, a good deal of discussion with regard to the motives which should be set before those who are pursuing a collegiate course. I dare say that

could we get access to the innermost chambers of the mind of each student now before me, we should find a good deal of variety, even here. Some are studying probably to fit themselves for certain positions which they covet, or for which they think it their duty to prepare themselves. Some are studying because they rather enjoy it; some because they think the result will be to enable them to earn a livelihood more easily, or give them a higher standing in society; some because their parents wish them to proceed to a degree; some possibly because they are ambitious of intellectual or literary honors. But to my thinking, although most of these motives may be right enough in their way, the only student who is really on the right track and who will make the most and the best of his advantages, is the student who is constantly searching for truth. There is not a subject of study which is worthy of a place on the curriculum of an institution of this kind which may not be pursued in this way. Whether you are demonstrating a proposition in Geometry, or working your way through a complicated sentence in Greek, or discussing with the aid of teacher and text-books some intricate question in philosophy, or patiently inquiring into the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of some profound theological dogma, you are doing your work in the true student spirit only as you are able to throw your whole mind into the question, with an ardent desire and purpose to find out, if possible, the truth. Any course of reading or instruction fails of its best object and method in so far as it fails to arouse this spirit in the student.

The process by which this, the only true educational work, is carried on, we may designate by the word "thinking." The essence and the end of all true education, viewed from its intellectual side, is thinking-power. The strength or the weakness of this power is that which marks the difference between the educated and the uneducated man (or woman). Let us not make the mistake which is often made of supposing that education, as thus defined, is the exclusive possession and prerogative of those who are able to write B.A., or M.A., or some other of those cabalistic characters which are so much in evidence at the present day, after their names. The essential thing is that the thinking shall be done, the habit of thinking formed, and the power of

strong and sustained thinking acquired, no matter where or how. There is many a man and woman who never saw the inside of a university or college, who, measured by this true criterion, is far better educated than many another who has passed through and had all the advantages of the best universities. The difference is that, other things being equal, the one who has had the opportunity of a collegiate training has had an immense advantage. The more shame to him if he has failed to improve it.

We repeat that the measure of any man's education is not his knowledge, either of books or of things. It is thinking-power. Knowledge—even the little odds and ends of knowledge, which are all that the most profound and hard-working student can pick up during his few college-years, or even during the term of his earthly life, is not to be despised for its own sake, though those who have lived the longest and sought wisdom the most assiduously are usually the readiest to admit that the utmost extent of the knowledge they have been able to gain is, compared with the great sum of things which have eluded their grasp, or are beyond their reach, but as a few pebbles gathered from the little strand of human life which borders on the illimitable ocean of the great Unknown. The most profound philosopher, who has pursued his studies in a truth-loving spirit, is the readiest to confess that his position is, after all, but that of

“ An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.”

We are told by a very high authority that what we know “ we know but in part,” what we see we see but as in a glass, or rather, perhaps, as in a dull metallic mirror, dimly, and that when “ that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.” But on the other hand who can doubt that the mind-power developed in the pursuit of this imperfect and fractional knowledge will endure, and add to the happiness and usefulness of the possessor, so long as conscious being endures ?

Well, then, how can you and I fulfil the high obligation ? How can we acquire for ourselves this mental development which will make men and women of us ? this valuable power of think-

ing? I answer in one word, *by thinking*. There is no other way. This is the whole secret, the royal road. By thinking we learn to think, we strengthen our power of thinking. *Thinking* is man's appropriate work. It is one of the things for which he was made. When it is pursued in this truth-loving spirit, apart from which there is, next to loving God and his neighbor, no genuine study, I may say it is his highest work. There is something in the very fact and act of thinking closely and earnestly upon any worthy theme—apart from all considerations of university marks or passing examinations, or even of mental discipline or of knowledge, which refines, elevates, and enobles the whole nature. The effects are soon visible on the countenance. How easy it is to tell at a glance at the face of a stranger whether he or she is in the habit of doing much thinking! Thinking adds lustre to the eye, and intelligence to the expression. How often we meet a face which would be positively beautiful but for the dimness of that subtle spiritual light which shines forth in its brightness only from a thinking soul! How often are we charmed with a countenance which would be positively ugly but for the glory with which the thinking soul within has irradiated it! Thus thinking is the condition of the highest types of physical as well as of moral beauty. It adds the indescribable charm of refinement to the attractions of the largest generosity and the most devout piety. I can scarcely conceive it possible for a man or woman to be in a position which requires a certain amount of genuine thinking to be done every day, without becoming better and nobler in the process.

In so speaking let me again remind you that I have in mind only thinking, mind-work, as it is pursued in the truth-loving spirit. I have not time to dwell upon this point. My paper must be fragmentary, at best. There is a danger, to which I am by no means oblivious, of the college or the university turning out a species of thinker who is but an intellectual monstrosity, a thinking-machine without heart or soul, without higher sentiments or aspirations of any kind. In such cases the loftiest motive is absent. The intellect, however trained, is not free. It lacks the highest impulse, the truth-loving spirit. I am speaking only of the minds which have been made free by the reception

and love of the truth, and hence have no fear of the truth on any subject, no inducements to self-deception, or to deception of others. "If the truth shall make you free," said He who not only came into this world to bear witness to the truth, but was Himself the Truth, "you shall be free indeed." And so, on the other hand, it may be said with truth, however paradoxical it may seem, "unless you have been made free, you cannot lovingly and with singleness of purpose, follow after or apprehend the truth."

I have left myself but time for two or three practical observations out of many I should have liked to make. If I have succeeded at all in making my thought clear, it will not be difficult to form some conception of the kind of men and women those ought to be who have been for four or five or six years engaged in this kind of work—undergoing this kind of training. The friends of McMaster University expect, and have a right to expect, that the men and women who go forth from its halls to engage in the various occupations of life shall be no ordinary men and women. As thinkers, we expect them to know how to think straight and make the power of their thinking felt in every society and community into which they shall enter.

Some of you may have literary ambitions, or your chosen life-work may require that you give public expression, in speech or writing, to the results of your thinking, for the benefit of others. To such let me say in the briefest manner. Do not begin at the wrong end, do not speak or write till you have something to say. This is not meant to be discouraging. It is not necessarily discouraging. Everyone who knows how to think and has formed the habit of thinking should and may have something to say, that is worth saying, and be able to say it effectively. The world of modern life, as it exists to-day, is full of subjects demanding the best thought and profoundest investigation of every one who loves truth. The truth in regard to a thousand matters of the wise and the foolish, the useful and the mischievous, the true and the false, the right and the wrong, is buried beneath mounds of obscuring influences derived from social customs, personal and religious prejudices, traditional notions, selfish interests, and a host of other influen-

ces and tendencies which disguise their true features and make the work of the truth-seeker complicated and laborious to the last degree. The mind that would contribute something to the unearthing of the real facts and foundation principles must be full of the subject, through personal thought and investigation. We hear a great deal in some quarters in these days about literature as a pursuit, about the need of a distinctively Canadian literature, etc. The point I wish to make just here is that it is doubtful whether any individual who sat down to make literature, to write something that should be accepted as an addition to the stores of literature, as such, ever succeeded in doing so. Those who make literature are, as a rule, those who have no such aim in view; those whose minds and hearts are full of some thought or purpose which to them seems worthy; who have some great cause which they seek to promote, or some burning emotion within struggling to burst forth in song, or to find utterance in strong words, or to bring conviction to other minds by irresistible arguments. The moral is, that we should have more regard to the substance than the form of what we are going to write or say. It is a mistake to strive after fine words, while one should be intent on convincing arguments. It requires sometimes not a little strength to resist the temptation to say a thing because it sounds pretty or striking, though one may not be quite sure that it contains either truth or wisdom.

There is a great work for the educated, the thinking men and women of the next generation to do, in the way of combating and counteracting wrong and mischievous tendencies, especially those—and their name is legion— which have their origin in misapplied intelligence and one-sided thinking. There are errors and follies in regard to popular amusements, athletics and gymnastics, scientific investigations and generalizations, moral and religious ideas and teachings, which it will be for the straight thinkers of the immediate future to examine, and correct, amend, or condemn. I had it in mind to give a few illustrations, but I find that my time is fully gone. These will readily suggest themselves. The papers, secular and religious, the magazines, the new books, are full of questions upon the answers to which hang consequences of the deepest moment, affecting the well-being

of society and the progress of truth and righteousness. The World, the Dominion of Canada, the Churches of Christ, never had more need of men and women not only of high character but of far-seeing intelligence—men and women who not only feel right and mean well, but who, as I have said, can rise superior to self-interest, prejudice, custom, and think straight in the direction of purity, truth, and righteousness. In proportion as McMaster University sends forth year by year her full quota of such men and women, in that proportion will it fulfil its true and noble mission, and worthily perpetuate the name of its Founder.

J. E. WELLS.

---

*MEMINISSE.\**

When the year is full with the month's ripe juices,  
 And over the brim the foam-flowers drip,  
 When the Master of months His storehouse looses,  
 And the fat of the seasons waits to the lip,—  
 Who thinks of the sower by meadow and mere,  
 In the far barren days of the youth of the year?

When time is full from the press of the ages,  
 Shall the earth have travelled in vain?  
 When the harvests of men are ripe to their wages,  
 Shall remembered be sun and the rain?  
 Bethink ye what these and the sower have done,  
 And know ye that God and the Sower are one.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

---

\*Founder's Day card.

## Students' Quarter.

### 'MID PLAINS AND PEAKS.

“What you don't see ask for.”

Four mountain ranges, irregularly parallel; one hundred and thirty-two peaks varying in altitude from twelve to fifteen hundred feet; elevated lakes and parks; abysmal canyons; gigantic forests of aspen, fir and spruce; thousands of square miles of arid plains, or grassy lawns “made gay with an indigenous flora”; contemporaneous polar and tropical temperatures; regions of perpetual snows; other regions of perennial sunshine—these are some of the features comprehended within the boundaries of Colorado—the Centennial State. Here the four seasons and the twelve months come within speaking range, and hold their councils. Winter on mountain top—summer on plains—spring among the parks and lakes and autumn in the mid-altitudes, are called to converse and make plans for movements upon the rest of the continent. Prairie-dogs, wild horses, buffaloes, deer, antelopes, beavers, bears, elks, mountain sheep, lynxes, wolves, panthers, pumas, wild cats, grouse, pheasants, ptarmigans—all these creatures are able in the immense variety of conditions afforded by the topography of the state, to find a happy habitat. Moreover extinct species, now hardened into fossils, have ages ago reposed themselves upon beds of mountain deposits three thousand feet deep—“the first vertebrates of the American continent.” Is it any wonder they never rose from their slumbers? Their couch was as spacious as it was deep, their bones being found scattered over an area of three thousand square miles. What “happy hunting grounds” would Ralph Trotter find among these living, and Professor Wilmott, among these fossil species!

**HIGH LIVING AND LOW THINKING.**—Of old, within the limits of Colorado, lived the cliff-dwellers. They found natural recesses in the face of the declivities—or they made them. They clung to the cliffs like swallows to the eaves of a farmer's barn.



Their furniture seems to have consisted largely of water jars. We cannot help wondering why this antique tribe found so peculiar a home. Did an invader drive them there? or are these counterparts of the Swiss lake-dwellers from the channels of whose Venetian canals the waters have dried away? What effect would such life have upon the evolution of that branch of Adam's race? We know one marine animal whose conformation has been singularly affected by backing into the deserted shell of a more industrious citizen!

DESICCATION.—The altitude of this city (Las Animas) is nearly four thousand feet. The atmosphere is warm and dry. During the five months of my residence here, August to December, there have been but two slight showers of rain, and lately two feeble flurries of snow. Streams flowing from the mountains, born of the virgin snows upon their peaks, irrigate the plains of the lower altitudes. The air is medicine to any one troubled with "coughs, colds, bronchitis," etc—(*vide* Scott's Emulsion ads). The vivid sunlight and perpetual drought raise awful blizzards of dust—whenever assisted by a brisk wind. The color of fences, trees, roofs of houses, etc., is lightened very much by the absence of moisture. The effects of the desiccant atmosphere are everywhere apparent—in the mummified faces of many of the inhabitants—in the number of drinking saloons supplying the requisite moisture in the form of alcoholics—in the thinness of the jokes everywhere voiced and perpetrated—in the dryness of the sermons preached—and many other evidences are there of the absence of clouds. Let me fall back upon some figures from Bancroft to attest the above notes:—

—Summer mean temperature . . .	64·6	—	69·2
—Winter . . . . .	31·3	—	32·8
—Maximum summer heat . . . .	93	—	40
—Minimum winter temperature .	3	—	12

"The winter, he adds, is the season of greatest charm, for then the bright sunshine gives balminess to the air, while in the blue dome of the sky is no cloud to stain its purity."

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."—They were surely unlettered god-fathers who were present at the christening of these eminences. Think of peaks 14,500 feet high, dubbed with

such undignified names as Buckskin, James, Brass, Baldy, Snaffle's, Pike's, Red Cloud, Wetterhorn, Handie; while the broad shoulders of others are only sufficient to bear such ignominies as Horseshoe, Grizzly, Pigeon, R. G. Pyramid, (Esq.), Silver Heels, Hunch-back, Homestake, Ojo, etc. When I think how nature takes such care to be appropriate that she provides such names as "McAlpine" for men only six feet three, it offends me to the soul to see Goliath 13,500 feet high named "Pigeons" or "Handie."

"THE FESTIVAL OF ANECDOTE."—Thousands of people, even now, many years after the construction of the trans-continental railways, cross the great plains to the mountains in "prairie-schooners"—canvas-covered wagons. They are almost a daily apparition on the streets of the town, passing through *en route*. It is a slow locomotion, but all emigrants are not able to provide Topeka and Santa Fé fares. All the older inhabitants came by schooner. Many are the heroes of "the sixties" still living—and extremely talkative. The canvases of the wagons often wear strange inscriptions. One passed through Las Animas the other day bearing in rude characters in black paint the (now ancient) legend "Pike's Peak or bust;" and Bancroft in his history of the state quotes from "Knocking around in the Rockies," that a disappointed gold-seeker returning inscribed his cover thus—"Busted, by thunder." The newspaper men, who made it their business in those old days to boom the mining regions, did not always meet with too gentle consideration at the hands of the disappointed. Major Oakes was the editor of the *Pike's Peak Guide* which in '59 was the beacon that brought hundreds of families to the mines. This couplet afterwards became familiar to Colorado people in the vicinity of Denver:—

"Here lies the body of P. C. Oakes  
Killed for helping the Pike's Peak hoax."

What vast material these pioneer traditions provide for some Western Homer to hand down to the ages in the form of a great Epic!

A GRAVE IN THE FAR WEST.—A few weeks ago a thunderous "tap" on my door secured admission for a ranchman, who announced gravely the death of one of these returning emigrants.

The prairie schooner bearing the "unfort'nate," fatally sick, had "tied up" at his "shack," and the invalid had died there. The kind-hearted rancher had found the man "troubled like," yet he intimated something about "turning" and "good chance," and, in short, begged me to do the deceased the favor of saving his soul by interring him in a "sure and certain hope." He seemed to think I had such powers, and spoke as if his persuading me would result in lasting good to the soul of the old voyager. I drove next day ten miles over the plains to the range. A dozen dejected men, women and children had gathered. In a pine box lay the body of an old man who for forty years had been drifting hither and thither over the Great West, "seeking rest and," *until now*, "finding none." We sang, prayed, read the story of Bethany, and talked of it, pronounced the beautiful words of the Episcopal service—amid that sublime desolation—and for once, as the lid of the box was raised and we looked upon the features of that hapless son of discontent, distorted still with their many pains, we thanked God for the benevolent ministry of Death. It was twelve miles away still to the cemetery. Pathetic and comic must our procession have appeared, as we wound over the sands to the burial. The worn-out horses, the worn-out waggons they drew, the rude piece of carpentry joltingly conveyed in one of them; the haggard, hopeless, toil-worn faces of the mourners. I thought of Munger: "Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life." My own buggy was the only comfortable conveyance, and we drove the old, stooped, worn, weary wife in it. One would smile, even as his eyes filled with sympathetic tears, to hear the poor creature detail the story of their fifty years of adventurous married life. He had been a martyr to many pains, "sciatica," "rheumatiz," heart trouble, bronchitis, dropsy, and twice he had been "laid out for dead," but "came to." This moved me several times during the progress of the procession to glance nervously around to the wagon bearing the coffin, for a man, thought I, with such a reputation for "coming to" is not to be trusted even in a casket—but nothing occurred. The old woman's dreary tale and the dreary drive came to a pause at the grave's mouth at last, and "we buried him." Even the benevolent ranchman could have asked no more careful obsequies than we gave his unfortunate friend. Requiescat in pace!

A CRADLE IN THE FAR WEST.—A cradle is an institution much more rare in the West than in the East, and the royal occupant is so much the more treasured. I invented some lines recently to apostrophise a "new-comer," that were at first intended as a eulogy to a N.Y. State child, but which I find are much more applicable to the superior quality of *infantry* marshalled out here on the frontier :

THAT BABY.

Who is the crownless king of home,  
Whose minions at his bidding come,  
Rules kingdoms wide as heaven's dome ?  
Why, that Baby !

Who recks so little of earth's sorrow,  
Loves more to-day, dreads less to-morrow,  
Has less to pay that he did borrow,  
Than that Baby ?

Angel on heavenly errand sent,  
Weakness almost omnipotent,  
Unbending Law, that won't relent,  
Is that Baby !

Who poses with more matchless grace,  
Has more of morning in his face,  
Does more to purify his race,  
Than that Baby ?

Who reaps so much, yet hath not sown,  
Who hath his paths with flowerets strewn,  
Who has so *much*, so *little* known,  
As that Baby ?

Of Love, of Light, of Good, of Best,  
Who dreams so sweetly in his rest,  
Walking with angels East and West,  
As that Baby ?

Of Heaven's glories rich and rare.  
Waves of the sea, birds of the air,  
Nowhere is aught we can compare  
With that Baby !

Lying on down of sweet content,  
Roseate Hope's embodiment.  
Small sinner who will not repent,  
'Tis that Baby !

Who has such loving service given,  
Bolts of the hard-locked Future riven,  
Owns, undisputed, Earth and Heaven,  
Why, that Baby !

Scorner of Earth's most fierce detraction,  
Buried with dream, remote from action,  
Ruler sans policy or faction,  
'Tis that Baby !

A WEDDING IN THE FAR WEST.—One of my church adherents is a justice of the peace. He has therefore the power to celebrate marriages. The ceremony with him is brief. One day a bashful Norwegian entered his store and approached his office. The Teuton was followed closely by an equally abashed maiden. Surmising the condition of affairs, the justice said : " What's the matter ? Want to be married, eh ? "

This was replied to by a Scandinavian affirmative grunt.

" All right," said the justice, " you are married." Then entering their incomprehensible names in a register, and passing over a certificate, the imposing affair closed. During the brief performance the groom had not taken off his hat nor ceased to pull at a short clay pipe : and as for the bride, she had scarcely reached the nail-keg on which her yellow-haired lora had seated himself.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

\*McMASTER.

Most noble deed, to shelter scholar-lore,  
Where eager minds on Wisdom's work intent  
Equip them for the Master's armament,  
Inspired by Truth, and thrilled at Sin's mad roar !

Onward and out they march, with God before,  
Brave witness-warriors,— ere their bows are bent,  
Th' ingenuous young exclaim, " We too are sent,  
O, train us for the trial, we implore ! "

Founder benign, beloved, our sad despair  
Constrained us to abide with idle hand,—  
Then, heaven-sent, thou camest, thy command  
Stirred all our souls to strength, and we arose,  
Partook thy bounty, came and laboured where  
Thou guidedst,—O, thy great reward who knows !

G. HERBERT CLARKE

## HAUNTING ECHOES.

## ART AND FOLLY.

A subtle strangeness was upon him. Was it the sighing of the weird wind of February, or the dim shadows flickering? Savagely he almost smothers the fading embers with a scuttle of coal, and lights the four gas jets. Whence the lingering whisper that fills the room, and suspends the breath? He remembers there was a voice like that—only one—and it is ——. Was it last night, or an eternity?

Mechanically he brushes aside the curtains—to meet the pale chill lustre of the stars. With a hollow, reckless laugh he shuts them out. How charged with noiseless echoes of the past is the silence of the great house! The grotesque dolorous drapery of smoke haunts, enchains him. Writhing, scoffing tongues dart forth and taunt: “What is your life but dust and ashes, a farcical tragedy rounded by the narrow epilogue, *hic jacet*? And the name of the play? No one knows. Have you not scorned delights; lived laborious days; trampled your own bleeding heart; stamped out, unrelenting, fierce fires of love, that at last, after passionate waiting, you might hear, if from out death’s brooding cloud, but the rustle of the wings of that mysterious white bird Truth? Now, with watching to despair is not Hope’s garment threadbare? A desolate way without an end.”

A pure gleam shoots up, and for a moment, the burden of the mystery of life is lightened, as once more, before his starving eyes lies the promised land of the beautiful and the good, which whoso seeks shall find; life made a glory; he an uncrowned king. The prize is to him who never faints. “Bah! Moses on Mount Nebo!” It vanishes.

The wind is muttering in the chimney. “Friendship’s a name,” it wails, “a pitiful name” He stoops and listens. “So insurmountable, so close, the barriers beyond which no soul can be understood by another; and between the confines how readily arises ‘the little rift within the lute,’ destined to make discordant, then silent, all the soulful music. Whither shall you seek one to whom you may but talk; for few know or see aught

that appeals not to their senses? The world is dead: change is death."

The glare is too great, and he turns off the flaming gas. A human form is pictured in the sombre shadows of the room; but the features are indistinguishable. "Is that you, Leonora? I cannot see you. How dark and cold it is! Come hither—to the window. There is more light here. Lean back your head a little towards the sky. You too are strange to-night. It is as though my eyes were opened to the realities of things to-night. It is to-night as though I had made atonement. But I think you are strangely silent, Leonora, and strangely beautiful. You were once so lithe and gay! Do you remember? But to-night your face is very pale, and your eyes are full of a nameless melancholy. I have a feeling that I have never looked on you till now. But I think you are weirdly beautiful, Leonora. Your face illumines, while it freezes, my heart. There is something about you—very strange. Let us go elsewhere—under the sky! come!"

His heart grows suddenly numb. He cowers before the grate, and adds splinters of wood. They burst into a wild blaze. "Love's a madness—a delirium. We quaff the fiery bowl but once. In that draught 'tis drained to the dregs. We love out, and that is the end of it. The end of it?" The fire falls to ashes. The room has grown yet colder and darker, but he forgets to light the gas.

At the close of one of the dreary, fitful, dwindling days of late November. Naught of life or living save a lone and solitary man. For the rest, a sinister waste, a vast blighted prairie sea; the ebon wings of night lowering above all; ghastly snow on every side glistening in the gruesome twilight. Did earth's sun ever shine on that leaden, dismal scene? A few gaunt trees looming in the bleak haggard light, with skeleton arms twisted and knotted in hideous and revolting shapes as if in the throes of exquisite torment, do fitly represent that loathsome scene in Dante's "*Hell*," as they raise their lank and horrible forms to the grey clouds. Is there no prophecy of spring?

He sits with bated breath in the presence of these haunting echoes of the past. He makes a violent effort to recover himself; but an unseen power, all-relentless, compels him to await the

movement of the tragedy. . . . A pelting, passionate driving of rain. A moaning wind wailing a dirge. Obscure figures appear. They advance drearily over the waste with slow but unswerving deliberation—a grim procession. The rain ceases. There is a sorrow beyond weeping. And the universe is petrified into silence.

He tears the mask from the face beside him, and looks upon the face of Leonora—Folly—Death—the reward of his fidelity. . . . There was a ring at the bell and the sound of his friend's rich jovial voice in the street! But he knew that the wages of Vanity and Folly were as sure and deadly as those of Sin.

H. A. PORTER.

---

#### "BABY EVA."

"Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

Jack Pentney, Frank Patterson and myself were out for a deer hunt. We had pitched camp in the shelter of a bluff, on the rim of a small lake. We hadn't pulled a trigger as yet, and it was now the second day. About sundown the air became softer, the wind blew, and black clouds gathered. Jack's quick eye marked these signs as accurately as a Mingo's on the trail of a Delaware. "Its going to snow then," said he, "and if I don't punch the jacket of a red-skin, before noon to-morrow, I'm no hunter." "That's if we run one into the lake for you, I remarked, turning to Frank, for it had been arranged that Jack was to keep the tent, and watch the lake, while Frank and myself were to hunt for that day. Jack frowned but said nothing. We two have followed many a trail successfully together, and all men who have done this in the woods, have learned to take their part with the stoicism of an Indian.

Now I have always been willing to grant that Jack can handle a paddle with a silence and dexterity equalled by no other of us. And for drilling a deer's head from the bow of a dancing canoe at three hundred yards he hasn't a peer. But a good eye on water is seldom sure-death in the woods. I never



saw him miss when afloat, and if I have missed in the woods, Jack never saw it or heard the crack of my rifle in such a disgrace. Frank is as yet only a youngster of seventeen. But a soul of honor looks out of his big blue eyes, his foot is as silent as an Iroquois, and his aim, though it has its defects, is full of promise.

It was getting late and as we all knew the fall of snow meant an early start, we set about getting to rest. There is a Christian Pantheism that takes possession of most sensitive minds in the woods. God seems nearer and more real, you feel the throb of His great heart, and with it, a security seldom realized at other times. Each fellow kneeled down to pray, remembering the dear ones at home, and a few other things, and then lay down to sleep. All rose at four, and on looking out found it had snowed about two inches. The moon and stars were out, making the night-woods look like fairy land. Our spirits beat high, for there is nothing a "still-hunter" likes better than a carpet of snow, it makes the trail certain and easy to keep. By five we were off, our shooting jackets buttoned tightly, and our Winchester's over our shoulders.

Taking the bearings by the compass, we struck into the forest, walking in a north-westerly direction. Not more than half a mile had been covered before we came on the trail of four deer. Dropping on our knees to examine this welcome sight, it took but a minute to determine, by the size and order of the tracks, the dimensions and nature of our game. A large buck, a big doe, a yearling, and a fawn. There was no snow in the foot prints, indicating they couldn't be more than an hour in our front. "This trail is a long one," I remarked. "you see, Frank, it holds towards the beaver meadow, which is all of eight miles from here; but here goes! and mind, boy, your moccasin must not speak." Noiselessly for three hours we followed them over rocks, through gullies, amid slash, under trees that had become giants by playing the athlete with a thousand snow storms. The wind was against us, that is it blew in our backs, and by the unbroken character of the trail, we feared it was giving the deer our scent. When within half a mile of the marsh Frank said, "See! here they stopped, and here they nibbled the twigs."

These were encouraging signs, they had not smelt us. "They

are having a breakfast of marsh hay," said I. "and we must surprise them." "You, Frank, take the south, I'll head to the north; keep the wind off the meadow, and we'll dine on venison steak. Your feet must be a cat's and your breathing must be done inside. As to that fine form of yours, well, there must always be a tree between it and any thing that has eyes. Don't forget you carry a rifle."

He laughed, and said, "Never shoot without catching the sight; never run till you have registered; a cool head and a steady hand gets deer." With this bit of sportsman's banter we parted. Frank's course lay through woods and rock, thus providing plenty of cover, his only danger being, noise. Mine ran through slash and burnt open.

I had covered the slash, and was darting from stub to stub in the burn with an eye ever on the marsh which lay below us; when I saw the fawn feeding some four hundred yards distant. The rifle was raised and sighted instantly. But thought was swifter than action and it came down as quickly. "No—Frank won't get a shot if I do, and mine is only a chance: and besides we want the big fellow; no, that won't do!" and I blushed at my own blunder as I thought of Jack's merriment if he had witnessed such a childish movement. "What a fool I should have been had I pulled on that whiffit of a fawn!" I fancied even Frank laughing at me. "Why a fellow would have been ashamed to take it to camp. No, its a low trick to shoot a young thing like that."

By this time I was nearly across the burn, and no sight of the antlers yet. Five minutes' silent creeping found me full north of the east end of the swamp, snugly hidden behind a fallen birch. The marsh was immediately scanned in hope of locating Frank, but in vain. Knowing that his path was longer than mine, if not so difficult, I settled down and waited until quite sure that he must have gained a position south of the meadow and opposite my own. Then on hands and knees I crept behind a cluster of alders that grew on the edge of the grass. And while lying there remembered that another lake lay a mile west of the beaver's home, and should the deer get the start of us they would, in all probability, make for it. I must skirt the grass and cut off their retreat. This was easily done, for,

should they scent us and run for the lake, my good "45,75" was quite equal to any distance the marsh presented. The movement was fortunate, for Frank had entered at the south-east corner, and I was only well up the side of the meadow when his Winchester spoke. The next moment the king of the herd came bounding up the middle of the marsh, not more than two hundred yards to my left. In another moment he had turned a summersault, and lay all his length with my bullet in his shoulders. At that instant Frank came running towards me. "What a rack of horns! That fellow will tip the scale at 240, and the doe is almost as fine. She lies in the alders yonder. Shake, old man," he cried, taking my hand and laughing aloud at the sport.

While dressing our deer we discussed plans by which we could get such heavy game to camp. About two miles to the south we knew there lived a settler named Frazer, a good hearted fellow, who would put his horse and jumper at our disposal for the asking, (and a quarter of venison). We therefore decided to bend the heads of our deer up between their forelegs, and drag them over the snow to our friend's cabin. Once there a saw-log road ran round the lake near our camp, and on it, all would be smooth sailing.

How we worked, and how many times we felt that every ounce of that meat was dearly earned, I will not dare to say. But after hours of tugging and sweating, we arrived at the hut of our friend, tired, hot, and ravenous.

The settler received us warmly, after the fashion of the woods, and congratulated us on our luck. "Annie, prepare the gents some dinner," said he, addressing a big, healthy, good-looking girl of sixteen, who cheerfully did his bidding. Oh, that dinner! pork, cabbage, potatoes (in their jackets), butter-milk, cakes. Why, an essay might be written on the qualities of that meal which would rival Lamb's unique bit of drollery on roast pig.

While we were demolishing these substantial viands, our host informed us that two nights before, a little daughter had been born into their home. Frank declared he would have the honor of presenting the young lady with her first dress. I claimed the distinction of shoeing her tiny feet, and begged the honor of suggesting a name. Frank said, "why, there is only

one name I could think of giving a girl." "And what is that?" said our host. "Wh' Grace, of course," said Frank, blushing to his finger tips. "There is still one name left," I remarked, "Friend Frazer! call her 'Eva.' It's a nice name to own." "It shall be done," said he, "that is, if the mother is willing," and his face saddened as he said it. "Pardon us, neighbor, is all well with your family?" I inquired. "Well—no—the little thing had a convulsion two hours ago, and her mother is afeared it haint agoin' to pull through, and although she has seven other children, she a sort o' clings to this one in a pitiful, tender-like way. I'm afeared it'll kill her if the baby does die. Oh, young gents, its mighty hard alivin' back here at times like this," and here the hardy bushman broke down and sobbed aloud. I think we cried too.

"Is there nothing we can do for the sufferers? Can't a doctor be brought?" I asked. "Somethin', let us do something!"

"Young man, me and that 'ere woman has been back here thirteen years, and raised them seven children, and no doctor has ever crossed that door-sill, and no preacher neither, but you, and an old Free Methodist what stayed over night onst. The neard'st doctor is at Gravenhurst, thirty miles away, and who'd pay him if he did come? But thinkin' as you're a minister, the woman was sayin', if there only was a preacher to baptize the child, Christian-like, she wouldn't take it so hard."

"Would it please your wife to see a minister?" I said timidly. "Oh, she'd set a heap o' store by it." "Well, then, you ask her, and if she wishes it, I will pray with her," I said, not knowing what was best to do.

He entered the room and remained for a minute, then returned, beckoning me to enter. Addressing me by name, the mother stretched out her hand, and said, "God sent you, I am sure He did." Oh, these mothers of ours! She looked like an angel as she said, "My baby! my baby! will you baptize it, and then it wont be lost?" Pulling a chair near the bed, and sitting down, I took her hand between mine. I never before heard such an appeal, and never felt so utterly helpless. Her husband was standing near the bed. "Yes," I said, "if it will make you happy, I will do anything in my power." "Thank you, God bless you, I can hear it now," she said, and the soft pressure of

her hand became warm and strong. "You are not afraid of what God will do with your baby, Mrs. Frazer?" I enquired "Well, not quite that, but". "Listen,!" I spoke softly, "Could you love a God who would allow that sweet little treasure to be lost, because of a mere accident in the circumstances of its birth?"

She looked at me in silence, and then at her baby; her lips quivered. Her eyes still on the baby, she said, "No, I should hate—but—oh, my baby—does He not command it?" "I have never seen such a command. It is not in His word," I answered. "No, we are not asked to love such a being as that."

"Oh, we make His love too narrow,  
By false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

"Pining soul! come nearer Jesus,  
Come—but come not doubting thus:  
Come with faith that trusts more bravely,  
His great tenderness for us.

"For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind."

After repeating this hymn, with a few passages of Scripture, we knelt and prayed. Was God ever so great to me? ever so near? had I ever prayed before? Don't tell me He does not hear and answer. When we arose the baby was dead. The mother was holding its soft cheek to her own, and the warm flood of a mother's love was dropping from her eyes over its tiny face.

The rough woodsman was transformed. How his manhood shone out! He sat on the side of the bed and stroked his wife's hair, and kissed her forehead, and patted her hand, and called her the pet name of the wooing-time again. And all the while great gusts of tears fell on his bronzed hands. The moment was sacred. I left them with their grief and comfort.

Frank and I did not talk much on the way to camp with the deer. I remember feeling glad that I had not killed the fawn. We came back that night bringing Jack along. In the stable, by the dim light of a very smoky lantern, we made a

rude coffin out of the side boards of the jumper, that being the only available lumber about the place. We cut niches across the boards and cramped them into real coffin shape. With a white sheet from the house we covered the rough wood inside and out, making a casket as white and pure as its spotless wee occupant.

The children of the family made a pillow and bed, which we stuffed with fragrant spruce leaves. A scalloped frill nailed around the top of the coffin made it complete. Rude as it was, it did seem better than none. The rest of the children thought it "lovely," when baby sister was tenderly placed inside.

On the afternoon of the following day a few neighbors gathered in sympathy. The little casket stood on a table in the middle of the room; a wreath of evergreen, made by the children, was on the lid. We sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Frank's clear tenor and Jack's deep bass were full of pathos. How precious the familiar word of God seemed to us as we read:

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"My grace is sufficient for you."

"Stand still and see the salvation of God."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

After prayer, Frank and Jack followed me, bearing between them the tiny coffin. Jack had prepared a little grave under three great hemlocks in the woods. We were followed by the whole company. Over the grave of that wee mite of the forest, the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," startled us as I repeated the solemn burial service. One by one the company returned to the cabin until we three fellows found ourselves alone under the hemlocks with the dead.

Frank blazed the tree at the grave's head with his axe, making a flat surface on its side. With my hunting knife I cut in the old tree "BABY EVA." And as each letter was finished, I felt that "nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

RALPH W. TROTTER.

## "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

(Read before the Camelot Club of McMaster University.)

Since, in this meeting, it is our pleasure to discuss the poem "Sohrab and Rustum," an appropriate introduction may be quoted from Matthew Arnold himself, who has said, "The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining and delighting us as nothing else can. The characters of the high quality of poetry arise in (1) its metre and substance; (2) its manner and style. Both of these: the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent of high beauty, worth and power. Now, the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness. We may add yet further what is in itself evident: that to the style and manner of the best poetry, its special character of accent is given by its diction and even yet more by its movement." By an application to a certain extent of these principles which our poet has stated regarding poetry of worth, the writer of this paper will endeavor to express her view as to whether or not he has succeeded in the poem "Sohrab and Rustum." An apology might be made for attempting this, only she knows that every poem should be subjected to fair and impartial criticism. Besides, it may be a means of promoting lively discussion at the close of this paper.

The story of Sohrab and Rustum is a strange one. Sohrab was the son of Rustum, who had obtained a renown beyond that of all contemporary heroes. Rustum was away in a distant land at the time of Sohrab's birth, and afterwards received word from the mother that his child was a daughter. Sohrab grew up a war-loving youth, and sought fame under the banners of the chief of a wandering horde of Tartars, whose armies he commanded. He showed superior skill in battle, and his one great desire was to win glory, in the hope that the sound of his fame might reach his father, whom he had never seen. He obtained permission from the leader of the army to encounter Rustum in single combat, whom, however, he knew not as his father. Rustum fought under a feigned name. Three times

they met, the last being fatal to Sohrab, who, when dying, warned his conqueror to dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son. The father was wild with grief when shown the proof of this fact: the seal which Sohrab's mother had placed on her son's arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. Sohrab died. Rustum, heart-broken, burned his tents and goods and fulfilled his dying son's requests.

There are two facts which reconcile us to the improbability of this tale: (1) Rustum had no idea that his son existed, because the mother of Sohrab had written to him that the child was a daughter. (2) Rustum fought under a feigned name which was not an uncommon usage in the chivalrous combat of those days.

In consideration of this, Matthew Arnold has shown poetic power by building on an unsteady foundation a towering structure. There is a lack of truth and seriousness in the supposed facts regarding Sohrab and Rustum, but yet there is much truth and seriousness in the portrayal of the characters of these two heroic chieftains. How often was Rustum on the verge of discovering the truth, yet how adroitly was its revelation evaded! Thus the story, by the very reason of its improbability, has gained an interest, stimulated poetic conception and attained completion.

The poem "Sohrab and Rustum" possesses that something which ennobles life, and fills time with serious thoughts of the purpose of life. It has a soul of beauty and power which makes it live. It has an intense human element which reaches to the very depths of our sympathies for the unfortunate. The recognition of their failings and virtues is the more possible to us because the author has made them so like ourselves. When Sohrab's heart throbbed with joy on finding his long-sought parent, do not ours, also, beat faster in time with his? Can we realize the satisfaction which filled his brave young heart so completely as when writhing in the pangs of death he said:

"I find

My father; let me feel that I have found!  
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take  
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,  
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*



So said he, and his voice released the heart  
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth."

Do we doubt that these are poetic touches, that there is a world of heart and beauty in them? So, too, when the awful truth began to dawn upon Rustum,

. . . "He listened, plunged in thought  
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide  
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore  
At the full moon."

Here is the presentation of the thought, full, free, bright and rocking, even as the ocean. Such glorious passages compensate for defects elsewhere in melody of expression and beauty of thought.

The description of the final conflict is wonderful. The rushing together of the combatants, as two eagles rush down from the clouds on one prey, the clang of shields, the dreadful din, as of hewing axes and crashing trees in the forest, the darkness enveloping the two, the wind moaning over the plain, the sandy whirlwind wrapping the pair, the blood-shot eyes and laboring breath all combine to make a scene of strife terrible in its reality.

"Sohrab and Rustum" is an objective poem, yet there are occasional passages written subjectively. In these the poet is pathetic and tender, giving a glimpse of the sad-toned truths which touch every human heart. These, by their generality and their application to every individual, add to the human interest.

"For we are all like swimmers in the sea  
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate  
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.  
And whether it will heave us up to land  
Or whether it will roll us out to sea;  
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death  
We know not, and no search will make us know;  
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

The above quotation seems to contain the element of fatalism, so marked throughout the poem. Matthew Arnold admired Greek tragedies. It may have been that in imitation of them he took Fate, unrelenting, cruel, immutable, as the key-note of "Sohrab and Rustum." Sohrab strove against its power. He, at the same time, seemed to know the uselessness of the strife, for he said:

“For I but meet to-day  
 The doom which at my birth was written down  
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.  
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,  
 When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke, too—  
 I know it! but fate trod those promptings down  
 Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged  
 The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.”

Also, in referring to his death, the same thought appears :

. . . . “For like the lightning to this field  
 I came, and like the wind I go away—  
 Sudden and swift and like a passing wind;  
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.”

Rostum at the last lamented the fact that he had spent all his life in staying his bitterest foes. He wished that he might have rest, with the ocean waves flowing over him. Sohrab uttered words, with the prophetic instinct of the dying, to the effect that he would have peace on the day when returning home over the salt blue sea. Notice the characteristic reply :

“Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!  
 Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure.”

In regard to the poetic diction, to the manner and style, faults are here and there detected. One writer has said that the style should involve and display the subject-matter as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure. In this poem there is not perfect fidelity to the thought in its fullness and importance. In the first place, long-drawn similes are found at the most critical moments. These, being ambiguous, distract the attention from the main thought and become tedious. For illustration :

“As when some hunter in the spring hath found  
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,  
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
 And followed her to find her where she fell  
 Far off; anon her mate comes winging back  
 From hunting, and a great way off descries  
 His huddling young left sole; at that he checks  
 His pinion, and with short, uneasy sweeps,  
 Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
 Lies dying with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken,  
 A heap of fluttering feathers—never more  
 Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ;  
 Never the black and dripping precipices  
 Echo her stormy screams as she sails by—  
 As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,  
 So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
 Over his dying son, and knew him not.”

It was quite considerate in the poet by his repetition of the first of the simile, after the lengthy description of the eagle, to relieve the reader from the necessity of going back to search for the end of the broken thread. Together with the above-mentioned defect, there is a lack of taste in the comparison of Sohrab, as he walked to meet Rustum, first, “to a poor drudge with numb, blackened fingers;” then, “to some young cypress, tall, dark and straight.” The latter would not be so conspicuous if allowed to stand alone in its strength and simplicity ; but, alas! the information is furnished of that same young cypress throwing

“Its slight, dark shadow on the moonlit turf,  
 By midnight, to a bubbling fountain’s sound—”

Certainly this is a beautiful scene of quiet and rest, excellent in itself, but one which is in no way suggested by that of hot, burning sand and “black tents clustering like bee-hives.”

The poetic diction is marred by the wrong accentuation of many words ; the ever-recurring use of the insignificant word “and” ; also, by the occurrence of commonplace expressions. How clearly shown is the contrast between a poetical and a prosaical expression, particularly when one directly follows the other :

“The frost flowers the whitened window panes,”  
 while the rich woman looks upon the drudge, and

“Wonders how she lives and what the thoughts  
 Of that poor drudge may be.”

It may thus be justly concluded from portions of the poem that Matthew Arnold, although glowing, perhaps, with the beauty or importance of a truth, has failed to express it in fluent and natural, but has rather used stilted and commonplace, language ; and that, consequently, there is wanting smoothness and melody of expression.

Notwithstanding this, there is that in it which pleases in its perusal. It is a noble poem. It shows nobility of character. Sohrab strikes chords of sympathy with his ardent desires, ambition for glory, pride in his unknown parent, boldness in encountering danger, strength of purpose, reluctance to do wrong, persistence in the strife against fate, final yielding to its grasp, for "it was writ in Heaven that this should be." Rustum touches notes of pity with his pride of old age, fame hard-earned in battle, indifference to insignificant requests, quick response to call of duty, critical view of a supposed enemy's actions, calculating remarks intended to dispel suspicion, unassuaged grief at the death of his son—they are intensely human. The poem is, therefore, the more complete.

The last portion is a fitting and final consummation of the thought of fatalism which pervades the whole. The life of the old warrior Rustum has been foiled of its purposes, it has been circuitous as the course of the river, but at last both reached the mighty ocean, as Fate had willed :

"The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars  
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea."

M. E. BURNETTE.

---

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE photograph from which our frontispiece has been prepared is, of course, not a recent one, for the simple reason that Editor Wells has little time or inclination to frequent photograph galleries. It does not, therefore, indicate the weight of years, the resultant wisdom and gravity, and the editorial authority which many of our readers may have accustomed themselves to associate with the name at the head of our leading article. It is, however, an excellent picture of the well-remembered Principal of the old C. L. I., and will, we believe, be all the more prized on that account. The editor of the *Canadian Baptist* may appear on some future occasion.

OUR March number will contain a biographical sketch, with portrait, of the late Deacon Stephen Tucker, of Clarence, Ont., from the

pen of one well-known and highly esteemed for his own eminent service on the Home Mission field, Rev. John Higgins, of Ottawa. We feel sure that our readers will look forward to this number with great interest.

THE Intercollegiate debate, which took place on Friday evening, 25th ult., in the chapel of Victoria College, between Messrs. Hazen and Crawford, of that institution, and Messrs. Sycamore and Vichert, of McMaster, with Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., in the chair, was a great success. The resolution, "That the House of Lords of Great Britain should be abolished," was affirmed by Victoria and opposed by McMaster in animated and effective speeches. The presence of the Chancellors, most of the Professors and students, and a large number of the friends of both colleges showed that great interest had been awakened, and a first-class debate was expected. The speakers had thoroughly studied many aspects of the question at issue and acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to themselves and pleasing to their audience, who frequently showed their appreciation in true college style. The honorable chairman complimented the debaters on the excellence of their speeches, and summed up and weighed the various arguments in a brief but masterly fashion. That the verdict was in favor of the opposition was naturally satisfactory to friends and students of McMaster. The deep interest sustained through all the exercises, the presence of the genial and honored Minister of Education, the beautiful chapel, and the friendliness and interest so manifest in every countenance, all contributed to make the evening an exceedingly pleasant one. As Chancellor Burwash said in closing, we hope it will not be the last of the kind.

ORGANIZATION is one of the watchwords of the age. The world has never been so well organized for work as it is to-day, and never, perhaps, has better work been done than is being done at present. All this organization is good. Without it much energy would go to waste, and much beneficent activity would be lacking in the best results. The one danger of all this is that organization may cease to be a means and become an end in itself; and, if we mistake not, there are signs of such a tendency all around us, and no where, perhaps, more than in the universities of this continent. For a long time there has seemed to be a mania for organizing societies and clubs for every conceivable purpose. Many of these are justifying their existence by the good work they are doing, but there are not a few upon whom *quo warranto* should be served at once. In many cases there are unmistakable evidences that a desire to appear before the world as doing important work, is

more potent with the members than the desire to do the real work that they as undergraduates could be fairly expected to do, In other words, their very pretentiousness proves their comparative uselessness. By reason of its youth our university has so far avoided this danger, and it will be well if our students will see to it that they continue to do so.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD.—Our readers will remember the review of this little book published in these columns a few months ago. Dr. Frederick Tracy, its author, of the University of Toronto, has issued it anew, and a Canadian edition by Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, brings it within easy access to our readers. It was formerly published in pamphlet form, but the new edition is beautifully bound, the print is clear, and certain errors of type which disfigured the first edition, have been removed. The content of the book remain the same, with the exception of a minor change or two rendered necessary by the advancement of the science. Many testimonials of eminent educators bear witness to the importance of the subject, and the ability and learning which Professor Tracy has brought to its treatment. We take pleasure in commending it again to our readers.

“SOME Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism” is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet of sixty pages, recently issued, from the pen of Professor Goodspeed, D.D. The substance of the pamphlet was delivered in Toronto in the form of two public lectures: the first, at the annual opening of McMaster University, October 12th, 1894; the second, a week or two later. Dr. Goodspeed has done well in consenting to the publication of his materials in the present form. The Higher Criticism, while imperfectly understood by the many, has extended its influence very widely, and created the need for discussions of its aims and results at once competent, brief, and sufficiently popular for the ordinary Christian intelligence. The general literature of the subject is much too voluminous and technical for any but men of leisure and scholarship. Dr. Goodspeed’s pamphlet admirably meets the need mentioned. The historical sketch in the earlier pages furnish a fair and comprehensive statement of the origin of this species of Old Testament criticism, of its principles and methods, and of the conclusions so far reached. The “Unsolved Problems” presented in the later pages indicate sufficiently that the Higher Criticism has not passed the hypothetical stage, and that the solution of the apparently insoluble is the task yet to be performed, if its claims are to be made good. Dr. Goodspeed exhibits a thorough-going acquaintance with his subject; thinks strongly and clearly upon it; and makes his presentation in the command of a vigorous style. The pamphlet should have a wide circulation.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,  
 W. J. THOROLD,  
 MISS M. F. DRYDEN, } *Editors.*

## THE UNIVERSITY.

PROFESSOR (to student entering a room for an exam. in Philosophy): "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

SOPHOMORE (reading and translating a French author): "Qui donne à l'église prête à Dieu. Who gives to the English lends to the Lord."

W. J. THOROLD, so says Dame Rumor, is busily engaged in writing another serial romance, the plot of which is laid in modern Constantinople.

Mr. George H. Sneyd, '97, has the hearty sympathy of all in the recent bereavement which has come to him in the loss of his father.

O. G. LANGFORD is enjoying the luxury of moving. He is changing his pastorate from Grimsby to Georgetown.

THE annual dinner of class '95, which as before will be held on St. Valentine's day, is being anticipated with smiling interest. As in the past it will be one of the events of the year.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Waugh, one of our students, is recovering so rapidly from his severe sickness, that his physician predicts for him an early return to duties.

WE are pleased to welcome among us this term another lady student. Miss Klinck comes to us from the Toronto Bible Training School and has entered the first year in the regular Arts course.

PROFESSOR (trying to close a troublesome shutter)... "I find it very difficult, gentlemen, to lecture in philosophy and at the same time keep out the light."

DR. AND MRS. NEWMAN recently gave two afternoons to the entertainment of McMaster and Moulton and other friends. Our professors and their wives lose no opportunity of showing kindness to the students, and no one has a greater capacity for enjoyment at such times than the hard-working undergraduate.

IN a review of Dr. Newman's new History of the Baptists, the following sentence occurs, which shows what a mistaken idea of age can be taken from reading a man's literary productions:

"This history, however, is the result of much study and wide reading by a venerable man, and no one can afford to be unacquainted with it." Imagine the Doctor's hearty laughter when he read this passage!

UNDER the efficient instruction of H. N. Shaw, B.A., our lecturer in Elocution, much latent talent is being developed. His classes are evincing unusual interest and ability. McMaster is becoming noted for the excellence of her students in the art of expression. It is a great thing to have something to say and to be able to say it well.

ON the afternoon of Friday, the 25th, McMaster students had the pleasure of attending a large "At Home," given to the friends of the College by the Faculty of Moulton. The afternoon was a decided success. The parlors never looked more inviting, nor did the guests ever chat more freely. Several hundred were present and enjoyed the occasion, all the more because this was the first opportunity which had been given for nearly a year, of meeting the ladies of Moulton in their own home. Some of the boys, at least, appreciated this fact and made the most of their opportunity.

STUDENTS' Class in Poetry. Chairman,—Yes, I think an exquisite sonnet might be written on the song of the rain.

Class,—Hear, hear!

Chairman,—“Now, Mr. Wag, for instance, what do you suppose the rain on a beautiful summer evening says to the dust?”

Mr. Wag,—“Very probably it whispers: ‘Pretty dust, your name is mud.’”

THE disastrous fires which took place in Toronto during the past month will long be remembered by all McMaster students. Few of them saw the first blaze, but there were few indeed who failed to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing a grand conflagration when the blood-red skies betokened a second fire. Soon after the fire bells had rung, the Hall was almost deserted, even staid professors hurried down to the scene of destruction and returned with dripping garments and smoky countenances. To describe the fire would be to reiterate what has become an old story through the instrumentality of the energetic newspapers. We refer you to these for further particulars.

ON Friday, Jan. 18th, the Literary and Scientific Society met in the College chapel, for the election of officers for the present term. The following nominees were successful at the polls:—President, J. Russell, '95; 1st Vice-President, L. Brown, '96; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. Paterson, '96; Secretary, J. A. Tiller, '97; Recording Secretary, R. Routledge, '95; Editors, J. J. McNeill, '96, and H. N. McKechnie, '97. This was a rousing meeting. The moments while the ballots were being written were filled with lusty shouts, as each in giant tones supported his man. The elections, however, closed most harmoniously. While many fell in the fight, the few who survive feel that the new duties which come with the several offices will take a great deal of thought and time, and in this sense they are not to be envied by their defeated rivals. The Literary and Scientific Society, last term, under the excellent leadership of S. R. Tarr, '95, did good work. The meetings all being interesting and helpful. We are looking forward to still further advance this term.



THE Class of '98, the Freshmen of McMaster, held their first Annual Rally in the residence of Dr. B. D. Thomas, Roxborough Ave. All who were present at this maiden gathering unite in pronouncing it a great success. Although the snow fell to the depth of several feet, the Freshmen and their ladies were not deterred from their course, and their pluck was rewarded by the pleasant evening which they spent. During the evening the following programme was rendered :

- I. Address of Welcome,..... President Y. A. King
- II. Reply,..... G. H. Clarke, '95.
- III. Duet,..... Misses Bailey and Holmes.
- IV. Class Poem,.....
- V. Class Oration,..... L. H. Thomas.

Refreshments were served in approved style and the remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation, games, etc. Not until nearly morning did they separate, to plough their way through the snow drifts to their several homes. The Freshmen are to be congratulated on the success of this their first Rally.

VICTORY! Victory! Victoria!!... We fully expected last Saturday morning to hear the newsboys calling out, "All about the Inter-Collegiate debate!" but as they did not, we feel that it devolves upon us to do so here. Last Friday night (Jan. 25th), at eight o'clock, McMaster moved over into the chapel of Victoria University in a body to hear the final decision of the matter, whether or not "the House of Lords of Great Britain should be abolished." After a short but interesting preliminary programme furnished by Victoria students, Hon. G. W. Ross acting as chairman, the debate began. The Victoria representatives were Mr. G. N. Hazen and Mr. A. W. Crawford, both of '95, who argued ably for the affirmative of the question, and would straightway have abolished the Lords had it not been for the McMaster speakers, Mr. J. C. Sycamore, '96, and Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, who were even more determined in arguing for the negative. Powerful speeches were made on both sides and much cheering and applause from the friends of both Universities testified to the sympathy and appreciation of the audience. When the chairman finally rose to sum up all the arguments brought forward and to give the decision, a hush fell over the assembly and

"The boldest held his breath—for a time"—

not for a long time, however, for the air soon rang with cheers and shouts of "Boom on Mac,"—when the judge pronounced in favor of the negative. Victoria showed its good feeling by joining in the cheering, and the hearty singing of the national anthem brought the meeting to a close.

McMaster wishes here to express its appreciation of the kindness and good feeling shown it by Victoria, from beginning to end, in the matter of the debate, and its hope that such amicable relations may long be continued.

DURING the past month we have had the honor of hearing and seeing in our own Hall the man who preaches to the largest congrega-

tion in America. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, while in the city for the purpose of delivering a lecture in one of Toronto's popular educational courses, kindly consented to come to McMaster Hall and address the students. Coming almost direct from the train, he was allowed no time for preparing an address, but a man who is full of ideas never lacks the power to speak fluently to an interested audience. After hearing his eloquent and highly instructive words, we wondered what manner of performance a carefully prepared address would be. Something sublime, surely! His theme was "Success," and in glowing words he showed us that in order to succeed, a man must learn to invest himself to the best advantage. To exemplify his point he drew from his rich store of personal experience, showing how he had made many mistakes in early life and had only found out where he was wanted in advanced years. When he took his seat he was heartily applauded, and, after he had expressed his thanks for the appreciative hearing he had received, he asked to be allowed to shake hands with the boys, who came up in single file, received his hearty greeting and passed on. He must have been arm-weary before he had completed this task, but he continued bravely to the end. We shall always remember this strong, kind and helpful man.

THE Annual Social Gathering of Class '96 took place on the evening of January 21st. Although the weather did its best to dampen their ardor, it found out that it takes more than rain to dampen the ardor of '96, when they have once made up their minds to have a sleigh-drive. All day the rain poured down and the heavy snow-fall of the past few days began to soften and melt away before their eyes. However at seven o'clock, two large vans arrived at the University, and, although the snow was soft, the drivers assured the assembled merry-makers that there was plenty left for their purposes. Ladies, gentlemen, cornets, tin horns and other paraphernalia filled up all the space, and amid shouts, blasts of ethereal music and cheers from the clustered heads at the windows, they drove merrily away. Moulton College was the first place visited and then the residences of all the professors were serenaded. After a most delightful drive of nearly two hours, they returned to the building, where they found the chapel transformed into a roomy and pleasant drawing-room. After refreshments in an adjoining room, hosts and guests returned to the extempore drawing-room to listen to the following programme :

Address of Welcome, .....	Hon. President, Miss E. N. Timpany.
Response, .....	R. Routledge, '95.
Class History, ..	H. H. Newman.
Class Poem, .....	Miss M. E. Dryden.
Instrumental Solo, .....	A. G. Baker.
Class Oration, .....	A. S. Imrie.
Quartette, .....	Misses Timpany and Dryden.
	Messrs. C. E. Scott and J. B. Paterson.

To each lady present was given a programme, tastefully decorated by Mr. G. H. Campbell. The humorous and suggestive pen sketches will be reminders to the ladies of the pleasant time they spent in company with Class '96.

FOUNDER'S DAY was held this year on Friday, Dec. 21st. After an admirable dinner, the programme of toasts was commenced. The Chancellor and the University was proposed by C. J. Cameron, B.A., and responded to by Dr. Rand; the Faculty, by J. C. Sycamore and Prof. Trotter; Sister Institutions, by Mr. Turnbull of Knox, Mr. Kirkwood of Toronto, Mr. Maloney of Wycliffe, and Mr. Smith of Woodstock. Letters were read from Victoria and Trinity. The Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology, were responded to respectively by W. J. Thorold and R. Garside, B.A.; the Societies, by J. W. Russell for the Literary and Scientific, J. F. Vichert for the Tennysonian, E. J. Stobo for the Theological, H. C. Priest, B.A., for the Fyfe Missionary. Then G. H. Clarke replied on behalf of THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY; A. N. Marshall, of the Ladies; P. C. McGregor, of the Steward and Matron. The function was remarkably successful.

Later in the evening a large audience gathered, filling the Chapel and adjoining room to overflowing, again accentuating the need of increased accommodation, such as would be afforded by a spacious assembly hall. After the singing of a hymn and prayer, Chancellor Rand delivered an eloquent address. Following a piano solo, was the reading of Founder's Day poems. A sonnet from the pen of Mr. G. H. Clarke was read by Prof. Trotter, and a short poem of Miss Blanche Bishop's was read by Dr. Rand. Prof. Wells, Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*, then delivered the address of the evening. It was an able and scholarly effort. Following a five minute intermission, came the second part of the programme, which was furnished by the undergraduates. Mr Roy contributed a cornet solo, Mr. Sycamore a reading, and Messrs. Baker and Cohoe a number of excellent stereopticon views, which put the departing audience in excellent humor.

THE Ladies Literary League of McMaster University, a few weeks ago, reached such a stage of importance that its members decided that they should no longer lead a life of seclusion, but should shine forth and illumine the dark outside world. Accordingly, they determined to hold an open meeting and show the public that there was a large amount of latent ability among the ladies of the University. They succeeded admirably in their efforts. A large audience heard them recite, sing and debate, and no one doubted their ability along any of these lines. The following programme was rendered:—

Instrumental Duet, . . .	Misses Wolverton, '97, and Fisher.
Reading . . . . .	Miss Gile, '98.
Vocal Solo, . . . . .	Miss Woolverton, '97.
Essay, Browning, . . . . .	Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A.
Instrumental, . . . . .	Miss Fisher.

Debate.—*Resolved*, That the present wealth of magazine literature is detrimental to the most thorough culture :

Negative—Miss Newman, '97. . . . .	Affirmative—Miss Eby, '97.
Vocal Solo, . . . . .	Miss Timpany, '96.
National Anthem.	

Mr. McLay's essay was a strong and sustained effort. He pos-

sesses the uncommon quality of stating his thoughts in plain and comparatively simple language. When he had completed his essay we all felt that we had heard a masterpiece. Miss Timpany, '96, was an able and dignified president, and her opening address was well received. The ladies are to be highly congratulated on the excellence of their programme. We hope to have the pleasure of being present at meetings of a similar character in the future.

(We endeavor, in so far as we are able, to make our College news a faithful record of events, and therefore, even though an item is not always just up to date, it must not be omitted if it is of importance. The above item is important and is inserted in this number, not because it was not written, but because it was unavoidably omitted by the printers.)

---

#### MOULTON COLLEGE.

OUR students were entertained very pleasantly at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Newman last week. The evenings were greatly enjoyed by us all and we appreciated the graceful hospitality as only students, exiled from home, can do.

A RECENT business meeting of the Heliconian resulted in the election of the following officers:—President, Miss Kirk; Vice-President, Miss Dryden; Secretary, Miss Isabel Matthews; Treasurer, Miss Rosser; Editors, Misses Cowan and MacLean; Executive Committee, Misses Hart, McKay and Taylor.

THE skating rink is once more the centre of attraction here. During the recreation hours it has a merry crowd of skaters in all stages of the art. There is the fancy skater who glides gracefully over bumps and ridges, the fast skater who can scarcely confine her energies to the limited space at her disposal, and the skater who spends her time sitting either on the bank or the rink proper. The time-honored rink meantime reminds us all of happy days in the past and sometimes causes a faint wonder as to who will skate there next year and the years after. We wish them all good-speed.

AN interesting session of the Mission Circle was held on the morning of the 19th.

Hymn .....	140.
Prayer and Scripture Reading.	
Minutes. Roll Call.	
Reading—Miss Simpson's letter on Caste Girls' School .....	Miss J. [Dryden.
Duett .....	Misses Taylor and Johnson.
Outlook of Mission Work for 1895—Dr. Boggs .....	Miss McLean.
Extracts from Miss McLaurin's letter .....	Miss Timpany.

At the close of this programme a discussion was held on the practical

work to be attempted during the term. Several gave interesting accounts of methods by which they had earned money for the Circle during the Christmas vacation.

THE snow-fall on Friday, the 18th, filled the heart of every Moulton girl with delight; and immediately there was any prospect of sleighing, many busy heads were at work, planning for the annual sleigh-drive, which was to be enjoyed on Saturday evening. All circumstance seemed to portend a jolly time, and arrangements completed at about eight o'clock, a large van, filled to overflowing with happy girls, left the College. For two hours the excellent sleighing and delightful evening were enjoyed to the fullest possible extent, and then the party returned to partake of an oyster supper, prepared under Miss Harper's thoughtful supervision.

THE Mendelssohn Choir, a new organization in Toronto, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, gave its first concert on Friday evening, Jan. 15th, in the Massey Hall. The Society was greeted by a large audience, of which some of our number formed a part. In a performance of such excellence, it is hard to particularize. The last number was Mendelssohn's Motette, "Judge me, O God," for double choir, which was beautifully rendered. We have heard this given by large choruses both in the States and Canada, but never better than by the Mendelssohn Choir.

Several part songs were given, without accompaniment; MacFarren's "You Stole my Love," and a Lullaby, "Sweet and Low," by Mr. Mason, a Torontonian, being encored.

The last number is a little gem. The composer was called before the audience and bowed his acknowledgments. The choir is composed of about one hundred and seventy voices, some of Toronto's leading soloists being among the number. The parts were well balanced, with the exception of a slight weakness on the part of the altos; but we understand some of the most telling alto voices were unavoidably absent.

The soloists were Madame Lillian Beauvelt, and the Beethoven Trio of Toronto—Herr Klingensfeld and Ruth, and Mr. Field. Madame Beauvelt won the hearts of the audience from the moment she stepped on the platform; her manners are charming; she is a beautiful woman and has a grand voice and sings without the least effort. Her first number was the "Jewel Song," from Faust. The flexibility of her voice showed to great advantage in this exacting Aria. She was enthusiastically recalled and sang as an encore Schumann's "Moonlight." Her second number was a double one, "Au Printemps," by Bouhy, and "Fallah Fallah," by Van der Stucken. Both songs were artistically rendered; a *C* in alt, in the latter song, was a full ringing tone and filled the large hall. We hope to hear her soon again. The Beethoven Trio gave Raff's Adagio Op. 112. Herr Klingensfeld played a violin solo, "Airs Russes, by Wiedlawski; Herr Ruth played an "Air" for cello, by Bach, and Mr. Field gave Liszt's Polonaise in *E*. Each artiste sustained his previous reputation. Special mention must be made of

Mr. Field's playing ; he was in his happiest mood and delighted the audience with his rendering of this difficult Polonaise.

Mr. Vogt and the Choir are to be congratulated upon the success of their first concert. Mr. Vogt has proved himself on more than one occasion to be a careful and painstaking conductor and a thorough musician. His reputation is established and this performance has added to his laurels.

We are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the second appearance of the Choir, and have no doubt that they will score another triumph.

---

#### WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE school commenced the work of the winter term on January 3rd. There were several new boys, and a good number of the old students present on the opening day. The new students seem to be of a most promising class, and we are happy to welcome them into the life of Woodstock College.

THE Literary Societies had a meeting and election of officers on Friday, 4th ult. Mr. Rood was elected President of the Philomathic Society ; Mr. Thomas Scarlett, Secretary ; Mr. Pinkham, Marshall ; Mr. Bates, Critic ; Mr. Tighe, Vice-President ; Messrs. Elliott and H. Smith, Editors.

In the Excelsior Society the elections resulted as follows : President, Mr. Coumans ; Vice President, Mr. Phipps ; Secretary, Mr. Chapman ; Editors, Messrs. Atkins and Bryant ; Marshall, M. Gazely.

WE were favored with a visit from Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) on Thursday, 10th ult. Mr. Blouet met the students in the chapel-room and spoke a few words to them in his jovial manner. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he had never given two speeches in the one day—the inference, of course, was that the present was no exception. He remarked that he was very happy to be in a school again, as he himself could recall many happy days in which he served as schoolmaster. He recounted an incident of his early teaching days, when seeking engagement in an English school. The headmaster doubted the ability of a Frenchman to preserve proper discipline with English boys ; and finally wound up his remarks by citing the case of a previous French teacher who was so utterly disheartened by his failure as to commit suicide by shooting himself. "Now," said the headmaster, "what would you do under similar circumstances?" "I not shoot myself," said the applicant, "I shoot de boys." He obtained the post at once and found no difficulty in discharging his duties.

THERE is considerable activity displayed in making an open-air rink. Those having the matter in charge seem to have laid the foundation for a very good piece of ice, and doubtless before many days there will be plenty of skating for all who love such exercise.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society on Thursday, the 17th ult., Rev. Mr. Mellick gave a very interesting and earnest address on the possibilities and needs of the great North-West.

The annual entertainment of the College was given this year on Dec. 7th, for the benefit of the East End Mission. The friends and members of the mission have done a great deal of work this past summer, by way of renovating and improving the building. They have made a much needed and thorough change, so that now they have a very pleasant and neat hall for their services. It was to aid in the meeting of the expenses that the entertainment was given. There was a very large attendance. The programme was rendered in the dining hall, which was well filled.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Chorus,                                | By Boys.                               |
| 2. Orchestra,                             | By Boys.                               |
| 3. Chairman's remarks,                    | Mr. Bates.                             |
| 4. Declamation Contest —                  |  |
| (a) "Nature's Noblemen,"                  | Mr. Bovington.                         |
| (b) "Home,"                               | Mr. Grigg.                             |
| 5. "The Death of the Giant," (recitation) | Miss Duncan.                           |
| (c) "The Elements of Success,"            | Mr. Gazely.                            |
| (d) "The Story of the Tea Kettle,"        | Mr. Atkins.                            |
| 6. Chorus, "Chivalry of Labor,"           | By Boys.                               |
| 7. "The Sparrow," (recitation)            | Miss Duncan.                           |
| 8. Orchestra,                             | College.                               |
| 9. Paper, "Oracle,"                       | Mr. Welch.                             |
| 10. Quartette,                            | Messrs. Bryant, Ross, Spidell, Bowyer. |
| Refreshments,                             |  |

The meeting was a great success. Mr. Mayberry, leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Spidell, the leader of the chorus, are especially to be complimented on their excellent performance. There was a great deal of interest manifested in the declamation contest, as each speaker represented his year, one from each of the school years, and each giving his address in order, the senior first. The prize to be gained was a cake, and this was won by the eloquence of Mr. Grigg. There was, however, a second prize given, which fell to the third speaker. The judges must have had some difficulty in deciding, as the speeches were all of first-class order. The speech of Mr. Gazely, the representative of the senior division of the first year, was well worthy of mention. Another very interesting feature was the recitations of little Miss Duncan. She is only seven or eight years of age, yet she gave most excellent renderings. The first, "The Death of the Giant," was on the death and burial of the rose, and we must compliment her and also congratulate her parents on the manner in which it was given. Then she gave "The Sparrow" for an encore; and "The Crossing of the Bar," at the end of the programme. Excellent refreshments were provided and every one after enjoying himself went happily homeward.

As an outcome of the declamation contest two suppers were given to the winners of the prizes and members of years. Mr. Bates gave the supper to the winner of the first prize. They all spent a most enjoyable time, thanks to the goodness of the host and hostess, Mr

and Mrs. Bates. The only feature that all regretted was the absence of the winner, Mr. Grigg.

The supper given to the winner of the second prize and his year, was provided in the home and by the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. McLay. The members of the third year had a most hearty and glad time and all unite in wishing that some good fortune may land them again on such hospitable shores—long live Dr. and Mrs. McLay!

WE have been highly favored in the matter of lectures this term. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, was with us, to lecture on Friday, Dec. 14th. The lecture was one of undoubted success. For over one hour and a half Mr. Ross delighted his audience by the masterly and eloquent way in which he dealt with his subject. He did not use a note, but from his vast fund of knowledge, provided a rich intellectual treat. He is an enthusiast upon the question on which he spoke. His subject was "The Influence of Literature in the Formation of National Character." After some preliminary remarks he took as the first and greatest factor in formation of National or individual character, from a literary standpoint, "Poetry." After pointing out that certain environment produced an effect on the physical and mental features of the individual, he proceeded to claim the same for the aggregation of individuals—the Nation. He urged with the greatest emphasis the constant reading of the poets. "Beware," said he, "of the man who has no poetry in his soul; shun him as a dangerous man; he who sees no 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing,'"

The next feature dwelt upon as the next great formative factor, was "History." He quoted Carlyle's "History is philosophy teaching by example." He then briefly reviewed the history of the English people, the great changes in their history—constitutional, religious and social. "We Canadians," said he, "in whatever liberty we possess are indebted to the labor and travail of the British Nation."

The third argument adduced was "Biography." Mr. Ross advised the reading of biography. The lives of great men represent the high-water mark of human character; man can only rise as he measures himself alongside of these and marks his own deficiency.

The last point made was the reading of novels and newspapers. The speaker rather depreciated the wide use made of these at the present day, as the staple food for the mind. He could not place, he said, a very high estimate on the mental endowment of that young lady or gentleman who fed himself or herself mentally on such light food. He then quoted statistics showing percentage of kinds of reading matter in some of the different countries of the world and congratulated Canadians on, perchance, the lowest figures in the reading of novels and among the highest in the reading of standard works.

The meeting was opened and closed by Hon. Mr. Sutherland, who made a good, witty and pleasant chairman. The platform was crowded with the most noteworthy men of Woodstock and vicinity. A large gathering testified to the appreciation of the qualities of Mr. Ross as a lecturer, whilst the frequent applause showed the enjoyment of the eloquence that came so happily from his lips. We all trust the past lectures may be happy auguries of the ones to come next term.



## GRANDE LIGNE.

PRINCIPAL MASSÉ'S health is very good this year, a fact which makes us all rejoice.

THE St. Blaise Parish case that has for some time been before the Privy Council, has at last been heard. We are anxiously awaiting the decision and hope, of course, that it will be favorable to the appellants.

ALL students of former years miss Mrs. G. N. Massé since she has moved into her new house. She seems to have almost forsaken us, for we seldom see her. We rejoice, however, that she is able to enjoy the quiet and comfort of a house of her own.

A PLEASING feature of the life of the school here is the increased spiritual interest that is to some extent being manifested. As a result of this our pastor was privileged to baptize eleven converts last Sunday. The greater number of these had at one time been Roman Catholics, and nine of them were from the school.

CHRISTMAS presents and New Year's greetings are things of the past and we have settled down to stern duty and hard work. A few poor unfortunates have supplemental exams. coming on to break the monotony of their existence. But all seem to detect something in the air of late—suspicious odors of all sorts of good things, which, being translated, mean that there is to be a supper held at the church, to which all are invited. Food for the intellect will also be provided, in the form of a lecture, by our beloved Rev. Mr. Lafleur.

AFTER vacation, every student has set himself earnestly to work, and that listlessness which generally follows holidays is not to be found at Grande Ligne. This may be accounted for by the fact that many supplemental examinations are to take place during the coming month. It is not the most pleasant thing in the world to get "plucked," especially in the winter when a student needs all his warmth, but at the same time we must bear in mind that it will be the making of us if we can stand it. Many of our boys are preparing to enter both McMaster and McGill this year. This necessitates the Matriculation class to prepare for both Universities, since it is impracticable to organize a separate class for each.

AFTER a great amount of labor, our out-door skating-rink is again in good trim. As a consequence, a lively interest has been taken in Hockey this winter. Our team has been picked and is practising at regular hours. We have to regret that, although we have as active a team as last year, it is not so strong in muscle. On Saturday, January 19th, a match was played at St. John's with (as we supposed) the High School team. Too late, however, we found out that we were playing with a mixed team, picked up from different places. Being thus placed at a great disadvantage, we were of course easily defeated. The score stood five to one in favor of St. John's. May this, our first defeat, not be followed by others.