



REV J. P. McEWEN.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

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J. P. McEWEN.

Brethren Fyfe and McPhail devoted a large portion of their early ministry to evangelistic work. Upon one of their tours in the region of Dalesville Mr. — McEwen and his wife were brought to the knowledge of the truth. There was nothing at all remarkable in this circumstance of course. The devoted evangelists in their work of faith saw many such conversions as they pressed their way in and about the newly opening country. Conversions were expected, and through prayer and faithful preaching and work they failed not to accompany the labor of these men. What is now recorded is merely a sample of their work. It may be taken as a sample indicating also its far-reaching character. The conversion insisted upon in their preaching was from sin unto righteousness, a submission to the will of God entire and complete. The convert was not supposed to go on in the same old way as ever. He was supposed to take on new life and become an active disciple, engaging heartily in the word and work of Him through whom his salvation came. Mr. McEwen's parents thus instructed did not fail in attention to this particular ministry, with the result that, sons and nephews, six who came under their influence, were devoted to the work of the Christian ministry.

Mr. McEwen's parents removed from Quebec in 1854 and

settled in Kincardine township, which was at that time without roads or clearing, and there the young man went the round of that tuition which has proved so valuable in its results upon Canadian ministerial life. Before his fourteenth year he was at home in all the details of Canadian pioneer life. In chopping, logging, rail-splitting, etc., he took his place with the men, and knew well, even at that early age, that success in the life set before him depended upon his ability to endure hardship.

The country where his youth was spent developed very rapidly. In a remarkably short time the wilderness was subdued, and broad clearings standing with ripened grain gladdened the hearts of those who a little while ago had swung the axe in the midst of the limitless forest. The improvements which were late in coming to the earlier settled regions were not long in bringing advantages to this community. Schools sprang up with very adequate teaching facilities, and in due course the Grammar School in the town of Kincardine. Whenever he could be spared from farm duties, young McEwen availed himself of what advantages were within his reach, and from the training thus received he was enabled, in his eighteenth year, to enter the teacher's profession. During the farm life of our brother and throughout his efforts to obtain an education, God was manifestly at work upon his spiritual nature. His home influences were of the best, leading him to a thoughtful consideration of divine things. It was not, however, till his fourteenth year that any definite impression was made. At that time Dr. Wilson, well known for his successful conduct of evangelistic work, was carrying on a series of meetings at Tiverton. Many souls were brought into the fold. The work had a powerful influence throughout the neighborhood. Thirty years ago in Baptist preaching very much was made of sin, its attitude manward and Godward, and the hopelessness of the sinner's state. These were the themes dwelt upon on the occasion of which we now write, and with peculiar effectiveness the sad truth was declared. Those who remember Dr. Wilson will recall his energy of voice and gesture, and his terrible earnestness when dealing with the sinner's lost condition. At the Tiverton meetings strong men cried aloud over their guiltiness before God, and sought forgiveness with passionate anxiety. Young McEwen, among others,

was visited by the Spirit of God. The character of the Holy One appeared to him, and his own vileness in contrast so dismayed him that he suffered agonies of contrition such as but few experience. He said nothing to any one of his heart experience but sighed and wept in secret, carrying his burden of guilt for two long years, and all this time doing what he thought might be done towards getting release from his terrible burden. He made the Bible his constant companion, and availed himself of such other literature as he thought might be helpful. He attended all the religious meetings within reach, often walking miles in the hope that he might hear something that would bring deliverance. There came no light however, and the conviction was gradually settling upon him that either he was outside the pale of God's elect or that he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. This dark experience was not without the knowledge that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that qualification for the Saviour's mercy he knew he very manifestly possessed. But he possessed also a heart so hard and a will so unbending! If he could only be softened in some way! And then he strove for weary months to beget within himself a feeling such as he thought ought to be there, hoping that if he could but succeed in that endeavor he might have something upon which to base his plea for God's mercy. But the months passed on, and no light came. Then the fancy occurred that his convictions of sin were not deep-seated enough, and his failure to get relief through the process of blackening his already dark conviction was signal of course. At last in utter hopelessness he gave up the struggle, and told the Lord that if ever he might taste of His salvation, it must come as a free gift to a poor hell-deserving sinner. He could do nothing more, and that finished the two years' agony. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," never came more sweetly upon human ears, and his soul went out in gratitude and love as he then realized the substitution of Christ.

Strange it may seem, but Mr. McEwen's conviction of duty in the matter of preaching the gospel developed long before his conversion took place. During his school days and farm work, the thought did not leave him. After his conversion, naturally the conviction of duty intensified; but on account of poor health

and perhaps timidity, or by reason of another course in life which was mapped out for him, it was resisted. It was arranged that he should be the farmer and succeed to the responsibilities of the homestead, consequently he tried to give up his thought of preaching. He ceased all special preparation for that work, neglected to exercise his gifts and endeavored to settle himself at the work which was chosen for him. There was controversy, however. God would not leave him alone. Everything outwardly pointed to the farm. Everything within directed to the pulpit. After much thought and prayer for God's guidance, he decided for the pulpit, and went to Woodstock College in Jan., 1858, where he completed a five years' course in literary training and theology. Nothing very eventful characterized Mr. McEwen's college course. He was throughout a good man, faithful and beloved. He did conscientious and successful student work. He won the respect of teachers and students alike. His Christian influence was very wholesome, and many knew more of the Saviour by being brought into contact with his upright, faithful and unassuming life.

Leaving College in '73, Mr. McEwen was ordained pastor of the Osgoode church, in which position he remained, faithfully prosecuting his ministry for six years. He speaks of his first pastorate in terms of the highest affection for the Osgoode brethren. His work had its happy, as also its discouraging features. For the first eighteen months he labored without any apparent results as far as conversions are concerned, yet through this period of darkness he was comforted by the cheery encouragement of those to whom he ministered. Then for a long while he lay sick and was nigh unto death. He was so dispirited through ill-health and apparent want of success, that he tendered his resignation; but his people, who estimated his work more justly than he did, would not hear a word of it. So beloved was he, that the church was well content to take what service his enfeebled condition would permit him to render. He could preach one sermon a Sunday, and God blessed him and his work abundantly. The church prospered, and when he left it after six years' service, it was with intense gratitude to God, that he had been able to accomplish so much in the presence of conditions that seemed unfavorable to any kind of success.

After the Osgoode pastorate, Mr. McEwen accepted the call of the Owen Sound church, and here, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to do noble service, not only for the church in that place, but also for the Baptists in all that region round about. Upon his arrival, he found a very small congregation, numbering thirty or forty souls, with no building in which to worship, and weak in all save faith and a desire to see the prosperity of Zion. When he left Owen Sound, after seven years' labor, the church was self-supporting, with a commodious building and with an assured position of influence in the town. During that seven years, Mr. McEwen gave much thought and time to the condition of Baptist interests in all that northern district. The many weak churches in the Association received much of his counsel. He visited them, preached for them, helped them through their difficulties, set them in the way of obtaining preaching services, spent much time upon the uncertain roads, travelling the long distances between them, and, in short, laying the foundation of the Association as it now exists, and at the same time preparing himself for the position which, in the providence of God, he was in after years to occupy. The Home Missionary Superintendent received special training for his work during his Owen Sound pastorate.

Mr. McEwen's next pastorate was in Stratford. Here he did substantial work. The beautiful church in that town was erected during his term of service, and many were brought to the Lord through his preaching. D. A. McGregor, of beautiful memory, was his predecessor in Stratford, and Mr. McEwen immediately recognized that pleasant and fruitful service was in store for him, ready to his hand, through the fidelity in word and work of the brother beloved, whom God so early sent to his rest. He took up the work where Bro. McGregor left it, and with the same spirit and earnestness carried it on to success. Bro. McEwen was allowed to remain in Stratford for three years only, happy in his ministry and abundantly blessed.

At the Ottawa Convention, the Home Mission Board called him to the work of the Superintendency, for which he had unconsciously been in training during his Owen Sound pastorate. How he has conducted that work for the four years past, is known to all the churches. Solid progress has been

made, numerically and financially. He has discovered sound principles and wise methods. His dealing with the many intricate and sometimes delicate situations which missionaries and mission fields frequently involve, has ever been characterized by patience, kindness and justice; and these, together with a genius for the development of the home mission idea, make him more and more appreciated in the special service which the Mission Board has laid upon him.

Aside from God's Spirit and the Scriptures, Mr. McEwen owes whatever power may characterize his life to the godly mother influence of the home—this he looks back upon with special tenderness—to the study of Andrew Fuller's works, and to the strong and steady life of that incomparable teacher, Dr. Fyfe. Happy the student who encounters the living personality of a great man as his chief educative force. There can be no greatness apart from goodness and sincerity, and of Dr. Fyfe, Mr. McEwen says, "He was sincerity itself, and hated with perfect hatred whatever savored of crookedness or wire-pulling. Next to God's eye, I should dread that of Dr. Fyfe upon anything mean or crooked in my heart or life."

Mr. McEwen is a sound preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As he goes from church to church, he may be depended upon to give no uncertain sound. He will be faithful to his message and his Saviour, and wherever his voice is heard, as though it were the set purpose of his life, the preaching will ring out clearly, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He will reason of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. With simple and powerful earnestness and demonstration of the Spirit, has this Gospel ever fallen from his lips. And in all his labor, let it not be forgotten, our brother has endured affliction that not many have been called upon to suffer. From infancy it has been with him a continual struggle to live. Of late years his health has very materially improved, so that now, with comparative comfort, he can accomplish the work which his position demands. May God spare him long to serve the churches, is the prayer of us all.

E. W. DADSON.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF 1880 BY THE LATE PROF. TORRANCE.

My dear brethren, it is for me to give you a few parting words of advice and well-wishing on behalf of myself and of my colleagues in both departments.

First, let me remind you that, though you have been here for so many years—some seven or eight—you have only been acquiring habits of study, the success and profit of which will depend upon their persistent and continuous use from this day forth. Your long course here has not been so much an accumulation of knowledge as a learning how to gain it. I therefore desire to impress upon your minds, that you will need to study throughout your entire lifetime if you would turn to advantage your collegiate course. Is this a blue lookout for the future after so many years of hard study here? To the dunce and to the half educated it would be; but not to you, brethren, who are leaving a respectable record behind you of work well done, and who have completed such a liberal course that you shall never need to feel ashamed of it when placed in comparison with the best ministerial courses in the Dominion. Study, real, genuine, close study, has become a source of pleasure to you, I trust, as well as of profit. Some people talk of the pleasures of home, some of the pleasures of cosmopolitanism; some of the pleasures of friendship, and others of the pleasures of travel; but over and above all, excepting the pleasures of home, I place the pleasures of study. As to other pleasures, excepting these, we may say in the language of Burns:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.”

But the pleasures of home and of study are sacred and sublime.

Perhaps you are ready to ask, What shall we study? The Book of books—your *Hebrew Bible*, and your *Greek New Testament*. Your great business in life is to make yourselves expounders, teachers, and evangelists of the Word of life. These you can only become by a devout, prayerful study of the Spirit's own words. I trust we have led you across the threshold of exegesis, the only true method of obtaining a proper understanding of Bible truth. Of course this includes the proper use of all related lights, their concentration upon the one object—the Bible. This opens up a wide range of study, taking in all departments of knowledge which in any way, near or remote, stand related to the Bible. Thus the minister, while he makes the Bible his text book, brings under tribute almost every subject of interest in the whole range of human study.

I think I hear you say, This will make an immense draft upon our time. True; but this is not an insurmountable obstacle. One of the professed aims of this college is to teach habits of regularity,—a matter of the utmost importance to every one who wishes to succeed in life, whatever his calling may be. To the careless observer the stars seem to be scattered about in space in hopeless confusion, while in fact all are arranged in systems, and each one is moving with the greatest precision according to fixed laws. Nature's productions at first sight appear mixed up at random, while in reality the organic and inorganic kingdoms are capable of the most perfect classifications. There is order everywhere around us, and nothing is so beneficial to man, and especially to the student, as order. Six days of the week will generally be at your disposal, each of which has twenty-four hours. Spend eight of these each day in sound thorough-going sleep. Let this be a sacred duty, and see that you attend to the two essential qualifications therefor—a good conscience, and a good stomach. Spend the second eight in devotion and study, and the last eight in the practical duties of the pastorate. These—the eight hours of sound sleep, the eight hours of devotion and study, the eight hours of practical work—will act and react upon each other to the perfection of each, and to the perfection of the grand work as a whole to which the Lord has called you.

But, in the second place, don't forget that all this systematic

study which I recommend is but a means to an end. What is that end? Let me convey it to your minds through the language of the apostle to the Colossians. Speaking of Christ in them the hope of glory, he says, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Brethren, what a glorious and solemn work! There is neither time nor occasion here for mere display. Study, by all means study, study the whole week, that you may be able to make the child and the most illiterate understand the precious truth on which you have been devoting your best energies. In working up a subject you may have to read much. You may have to wade through the technicalities of Systematic Theology, of Grammar and Lexicography, of Chemistry, of Geology, or of Astronomy, but don't, gentlemen, expose your lack of common sense, by attempting to drag with you on Sunday through all these, a man who has been plying a buck-saw all week for his bread and butter. It may be a very nice thing, once in a while, to gaze upon a hawk with outspread wings gracefully describing certain geometrical figures in the air, but it is desperately hard work on the neck, especially if we have to keep it up for any length of time. It will not be long till we begin to think of him as a very fine mark for a rifle ball. Study, we say again, but study to be simple, study to make plain, study that you may be understood by all. Give heed, brethren, to the plaintive request:

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled."

This, brethren, is the glory of genuine education, the highest recommendation of true learning, its enabling us to make difficult things simple. By all means study to be dignified in your bearing, for you handle the most dignified of all subjects; study to be graceful in your gesticulations, for you have the most fascinating of all stories to tell, where truth indeed is stranger than

fiction; study to be chaste in your language, for your subject is the very essence of purity itself; study to be effective, for the grandest issues of life are in your hands; but never forget that the surest way to accomplish all these is to be simple. Let your manner be natural, the outcome of down-right earnestness; and let your language be the sturdy Anglo-Saxon of the masses.

Finally, brethren, don't forget that about half your waking hours should be spent in attending to the practical duties of the pastorate. We don't want hermits, monks, nor mere book-worms. We don't want men to be mere walking encyclopedias. We have social as well as intellectual natures, and these should not be neglected; for of all the means we possess for the accomplishing of our great work—the winning of souls to Christ, and the fashioning of them into a Christ-like form—there is none more effective than the proper use of our social faculties.

Christ taught the people, and in his teaching never man spake like him. The common people heard him gladly, and gathering thousands hung upon his lips. Whence this marvelous power? I have no hesitancy in replying that it was largely due to the judicious exercise of the social element of his nature. He ate and drank with the masses; he graced their festive gatherings; he sympathized with them in all their wants and woes; he rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and wept with those who wept. He healed their diseases, he cast out their tormenting demons, and he raised their dead. No wonder, then, they hung upon his lips in thousands as he preached to them the coming kingdom. Brethren, do likewise as far as it lies in your power, and you will be better qualified thereby to spend the time allotted to devotion and study profitably, and so to preach more effectively, while your social magnetism will combine with your intellectual power to draw the people to hear with delight your divine messages.

And now, brethren, as you go forth to your life work, rest assured that in all your joys and sorrows you will have our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy, and for each of you let me say as I give you this token of wellwishing:

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

A SERMON FOR PREACHERS.

BY HONEST OLD GERMAN MICHAEL, ORD. CAPUZ., AUGSBURG, 1702.

(From the German.)

MOTTO—If a preacher will be true to his office and his conscience, he must be no dumb dog, but fearlessly speak the truth.

O rara avis! O a rare bird he is who will speak the truth, to gentlemen of high rank, especially, because no one ventures to declare it to them. Who then shall have the courage, if not the preacher? *Ne formides a facie eorum*; be not afraid of their countenance, even when they cast ugly side-glances at you, like a chained farmer's dog. *Ne formides*; just laugh at them, even when they shake their sticks at you, and call you an impertinent, ill-mannered peasant preacher. *Ne formides*; don't let one hair of your head turn white because of them; be faithful to your charge, and let people talk and dogs bark. *Ne timeas eos, neque metuas a facie eorum*. Cornelius a Lapide, commenting on this text, says that God desires by these words to give the prophet strength and courage to rebuke the evil doings of the shameless and sinful Israelites. Furthermore, says Cornelius, a zealous preacher must be well conditioned; in the first place, he must be *audax*, bold, no milksop, must not let himself be dismayed by any face of man. Secondly, he must be *fortis*, strong, no moss-rush, to be swayed to and fro by idle gossip. Thirdly, *constans*, steadfast; his words must give no uncertain sound, like those of time-serving politicians. *Quod dixi, dixi; quod scripsi, scripsi*. An honest man's as good as his word. Fourthly, he must be covered with the helmet of freedom; *debet esse liber*, says Cornelius; he must not let his mouth be stopped by bribes, feasis or any other favors. For *verbum Dei non est alligatum*; the word of God is not bound to presents or offices or anything else in the whole world.

But where shall we find such a preacher to-day? *Quis est hic et laudabimus eum?* Yes, I know one, but his head lies there at his feet. He was no other than the brave, intrepid preacher of repentance, John the Baptist, who said to Herod, *non licet tibi habere uxorem fratris tui*. O holy John, hold your tongue with such words as those. You ought to go at it more

gently with those fine gentlemen. You should turn a closed eye to their shortcomings. I should not wish to share tips with you this time. But John answers me, What do I care for all that? There is no one who will dare to say the truth to the king, and reprove him for his unholy life; therefore, it is for me as a preacher to do it, and I shall not stop to ask whether it may cost me my life or no. Alas! how would the world in our day treat so zealous a preacher, who would preach to all men without distinction, *non licet*; who would say to great gentlemen or potentates, *non licet, non licet*, it is not lawful for you to waste on some draggle-tail the affections that are due only to your lawful wife. *Non licet, non licet*, you stern doctors, lawyers and secretaries, it is not lawful for you to take bribes, not from one party merely, but often from both sides, to drag on cases for years and fill your purses with ill-gotten gain. It is not lawful for you, my miller, to take out of the best meal a portion for wife, child and servant. *Non licet*, shoemaker, by this means or that, to worry our good German leather and sell it for foreign material. *Non licet*, my good farmer, to wet your grain before going to market: *item*, always to make the tenth sheaf smaller than the rest, saying, its good enough for the parson.

Thus this good John preached the truth to all classes, but God help any preacher nowadays who should dare to copy his example. His reward would be no end of abuse rather than goblets of wine to cheer his sad heart.

There is a vast difference between a doctor and a cook. The cook prepares pleasant, tempting dishes for his master, so that he may eat with appetite; the doctor, on the other hand, makes up all manner of potions, pills and other mixtures repugnant to our nature, but good for our health, so that every sensible man must look upon the *medicus* as his friend. What then is a faithful preacher, a cook or a *medicus*? Shall he set before his patient all kinds of tempting viands to ruin his stomach, or shall he give him bitter, penetrating medicines which will strike to the roots of the disease? The preacher is a physician of souls, who sings and burns, cuts and probes, gives bitter, nauseous medicine, but always for the eternal good of his patient. He must do as St. Paul, the Apostle, did when he had delivered some sharp sermons to his Corinthian brethren. They were amazed and made wry faces at Paul, but he merely said to them, *non*

quaero quae vestra sunt, sed vos. That is to say, I seek neither praise nor favor from you, but the salvation of your souls. And so the preacher must stand firm, though he should make himself to be hated. Hence Paul wrote to the Galatians, *Ergo inimicus factus sum, verum dicens vobis.* So then I have spoiled your soup for you, in that I told you the truth.

Therefore, my fellow-preacher, take a lesson from him how to speak the truth. Fear not, so long as you are faithful to your office and a true physician of souls, who purely and solely seek their eternal good. Remember that you are a *medicus*, and not a cook, even should your potions now and then prove to be rather bitter.

M. S. C.

THE TENT WE DWELL IN.

ISA. XL. 22.

Woven of glimmering light in the flashing loom of creation,
 Dipt in the mystical blue of infinite distance on distance,
 Hollowed and spread east and west like a curtain of gauze blown
 horizon-ward,
 Pinned to the circling earth by the thousand thews of the moun-
 tains,—
 Lift up your eyes on high and behold the tent of our dwelling!

Sun after sun, like kings in a matchless ne'er-ending procession,
 Daily pass o'er it, flinging down cloth of gold on its azure;
 Nightly it softens and darkens to velvet, purple and dusky,
 Powdered with glittering stars and sown with the golden planets,
 While all its streaming folds with the sound of the four winds
 are shaken.

Lift up your eyes on high and behold this wonder of dwellings!
 Gaze, till the raptured soul, like the mighty tides of the ocean,
 Swells to its outmost bound and is one with all that it visions,—
 One with the noontide splendor, and one with the starry spaces,
 One with the Father Creator, who dwells here at home with His
 children.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

SHALL OUR PASTORS READ THE SCRIPTURES IN THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGES?

Certainly. Shall not the ambassador of the King of kings read his commission in the language in which it was first given? Shall not the expounder of God's law be able to read that law in the language in which the first heralds announced it? Shall not a Bible student go to the fountain of Bible knowledge instead of being at the mercy of every commentator, wise or otherwise? Shall not a preacher have access to the very best that can be found in the way of information as to his specialty? If Dr. Arnold thought it worth his while to learn German after he became head master of Rugby school, in order to get at original sources in his study of Roman history, surely we pastors can afford to learn Greek and Hebrew that we may read the springs of knowledge concerning the kingdom of heaven. Some one will ask, "What will be the benefit?" Much every way. There is a flavor about the original that cannot be imparted to the best of translations. No one but he who tries it can understand the fulness of meaning, often impossible to describe, that abides in a psalm read in the Hebrew. The writer never understood the Epistle to the Galatians till he ploughed through it with the Greek Testament.

Let a preacher, for instance, who must produce fresh sermons constantly, spend an hour each morning with his Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, and he will find cropping up such a harvest of texts, or suggestions of discourses that his difficulty will be not where to find subjects, but how to use the many that present themselves. The late Dr. Castle is said to have left nearly one thousand outlines of unpreached sermons gathered in that way.

Again. Let the Sunday school lesson be read in the original before any "helps" are consulted, and the "quarterlies" will be like crutches to an agile man—of little use. There will be more suggestions than can be followed out in the brief time allotted to the class.

Then again there are books—Pusey's *Minor Prophets*, "Moses and his recent Critics," etc.—which ought to be read

by every pastor who would be abreast of his day. But these are sealed volumes to a man who knows nothing of Hebrew. There is no more delightful commentary on the New Testament than that of Meyer. But it is darkness to a man who cannot read his Greek Testament.

I can imagine but two possible objections. Some one may say, "There is no ordinary pastor who can hope to become expert in the use of the original tongues." This article is not written for experts. The duties of a pastor do not call for experts. Their place is in the professoriate; let them abide there. But there is no reason why any full graduate of Toronto Baptist College, for example, should not be able to read his Bible intelligently in the original, and follow understandingly any discussion in the various books and magazines that deal with textual difficulties.

Some other one may say, "It is too tedious and time-consuming a task, to thumb the dictionary and dig out the meaning." I appreciate that difficulty, but it can be surmounted. Get a vocabulary. The writer, by spending a half hour daily for five weeks, memorized five hundred Hebrew nouns and verbs and delivered himself, not from the use of the lexicon, entirely, but from any slavish dependence upon it. Aristotle said, "We learn to play on the harp by playing on the harp." So we learn to do any thing else by doing it. Prof. McLanahan, one of Dr. Harper's assistants at Chautauqua, told me that for one year he spent an hour every morning in sight reading of the Hebrew text, and he considered the time well spent. There may be some readers of this magazine who have gone into the pastorate without any knowledge of either Greek or Hebrew, and who feel that they would like to gain that knowledge. Let any such take up the study arranged by the Correspondence School of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. The instruction is thorough and the cost surprisingly small. Take two courses (40 lessons each) in either Greek or Hebrew. Then spend three weeks in Chautauqua, N.Y., face to face with the instructors, and by a most delightful process, a working knowledge of the "original" will be gained.

P. K. DAYFOOT.

Strathroy, Jan. 8th, 1894.

CONCERNING THE LIFE OF MAN.

(From the Latin.)

Human life is filled with fightings,
 Foes about, amid war's blightings
 All our days on earth are spent ;
 Battle ushers in each morning,
 Sorrow hides each night's adorning,
 Chance with safety ever blent.

Still, amid all danger tearless,
 In the shock of battle fearless,
 Mortal wounds I dread no more ;
 Hostile rage—I e'en invite it,
 Public hate—with scorn I smite it,
 Mock the cannon's fiery roar.

See, from heaven's arching splendor,
 Clothed in clouds, my great Defender,
 Ruler of the stars of light :
 'Gainst the foes whose rage would rend me,
 As I strive He doth defend me,
 For me undertakes the fight.

Bows and arrows He will shatter,
 And, despite the hostile clatter,
 Give them to eternal fire ;
 Then I'll stand for ever fearless
 And, through Him, a victor peerless
 Overcome the fœmen's ire.

J. H. FARMER.

Students' Quarter.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

Now linger'd Love upon the wanton wind,
 Wild Love, with glistening tresses tost and blown,
 Laughing delightful music,—not alone,
 For clear, soft voices floated far behind.

High sate great Jove in glory,—'round reclined
 In joyous bowers 'neath his gleaming throne
 The lesser gods,—their stately-sounding tone,
 Made solemn echo, then came mute and blind,—

For Love's wild pæan now had stormed the sky,
 And hush'd the hearers with a strange alarm,
 Who thrill'd in sweet expectancy and charm,—

So, with the sound of rapture, Venus came
 And, smiling at their awe, said: "Love am I!"
 And all the gods laughed at the pleasant name.

X.

BLACK BEAUTY IN A COAL MINE.

"Ye's a beauty Polly! Ye are, I tell ye! Give me a kiss.
 That's nice. Another! another!"

Such were the amorous words of one of a pair of lovers early one morning. There was nothing very romantic about their surroundings; no birds atilt in the branches; no flowers, blushing crimson, for the sake of harmony with a maiden's cheeks; no murmuring brooklet, or evening stillness such as you read of in "beautiful" books. Alas! they were not so comfortably situated. Lovers usually seek certain secluded places, but Billy and Polly were compelled by unyielding necessity to meet in a deep, dusty coal mine, more than two thousand feet from the surface. Billy, as you know, was a "pit laddie" of thirteen summers, quick as thought in every movement, with blue eyes.

a mass of tangled dark hair, small hands and feet, and a tongue—yes, a tongue of the most approved, or rather improved construction and capability. Polly, Billy's Polly, was a jet black mare of unusual beauty and sweetness of disposition, used for the purpose of hauling coal trams. It was Billy's duty to act as door-boy for Polly with whom he spent from ten to eleven hours of each day, under the supervision of an experienced man called a haulier. Coal-mining is indeed, in all its branches, a very dangerous occupation, particularly the part which fell to the lot of the haulier, the horse and the door-boy. This will easily be seen when we remember that a coal mine is nothing more or less than a network of narrow passages leading from the inner workings to the bottom of a deep shaft. The chief danger arises from "blocking" or collision with other trams off the track, or in passing one of the innumerable junctions or cross-roads. Some of the larger concerns put out a thousand tons of coal in ten hours. As each tram averages a ton, and each horse hauls two trams a "trip," this necessitates five hundred "trips" a day. Even in our own country, collisions are of frequent occurrence on streets and country roads during the day time. How much greater is the danger under ground, in those narrow passages, with only a single track, and no other illumination than a small oil lamp in a locked glass, liable to go out almost at any moment!

The greatest source of danger, however, is the great difference in grade which exists in nearly all of the mines. Some are very steep and long, necessitating the spragging of every wheel of the tram with round pieces of wood, allowed to pass through holes in the wheel and operating against the underside of the framework. The number of sprags, or stopped wheels, which is essential to the safety of all concerned, is left to the discretion of the man in charge. Should he be lacking in experience, or in ability to sprag whilst the wheels are turning, or should the sprags fall out on a down grade, both the boy and the horse are in great danger of being seriously injured, if not instantaneously killed.

Bearing in mind what has been said about the workings, and also the fact that it is the boy's duty to run before the horse and open the doors, the reader will be enabled to understand what follows.

One Friday morning, Billy entered the underground stable rather earlier than usual. His customary greeting consisted of three hearty slaps on Polly's shining neck, and some half-dozen mock kisses. I called them lovers a little while ago. In proof of this, let me say that whenever Billy's arms were thrown around Polly's neck, she would hold her head down to enable him to do so without lifting him off his feet; and no matter how long he continued smacking his lips—as close as possible without actually touching her nose,—she never became restless. Such treatment on Billy's part, for several months, to say nothing of extra attention, such as watering and feeding, could not but win Polly's affections entirely.

This particular Friday morning, as soon as some of the best corn had been put in a bag and strapped round Polly's neck, they started for the workings. The day wore on as usual until about noon, when a very sad accident happened.

As they were passing over a very steep part of the roadway, called the "big run," the haulier missed spragging, or the sprags fell out, no one can ever tell which. Billy, as usual, was before the horse. The man knowing what had happened, began shouting to the boy to run for his life. Hearing the shouting and the noise caused by the wheels as the speed increased, Billy understood the situation instantly. As he started to run, he clasped his lamp firmly. All depended on its tiny flame. If it should be extinguished, his chances of escape were not one in a thousand. No other lad in the mine could out-run him. However, the race under such circumstances is not to the strong. Would his lamp keep lighted? Was the road clear? These were the all important questions. God speed thee, lad! Hungry wolves, chasing a luckless traveller through some northern forest swamp, are nothing to the terror at thy heels. God have mercy! Swift-winged angel help, help! He is so young. His widowed mother has no one else to aid her in feeding her little ones. Help! help! Too late—too late! That shriek, that crash, tells all. Poor Billy! poor Billy! and Polly, poor Polly! Billy and Polly both crushed—blee-ling—dead. No more kisses, no more caresses.

Three days later, we followed Billy's mortal remains to the graveyard. There beneath the great trees in a pleasantly situated spot, we laid them in their last resting place. Would it

have been sacrilege, think you, to have laid Polly beside him? Surely, no greater sacrilege or sin than to gather up her mangled body and send it in haste to the kennel. Ah, this is a cold, unfeeling world. It has little use for pit laddies or pit horses, but to make dollars and cents.

E. P.

DISCORDANT.

In the broad field of God's planting,
 Strong oaks their boughs toss high,
 The verdant meadow the endless stretch,
 Fair hills climb to the sky.

Swift brooks flow unrestrained to sea,
 Soft clouds float light above,
 Myriads of daisies fragrance shed
 Of their Creator's love.

Sparkles of dew are infinite
 Fresh showered o'er the earth;
 And glorious light envelops all
 From dawn its time of birth.

All things in nature may expand
 In beautiful completeness;
 Our characters through petty ills
 Lose half their destined sweetness.

Moulton College.

B. E.

TRIOLET—THE TELL-TALE EYES.

I look in her eyes,
 Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"
 She cannot disguise
 As I look in her eyes,
 (However she tries,
 That she loves the proposer,—
 I look in her eyes,
 Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"

G. H. C.

THE SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE.

This is a problem which I am sure is of interest to each of us. From earliest childhood we have heard it referred to as the problem of geometry. It has become a by-word in English literature. Another reason for its importance is the wonderful influence it has exerted in the development of the science of mathematics. This it has done both in directing the work of professional mathematicians and in stimulating amongst those ignorant of this queen of sciences the desire to enter upon its study. The place it has thus filled in stimulating, directing and preserving the science of mathematics cannot be estimated. China, India, Arabia, Egypt, Greece and Modern Europe have participated in its solution.

But some one asks "What is this problem?" It has three aspects. First, it is required to construct geometrically a square equal in area to a given circle. Or, again, to find geometrically a straight line equal in length to the circumference of a given circle. Notice that the solution of either of these gives the other, as it has been assumed from the dawn of geometrical investigation that the area of a circle is equal to that of a triangle with base equal to the circumference, and altitude equal to the radius. And thirdly, there has been inextricably interwoven with these two the problem of finding the numerical ratio of the circumference to the diameter, or as we should say, of computing π . It was observed, of course, that this was a constant quantity. Thus the problem is threefold. It comprises the quadrature of a circle, its rectification, and the computation of π .

In dealing with it, I do not propose to treat each of these separately, but to trace the historical development of the problem as a whole, believing that the course of thought taken by the whole race will give us the clue to the most natural way to present it to an individual.

The first trace we have of this problem comes from that nation which has supplied so much valuable material to the antiquary, from the Athens of the patriarchial age, Egypt. In a book known as the "Papyrus Rind," written by Ahmes somewhere between 1700 and 2000 years before Christ, there is given

a method of constructing a square equal in area to a given circle. Ahmes claims to have derived his material from a book written, at least, five hundred years before his time; this would carry us back to within twelve decades of the flood. The rule given in the "Papyrus Rind" is this: "Shorten the diameter by one-ninth, and upon this shortened line construct a square." In a circle of eighteen inches diameter this would give an error of only a little over a square inch. The value of π , dependant upon this formular is 3.1604.

We also know that the Babylonians considered this problem. Having noticed that by cutting off, in succession, arcs with their chords equal to the radius, the circle was divided into six equal arcs, they concluded that the length of the circumference was a little more than six times the length of the radius, that is, than three times that of the diameter. This ratio of one to three is also mentioned several times in the Old Testament.

This problem, which did so much for the development of mathematics in Greece, was carried across the Mediterranean by Anaxagoras about four hundred and thirty years before Christ. He is said to have discovered the quadrature while in prison; but, if he did, the work has not been preserved.

Among the Greeks, the first treatment of note is that of Antiphon, about thirty years later. He divided the circle into four equal arcs thus making a square. By subdividing the arcs, polygons with a greater and greater number of sides could be produced. These approach more and more closely in area to that of the circle. The method of calculating the area of such polygons had been developed by the school of Pythagoras over a century before this. Thus, he said, by continuing this process the required area would be found. This of course can give no more than an approximation, but it is an important step towards the accomplishing of the desired result.

Another valuable advance was made by Bryson, a contemporary of Antiphon. He employed the circumscribed polygon also. By this he introduced the use of maximum and minimum limits in approximations.

In Hippocrates this problem produced the science of crescents. The "lunes of Hippocrates" is still the name of an important theorem which he developed in trying to solve this Egyptian riddle.

Passing Euclid, who, as far as we know, did not attempt the solution, we reach the work of Archimedes, who lived from 287 to 212 B.C. He developed the method of Antiphon and Bryson, but started with the inscribed and circumscribed hexagons. The value he found for π was that it is less than $3\frac{1}{7}$ and greater than $3\frac{1}{8}$. The first of these has been used ever since as the most convenient, where very accurate work is not required.

With regard to the other nations, the work of the Hindus is the most worthy of notice. Before the Christian era they had attempted the converse problem, namely, to find a circle equal in area to a square. About five hundred years after Christ, they succeeded in finding a value for π more accurate than any then known. This was the value, so familiar to each of us, 3.1416 . Another curious quantity used by them is $\sqrt{10}$.

The principle values used by the Chinese were 3 and $3\frac{7}{8}$.

The Arabians also studied this problem in all its different aspects. The greatest boon, however, that they conferred upon mathematics is that of preserving the results of the work of the Greek and Hindu mathematicians through the destructive dark ages.

Let us now return to Europe. Early Christianity did for mathematics that which it did for all other lines of science and of art. It paralyzed it. During the dark ages learning was forced to sleep amidst ruins and barbarians. It was effectually banished from European nations by the miasma of a paganized Christianity.

But, as has so often been the case, oppression laid the snare for its own downfall. From the crusades, instituted for the purpose of stimulating religious fanaticism, and of increasing the temporal power of a worldly religion, sprang the revival of learning. The intellectual life of Western Europe was awakened and the ancient civilization began to dispel the darkness of the middle ages. The ruins of Greece and of the despised Arabs opened their storehouses, and the seeds of science and art were planted among the nations of the west.

The study of this old problem came forward again as a stimulator and guide. Like the drops before a shower came the scattered attempts at its solution, made during the fifteenth century. The sixteenth found the storm in full sway. All over

Europe men were trying to render themselves famous by solving the problem which had defied the skill of the greatest mathematicians of past ages. The majority of those who participated in this were men having little or no knowledge of mathematics and actuated merely by a strong desire for distinction. The extravagance of their logic is surpassed only by their self-confidence.

In sharp contrast to these stand the efforts of a number of true mathematicians to obtain better approximations to the value of π . These, although unable to prove it, generally recognized that it was an incommensurable number. As we have already shown, the most accurate values discovered hitherto were that of Archimedes $3\frac{1}{7}$, and the Hindu approximation 3.1416 .

In the first half of the sixteenth century, Peter Metius discovered a very important value, with which we are all familiar, $3\frac{1}{5}$. This produces an error of three ten-millionths in a result. The famous mathematician Viéta added an important factor to the solution. He introduced the representation of the value of π by an infinite series. He obtained a value correct to ten decimal places.

He was soon surpassed by five decimals by a Netherlander, named Adrianus Romanus. To show the amount of work involved in this result I might mention that he used the circumscribed polygon having 1,073,741,824 sides.

Another very important name in this work is that of Ludolph Van Ceulen. This man procured a result correct to thirty-five decimal places, a value more exact than can ever be necessary in practical work.

All subsequent advance has been based upon the use of the differential and integral calculus which was invented by Newton and Leibniz. This greatly facilitates the use of infinite series. Better and better formulæ have been evolved until now we possess this important quantity calculated to five hundred decimals.

There is one point of importance which should be dealt with before closing this imperfect treatment. It is the question of the insolvability of this problem. As has been mentioned, Newton and his contemporaries considered it to be impossible to obtain the quadrature or the rectification of the circle by Euclidean Geometry, but were unable to prove it. It was not until 1882

that mathematics had been sufficiently developed to produce such a proof. In June of that year Professor Lindemann, now of Königsberg, succeeded in rigorously proving "that it is impossible with a ruler and compass to construct a square equal in area to a given circle."

Thus for mathematicians the problem is disposed of. The ratio has been calculated ten times as exact as is necessary, and it has been proved that it is impossible to accomplish the quadrature or the rectification of a circle.

W. FINDLAY

DESTINY.

Soft stillness of June, the evening bright
 As we wandered forth on that star-lit night.
 Let me not think of her witching face!
 I gazed in her eyes. At her look so sweet
 I plucked her a pale sweet Marguerite.
 O my Lilian, queen of grace!

'Mid the wild beauty of the grove,
 I poured out my mad impassioned love.
 Must I ne'er forget her sad sweet air?
 It struck on my heart as the menacing bell
 Strikes on the ear in its mournful knell.
 O my God! my heart is bare.

For vain regrets and a heart that is reft
 And broken vows are all that are left.
 Oh, let me not think of her drooping head!
 The faltering voice, the hopeless cry,
 The question, but never the answer why,—
 O my heart! forever dead.

RADLOF

"NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING."

"Of that insignificant portion of my education which depended on schools almost no notice need be taken."

Although Carlyle in rendering for us the words of the mysterious Herr Teufelsdröckh gives voice to an extreme opinion, yet there is more truth than fiction in the words even when applied to more ordinary experiences than those of the celebrated German.

In one sense our student life embraces our threescore years and ten. We must ever be like children gathering pebbles on the shores of the "Ocean of Knowledge." "Live and Learn," and let us hope we shall not cease to learn when we cease to live.

But student life is generally conceived of as embracing those years spent in preparation for the active duties of life, although why our later years should be designated active any more than those spent in study can not be clearly seen, unless indeed a reference be made to the passivity of the student under the present system of education, where we find in him merely the "object of the act."

As has before been hinted, that part of my life spent in pursuing regular school courses is not worthy of notice, except as it supplies the shadows for my student career, those shadows which throw into high relief the lights which have fallen to my share. The first ten or eleven years of my student life were swallowed up in a thick darkness, the "war-clouds rolling dun," and now that I have escaped from that valley of humiliation I do not care to cast my glance back over it. Under that pall move the spectres of my childhood's years, with drawn faces and clenched fists, tortured forever by the demon tasks which "squel and gibber" around them!

Something I owe to the "gerund-grinders" and "hide-bound pedants" who presided over my youthful endeavors in knowledge-seeking. They discovered to me how little I knew and where I could best go to remedy that defect, although perhaps I should have found that out for myself in time. Youth turns instinctively to books, feeling that in this vast silent company of great hearts and powerful brains, weakness will be met

and ignorance more than satisfied. Be that as it may, at school the discovery was made, in how many numberless directions men had opened for themselves paths into the realm of thought. In a word I discovered my ignorance and insignificance.

It would seem as if the happiest moments were those spent in following some side track far from curriculum courses, into fields which are a glorious New World to the happy student. Plunging into history, but avoiding dates as one would coral reefs, steering away from governmental complications as from quicksands, and grasping the human element in all its power and picturesqueness.

To be overwhelmed with curiosity concerning Augustus, Charlemagne or Alfred, to revere and admire St. Augustine, Erasmus or Richelieu, to half fear, half pity and wholly detest Cromwell and Marlborough, to live again the triumphs and defeats of the hapless Mary of Scotland, to drink with Lady Jane Grey life's bitter cup, to do all this is to walk unfettered in the light of history or the dusk of tradition, leaving behind the shadows of our hard, narrow and oftentime unpractical school education.

Is there anything more delightful than to cross the seas and haunt with Savonarola the streets of Florence, or mix and mingle in the party strife of Guelphs and Ghibellines. We conquer Spain with the Moors, we live again with Marie Antoinette, Marat or Charlotte Corday the lurid days of the French Revolution, we pray with Jeanne d'Arc in that holy atmosphere of dreams, and in doing this we not only gain pure enjoyment, but we realize the immensity of life, we come into touch with great and wonderful experiences till thought of self is lost in thought of others,

"Till the individual withers and the world is more and more,"

till the horizon of our little world melting and expanding loses itself in ever widening circles.

The world of books we cannot exhaust, and the pleasure it offers is limitless as itself. *To be let loose*, as Ruskin suggests, *to browse at will* among good books is an endless source of enjoyment. To leave untouched what we do not like, to assimilate what we do like, though it may appear a somewhat lax method of reading, is yet in the end the happiest and most profitable.

We like to learn our limitations, to test and try ourselves, to feel our muscles growing strong and our hearts growing stout. Then knowledge-seeking becomes pleasure-seeking. Our "amusement will grow out of our work as the color petals out of a fruitful flower."

Outside the world of books is a world of men, beyond that a world of nature. Knowledge of this second world it is not always deemed best to seek, the search being attended with excitement and danger, but excitement is exciting, and danger has a charm of its own. But the proper study of mankind "is man," and to master a type of humanity is certainly more fascinating than to master a book of Euclid. The world of nature has ever been a favorite hunting ground for the student. Old mother earth has been so kind to us that it seems cruel for us, in this her old age, to go wandering among her cherished treasures with geologist's hammer and botanist's glass, peeping and prying into nooks and crannies never meant for cold steel and curious glass. But classify and tabulate as we will, we have not yet weighed the summer zephyrs nor set to words the skylark's morning hymn. To study nature, to learn the history of the grand old rocks, to trace the rivers through their winding beds, this is to find the lights of student life, and though it may not seem to be study, yet the mysteries of the stars, the rocks and the flowers are as great as the mystery of mathematics; and to know our friends, the "birds of the air" and the "beasts of the field," is as brain satisfying as to know "who chased who around the walls of what and where?"

In fact, to sum up, as long as the writer studied the regulation school book, "life seemed a blank and dreary waste," "sour marches of discontent" lay around the path. This state of affairs was no doubt the result of laziness and bad teaching. But when she moved out into a different world of books, history and fiction, prose or poetry, then she found the lights low-toned sometimes, high lights often.

Through books to men, through men to nature, through nature up to nature's God—what more could we desire? "Here are books and we have brains to read them, here is a whole earth and a whole heaven, and we have eyes to look upon them. Frisch zu, Bruder!"

JENNIE McLAURIN.

THE FATE OF THE FATALIST.

In dungeon musty and obscure
 There dwelt and toiled a hermit. Sure
 Was he that man lives but to do
 One thing, and then to die. This grew
 Upon him till he came to feel
 That *his* one task was to reveal
 A word which would so pregnant be
 With meaning, that all men would see,
 In this great word, what mind could think
 Or tongue express. To die, to sink
 Away into oblivion
 He knew he must when this was done.
 And yet he toils; tenaciously pursues
 This fate: to find that word. To choose
 Not his. He works from night till morn,
 From morn till night. The fates still scorn
 His efforts. Not till many a day
 And night has passed with slow delay,
 Does he at last, in vision dim,
 Conceive a little what to him
 Was life, yet death in life—"O, come,"
 He cries, "relieve, relieve me some!
 Dread word reveal thyself! Be mine
 And then let me be Death's or thine!"
 And as in anguish thus he strove,
 It came, and that one word was—"Love."

Love lives eternally; its breath
 Infuses life to man, not death.
 And so this hermit, spite his fears,
 By love lives still and will for years.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are informed by the financial committee that they have received some letters from the city and a few from outside containing amounts due for subscription to the MONTHLY, but not giving the names of the persons to be credited, these supposing their names were on the enclosed circular. Some will, for this reason, not find their labels as they expected. If they will write a card to Messrs. Clarke and Tarr, of McMaster University, the matter will be set right.

The first edition of "Beautiful Joe" and a good share of the second have been sold off since January 1. A Canadian edition, under the authoress's own copyright, will shortly be issued by the Standard Publishing Co. of this city. We bespeak for it a large and rapid sale, as it is in every way an excellent book.

The Missionary Conference held in this city on February 13, 14, 15 and 16, was one of the greatest series of gatherings which Toronto has ever seen. The attendance from the outside was surprisingly large, and it increased steadily until the closing evening, when three large buildings were packed long before the hour for opening. This gives some indication of the deep and widespread interest aroused.

When one enquires into the reasons for this exceptional interest, a partial answer is ready to hand in the array of names that appeared on the published programme. Drs. Gordon, Mackay and Pierson, with Mr. Hermann Warszawiak, form quite an exceptional quartette, not to mention other brethren who were listened to with delight and profit. But it was not great reputations or splendid oratory that drew the people in such throngs. To the writer's mind, the secret of the power so marvellously felt in these meetings is to be found mainly in three things:—

(1) *These men know by a very real experience the Gospel of the Grace of God.* Their words were the simplest utterances of what they most surely believed. They believe in Jesus as the sinner's substitute and risen Lord.

(2) *They honored the Word of God.* There was not a quiver of doubt as to its infallible authority. They have been devoted, laborious students of it.

(3) *They impressed one as "men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,"* and you knew that "they had proved their faith by their works." So

they spoke with authority. Moreover, they are men who have put into the hands of the Spirit for His use, highly disciplined powers.

And herein surely are lessons for all who seek in any sphere to minister to the Lord. The old Gospel, the unerring Word, the Divine Spirit—they furnish the highest equipment for Christian service.

We believe that hundreds of Christians in Toronto have been helped toward a truer consecration by the message of these brethren. Free-will offerings were received the last two evenings, which not only covered the \$500 of expense incurred, but provided \$1500 for different departments of missionary work.

Many of our readers are no doubt watching with keen interest all the various forces which are at the present hour working steadily and mightily for the spiritual enlightenment of our French Canadian countrymen and their liberation from the galling yoke of mediæval ecclesiasticism which they have too long been compelled to carry. Some of these forces, while working in a measure in the direction of soul liberty, will, we fear, have a strong tendency to drive men into more or less open hostility to all forms of religion. There are brave men and true, however, in the neighboring province, and their number is considerable, whose words and conduct cannot fail to convince the humble peasant that their one great aim in denouncing the errors and superstition of the Romish system is love for the souls of their fellow-men and a burning desire that their beloved countrymen may receive the soul healing and cheering message of salvation, which has brought joy and blessing to their own hearts. To all who are specially interested in this phase of the great struggle for spiritual independence in Quebec, we earnestly recommend the regular perusal of the French Protestant weekly journal, *L'Aurore*, published in Montreal. It is an excellent paper, under the management of a committee of ministers and lay brethren whose ability and Christian character are a sufficient guarantee that its contents will be vigorous and healthy. There are appearing every week articles and reports written in the thick of the strife by men brought daily into direct contact with the evils of Romanism, and consequently giving information fresher, more interesting, and appealing more strongly to our sympathies than can be read elsewhere. Every *paid* subscription helps to strengthen the hands of the brethren down there, and as nearly all High School pupils and school teachers read French nowadays, there is no reason why *L'Aurore*, which gives weekly missionary news from all French Protestant churches, should not have a large circulation in Ontario.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD.—Such is the title of a booklet of 94 pages, by Professor Tracy, of Toronto University, formerly Fellow in Psychology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The introduction, by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, says: "The author has here undertaken to present as concisely, yet as completely as possible, the results of the systematic study of childhood up to date." And at the close of the book reference is made to the remarkable number of 101 psychological works from which the dissertation of the author is, in part, compiled. But Prof. Tracy has also incorporated into the book the results of observation and experimentation by himself and by parents and friends upon infants and children; and especially, has he made, on his own account, important additions to our knowledge upon some of the most important topics. This is especially true of the chapter on Language, concerning which President Dewey, of Michigan University, has spoken recently in such high terms.

The object of the author is to describe and explain the rise and development of mental phenomena in the child-consciousness. It is a fresh and fruitful field of study, and the author has made one of the most important contributions to the subject, notwithstanding the fact that the printing press has been busy in offering psychological literature to the public within the last five years. "Sensation" is treated first, because it lies at the foundation of all mental development. A chapter follows on the emotions of fear, anger, surprise, astonishment, curiosity, æsthetic feelings, love, sympathy, jealousy. Then the intellect is studied, and then volition. The volume closes with an able and original chapter on the language of childhood, of interest to philologist and psychologist alike. We thank Professor Tracy for his book, and earnestly commend it to students within and without our walls, and not less to parents and teachers everywhere, so deeply interested in the mystery and potentiality of that helpless being who begins life "with no language but a cry."

The book is published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

HERE AND THERE.

THE following is the chorus of the Queen's Graduating class song :

REFRAIN.

(To be repeated in chorus ; Polly, a generic term, to be changed
in each man's mind to suit his own case.)

Happy as the blooming clams,
All the day !
For we're through our last exams.,
So they say ;
With our hearts so light and jolly,
We have said farewell to Polly.

THEOLOGICAL students interested in pre- and post-millennial questions will find an interesting article by Dr. Laing, of Dundas, in the March number of the *Knox College Monthly*.

H. H. contributes to the *Portfolio* an article of considerable interest to students of "Faust." The original of Goethe's great tragedy seems to have been a man regarded very jealously by the theologians of older days :—

"We know very little about the original Faustus. It appears, from mention made of him by various contemporary theologians, that he was born during the latter part of the fifteenth century, in the town of Knittlingen, in Würtemberg, and studied medicine at the University of Cracow, where, it is supposed, he received his doctor's degree. Afterwards he travelled for many years about Europe, practising his magic arts and deceiving (as Bergardi says) : 'Verily a great number !' Of the man himself we know nothing more. Various accounts of the manner of his death, purporting to be true, remain, but they must all be regarded as apocryphal. Gast, the theologian, Abbot Trithem and Luther, all write of him as a real person, and Melanchthon tells his story in this way :—

'I knew a man named Faustus, out of Kundling, a little town not far from my own home. When he studied at Cracow, he learnt magic, as it used to be actively taught there, when public lectures were read on the art. Afterwards he roamed about and talked of secret things. When he sought attention at Venice, he gave out that he would fly. The devil lifted him to some height, but then let him fall. Not many years ago this Johannes Faustus sat, on his last day, greatly troubled in a Würtemberg inn. The innkeeper asked him why he was so much troubled and unlike himself. Whereupon he replied to that village innkeeper :—'Do not be frightened to-night.' At midnight the house shook. As Faust had not risen next morning,

when it was already noon, the innkeeper went to his room and found him lying near the bed with his face twisted round. It was so the devil killed him. When he yet lived, he went about with a dog who was the devil.”

Ojla--u

THE CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

(From Higginson's "High-water Marks.")

I stand upon the summit of my life
 Behind the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
 The battle and the burden : vast, afar,
 Beyond these weary ways.—behold, the sea !
 The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
 By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
 Is freshness, and whose might ; pulse is peace.
 Palter no question of the her'ald dim,—
 Cut loose the bark ; such voyage itself is rest,
 Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
 A widening heaven, a current without care,
 Eternity !—deliverance, promise, course !
 Time-tried souls salute thee from the shore.

BROWNLEE BROWN.

A POEM, of great beauty, is contributed by T. B. A. A. to the *King's College Record*, entitled "The Gates of Ivorie." It is full of light, colour, and music. The following are some lines from it :—

WAY-FARER.

Grown old, and tired of dull realitie,
 I'd fain go through the Gates of Ivorie
 To Fairy-land
 Where are those Gates of Ivorie ?
 In mists that flee from sun-lit Morn ?
 In dreams that pass ere Day is born ?
 In fairy tales and legends old,
 Of fruitless quests for goblin gold ?

* * * * *

SEA-MAN.

When my sail flaps idly from side to side
 In the waveless calm of even-tide,
 And the fog-bank lifts from the far sea line
 Where the sun-set rays incarnadine
 The western sea, there slowly comes
 A fair cloud-city with rose-capped domes.
 Then I hear a sound as of chiming bells,
 And so faintly, strangely, it falls and swells,
 That it must be the call to Even-song
 From minster belfries its streets among.

On the wind it dies, the fog shuts down,
 And faded all is my cloud-land town.

Master—in truth I pity thee—
 Are those your gates of Ivorie ?

CHILD.

No gates are there of ivory bright
 Where that cloud-built city holds the light
 Of the evening sun. Nor in ocean deep
 Are they, for those are the Doors of Sleep,
 Which yield, and open silently
 To the dead committed to the sea.

The land you seek you knew long since
 In the kingdom of Childhood, where you, a prince,
 Held feudal sway right royallie.

There stand the Gates of Ivorie !
 But now you may wander, yet all in vain,
 To far countries and back again,
 And never so much as see the sheen
 Of the ivory tinting the clouds between
 Sweet Fairy land and its heavens blue—
 The land you long to journey to.

While I, whenever I stray along
 Where the brook to the meadow sings its song,
 Whene'er I forget the world about,
 Have only to wish, and I am out
 Upon the Elf-queen's fair highway,
 Where roud-side flowers lithe bodies sway,
 And turn to see me going past,
 And smiling, cheer me, till at last
 I reach the walls of Elfin Town
 No one to stop me—drawbridge down—
 I cross and wander fearlesslie
 In through the Gates of Ivorie.

SECOND year specialists in English will find an instructive paper on "the style of Mrs. Browning," in the February *Acadia Athanæum*. Here are two paragraphs:—

Her imagination knew no bounds, but soared away to the infinite. Her conception of the sublime was striking and vivid. It would be absurd to regret that certain characteristics of her poetry withhold it from the many and confine it to the few. It did not belong to the genius of Mrs. Browning to enter the doors of the humble and uneducated. To her belonged the power of stirring the utmost fountain of laughter and tears, of bringing music from the rough metal of every day life; of kindling those lights in human eyes, which glance from scholar to rustic, from peasant to king, with the smile of reconciliation and relationship. Yet the words of this woman, burning in tenderness, do not reach the strongly pulsing heart of common humanity!

M. BROWNING is essentially a Christian poet. Not in the sense of appreciating like Carlyle the loftiness of a Christian type of character, not in the sense of preaching like Wordsworth an august but abstract morality, but in the sense of finding like Cowper the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ. It is difficult but possible to bear the reflection that many great female writers have rejected that gospel that has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency, but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up in faith and love to that

eye that fell on Mary from the cross. The greatest woman of all! this is the verdict of an able critic, who, though acknowledging that he was not acquainted with all great female writers, yet states that he looked at Mrs. Browning as one looks towards the brow of a lofty mountain rising over the clouds, and crowned with ancient snows, and has an assurance, even though it rises amid lower hills, and the elevation of each has not been actually taken, that it is peerless.

H. M. B. '94.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, }
S. R. TARR, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

Motto for *March*:
"Right, left, right!"
But of that bereft,—
Motto for *April*:
"Write, write,—left!"

"As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips."—*Comus*.

REV. W. W. WEEKS, of Moncton, N.B., paid us a welcome visit during the last few days of February.

"LET me see," murmured the Professor of Logic, "what is the lesson for to-day about?" (A moment's interval.) "About thirty pages long, I see!"

JUNIOR (teaching his S.S. class): "Now, Tommy, what kind of lights did the soldiers carry in Gethsemane?" Tommy: "Oh, I dunno,—*Israelites*, I guess!"

SCENE: McMaster University lecture room; subject: The Life of Milton; student (reciting):—"His third wife was Elizabeth Minshull. After marrying her, he began 'Paradise Lost!'" Immediate uproar ensues.

THE gradual recovery of our Chancellor has dispelled, to a great extent, the unavoidable gloom into which the University had been thrown. We are very glad to welcome him once more to his accustomed place amongst us.

"Take, if you must, my daily bread,
But give me a college gown," she said.
—W(h)ittier's *Barbara Freshette*.

IN Constitutional History:—"Professor, don't they consider women as criminals and idiots, since they, together with the latter class, are denied the franchise?" Thus questioned our lady student. To her responded the professor, imperturbably: "Well, at any rate, Miss _____, they are *not*,—that is, not all of them!"

THE Mathematical Society held its first open meeting on the evening of Tuesday, the 6th inst., vice-president J. W. Russell, '95, occupying the chair. The programme, which seemed to be appreciated by even the visiting members of that antithetical institution, the Classical Society, consisted of the following items: "The First Alexandrian School," Miss E. N. Newman, '97; "On Chance," S. R. Tarr, '95; "The Theory of Polarized Light," (with experiments), Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A.

THE Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, met in Detroit, Feb. 28th to Mar. 4th. There were present 1,400 delegates from the colleges of the United States and Canada. Canada's delegation was nearly 200. McMaster had six of her students in attendance: Messrs. Mulholland, McHale, Nimmo, Cross, Telford and Stillwell. Of the characteristic features of the convention, we may name the following:—The enthusiasm of the student delegates; the large number of returned missionaries from all lands and all denominations; the character of the chief speakers, among whom were, J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Pierson, Robt. J. Speer, and others; the great amount of business done, and the business tact with which the convention was conducted; and, particularly, the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit.

ON the evening of February 27th the graduating class in arts held the class gathering of the year. Mrs. A. R. McMaster had most kindly offered the use of her beautiful home and also acted as joint hostess with the class. A reception was held from 4 30 to 7 o'clock, to which a large number of guests were invited. Following the reception came the class gathering proper, to which a few lady friends were invited. After dinner, short addresses were given by the president, W. W. McMaster, and representatives from other classes. The remainder of the evening was spent in a very friendly and informal manner, a varied programme being rendered. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. McMaster. —Extract from *The Globe*.

SYMPATHY in men for men is a virtue. Nothing awakens a brotherly affection in the individual soul so well as to participate not only in the brother's sorrows, but also in his joys. Mr. Lifeisagrass goes afoot from Joiton to Sorroville. When he returns, ask him to tell his experience. Then two or three things will happen: your heart will throb a little faster, and your cheek tinge with a sympathetic colouring; or your eye glisten with tenderness; or perchance you will feel the tracing of tear paths down your cheeks. If these do not occur, you will find it necessary to learn some lessons of life.

Our Glee Club gave a concert recently to the 400 inmates of the Toronto Asylum. Every member of the Club, as he faced that thronged audience-room of sorrow, was allowed the chance to overflow his cup of sympathy; and there is little wonder that such hearty entertainment was given, when the heart felt it. W. S. McAlpine, '95, ably conducted the choruses. B. W. N. Grigg, '94, and H. P. Whidden, B.A., gave readings of highly appreciable merit; S. H. Usher and B.

W. Wallace, '96, with banjo and guitar, rendered music and songs of side splitting effect; and the Glee Club showed extraordinary vim. Jas. B. Paterson, '96, was chairman. (Ed. Note—The above was *not* written by a member of the audience.)

THE Class of '95 held their first annual dinner on the evening of St Valentine's Day. The representatives from the other years who sat down with the members of '95 pronounced it one of the best class gatherings that have been held in the history of McMaster. The menu was carefully arranged, and pleasant feelings thrilled the hearts of '95 as the oysters disappeared and conversation upon many and varied topics progressed. After the heartiest appetite had been fully satisfied, the following programme was rendered, in which all did honour to the Class of '95:—Reading of Minutes, Walter Daniel; Chairman's Speech, W. S. McAlpine; Class Song (in part), composed by G. H. Clarke, solo and chorus; Class Fœem, O. G. Langford; Class Oration, W. J. Thorold; The Past, Robt. Routledge; The Future, David Nimmo; Toast (Alma Mater), S. R. Tarr; Toast (Chancellor and Faculty), J. W. Russell; Toast (The Learned Professions), G. H. Clarke; Class Song (conclusion), solo and chorus; Toast (Other Classes), Frederick Eby; Response, A. P. Kennedy; Toast (The Ladies), G. R. McFaul; Toast (The University Societies), C. H. Schutt; Toast (Queen and Country), Walter Daniel. Such were the proceedings of that memorable evening.

It was an animated discussion, for the Sophomores were in trouble. It was all on the question of their "annual social gathering." They insisted that it must be of a "unique" character, and clamoured for a sleigh-ride. Only one objection—and that a slight one—was raised: there was no snow. But '96 possesses a weather prophet. Owing to his keen foresight they were able to carry out their project, and on the evening of February 20th, at half-past seven, a very jolly party, in number about forty, started from the residence of Dr. Newman in two well-filled vans. For two hours they gave themselves up to enjoyment of the drive, while the air rang with echoes of "Boom on Mac." They then returned to Dr. Newman's, thankful not to have been capsized in the abundant snowdrifts, and on coming in, every loyal Sophomore donned his gown. Refreshments having been served, and voted quite as successful as the sleigh-ride, all joined in untangling the meshes of a "cob-web," or more properly speaking, a "cord-web," for the "cob-web party" was a feature of the evening. The honorary president, Miss Dryden, on behalf of the Sophomores, then welcomed the invited guests and also expressed the gratitude of the Class to Dr. and Mrs. Newman for their kind hospitality on that evening. Dr. McIntyre responded heartily on behalf of the guests. An instrumental solo by Miss Starret was followed by amusing recitations from Misses Leehy and Whiteside, an instrumental solo by Miss Burke, and a song from Miss Millichamp. Mr. Darroch illustrated modern art in his rendering of "Hohenlinden," and Messrs. Wallace and Cohoe sang a "local" duet which was much appreciated. After an instrumental solo by Mr. H. H. Newman, the president, Mr. A. N. Marshall addressed a few parting words to Class

and guests, who now bade their host and hostess farewell, and took their leave, feeling that not only a pleasant evening had been spent, but that the spirit of class unity had been promoted, and, finally, tha

Whatever the wind or whatever the weather,
'96 would rise or would fall together !

YE DAIN TIE DITTIES.

III.

A TIMELY WARNING.

The stars shivered overhead,
And the trees moaned drearily,
But a freshman wished that he were dead,
And sighed and wriggled wearily,—
As he lay for a night and half-a-day
Thinking of all that he should say
At the April exams. of McMaster !

At last he sank to fretful sleep,
And a nightmare came to him ;
Its blood was high, its cunning deep,
Its pedigree was lost in dim
Obscurity, but 'twas said it had
The Centaur's wildness—things looked bad
For the April exams. of McMaster !

"Write," said the spectre, "freshman, write
The Latin word that means 'an oak' !"
"Queer cuss !" he answered, trembling. "Right !
Now French for 'Has she a new cloak ?'"
"A-t-elle—" "I won't," replied the ghost,
"The marks *you* make won't be the most
At the April exams. of McMaster !"

"Now, freshman, listen ! What's the sine
Of $A + B \cos B + 10 ?$ "
"You *don't know* ? Well, repeat the line
Of Judah's kings, and Israel's then !" "
"You don't know that ?"—with a wrathful glance,—
"My name, O youth, is the Ghost of a Chance,
And won't I lead you a pretty dance
At the April exams. of McMaster !"

The moral ? It is very plain :—
From constant worrying abstain,
Keep up with your work in the daily advance,
And you'll stand far more than the Ghost of a Chance.

PROBABLY the Christians of Toronto have never had an opportunity of enjoying a richer spiritual feast than that afforded by the Foreign Missionary Conference, held last month in Association Hall. At least, this seems to be the almost unanimous verdict of those who attended all or nearly all its sessions. Of course such names as Drs. A. J. Gordon and A. T. Pierson are sufficient guarantees for a large attendance. Yet it was not merely the enthusiasm of crowded sessions, nor even the fine eloquence of famous speakers, that made an indelible impression upon the mind of the listener. It was the felt presence and evident working of the Holy Spirit. The gracious administrations of the third

Person of the Godhead, as present in the Church of Christ upon earth, was the doctrinal truth to which most prominence was given by the various speakers. One of the most interesting features of the Conference consisted in the thrilling addresses of Mr. Hermann Warszawiak, a converted Israelite, whose work among his kinsmen of New York city is arousing great interest among the Christians of America. The testimony of this Polish Jew to the saving grace of Jesus Christ directed the thought of the Conference to the matter of Christian missions among Jews. The question of Jewish evangelization seems to be rising on all sides. The hungering after a more satisfying religion that is prevalent of late years among this ancient people, is most remarkable. The romantic incidents of Mr. Warszawiak's life, and his firm convictions that God is about to receive the Jewish race once more into favour, made a profound impression upon all who heard. There were other well-known foreign missionary labourers present, whose earnest exhortations for increased missionary effort were well-nigh irresistible. We believe that the spiritual life of the churches of Toronto has been greatly stimulated by this Conference. We know that the spiritual life of our own students has been deepened, and that quite a number have been led to consecrate their lives to the foreign work.

THE Literary and Theological Society of McMaster is an inseparable and indispensable adjunct of the Institution. In its sessions many a student takes occasion to discover his possession of a mine of eloquence and the wealth thereof; the musical among us are afforded delightful opportunities and abundant enjoyment; the humorously inclined find free vent for their

"Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks"

But *the* cranks are rigorously excluded—the celerity and harmony of our business meetings testify to that fact. Our Society is indeed a rich pasture for literary men and musicians. Now it is imperative that we occasionally display a portion of this astonishing talent to the outside public and friends of the University. So, on the evening of Friday, March 9th, we held an open meeting. There assembled in the chapel a goodly throng of Toronto's citizens and fairest maidens, tasking our all-too-limited accommodation (words compounded by request,) to its utmost. Shortly after eight, ah! happy sight, the president, Harry A. Porter, '94, arrayed in the *bona fide* McMaster gown, ascended the dais and assumed the chairman's role. After invocation by Rev. J. B. Kennedy, B.A., Mr. Porter rose and delivered the President's address. He extended a hearty welcome to the large and representative audience, with the more earnestness, since such an occasion as this was the only formal return that we as students could make for the kind hospitality shown us by so many individual friends during the year. He referred at some length to the extraordinary vitality and wonderful growth of the University which have characterized Dr. Rand's tenure of office. Truly, the animating impulse at the outset of this progress, and the sustaining force during the advancement, were visible in the unwearied efforts of our beloved Chancellor. Concluding his address with a happy reitera-

tion of welcome, he called on Miss Woolverton, '97, for a vocal solo, selected. Well-deserved applause greeted the fair performer. Miss Newman, '97, followed with a reading, "The Wife's Vigil," by Wilkinson. Her rendering was very sympathetic and appropriate. Then came the popular Glee Club, who sang right valorously, "Oh, hail us, ye free!" composed by Verdi. Selections from the "Student," read in admirable style by its Editor-in-chief, Mr. G. H. Clarke, were received with much élat. Mr. Clarke displays a special aptitude for journalistic work, and this paper was one of his best efforts. The quartette rendered with good effect, "The moonlight sleeps upon the sea," and "A catastrophe," the latter brought down the house. Messrs. Thorold and Grigg, readers of whom the University is justly proud, then gratified us in a most effective manner. Mr. Thorold recited "The first settler's story," and Mr. Grigg showed the conception of a true artist in his rendering of "The chamber scene from Hamlet." Mr. R. Trotter, orator and optimist, displayed his abilities to good effect in his presentation of "The other side of it." Our Glee Club closed the programme by the popular French Canuck song, "Alouette." Thus we entertained our friends.

Wasn't it a brilliant night?
Laughter, happiness, delight!

'TWOULD be half an hour yet before the bell for lectures. Solemn silence reigned in the ladies' room. The lounge for once looked inviting; her eyes closed; soon she was in that delicious state of stupor when all that takes place around one sounds far, far away. She was not destined to remain so, long; there was a tiny scratching sound—not at all of a dreamy character—beneath her head. But it only lasts a moment—now it is gone—No! there it is again! It is something nibbling! Now there is a scramble! She opens her eyes—she sits up—the world is very real—was that a mouse? Oh, no—what foolishness! Her weary eyes close once more; she is dreaming of home. The little birds sing sweetly; the sun shines brightly, and the hammock swings lazily beneath the shady maples. How peaceful, how beautiful is all. Mercy! It *is* a mouse, and right across her face!! Oh, horror!!! The scene changes back to the ladies' room. For her the window-sill affords a refuge, but the mouse—where *did* that creature go?

MOULTON COLLEGE.

WE regret to state that our far-famed skating rink has gone to grass.

Excuse us for giving your mem'ry a jog,
But if you want articles send us a dog.

A PARTY of twenty-one Moultonites attended the open meeting of the Literary and Theological Society at McMaster University. The programme was an excellent one; the reading of the "Student" specially interested us.

DURING the recent illness of our Chancellor, there have been many anxious hearts and earnest prayers for him at Moulton. Dr. Rand's interest in the school is repaid on our part by a very affectionate interest in his welfare. Deep sympathy is felt for Mrs. Rand in her trial.

At a recent meeting of the Heliconian, Miss Gertrude Scarfe was elected President in the place of Miss McLaurin; and the editors of the paper energetically advocated a change of constitution, which would relieve them from the necessity of preparing two papers during the term.

OUR Bible students are developing decided interest in profane literature; a recent assignment in the life of the Venerable Bede has set many of them to studying with praiseworthy, if somewhat mistaken zeal the well-known history of "Adam Bede."

A CRAZE for photography rages at Moulton ever since we received from an enterprising artist the message: "You smile your sweetest, and I'll do the rest." We have nobly responded, and now everybody has a picture of everybody else. Mirrors are framed with them, and in some rooms it is impossible to move without causing a scattering of friendly faces.

ETIQUETTE: "The only right way to eat pie is to begin at the crust."

A.—"Why, of course; otherwise who could see the point?"

B.—"What does it matter? To my taste everything lies in the crust, anyway."

C.—"Yes, but still let us always be prudent, proper and pie-ous."

Problem: What should be done with a table which exhibits such overwhelming pie-ty?

THE coming graduates have already formally organized a class society. We have six members at present, and probably one more will be added to our number before the end of the year. Each member holds an office, but, there being so few of us, two of our members do the work of four. From the co-operation of these officers—President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Poet, Prophet, Historian and Orator—valuable results may be expected.

A DEEP interest has been manifested in the late Foreign Missionary Convention. Many of the meetings were attended by the students, and all were heartily enjoyed. Perhaps there is no subject which is more interesting to the school as a whole, than Foreign Missionary work. With an old Moulton girl on the field in India, we naturally find our interest centered there, yet none the less the work in all parts of the world as described at the convention has claimed our deep sympathy.

IN our Tuesday evening prayer meeting not long ago, we had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Mr. Weeks. He spoke to us on the christian work of women, and using the ministry of Mary for an example,

urged us all to break the alabaster boxes of our lives unreservedly for our Lord. His words found an echo in many hearts, and their helpful influence will go far into the future of the women who go out every year from Moulton.

ON February 20th, in the midst of the dead silence of the evening study hour, the echoes were suddenly wakened and startled by the fearful strains of "Boom on Mac!" That well known yell is not particularly noted for melodious cadences, but it does make more noise than anything else as yet discovered. On this particular occasion we all knew that the strain proceeded from a sleighload of McMaster sophomores, so we hastily stopped our ears, but not without a gentle murmur of, "Girls, we're not in it."

THE Heliconian Society recently held a very amusing debate. The resolution was that a good-natured, slovenly woman is preferable to a cross, tidy one. Affirmative—Misses Campbell and Bell; negative—Misses Dryden and Somerville. The debaters did nobly, and the audience applauded wildly. Perhaps the Society might be criticised for the levity with which it insisted on treating so weighty and important a subject as the choice of wives and mothers, but, on the whole, the order was good, and as much of the open debate as could be heard through the laughter was good also. The vote was nearly a tie, coming out with a very small majority for the cross, tidy woman; probably because novelty always attracts, and she is almost a stranger here.

WE exceedingly regret to report Miss Jennie McLaurin's departure from Moulton. In her the Heliconian Society has lost a promising president, the Mission Circle an interested and earnest worker, and the editorial representatives of the *Heliconian* and McMASTER MONTHLY the one gleam of sunshine which brightened their dark and desolate lot and saved them from despair. Miss McLaurin was universally and deservedly popular among all her schoolmates. We have been very anxious for her during her recent illness, and the announcement of her inability to return is looked upon as one of the worst pieces of news which has come to Moulton this year. We girls wish her a very hearty "God-speed," thank her for all she has been to us during her days here, and join in heartfelt wishes for her welfare and happiness throughout the future.

ON the afternoon and evening of February 19th, Moulton was in an unusual state of excitement. We were to have our annual sleigh-ride; and all looked forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. At seven o'clock, we started in two large vans, but had gone only a short distance, when the second van met with disaster, finding that asphalt pavements, and street-car tracks, with trolley cars near at hand, are not conducive to either smooth sleighing or quiet nerves. When we returned, Miss Harper had prepared an oyster supper, which we duly appreciated after our long drive. The following toasts were given—The Principal, proposed by Miss Austin. Miss Harper, by Miss Campbell. Sleigh-ride, Miss Fitch, responded to by Miss Dryden. The Gentlemen, Miss Johnson, unanswerable.

ONE of McMaster's students, Mr. Baghdasarian, recently gave the Mission Circle a delightful treat in his lecture on Turkish customs. He wore the picturesque native costume, and opened the lecture by singing the hymn, "Shall we gather at the river," in native Armenian. The audience joined in the chorus, and through the singing of the ladies could be heard the strong, deep voice singing the same words in the unknown tongue. Later on in the evening Mr. Baghdasarian sang some of the beautiful Turkish love songs, calling forth a burst of applause from his hearers. The lecturer spoke very earnestly and feelingly on the evils of intemperance, causing the audience to realize as never before the enormity of the harm done by rum in un-Christianized countries. Mr. Baghdasarian speaks in a bright and entertaining way which cannot fail to interest all who are fortunate enough to hear him. He closed with an earnest appeal for missionary workers, that many more may go out carrying the blessed Gospel-tidings and fulfilling the Great Commission. Moulton very heartily appreciates the kindness of Mr. Baghdasarian, and remembers his visit with pleasure and profit.

MOULTON MUSE.

I.

Would you hear the slang at Moulton, bye-words of Moulton girls
That fall from dainty rose-bud lips like the fabled princess' pearls?
Well, A. M. Anstice leads the van whatever end's in sight,
She'll upset the water-jug on your gown and assure you, "That's all right."
And if Miss Botterill is the one on whom the blessing lighted,
You'll hear a nasal Yankee twang exclaiming, "Great United!"
We ask our stately Lilla how study hour has sped,
And with extreme vivacity she vows she's "nearly dead!"
Or make a brief inquiry on the merits of corridor two,
And M. A. Bailey makes reply, "Do I like it? *Just a few!*"
If you call at L. C. Holmes' room, down on the lowest flat,
The very first thing that greets your ears is "Well, now, I like that!"
From Miss Johnson who abuses what she calls "low Irish tricks,"
We pass on to Miss Chamberlin who "feels like half-past six."
But now we call our muse to halt and make an end of it,
For fear the reader, like Miss Bell, "collapse and take a fit."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

OVERHEARD by the Orchestra:—Young lady, to companion, inspecting a very high collar worn by a member of the Orchestra: "That young man has a severe case of *collar—eh?*"

THE Hockey Club has been doing good work this month. They have scored a number of victories, and have experienced but one defeat. The ice is now gone, and we hope to see tennis soon take the place of hockey.

THE societies of the School still produce wonted interest. Good work is being done. In two weeks the Philomathic expects to entertain its friends from the town. All anticipate a good time.

THE dull monotony of College life now finds relief in the exhilarations of a monthly two day examination. We cordially recommend the new departure as a vigorous stimulant. Results are usually awaited with much anxiety.

THE Home Missionary Superintendent recently spent a day with us; and as usual on the occasion of such visits, his time and energies were in pretty general demand. A large number of the students took counsel with him, especially respecting their vacation labours.

LOVERS of football are congratulating themselves on the present prospects for the season. Our grounds are free from snow and ice, and with a few more days of clear weather, the ball will be set a-rolling.

THE Orchestra Club paid its annual visit to the Sixteenth Line Baptist Church in Zorra a few weeks ago. It may be a matter of passing interest to former members of the Club to learn that the ten-mile drive has lost none of the thrilling interest of past years.

A GOOD representation from our College attended the recent Missionary Conference at Detroit. As the delegates have been under the becalming influence of Somnus a greater part of the time since returning, a definite report of the Conference has not yet been given. We realize, however, that much inspiration has been received, which we hope may be communicated to the remainder of the boys.

MISS HATCH, returned missionary from India, addressed the students some time ago on student life and school work in India. Miss Hatch was formerly connected with the College here and still loves it dearly. She desired to find this School more closely acquainted with the work in Samulcotta, and all felt in listening to her vivid description that they would henceforth possess a far deeper interest than ever in the seminary work of far-off India.

PASTOR DADSON deserves the sincerest gratitude for the disinterested service he has rendered us during the past year. He has been giving the ministerial students a series of addresses on subjects pertinent to their prospective work. These have been fraught with wholesome advice, burning truths, and words of encouragement. At this period of preparation for life's work, the student's heart and mind are more susceptible to truths than they will be at any later period. The fruits of these addresses will certainly be manifested when the students are at work on the mission fields, for years to come.

THE Manual Training Department has recently received a very acceptable gift from Messrs. Stevens, Hamilton & Co., of Galt, in the shape of a sensitive drill attachment. It allows small work to be done

very rapidly and without the least danger of breaking the most delicate drills. The one presented to the Manual Training is the same that was exhibited at the World's Fair, where it was awarded a medal and diploma. The boys have already tested it very thoroughly, and find that it does its work perfectly. The College is glad to have its friends remember its work in this way, and accepts such appreciation thankfully.

OUR VISITORS.—We were delighted to receive a visit from Prof. Foster on Feb. 16th. He very kindly came to deliver a lecture on "The Gospels, their authorship and purpose." His deep sympathy and thorough acquaintance with the subject, his fine and forceful language, well-chosen figures and apt illustrations, all served to intensify the impression that such a theme was well fitted to produce. On Saturday morning he addressed the ministerial students, and reviewed some phases of his own student experiences. His life's story was an inspiration to us, and we all felt encouraged to strive more than ever to conquer difficulties and attain a higher purpose than we had yet conceived.

On the 6th inst., the Rev. T. S. Johnson, of Brantford, paid a visit to the College. Mr. Johnson is an old Woodstock student of Dr. Fyfe's time, and naturally he is still drawn to the place where so many happy days of his life were spent. We were much interested to hear him recount many of his experiences in college life. He urged the students to make their life and influence tell for good, and to have before them a definite plan and purpose for the future. It is an inspiration full of hope to hear those who have already been many years in the conflict of life tell of their early student days. Such visits to their Alma Mater will always be welcomed by us.

Dr. Gordon made us a short visit on his way from Brantford to London. Though his stay with us was very brief, yet arrangements were made to secure the greatest possible advantage from it. A large number from the town met with the students in the College Chapel to listen to his address. His words, addressed specially to the students, were full of practical ideas and good sound advice. In speaking of missions he impressed all by his complete acquaintance with the data on which to base a sound overmastering conviction, and none could follow him without being stimulated by the bright prospect the work afforded. The great advances that have been already made, the opening up of the world to the gospel, the position of the Papacy, scientific knowledge and advancing civilization as helps to the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom, the rapid conversion and restoration of the Jews; all these are factors that we shall be able henceforth more clearly and more hopefully to regard in connection with mission work.

GRANDE LIGNE.

QUITE a number of the students, who left during the time of the fever, have returned again.

WE are glad to see our pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, in his old place again, after his long isolation on account of sickness in his family.

A FEW new books for the library have been received during the past month. Among them is "The New American Commentary," complete, procured with money sent by the ladies of Brockville, Ont. Others were from Mr. C. S. J. Phillips, of Montreal. For all we are heartily thankful.

A NEW and great light has dawned upon us at this Institute. Candles, lamps, and the ordinary gas-light are things of the past with us. Electricity? No, but concentrated sunlight, more commonly known as the "Auer light." We are all radiant in our admiration of it.

AGAIN we have a post-office of our own called Grande Ligne. When the new parish of St. Blaise was formed here about a year ago, without reference to the Protestants' wishes, the name of the post-office was changed to correspond with that of the parish. After petitioning the Dominion Government, we have at last had our wishes granted by the opening, on March 1st, of a new post-office close by the school.

AGAIN the kindness of the Brooklyn Ladies' Association, of New York, has been manifested to us in a very pleasing way. Their last gift to us is a beautiful 500 lb. bell for the church here. This has been duly put in place, and now rings out over the surrounding country every Sunday, to summon the congregation to worship. This is only one of the many tokens of interest and sympathy shown by the ladies of Brooklyn to the work here.

OUR Hockey Club has lately been reorganized, and is doing better than ever. On February 17th, the Feller boys met the Lacolle boys on their own rink and beat them eight goals to none. The Lacolle boys are gentlemen and treated us royally. On the 24th the Feller boys met a team of the old Grande Ligne boys, from Montreal, here. Again they were victorious. The sides were very evenly matched, but at the finish the score stood three to one. It is a noteworthy fact that during the 54 years of her history Feller Institute has never yet been defeated in her out-door sports.

A PILGRIMAGE to the shrine of St. Blaise took place here on Tuesday, Feb. 28th. St. Blaise died of sore throat, and now the shrine founded here in his honour has become famous for the cure (?) of this disease. Seven special cars arrived here in the morning, packed with afflicted pilgrims from Montreal and other places. We hope they will find their visit and the relics which they may have purchased, effectual

in curing this dread malady. Of course if they are not so, it will be on account of the pilgrims' lack of faith, and therefore through no fault of the shrine.

THAT annual event, joyously looked forward to by all, the students' soir e, occurred at last. It was a beautiful day, and surely one to invite visitors and students to the old school; but, as many were scared through the recent sickness, there was not a great number present. Nevertheless, a happy day was spent by all. The business meeting was held in the afternoon, and speeches were heard from the delegates, amongst whom was Rev. Mr. Amaron, editor of "L'Aurore," and late principal of Springfield College, Mass. The first part of the evening was devoted to a literary programme which was much appreciated by all, followed by a social time not less enjoyable. Many were the wishes expressed that this occasion would come oftener than once a year.

THE birthday of our worthy principal was celebrated in a very pleasant manner on the evening of Feb. 9th. At Mrs. Mass 's invitation we were all called into the chapel on the ladies' side to enjoy the evening. It is needless to say that the boys did their best to be nice and that the girls were charming. The evening was spent in games, an impromptu programme, and a very pleasant hour of social intercourse with the young ladies, till the hands of the clock showed the hour for retiring. We all enjoyed the treat, and hope the birthdays of all the teachers will be celebrated in like manner.