



*Mrs. S. Davidson*

THE  
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY  
*MAY, 1892.*

---

THOMAS LESLIE DAVIDSON.

The late Rev. Thomas Leslie Davidson was born in Scotland. He was the only son of David Davidson, who after twelve years service in the British army, came to Canada in 1832. He was followed by his wife and children in 1833, when young Thomas was about eight years of age. Mr. Davidson settled with his family a few miles from the town of Perth, where the boy grew up to early manhood. Though the youngest child he was no hot-house plant, no pampered son of affluence. His father was poor, and the children had no advantages above those of the families settled about them in the new country, but the poverty and hardships of pioneer life, bore their part in fitting him to endure the privations and toils of the ministry, to which God in his own time and way called him; privations and toils from the most irksome of which the ministers of the present day are happily exempt, except on a few of the Home Mission fields on the outskirts of civilization.

It is sufficient to say of the boyhood of Mr. Davidson, that it was prophetic of the man. He was considered—and no doubt with good reason—a forward, impulsive, bold, venturesome and hilarious youth, with an ample stock of self-conceit and self-confidence, peculiarities which did not forsake him in riper years. His boyish pranks, though not vicious, frequently drew to him the attention of both old and young. The material of a useful

life was there, when it might please God in his saving mercy to lay on it his renewing hand, and consecrate it to his service.

In that early time ministers were few, and there was a dearth of the preached word. Those who were settled as pastors, did not confine their labors to the churches of which they had taken the oversight. They made what were in those days considered long journeys, doing evangelical work, preaching the gospel in the humble homes of the settlers, in school houses, barns, wherever people could be got together. Rev. D. McPhail, who had completed his preparatory studies in Hamilton, N. Y., organized a small Baptist Church in Osgoode in 1839, and became its pastor. He travelled extensively through the country, preaching the word of life and planting churches in new and destitute settlements. On several occasions he visited the region back of Perth, especially Beckwith and Drummond. In one of these evangelistic tours young Davidson, while still a boy, was brought under the power of saving truth. After a time of deep anxiety and struggles, such as an ardent temperament passes through in the birth throes of a new life, he found peace through faith in Jesus and laid his heavy burden of sin and sorrow down at the foot of the cross. He applied to Mr. McPhail for baptism, but being called away Mr. McPhail did not comply with the request. In 1842 the church in Perth was organized, and the late Rev. R. A. Fyfe, who had returned to Canada from Hamilton College, accepted the pastorate. To this church the boy Davidson applied for baptism and membership. He was received by the church and baptized by the pastor.

Just at what time thoughts of the gospel ministry were formed in Mr. Davidson's mind is not now known; but it must have been shortly after his conversion, and his connection with the Perth church, that God began to reveal his will respecting the service he required of the young lad, so recently enrolled among his people. In 1843 he applied to the Canada Baptist College, Montreal, for admission as a student for the ministry. What part he had taken in Christian work in Perth does not now appear, but his application to the college called forth an expression of the conviction of the church respecting his fitness for such a work. Before he could be received as a student for the ministry, his application had to be accompanied by a recom-

commendation of the church, affirming their confidence in his piety, their conviction that God had conferred on him talents that would make him useful in that sphere of service, and that as far as they could judge, had called him to it. This letter of approval was granted by the church in Perth, and after a six months' probation in the college Mr. Davidson was duly entered as a student for the ministry while considerably under twenty years of age.

Though college life, with its diversity of talent and facility of acquisition, in any period and institution is generally much the same, there are notable exceptions, and among these exceptions Mr. Davidson's college career may fairly be classed. He was no imitator. He had an individuality all his own, was on all occasions himself, and was so constructed that he could be no one else. He did not try to mould his habits of speaking and acting after any earthly model, in these he was a law unto himself. He did not trouble himself much about the conventionalities to which many people give a good deal of attention, which are considered necessary in public life, and essential in polite society. With a superabundance of jocularity, (many people thought too much for a Christian and out of harmony with the gravity of the embryo minister) a large amount of ready wit and ever ready repartee, he was the life of the groups of students with whom he associated, sometimes giving offence by sharp retorts, or what was considered a coarse anecdote, but generally giving pleasure for the moment and creating merriment among those who had no desire to imitate him, and could not even if they wished. If there was fun or frolic on hand, he was nearly always to the front, and the pranks played were not always agreeable or harmless. His jollity filled many an hour with noise, that would otherwise have passed more quietly. Yet Mr. Davidson was no idler, or trifler. He was a diligent student, and if to the front in mirth, so was he also in his classes. Acquisition was comparatively easy. He had a good mind, a more than ordinarily retentive memory, which treasured up whatever it received, and made every achievement the servant of greater progress. The diffidence and self-distrust, which on trying occasions make some students seem inferior to what they really are, were strangers to him. His self-confidence always stood by him, and enabled him to appear at such times to the best advantage.

In the work of his kingdom God chooses his own instruments, and uses all kinds of consecrated talent and peculiarities of character, and the college life of Mr. Davidson had its side of Christian activity, followed by happy results. The location of the college among a population chiefly French did not allow much opportunity for student preaching, but where love to Christ and the souls of men dominates the heart opportunities for usefulness which would remain undiscovered by less ardent and devoted natures are perceived and improved. The eyes of our late brother were ever open to see where any good work could be done, and he was always ready to engage in it. For some years he was an efficient teacher in a mission Sabbath school. At the east end of the city, at a place called "the cross," where a considerable number of English speaking families lived he and another student opened a preaching station where they held a Sabbath evening service and weekly Bible class with occasional special evangelistic services for three years, through which many were led to the Saviour. Part of the time Mr. Davidson taught a singing class at the same place, which he made helpful to his scanty funds, for like many of those whom Christ calls to preach his gospel he was not burdened with a heavy purse.

Mr. Davidson graduated in June 1847 and was ordained pastor of a little Baptist church in Markham. Shortly after his settlement he married a daughter of the late Deacon W. Winter of Brantford. He entered on his ministerial and pastoral work with all the energy of his earnest, sanguine nature. He labored for and expected success, and God working with him the church enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity. His ability as a preacher and success as a pastor soon opened the way to a wider sphere of usefulness. In 1859 he received and accepted a call to Brantford. The church in his new field was neither numerous nor harmonious, but Mr. Davidson brought to his work a good store of energy, talent and tact. As preacher and pastor he soon won the affections of the people, they became united in Christian effort, and improvement was marked from the outset of his ministry. The old place of worship became too small to accommodate the growing congregation, and a new one was erected, which was burned down in 1857. The house of worship now occupied

by the First Church was begun before Mr. Davidson left. In October 1854 his father-in-law, Deacon Winter, commenced the issue of a Baptist weekly called the *Christian Messenger*, of which Mr. Davidson and R. W. Sawtell were joint editors. This added to his work, but he proved equal to the new responsibility, which continued till the paper passed into the hands of Dr. Fyfe, and appeared as the *Canadian Baptist*. He retained the pastorate of the Brantford church up to the spring of 1860, nearly ten years. In that period there were added to the church three hundred and seventy, three hundred and forty of whom were by baptism.

The success which attended his ministry in Brantford did not forsake him, when in 1860 he removed to St. George. Attendance on the preached word increased, and under his care the church grew in numbers and influence. It was during his pastorate in St. George the University of Rochester conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D., and he was from that time known among his brethren as Dr. Davidson. From St. George he went to Aylmer. At the time the Aylmer church was in a rather depressed state, and needed such a man to blow the smouldering fire into a flame. The church and congregation soon felt the power of his earnest, faithful ministry. The small church became large, the weak church strong. The old place of worship would not contain the numbers who flocked to hear the word of life from his lips, and the large house now occupied was built. Under his care the church became the largest and most influential in the place, a distinction it still retains. In response to a call from Guelph he left Aylmer. To many the new field at that time would not have presented an inviting aspect. The little church had not made itself much felt in the town, and the small membership was divided on both doctrinal topics and methods of Christian work. Dr. Davidson succeeded in harmonizing the discordant elements, and where he could not bring about unity of conviction and agreement in action he was able to hold hostility in check. Under his ministry the church grew in numbers and strength as it had never done before and became a power for good in the town. Being asked by the Home Missionary Convention to give his whole time for six months or a year to increasing the interest of the churches in Home Missions,

he complied and resigned his pastorate. But the arrangement not proving satisfactory to either side, at the end of the stipulated period he resigned the position and shortly afterward became pastor of the church in Chatham. That town proved unfavorable to his own health and the health of his family, one of his children died: after a short stay he received and accepted a call to the church in Tiverton, where his life and labors ended in September 1883.

While Dr. Davidson excelled as preacher and pastor, the greatest service he rendered to the Baptist denomination, and that which will longest perpetuate his memory, was the part he took and the work he accomplished in connection with the Home Missionary Convention. While his wise counsel and efficient help were freely given to all denominational enterprises, he made the Convention and its operations his peculiar care, and while he did not claim exclusive right to its paternity, he watched over its interests as a fond parent would guard a loved child from injury. When the Canada Baptist Missionary Society expired about 1850, it left no organization through which the churches, few, poor and scattered, could reach a hand of help to the weak and of rescue to the perishing. Very few of them were equal to the task of self-support. Thoughtful brethren perceived that if there was to be progress, some means of bringing these scattered bands of baptized believers nearer to each other, uniting them in mutual help and aggressive work, was a necessity. The Home Missionary Convention formed in Hamilton, 1851, was the result of their deliberations, and Dr. Davidson was chosen secretary.

All things considered, perhaps there was no man at that time better adapted to the office. He was young, vigorous, physically strong, equal to any amount of work, ready and willing to do all he was able. He had more than an average amount of executive ability, and to use his own expression, he was a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist. He believed in a future for the denomination he loved, that its principles were the teachings of the inspired word, which through the prayers and efforts of God's people were to be wrought out and embodied in the person of a living discipleship. Though not indifferent to popularity, he had no tolerance for the looseness and pseudo-liberality that bar-

ter principles for applause, and which would hide from the reproach of unpopular truth, in conformity to the maxims of those who forsake it. He entered on the duties of the position with all the energy and zeal at his command. The prominence the appointment gave him was a spur to his ardour and ambition. It was indeed the day of small things. But little money could be raised and but few places helped, yet the work once begun grew and extended. Without injustice to other faithful workers, Dr. Davidson's wise management and faithful labors may be truthfully regarded a chief factor in its success. He made himself acquainted with every mission field, its location, circumstances and wants. To do this he occasionally visited and travelled through new settlements, in all seasons of the year, and over all kinds of roads. Though strong in his likes and antipathies, he discharged his duties with more than an average degree of impartiality. He filled the office of secretary from 1851 to 1872, when he resigned. The resolution passed by the Convention at that time is a strong expression of the estimation in which his efficiency as secretary was held by his brethren. He was again elected to the office in 1876, and discharged its duties for a year or two, when a second time he surrendered them to other hands. In 1882 he was elected for the third time and served till his death. When the call came from earth and toil to heaven and rest, he was preparing the annual report. In the delirium which preceded his departure, his thoughts were not of the church he was leaving pastorless, of the wife he was leaving a widow, nor of the children he was leaving fatherless, but of the Home Missionary Convention he so dearly loved, and to which such a large share of the cares and toils of his life had been given. In his mental wandering he thought himself in the annual meeting, and his last prayer on earth was for the Home Missionary Convention.

Dr. Davidson was twice married. His first wife was Miss Winter, of Brantford, and his second, Miss Iler, who survived him till Friday the 18th of March last. There was a large family by both marriages.

JOHN DEMPSEY.



## DIFFICULT RHYMES.

Some time ago an article under the above heading appeared in a deservedly popular journal, in which it was stated that there were a number of words for which no true rhyme can yet be found, viz: chimney, silver, widow, spirit, liquid, window, etc. With regard to difficult rhyming, permit me to say a few words for the encouragement of youthful rhymers who may chance to run aground on any of the obstinate words mentioned. Seeing that the spelling of the English language is no guide to its pronunciation (which fact Lord Beaconsfield laid to the charge of the "father of lies,") rhyming is no doubt more difficult than it would be were the opposite the case. But even with all its imperfections, by dint of perseverance and ingenuity excellent rhymes have been and can be wrought out of our mother tongue. Some of the leading poets were only *passable* rhymers, and some have ignored both rhyme and rhythm; do not throw your verses overboard for lack of a true rhyme, as a passable one can be formed for any word, not even excepting silver, widow, spirit, liquid, window, etc.

The ultimate syllables of some words, though spelt differently, are so nearly alike in sound that only a very delicate ear can distinguish between them. Take for instance *fer* and *ver* in pilfer and silver. What objection could there be to rhyming them thus—

Never pilfer gold or silver ;  
If you have a mind or will for  
Gold or silver, you an till for,  
Toil for these, but never pilfer.

And what harm in a rhyme after this fashion ?

I once sought a widow,  
I did, yea, I did, oh  
I sigh when I yet think it o'er !  
That charming young widow  
The while her eyes chid, oh  
She "no'd" me, and showed me the door !

Surely none but a hyper-critic would condemn the following :

'Twas a gauzy white silk bonnet,  
 And her heart was set upon it,  
     But a cruel gust had torn it from her hair :  
 And it looked just like a spirit,  
 As the wind essayed to whirl it,  
 As the wind essayed to whirl it through the air.

Liquid is a stubborn word to rhyme, but even this can be overcome by a little faithful cudgelling—

Once I had a pet canary,  
 That would fly with wings so airy  
     To my side.  
 Oh ! its notes were sweet and liquid,  
 But it gorged itself with chickweed,  
     Till it died !

One more instance to prove that rhyming is always possible, even in extreme cases—

When "Iron Star"\* prepares for war :  
     Be sure and bar your windows ;  
 And mind your eye when he comes nigh—  
 You'll know him by his in-toes.

---

\*An Indian chief well known to some of the soldiers who guarded the Northwest frontier some years ago.

## THE BURIAL OF ROBERT BROWNING.\*

I have just witnessed the impressive ceremonial of the closing scene connected with the funeral of Robert Browning, in that august temple of English heroism and genius, Westminster Abbey. From the day when the news of his death was flashed from Venice, there was a complete consensus of public opinion that the author of *The Ring and the Book* should be interred at Westminster.

It is the closing day of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. The atmosphere is chill, grey, and filled with great puffs of yellow fog, which, as they rise and fall over the city, bring alternate light and darkness. By ten o'clock visitors holding tickets for reserved places began to assemble in crowds in the dim cloisters. The roof is but dimly discernible, for the fog is wreathing itself in opaque masses in the vast spaces of the groined ceiling, rendering them still vaster to the eye, and casting a wierd and shadowy appearance over all. The tickets issued were confined to the transept and choir, a few seats being reserved in the nave near the choir for persons desirous of having a close view of the procession within the Abbey. It was my good fortune to secure one of these latter seats, nearly opposite the Jerusalem chamber. There was a great gathering of guests, principally ladies, in the clerestories over-looking the Poet's Corner. Through the kindness of a gentleman beside me, I was able to recognize many notable persons admitted by the West Cloister door. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, Lord Roseberry, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the tall Earl of Pembroke, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Lecky, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Froude, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Goschen. Meanwhile the great Abbey became filled with a vast and varied congregation representative of art, science, literature, religion and politics,—intellectual England in miniature.

As the hour of noon neared its fulness the sun broke in through the great rose window and struggled with the fog-wreaths almost as ineffectually as the flickering scar-like gas jets that studded the choir. The nave and transept were long ave-

---

\*A letter written on the evening of the burial, December 31, 1889.

nues of solemn silence when the great bell proclaimed the arrival of the funeral cortege. The choristers, Dean Bradley, and the officiating clergy met the bearers of the coffin; and the procession moved slowly up the nave, chanting the processional parts of the Burial Service to the solemn and stately choral music of Croft and Purcell. The monotony of the march served to increase very greatly the impressiveness of the scene; while the echoes of the musical cadence, now faint, now strong, were thrilling and awesome.

The coffin was covered with a violet pall, borne by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, representing the Poet Laureate; Dr. Butler of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir Joshua Stephen, Sir Theodore Martin, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Masson of Edinburgh University, Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol; Sir F. Leighton, President of the Royal Academy; Sir George Grove, Professor Knight of St. Andrews, and Mr. George Smith, one of Mr. Browning's publishers,—art, music, literature, philosophy, law, and the Universities. Upon the top of the coffin were beautiful wreaths, one of white immortelles, one of violets and lilies, and a massive cross of English violets. One of these floral tributes was from his brother poet, Lord Tennyson, and another from his own sister.

Immediately behind the coffin walked the only child of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning—the young Robert Browning, sculptor and painter, and his wife, with others directly related to the poet; while a distinguished company followed. So slowly moved the procession that ten minutes pass before the open space between the choir and the alter-rails is reached under the lantern or central tower. Here the coffin was rested on tressels, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, Canons Prothero, Ducksworth, Furse, and Westcott, and Dr. Troutbeck, in full canonicals, took their places, with Capt. Walter Campbell representing the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, at the head of the coffin. On either side sat the friends just released from the pall; behind were the bereaved relatives; and near, those whom friendship entitled to a communion in sorrow.

The great bell had not ceased to toll since the cortege came in sight; but now its last peal died away as a portion of the

ninetieth Psalm was sung to Purcell's music, and the Dean read the appointed lesson. Away in the transepts was the hushed crowd, straining with painful eagerness to catch the words of the lesson ; at the end of the choir the Dean could be but faintly seen, and his voice was only fitfully heard as it echoed through the lofty Gothic arches ; and away beyond were the thousands in the gloom of the nave, who were intent to hear the "Meditation." With great appropriateness and delicacy this had been selected from one of the sweet poems of the poet's long-dead wife who sleeps in her beloved Florence, herself the most gifted of all women who ever spake the English tongue :

What would we give to our beloved ?  
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
     The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
 The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
 The monarch's crown to light the brows ?  
     " He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !  
 O men, with wailing in your voices !  
     O delved gold, the wailer's heap !  
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !  
 God strikes a silence through you all,  
     And " giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
     Though on its slopes men sow and reap :  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 Or cloud is floated overhead,  
     " He giveth His beloved sleep."

The words seemed like a welcome from the restful world, the reality of which has been the chief theme of her husband's work. It was known that Dr. Bridge had set these words of surpassing beauty to music for this service. A boy's voice of pure sweetness was heard carrying the first line, the herald of the diapasoned harmony of the full choir in the four following lines, and sinking into subdued and assuring tenderness in the last line. Of the second stanza, the first four lines were given

with a rush of sound, while the last two were sung very gently, and the whole of the last stanza was breathed to the softest and tenderest music.

It was easy to see how profoundly the great congregation was impressed by the singing of this exquisite hymn. Then followed Wesley's anthem, "All go to one place," when the procession was reformed and moved to the open grave in the Poet's Corner. On the removal of the pall there was exposed a small brass plate on the yellow coffin of polished oak, with this inscription :

ROBERT BROWNING,

BORN MAY 7, 1812,

DIED DECEMBER 12, 1889.

The choristers stood about the grave, and as the coffin was lowered into it they very beautifully sang the choral part of the service.

Thus was laid to rest all that was mortal of Robert Browning among the precious dust of his compeers,—a company of poets, philosophers, orators, discoverers and divines, such as have been laid to rest in no other land since time began. His grave is close to the cenotaphs of Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Jonson and Grey; and near it is the bust of Longfellow. The space around the grave was almost covered with wreaths and garlands, the most striking of which was a wreath of laurel presented by the municipality of Venice, having the poet's name written on the silk binding. Here was a wreath also of red and evergreens "from his child friend Dorothea."

The final prayer and the collect for the dead were said by Dean Bradley, and the vast congregation joined with the choir in singing Watts' grand hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." After the benediction, while the "Dead March in Saul" thundered from the organs, the mourners and friends passed around to take a last farewell of the poet. Then the congregation filed slowly past the still open grave, and nightfall had come before the last of his admirers had left Robert Browning to his rest.

THEODORE H. RAND.

## SUGGESTIVENESS IN PREACHING.\*

Ideas suggest ideas. One person reminds us of another person, one scene suggests another scene, one train of thought awakens another train of thought. Things the most diverse are thus brought together in the twinkling of an eye. There is no telling how many thoughts may be started by a single word.

With the philosophy of this fact of the association of ideas we are not now concerned, the fact is evident and enough. Suggestiveness in preaching is simply the recognition and use of this fact in the pulpit. It is that quality or element of public speech by which the preacher addresses the imagination rather than the understanding, suggests more than he says, and leaves something for his hearers to fill out for themselves. There is a great difference between preachers in this respect. Some elaborate everything. The introductions to their sermons are long and full, the heads are well rounded out and finished, the arguments are carried out in detail, the illustrations are carefully worked up and applied, the applications are manifold and minute; there are no breaks or pauses anywhere, nothing is left for the hearer to do but to sit still and take it in. Other preachers are just the opposite. They are *in medias res* before you know it, and they move on in right lines, with well-defined plan, clean-cut thoughts and sharp, incisive expressions; stating arguments as axioms and illustrations as metaphors, and closing with a brief, pointed application or with none at all. They strike out fresh thoughts with every sentence, as a horse strikes out sparks from his hoofs as he gallops along. They are eminently suggestive preachers. As representatives of the former class we may take some of the celebrated French preachers of the seventeenth century, for example Saurin; and of the latter class, Frederic W. Robertson. It is the object of this paper to enquire into the *place* and *value* of suggestiveness in preaching, and to suggest one or two *conditions* of it.

## I. PLACE:

It may be said that there is no place for it, that as preachers

---

\*A paper recently read before the Montreal Protestant Ministerial Association.

of the Word we are to "declare the whole counsel of God" unto men, hinting at nothing and leaving nothing to inference. But the objection does not seem to be well taken. It is not a question between declaring and shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, but how to declare this the most effectively. We deal with minds capable of receiving suggestions and acting upon them to which a truth that is only suggested often comes home with greater power than one that is put in words, and the question is if we, as preachers, may not well recognize this fact and take advantage of it: undoubtedly we need to discriminate here. There is a great difference between congregations, occasions, subjects, and even the parts of a sermon as respects the kind and degree of suggestiveness which it is best to employ. Some persons need more thinking done for them than others do; some subjects must be more fully explained than others, and generally speaking there is less room for suggestiveness in the application of a sermon than in other parts of it. Yet may it not sometimes be very effectively employed even here? May not the truth that has been preached sometimes be left to apply itself especially if it is very solemn or familiar? Jesus, the great preacher, acted on this principle when reasoning with the Sadducees upon the resurrection of the dead: "God," he said, "is not the God of the dead but of the living," and left his hearers, who were perfectly competent, to apply the truth for themselves. It is well to clinch the nail after it has been driven, but too much pounding is apt to split the board if not to hammer the nail's head off.

God is continually preaching to us suggestively, for example, in nature. The "sermons in stones" are all suggested sermons. God has not revealed himself anywhere so clearly that all men must see him, whether they will or not. The psalmist said "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." But the French astronomer, Lalande, declared that he had swept the whole heavens with his glass and had seen no God." It is to the reverent and loving soul that the Father reveals himself. The "pure in heart" shall "see God."

So in his moral government. The events that happen under it are not ticketed and labelled so that one cannot help under-



standing them. It is proverbially difficult to interpret the mysteries of Providence. And here, too, it is the eye of love that sees God's hand and is guided by his eye in the events of daily life.

So with God's word. The Bible does not reveal all things so clearly and so fully that there is no room for difference of opinion on any point. God gives us facts and truths related and harmonious in his infinite mind, which we with a reverent faith and love are to systematize for ourselves under the guidance of his Holy Spirit. And if we cannot always do this to our entire satisfaction, the difficulty evidently is not in the facts and truths, but in our imperfect apprehension of them. The Bible does not profess to reveal everything. Where Mohammed and Swedenborg and the theologians who map out the future with such minuteness and exactness speak, it is reticent if not dumb. Concerning the great future that awaits us all, it suggests vastly more than it says. It is "a door opened into heaven," and not a full and perfect vision of the heavenly life.

Much of the best human teaching outside of the pulpit makes large use of this principle of suggestiveness. The best teachers, whether of things secular or things sacred, other things being equal, are the most suggestive teachers, those that seek not so much to cram their pupils with their own ideas as to set them to thinking for themselves. The best books, other things being equal, are the most suggestive books, those that wake us up, perhaps even startle us by attacking some of our pet ideas, and send us off into new and larger regions of thought and feeling. The fine arts are full of the ministry of suggestiveness. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician all address the imagination as well as the understanding, and the pleasure and power of their works arise largely from this. The poet moves us by his fancies as well as by his facts, the musician by an occasional pause or rest as well as by his "concord of sweet sounds," and the painter and the sculptor by what they lead us to imagine as well as by what they bid us see. And this principle is just as true when it is abused and made to pander to vice. The curse of many of the theatrical pictures that disgrace our streets and of some illustrated newspapers, lies not more in their indecency than in their suggestiveness.

No room then for suggestiveness in preaching? There is room for it everywhere. It may appear in the beginning, in the middle, and even in the end of our sermons. "It is an advantage," says Prof. Phelps, of Andover, "if the introduction to a sermon be one that lays a moderate but positive tax upon the intellect of the hearers. Set them to thinking early in the progress of a sermon. Thus you most effectually prepare them for a vigorous train of thought in the sequel." We may use this principle in the framing and statement of the divisions of our sermons, making them, to quote again from Prof. Phelps, "as suggestive as possible of the main thought of the proposition," thus helping the hearer to remember them. And even if the divisions are not formally stated, the thoughts may be so arranged that in recalling a sermon the course of thought will suggest itself. I believe that suggestiveness may worthily appear in the choice and form of sentences, and even of words and of gestures. There is such a thing as the suggestive delivery of a sermon; alas, how often one fears that his delivery suggests anything but the right thing! Mr. Spurgeon has been credited with saying that he had heard men give the Saviour's invitation, "come unto me," in the attitude of a prize fighter. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." We must take care what we say and how we say it, lest we suggest things to our hearers that we do not wish to have suggested, and send their minds to the uttermost parts of the earth instead of fixing them upon our message. Of course there is a limit to our responsibility in this matter, but within that limit we cannot be too careful.

## II. THE VALUE OF THIS ELEMENT OF DISCOURSE.

1. *It contributes to freshness in preaching*, that quality so much demanded in these days. A suggestive sermon is always fresh though it be upon the most familiar truths of the gospel. These truths cannot be exhausted. They are wells of living water from which the preacher may always draw and find something refreshing to himself and to his hearers. And if he will keep himself in sympathy with them and with men, he will not require to hunt through the newspapers for something fresh to

preach about, or resort to unworthy devices to draw and keep a congregation. The gospel well preached is never dull, nor will men turn away from it as prosy or stale. It is the freshest thing in the world because it is the most suggestive thing, and if preached so as to awaken thought and stir the conscience it will usually keep people awake. Do you suppose that anybody in the Sanhedrim went to sleep when Stephen was making his memorable defence? Granted that this was a special occasion, that his hearers were eager and ready to listen to him before he began, as our hearers often are not. But his entire discourse from beginning to end was calculated to gain and keep their attention. It was pre-eminently a suggestive discourse. Up to the application of it there was not a word of direct accusation or appeal. There was only a recital of historic facts with which his hearers were perfectly familiar. But the selection and grouping of these facts, the accusation implied in them all, this made them "quick and powerful," this cut the hearers "to the heart." There was no need of direct appeal. As Dr. Hackett says, Commentary on the Acts, p. 89, "Stephen could assume that the bearing of the different remarks or occurrences brought forward in the address would suggest itself to the minds of his judges: without pausing to tell them *this* means that or *that* means this, he could leave them to draw silently the conclusions which he wished to establish." May we not sometimes do the same, particularly on special occasions? And is it not usually wise to assume that our hearers know something, that they have at least heard of the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount? Will it not contribute to the freshness and the power of our preaching if we do? Suggestive preaching ensures wide awake hearing.

2. *It also contributes to the good of the hearers.* It provides for their mental and spiritual growth. It trains them to think and tends to develop a high type of Christian character. Is it said that people do not wish to think, that they pay us to do their thinking for them? Most persons now-a-days would indignantly deny this charge. If they do not think, they think that they think, and it is for the pulpit to guide them into right thinking. Will not the principle of suggestiveness help us here? People do not remember our sermons. No wonder. Do we

remember them ourselves? But are they benefitted only as they remember what they hear? Schiller says that "the best part of Goethe's conversations with him was the ideas he suggested." Is it not much the same with our sermons? Whatever their character, is not the awakening of spiritual thoughts, which may beget serious convictions and ultimately ripen into holy actions, the great benefit of them? We all have noticed that sermons addressed to one class of hearers often reach another class. Often has it happened that sermons preached to the church have been the means of awakening the unconverted and bringing them to Christ. Why is this if not that all truths are related, and the preaching of one of them suggests others? We do not always know, nor do our hearers know, how this or that sermon produces its effect, any more than the poor Scotch girl who was questioned on this point by her minister knew how the cloth spread upon the ground, upon which she was pouring water, was gradually whitening under the influence of the sunlight. But he who formed the mind for truth, and who superintends that subtle alchemy by which truth is transmuted into goodness, knows, and this is enough. It is for man's good that God preaches to him suggestively in nature, and providence, and history, and in His Holy Word. It is to draw him out and develop him body, soul and spirit, and I believe that the same result will follow a wise imitation of him in our God-given work. As I have already said, we need to discriminate. With mixed congregations, and upon the fundamentals of faith we need to be very plain as God is in his Word. But even here suggestiveness may be an ideal to be kept before us. A suggestive preacher will have not only wide-awake hearers, but also, if his preaching is in the words of truth and soberness, growing hearers.

3. Suggestiveness also *contributes to efficiency*, especially in certain lines of preaching. A truth suggested is often more forcible than a truth expressed, especially if it be a disagreeable truth or unexpected. I suppose orators have all found it difficult to preach directly upon future punishment with good effect. The ungodly hearer instinctively braces himself against it, comforts himself with the thought that good men are not agreed about it, and endures the sermon as something which the minister is paid to preach and therefore must preach. No doubt

there are times when he who believes this doctrine must preach it directly and plainly, in all faithfulness and love, without any ifs, buts, or I beg your pardons. You will not misunderstand me as saying that we had better simply suggest to men that there may be a hell. I mean nothing of the sort. But I believe that this dark truth may often be best preached by presenting truths that suggest it and lead to it, and thus the hearer be taken off his guard. Themes like the holiness of God, the nature of heaven, the self-propagating power of sin, the final permanence of character may be far more effectual in warning some men to "flee from the wrath to come" than direct preaching upon hell. Indeed this awful truth should be the dark background upon which our whole picture of God's redeeming love in Christ is painted.

So in attacking particular sins, characteristic of our own time, whether public or private. There are times when this must be done in good, set terms, but usually the better way to preach down error is to preach up truth. So with reference to public events, especially such as are of an all-absorbing interest. Is it not better to preach upon some truth that is suggested by them than directly upon them, as men in Northern pulpits in the United States preached upon providence after the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac; or, as men preached upon prayer in connection with the sickness and death of President Garfield. In this way the preacher may show his interest in things that are interesting the people and take advantage of them, and at the same time keep the pulpit up to its proper level. So with one's personal experiences, whether of joy or sorrow. Doubtless they may be mentioned incidentally at times, but why should they form one's chief stock-in-trade, as is the manner of some evangelists and lachrymose preachers? And in preaching the first sermon after the summer vacation, had we not better be sparing of direct references to the things which we have been privileged to enjoy, lest we awaken unpleasant thoughts in the minds of the majority of our congregation who have had no vacation? Let us use the results of our experience in the pulpit more than we do the incidents of it. "Fire the charge," says Bishop Phillips Brooks, "but do not throw the gun after it, keep that for another time." The power of the preacher often lies in knowing what *not* to say.

4. *Lastly, suggestiveness in preaching helps one to do his whole duty in thirty minutes, which is as long as the average congregation in these days cares to listen to the average preacher.*

### III. CONDITIONS.

1. *Fulness.* In order to be suggestive one must have something to suggest. He must be brimfull before he can run over. Why is it that the words of Jesus are so suggestive that thousands of sermons can be preached from them and no two of them be just alike? Is it not for one thing because He was "full of grace and truth?" If we would hold men as he held them, we must be full with something of his fulness. We must dwell as he did amid the eternal verities and lay the whole world under contribution to help us bring these home to men. The preacher needs constantly to act upon the Coleridgian principle of knowing many things in order to do one thing well. The lack of suggestiveness is generally due to a lack of ideas. Many sermons only suggest the preacher's emptiness, and how often he feels empty some of us too well know. It becomes increasingly difficult, especially in the city, for a preacher to keep full enough to do his best work in ministering to the same people year after year. I believe that it would be good for us and for our churches if occasionally we could decline all outside engagements and drop pastoral visiting for a season, except in cases of necessity, and go into an intellectual and spiritual retreat.

2. Another condition of suggestiveness is *life*. The preacher's fulness must be that of the fountain and not of the mill-pond. His heart as well as his head must be full, and it must beat in the warmest sympathy with truth and with men. Why is it that nature is so suggestive, if not because, even in the form of death, it is so full of life? Why is the Bible the most suggestive of books, if not because it is the book of life? And is not the suggestiveness of Jesus due to the fact that he was full of grace, life-giving grace, as well as of truth? If the preacher is in any measure like Him, if he loves both truth and men, and knows men as well as books, his words cannot be wholly without life and power.

Suggestiveness in preaching is only one means to a great

end, to bring men to Christ and to holiness. If the preacher has this end constantly before him, and does his best to keep head and heart full, some degree of suggestiveness and the power of it will come of itself.

A. G. UPHAM.

*Montreal.*

---

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

*ἤρως ἄγγελος ἱμερόφωνος ἀηδών.—Sappho.*

O seraph bird who on God's altar-stairs  
 Dost ring, in showers of silver peals, thy bells  
 Of song which ceaseless flows like dropping-wells,  
 And sprinkles all the dusk with holy prayers !  
 O welkin glad, shot through and through with song,  
 As upward springs the spirit tipt with flame !  
 'Tis not to Itys dead nor Dian's shame  
 These joy-pangs with their hint of tears belong.  
 The life which pulses in the bursting year  
 A thousand choirs hymn on the sunlit globe,  
 But lest the living flame to ashes turn,  
 Thou, in the voiceless night, O priestly seer,  
 Interpreter of nature, tak'st thy robe,  
 And fill'st with vocal fire the sacred urn.

I. H. R.

## LIFE IN BANGALORE.\*

This morning as I was reading my portion in the Greek English New Testament I was thinking of yourself and Mrs. Rand, then my thoughts began to stray somewhat. The first time I met you, the Sunday in Digby, the stormy 'time in Yarmouth—then back again to Woodstock, and then dear Brother Huston—and poor Woodstock, devourer of noble men—Fyfe, Torrance, Yule, and Huston. Bro. Huston was a man whom a person could admire very much, trust very fully and love very dearly. With some of his views I had no sympathy whatever, still he seemed to me to be transparent as crystal—and out here we are wondering who will be his successor. We can only pray that God would deal very graciously with Mrs. Huston and her boys. Then as to his successor there is no more we can do than to hope that He for whose honor the College was founded will take the direction of the minds of the members of the Senate and Governors, and direct them to one who will have been called by Himself. In thinking of and praying for our Foreign Mission interests in Canada, I often feel grateful for the spirit and tone of McMaster University throughout. May God long preserve the present Professoriate intact. Its progressive spirit; its piety; its missionary spirit and its scholarship leave little to be desired except perhaps the mellowing and unifying effects of many years of fellowship in the one work. How I wish we could be sure that the same atmosphere would pervade the great University which is to be at Chicago. I am of course anxious to hear of Dr. J. B. Thomas' final decision.

We have been here about six weeks. It seems a long time. We have been in our own hired house for about one month—only partly settled down, because our boxes have stuck somewhere between Woodstock and New York. Probably in the customs line somewhere. We are hoping to hear from them soon. Unless the Heavenly Father interposes, we are on the eve of a great famine here in India. Here and there scattered

---

\* From a private letter addressed to DR. T. H. RAND and dated March 12, 1892.



over the larger part of India are districts where there is great distress and partial famine. Should the south-west monsoon rains, due in May and June, fail, the greatest famine known in India for a century cannot be avoided. Myriads must die no matter how active the Government may be or how lavish private benefactions may become. Millions of labourers are always only one day's remove from want. Add to this millions of farmers and artisans whom six months' distress or the failure of one crop would reduce to actual want and you have the condition of large parts of India to-day. There is no tillage and hence no work for laborers and no money to buy food—seed grain has been eaten—cattle, sheep, goats and fowls have been sold for want of fodder and then have died in the hands of those who bought them—wild cactus plants are boiled and fed to cattle and eaten by human beings. In the midst of these emaciated cattle and men and women diseases of all kinds are breaking out—cholera, small-pox, dysentery, diarrhoea and fevers are very prevalent and increasing. Here in the city the wells and artificial tanks or reservoirs are drying up with alarming rapidity. Last week a gentleman leaving the city sold his plants by auction—a dozen standard rose plants in large pots sold for 20 cents. No water with which to keep them alive. Surely God is visiting this people for their sins, and yet the sad part of it is that so few of them have any idea of the God who is so visiting them. In mission matters we have hardly got our bearings taken yet. There are two Baptist churches here. One is English. The pastor is an Australian—premillinarian and free communion, etc.—little or no membership. Pastor is Alpha and Omega. The other is Eurasian and strict communion and Particular Baptist. There is also the nucleus of a native Baptist church. The better part of the Eurasian, and a large part of the native church were at one time members of the Canadian mission at Cocanada. There are at least five distinct Protestant denominations represented here doing mission work. Most of them have been here between forty and fifty years, and yet a catechist told me here yesterday that putting all the communicants together there are not over one thousand of them. They have large schools, immense buildings, and plenty of missionaries, seemingly, but the impression they make seems very slight. Besides these there are several

so-called faith or semi-detached missions at work—some among the Eurasians and some among the natives. What these have accomplished I have not yet seen. How I have longed for the strength of twenty years ago. I think God would bless faithful preaching of his word up here as He did down on the plains. The weather is getting warm, though nothing to what it is on the coast. The nights are cool here, and the days are endurable. We are blessed with a variety of tolerable food; beef and mutton are cheaper than in Toronto, though not so good; potatoes are good and reasonable in price; cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, turnips and beetroots are to be had. Both European and native fruits are plentiful; bananas 2cts. a dozen and apples \$1 a dozen; peaches, figs, oranges 7 cents a dozen; strawberries, blackberries (rasp), pomegranates, tomatoes, etc. Living here is much pleasanter than in the plains. Just think of a 2lb. tin of Chicago canned beef for 27cts., actually less than we paid in Woodstock. That's free trade. We are all enjoying good health. The children are passing through that peculiar process called acclimating. Slight skin eruptions and loss of appetite. John goes to a neighboring school and seems to like it much. Mrs. McLaurin is blessed with her usual good health, and I am fairly well. I miss the definite steady work I had in Canada. I never knew I enjoyed that work and the association with a noble body of brethren in educational and mission work as much as I did till I had left it. My three years' connection with the Ministerial Association and one with the Board of Governors were of incalculable benefit to me. I am enjoying the reading of the Greek-English New Testament very much. It is a constant reminder of my *dear friends* in Toronto. We were sorry to hear that you had been very ill with influenza, but glad to know that you had been restored. For a week or two we tremblingly opened each letter, and with bated breath glanced at the *Baptist*. We thank God for sparing so many. Mrs. McLaurin joins me in sending our kindest regards to Mrs. Rand and yourself, and our earnest prayer for your continued usefulness.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

## Students' Quarter.

### JESUS AND JUDAS.

BETHLEHEM AND KERIOTH.—The peace of midnight rests upon the Judean hills. Bethlehem strangely starlit slumbers on their slopes. Stilled is the heart of Joseph fearing for his Mary. Silent, too, is the soul of Mary, half fearful of her heaven-given treasure. How sweetly sleeps the fair child enfolded in his snowy natal robes and mother's arms. The olive of her Hebrew face is paled by suffering to a spirit white—yet mark the ecstatic radiance of her eyes. Listen! the rude torch-lit rafters whisper back the words of her low, weak but eager reverie. "He shall save his people—his name shall be called Jesus—Holy is his name—his mercy is on them that fear him—he shall save his people—thou shalt call his name Jesus! Jesus!"

Henceforth the heavenly aureola of a world's affection shall so encircle that name, that the intensest maternal love shall fear to breathe it upon the fairest child.

Through the chamber windows of the home of the prosperous Simeon of Kerioth, richly streams the golden sunlight. It falls upon the cradle of his and Maroula's first-born. As pure his face, as bright his eye, as fair and full his brow as those of the child of Mary. He lies in the soft, rich light with the smile awakened by the parting kiss of the angels still upon his lips. "There is a fair prophecy in these rays of gold," says Simeon, softly, bending to kiss Maroula, his young wife, "The blessing of the God of Abraham be on our boy." Ardently caressing her child, Maroula, flushed and animated, replies, "The child is passing beautiful, my Simeon. No mother, methinks, ever fondled one so fair! Surely Jehovah has touched him! He is divine! His name, my Simeon? Such a true child of our kingly tribe—Judas—aye, his name is Judas!"

Unhappy name! Henceforth no master to his slave-born, no harlot mother to her hated child, no soul be he ever so bare, breathes upon an infant, fair or deformed, that execrated name

Bethlehem and Kerioth: Mary and Maroula: Jesus and Judas: Calvary and Aceldama! Down in the future, oh what aromas of paradise, what poisons of perdition may exhale from these now pure infants' hearts, these unwrought gardens of the soul!

BETHANY.—The transcendent beauty of the character of Jesus, the lowly Rabbi, had made him an ever delightful and honored guest in the home of the sisters—the loving and practical Martha and the sedate and devotional Mary. With simple and beautiful Oriental hospitality he is being quietly entertained in this lowly but lovely home.

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard—very costly—and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith Judas Iscariot, “why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?” Jesus saith unto him, “Let her alone.” An indignant and shame-confessing flush mantles the Scariot's swarthy cheek. In name he is a follower of Jesus, but at heart he is a worshipper of the God Mammon, whose temple, alas! and whose oracle and shrine we know. Jesus through the years has more and more loved others and is loved: Judas has ever loved himself more and his heart is void. Love, in the Christ, has begotten love. Envy and avarice in the Scariot is begetting death.

GETHSEMANE.—The sighing breath of the leaves alone gives the deep midnight a voice as we stand beneath the dew-weeping cedars in the fateful garden. Prostrate in yonder copse are dimly outlined the sleeping forms of the exhausted disciple band. A voice—a wondrous sweet and eloquent voice—breaks in upon the stillness. Upon its tremulous waves a world's sorrow is borne. It is the utterance of a worn and agonized sufferer whose shadowy form you see kneeling 'neath yonder low-spreading fir. Oh, what infinite prayer springs from that laden heart. He rises, gathers his robes, passes to their sleeping place and wakes his lethargic followers with sympathetic rebuke. “Could ye not watch with me? Peril is near! is one hour of your slumber too dear a price for the safety of your Master?”

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves. Now

he had given them a sign, saying, whomsoever I shall kiss that same is he. And forthwith he came to Jesus and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed Him. And Jesus said unto him, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" Now, oh Judas, is thine own soul betrayed by that kiss! Hearest thou not that low dirge swelling mournfully out of the night sky? There is sorrow among the angels for thee, unhappy son of Maroula. Thus has avarice bound thee forever; upon thee hang the chains of self-love ever tightening their clasp. Thine, oh Christ, is human sympathy's sweet free bondage.

CALVARY AND ACELDAMA.—Midnight at mid-day upon Golgotha! High on yon Roman cross, beneath heaven's untimely heavy shades, Jesus, the God-man, is dying. The sun has turned away in horror, refusing to witness this tragedy divine. His form is scarcely distinguishable. Hither approaches a soldier holding in one hand a reed upon which he has placed a moistened sponge, in the other he bears a flambeau, in the light of which the thorn-crowned brow is clearly revealed to the awe-stricken multitude about the mound's base. From no possible pain is that quivering flesh exempted. The hair and beard are torn and matted with blood; the fair olive skin is besmeared by the same carmine and is drawn with agony: the lips, so often voicing sweet mercy's messages, falling from each other move feebly: his palms—his feet—his body are one wound. Self-forgetfulness is suffering its extreme penalty! Now, while the centurion raises the flaming torch, touching with soothing liquid, exuding from the sponge, the sufferer's lips, mark these wondrous eyes of Jesus. They are upraised to the dark skies whose densest clouds they pierce and reach God's throne. They speak! they pray! they utter song! they triumph! For, while blood-drops coagulate upon brow and palm and feet and hair, into that infinite soul inflows a world's love that he feels in spite of the fierce travail of his soul. The love of the faithful few about him in the shadows, is a dear pledge of that one long eternal psalm that shall greet this lover of souls forever and forever. It sweetens death—this anticipated chorus. The lips gather and irradiate with a victor's smile, and his eyes in measureless exultation once more gleam in the glowing light, while he exclaims "it is finished!" and torch and life divine

together fade. In love he has given his life a ransom for many—and the good measure of the love returned by a grateful world, has made death to live, has made glad the cold gloom of the garden tomb.

Beneath the same clouds that hide from heaven the horrors of Golgotha, amid the thick shades of Gethsemane, bereft of hope and reason, Judas, the maddened traitor, has brought swift death upon himself. Oh, God, does that poor spirit, whose lifeless and horrible clay defiles the slopes of Zion, hear the execration of a universe? What bitter recompense doth avarice meet! Oh, Judas, hopeless child of light, well might the morning weep dewy tears over thee thou emblem of the selfish life. Self-disinherited, threading the vistas of night eternal, what wouldst thou give for a single word from the lips of any being that thou hadst blest on earth? Thus doth selfishness with a wallless prison environ itself forever, while fair memories of innocent days—children from the womb of meditation—make the night of thy exile more dark as they flit about thee.

Who can picture the solitude and gloom of a heart that is the victim of selfishness? No rare pigments of the sunset or sunrise ever cheer its leaden sky; no chords of heaven's sweet sphere music ever touch that soul; transcendent beauties, that would dim earthly vision, fall upon the heart of the wholly self-loving, but as the rock it is insensate.

The same age produced a Jesus and a Judas. In the above sketches we catch glimpses of the opening, the development, and the close of the two lives. Beneath the same skies they grew from infancy to manhood, and for the last three years their life courses ran along side by side—yet worlds apart.

In the life of Jesus we see the pains that are attendant upon a life of *self-sacrifice* solaced and infinitely rewarded by the gratitude eternally welling from the hearts of the redeemed.

In the life of Judas we see the poor pleasures of gratified sense appear infinitely wretched as *self-love* swings back those stern gates that open into the valley of the shadow of death.

For which of these rewards, my reader, is thy soul competing?

B. W. N. GRIGG.

## QUEST.

I thought to know thee, Life, and so have sought,  
 Vowed resolute! How vain! Thou, unrevealed,  
 Mockedst! Befooling, fitting, fading glimpse  
 Enticed,—I strove, failed, found thee worse concealed.

Assayed the task again,—sped, halted, searched  
 Unswerving, ardent,—ah, but failing! Faint,  
 Love's liegemen found the burden, lifted, laid  
 At feet of their dear Tyrant, who the taint  
 Of trouble sent. Revived, I told the strife,—  
 Love smiled and beckon'd softly, "Hither, Life!"

G. H. CLARKE.

---

 THE SKYLARK.

WORDSWORTH, SHELLEY, AND HOGG.

A comparison of these three poems, an intricate, pleasing and interesting task, is a somewhat difficult subject to commit to writing. Delicate shades of difference in expression may be detected by the eye and perceived by the emotions, yet are not easily reproduced or even portrayed for another's apprehension. It reminds one of instituting comparisons between a ruby a pearl and a diamond. The ruby in its quiet beauty, glowing in deep richness is contentedly conscious of its own great value; the diamond flashing its light at greater distance and scarcely keeping within its own bounds in its radiant brilliance, streams far out to catch the eye and tempt the admiration; the pearl, modest, smooth and elegant, reflecting the rays of light in its own quiet sweetness, yet having a value all its own.

So these three poems, each possesses its own peculiar beauty. As they are the creation of master minds they differ as men

differ. Three great men have seen and heard that lovely little brown bird the English skylark, the matchless singer of the meadows, have been entranced with the song as he

" Vacates his lowly nest  
And soaring toward the sky  
Makes e'en the very welkin ring  
With his cheerful melody."

Each man has poured out his own soul and we may not wonder that there is not much in common after all.

Hogg gives us a pretty little picture, sweet and unpretentious, is content with the homely epithet, 'bird—blithesome and cumberless'; he colors his picture with thoughts of love, home and happiness, follows the singer up higher and higher, joyously, gladly, listens to the song with rapture, but returning to the thought of home and rest leaves the soul only a little moved. He touches no deep strong chord in the breast except the thought of home, and this is so delicately touched that it soon ceases to vibrate

Shelley scarcely names his subject before he is gone into the skies. His 'Blithe Spirit' carries him far away in imagination from flight to flight out into the pure blue ether farther and farther, and while you are lost in the rapture of the ethereal flight you hear constantly the warbling songster—whistling, trilling, carolling, warbling, twittering, gurgling, now pensive and tender, now madly delirious. He says little of the bird itself, he only leads you out into the vast and glorious expanse where you may hear it all the while for yourself. And yet you follow him with intense delight, you know not where you are going but you follow on only conscious of one thing, the exquisite music with which your ears are flooded. His is a master poem, it fills your soul with delight. Yet there is an airy unreality about it all which disappoints you. You fall back to earth again with a thud. The dream is over; it was sweet but it came to an end too suddenly. You fall to criticizing his comparisons, they are unreal and over-imaginative, until again you are caught by the spirit of the poem and again you are whirled away into the realm of imagination. And oh how gladly you follow! How the soul is expanded, how the body is rested by these airy flights! What a pity it is that there are not more of such heavenly art-



ists to carry us away to dreamland and show us in the tints of the rainbow the trellis-work of heaven's portal.

And now, Wordsworth, majestic, realistic, perfection of form and color, harmony and melody, rhythm and rhyme. No sooner do you begin to read than you begin to feel, not the trill or clatter of a jingle but the tremulous quivering chord one feels as he remembers his home. The green fields of merry England, her narrow lanes, her high hedges, her grey old hills that "grow larger in the darkness," her mountain sides and lake valleys, her rills and rivulets and cataracts, her ruined castles and ancient buildings, her oaks and elms and yews, her daisies and daffodils, her cuckoos and skylarks flash into the golden light of memory as they are made real by the master hand of the artist.

Wordsworth is nothing if not real. His pictures are not overdrawn or overcolored, never disproportioned, never disappointing. In the Skylark the grand rich thought of love and home moves right on through the poem: he hears in that entrancing

"love prompted strain  
Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond"

something deeper than the music of the bird's voice, even the beating in the breast of the parent bird in her lowly nest on the bosom of the plain. As a pure spirit he follows the bird in its heavenly soaring, but binds it by a love cord stronger than death to the nestling below. And is not this where the power of Wordsworth's song lies? In his power to touch the heart when it is most tender and to draw out the soul where it most loves to be drawn out.

In Wordsworth's poem we have the deep rich sweetness of the rose, in Shelley's something of the strong coloring and profuse flowering of the clematis, in Hogg the modest simplicity of the lobelia or forget-me-not.

O. G. LANGFORD.

## WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth lived during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and although he had the advantage of university life, he did not make his mark as an excellent student. During his youth he was filled with enthusiasm for the French Revolution. He travelled much on the continent, but the greater part of his life was spent with his wife and sister among the northern hills and lakes of England, which he loved with all his heart. Here he devoted much time to the composition of poetry, but he also took a keen interest in the social and political questions of his time. Although his works were not received very favorably at first, his great and noble genius was at length both recognized and admired to a wonderful extent. So profoundly was he admired in the end, that to a particular class his name is now immortalized. He lived for many years and his life was one of steady work and much happiness.

That which strikes our attention principally while reading Wordsworth's poetry is the *simplicity* of it, both in the language used and the nature of his themes. So far as composition is concerned there are times when he is heavy and wearisome and sometimes guilty of obscurity, but generally speaking he is so simple that in some instances he is even ridiculous. He denied that poetical words should be different from those used in prose. This peculiar trait of his mind caused him to use the language of humble, rustic life, and in this way he is said to have brought about a revolution in the language generally used by poets. Some of his poems (the "Idiot Boy" for instance) are at a disadvantage from their studied plainness. There should be a distinction made between poetry and prose in this matter of plainness. This was the thought of Henry Taylor, for in his criticism of Wordsworth, he wrote, "One fault it hath: it fits *too close* to life's realities." We look for simplicity and plainness in prose, but poetry should be enlivened, graced and beautified by diction that is artistic and refined.

Coming now to dwell more particularly upon the homely nature of his themes, we observe an utter lack of the romantic

element in his poetry. The very commonest affairs and most ordinary scenes were the subjects of his genius. We miss wild passions and excitable flashes. We are led beside *quiet* scenes,—into humble cottages, over hills and dales, and among the fields, and to placid lakes. We hear but the sound of twittering birds, or the bleating of sheep, or the industrious sounds of husbandry and cottage life. Necessarily it must be so, because Wordsworth's poetry was almost all suggested by the incidents and feelings of common, every-day, rural life. And it is wonderful what marvellous things he learned to observe in this same common life. In mountains he perceived majestic might, to his great soul the rippling of streams and the sounds of nature were most delightful music, and he saw beauty and excellence in objects that are generally despised or ignored. As we read our eyes are opened to see great and high elements in the humblest and most unexpected forms, and we awake to the fact that the pathetic and the tender go deep down in the experiences of the most ordinary persons when surrounded by most ordinary environments. It is remarkable how susceptible this poet was to the tragic, the patriotic, the pathetic and the heroic elements in the very humblest spheres.

Another characteristic that shines most blessedly in all the poetry of Wordsworth is the *purity* of it. It is indeed refreshing to drink deeply of his spirit, because it is not defiled, but fresh and clear as any of his loved springs and fountains. Foul, polluting passions were far away from Wordsworth's mind, and we think this contributes not a little to the majesty and dignity of his strains. He ever sought what is highest and holiest. He only sought to discover that which is beautiful and excellent in things. False sentiments and low desires he despised. The main features of his poetry are quietness, thoughtfulness, tenderness and love; hence we cannot study Wordsworth without imbibing a love for the beautiful and excellent.

We cannot write largely in a brief essay upon the other notable characteristics of this noble-minded poet, or we might dwell upon his wonderfully rich imaginative powers, the true and natural feelings of his heart, his faculty for learning great lessons from nature's varied life, his wonderful observative and impartative powers, and his thoughtful philosophic mind. His

genius was indeed limited, and he was undoubtedly too stiff and dogmatic in his views of true poetry, but the world must nevertheless acknowledge that among the poets of nature he deserves and occupies a kingly place.

HERBERT GRIMWOOD.

*Woodstock College.*

---

MY SISTER.

Sister mine, what have I done,  
 Tell me this, beloved one,  
 Why should'st thou on this one day  
 Take thyself from me, I pray ?  
 Could'st thou not contented live  
 With the love that I could give ?  
 Be a sister to thy brother,  
 Take his love and ask no other ?  
 Was it not enough for thee  
 Pretty one, that thou should'st be  
 Cherished only in my heart :—  
 But another's now thou art.  
 Mingling with my cup of sadness,  
 True, thy joy will bring me gladness ;  
 For I could not sad remain  
 Since true bliss thou dost obtain.  
 Go my sweet one, to thy bliss,  
 Take thy brother's farewell kiss :  
 With this myrtle-tie to thee,  
 Heaven's richest blessing be !  
 If perchance some future day  
 Thou recall'st this eve of May,  
 Think my love is still as new  
 As when I bade thee this Adieu !

L. A. THERRIEN.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

---

In the death of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the Dominion of Canada has lost one of its purest and ablest statesmen, and the Baptist denomination one of its most honored and most distinguished members. All parties and all creeds unite in doing him honor. It is fitting that a prominent place should be given him in this magazine. We had hoped to publish a sketch of his life, accompanied by a portrait, in the present issue, but the shortness of the time available made it impracticable to complete our arrangements in time. The June number will contain a portrait in Desbarat & Co.'s best style, and an article on Mr. Mackenzie's career by Mr. J. E. Wells, who possesses unsurpassed qualifications for this task. We feel ourselves peculiarly fortunate in being able to make so satisfactory an arrangement.

---

The following facts from the student life of Dr. Heinrich Middendorff, of the Gymnasium in Erlangen, Germany, and one of our classmates at the University of Berlin, will help our readers to gain a correct notion of the years of mental toil and pecuniary outlay it costs to become a duly qualified instructor in a German Gymnasium. When in 1884 we became acquainted with the gentleman referred to, he had already been at least two years in attendance at lectures. In 1887 he obtained his doctor's degree at Leipzig, having now studied five years at the University, and eight or nine at the Gymnasium. He then went to Munich, to discharge his military obligations, after which he engaged in studies preparatory to the State Examinations which he passed with brilliant success in the fall of 1890. The whole time spent in study therefore, from the date of entering upon the gymnasium or high school work, was fifteen or sixteen years. To us, this seems an unduly long period of preparation for any life work, but the young German thus equipped, with his thirtieth birthday still to come, enters upon that work with great possibilities within his reach. Dr. Middendorff is a specialist in English philology, and at present engaged upon an etymological school dictionary of the English language, which will appear in the early autumn. If his health is spared, he will no doubt win fresh honors in the field where his countrymen have so long led the world.

In a letter received from him a short time ago, Dr. Middendorff writes as follows concerning the political affairs of the fatherland :—

“ How circumstances have changed in Germany since we last met ! How completely are the ideals of a great age vanished ; the dreams of freedom, and peace and national happiness melted away. One who has grown up with the young empire, as I have, must feel all the more dissatisfied with the development of events, the more he fails to realize those events which the youth of Germany so ardently cherished, and to which every man who loves liberty strives to attain. The young Emperor has dismissed the great Chancellor, and already made himself more enemies than old Wilhelm, in the whole of his long life, 1848 included. Last winter the guests at the court-balls in Berlin, danced minuets in elegant pumps with silver buckles, as in the days of the grand Monarque. Is this not indicative of antiquated ideas of government ? All the while war is threatening us east and west. But in the hour of need, Germany from the Rhein to the Danube, will stand as one man, a mighty wall against which Frenchman and Muscovite, Zouave and Cossack will alike be gathered.”

As a specimen of the work done in classics in Germany preparatory to the University, we give here the course in Latin prescribed for the Gymnasium at Köln, for the academic year 1882-83. The first three years are almost wholly given to the grammar and exercise books, Cornelius Nepos, being the only author read. Oral and written exercises and composition are continued in the fourth and all the following years. The authors read in the fourth year are OVID, *Metam.* XII. XIII.; and selections from CÆSAR, *De Bell. Gall.* I., II., III.

Fifth year, CÆSAR, *Bellum Civile* I., III., OVID, *Metam.* I. and XV.

Sixth year, LIVY, XXII—XXIV.; VERGIL *Aen.* I. and II., CICERO, *Pro Imp., Cn. Pomp.*

Seventh year, LIVY, XXX, and XXXVIII ; CICERO, *De Senectute, De Sestio*; VERGIL *Aen.* VI—XII, selections from the *Eclogues*, CÆSAR, *De Bell. Gall.* I.—III.

Eighth year, CICERO, *Tusc.* I.; TACITUS, *His.* I., *Germania* ; SALUST, *Catiline* ; HORACE, *Satires and Odes.*

Ninth year, TACITUS, *Annals* I., II.; CICERO, *De Officiis* I., II., III., *Tusc.*, V.; HORACE, *Odes* completed.

Turning over the pages of the Hymnal edited by Rev. John Hunter, of Glasgow, and published some two years ago, our eyes rested on old George Herbert's immortal little poem on Virtue, but decked out in modern attire, presumably supplied by Mr. Hunter. All the same,

it is credited to "George Herbert," without a word of explanation. There is a range of emendation deemed allowable under special circumstances, but whether old George Herbert should be solemnly credited by an honorable divine with writing the following couplet :

Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never fly,

is hardly a case for an intelligent and honest jury. The entire bit of work is so masterful and cunning that we place side by side George Herbert's verses as published by himself, and as published by Mr. Hunter, adding a couple of notes to the former to make the language intelligible to all our readers. A comparison of Mr. Hunter's work with the original will shew that he easily takes the first place among a certain class of editors of modern hymnals :

## VIRTUE.

## I.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky ;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night :  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue \*angry and  
brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in the grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and  
roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
Thy music shews ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But though the whole world turn to  
coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

\*" Angry and brave," out-raging splendours.  
†" Gives," yields.

## IMMORTALITY.

## II.

Sweet Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky ;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet Rose ! in air whose odours wave,  
And colour charms the eye ;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie ;  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
Thou, too, alas ! must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never fly :  
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
It lives and cannot die.

The Hon. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, author of *Sam Slick*, received from his *Alma Mater*, King's College, Windsor, the degree of M.A., in recognition of his genius. The University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., *honoris causa*, in 1858. F. Blake Crofton contributes a very interesting article to the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, on Mr. Haliburton. Artemas Ward said that Haliburton was

the founder of the American school of humor. The affected simplicity of Mark Twain abounds in Haliburton's "Nature and Human Nature" and the prototypes of Mrs. Partington in several of his works. Mr. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) once made a hit in a stump speech by dividing his hearers into "men with clean shirts and Democrats." Sam Slick defined a Tory as "a gentleman every inch of him, . . . and he puts on a clean shirt every day," and a Whig, "a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts on an unfrilled shirt every other day." Fifteen years before Topsy's famous phrase appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a country girl in Sam Slick's "The Clockmaker," being asked where she was brought up, replied, "Why, I guess I wasn't brought up at all, *I grooved up.*" Haliburton's "Nature and Human Nature" is, like "The Clockmaker," a classic of its kind. Longfellow was largely indebted to Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia" for his material when composing "Evangeline." In fact, Judge Haliburton has done more to make his country known than any other writer except Longfellow.

---

With the present number the McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY completes its first volume. It began its career practically without a subscription list. Through the efforts of the students a considerable circulation has already been secured. We have strong hopes that the vigorous canvass to be undertaken during the coming vacation will result in putting the publication on a satisfactory basis. That the year closes with only a moderate deficit is due, the Managing Editor may be permitted to say, to the self-sacrificing and wisely directed efforts of our business managers, Messrs. Cameron and Langford, and to the generosity of those who have responded to their invitations to patronize our advertising pages.

We would avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank our advertisers for coming to our aid in time of need, to request a continuance of their favors and to express a hope and belief that advertising with us will, from a business point of view, become steadily a more and more profitable investment.

With a largely increased subscription list, and a correspondingly enhanced advertising patronage, we hope to be able to make our next volume considerably more attractive than the present.

For whatever of literary merit our pages have manifested, we are indebted to the writers whose names have appeared, and to the Professors and students who have so cordially co-operated with the com-



mittee in supplying materials for the various departments of the magazine. We confidently rely on a continuance of help on the part of all who have favored us hitherto, and we hope the coming year to greatly extend our list of contributors.

To Messrs. Dudley and Burns we are indebted for the mechanical excellence of the publication. We have seen many college papers and magazines, and we can say without boasting that in external appearance the MONTHLY is unsurpassed. The work of Messrs. Desbarats & Co., our engravers, speaks for itself. That it is highly creditable to Canadian workmanship, and that it compares favorably with similar work done abroad, will not, we think, be denied.

---

Through the favor of Dr. Ludwig Keller, Archiv-Rath at Münster and author of a number of valuable works bearing on the history of evangelical life in the mediæval and reformation times, the Managing Editor is in receipt of the first "Hest" of the monthly publication of the newly organized Comenius Society. Johann Amos Comenius, as some of our readers know, was the last bishop of the Bohemian Brethren. He was born in Moravia, March 28th, 1592. The tercentenary of his birth has recently occurred, and has been suitably celebrated in a great meeting in Berlin. Driven with his brethren from Bohemia in 1624, in the midst of the Thirty Years' Wars, he took refuge in Poland. Compelled to leave Poland in 1654, he settled in Amsterdam. He was noted not more for his religious zeal and his fidelity to evangelical principles than for his educational wisdom. It is chiefly as an educational reformer that his fame has been perpetuated. A bibliographical article in the publication before us shows that his writings have been translated into many languages, and the recent dates of many of the editions of his works, and of the treatises about Comenius and his educational theories, show that interest in the great bishop is still vivid and on the increase. That a society should have been formed for the publication of whatever concerns Comenius and his associates, and for the conservation and direction of interest in his person and work, and that so large a number of prominent men of many countries and many creeds should unite to do him honor, and to bring into increased prominence his life and teachings, speaks eloquently of the vast importance of Comenius in the history of education, and in the history of the Church of Christ.

Among the interesting features of the Comenius publication referred to above, is a poem on Comenius by the great philosopher and mathematician, Leibniz, published apparently for the first time from a manuscript preserved in the public library at Hanover. Perhaps some

one of our classico-poetical readers will transform these fourteen Latin verses into an English sonnet. We should be happy to publish a suitable rendering :—

Fortunate senex, veri novus incola mundi,  
 Quem pictum nobis jam tua cura dedit :  
 Seu res humanas insanaque jurgia liber  
 Despicias, aut nostris usque movere malis ;  
 Sive apicem rerum et coeli secreta tuenti,  
 Interdicta solo, nunc data Pansophie :  
 Spem ne pone tuam : superant tua carmina mortem,  
 Sparsaque non vane semina cepit humus.  
 Posteritas non sera metet, jam messis in herba est,  
 Articulos norunt fata tenere suos.  
 Paulatim natura patet, felicibus unâ,  
 Si modo conatus jungimus, esse licet.  
 Tempus erit, quo te, Comeni, turba bonorum,  
 Factaque, spesque tuas, vota quoque ipsa colet.

The last two lines seem almost prophetic of the present phenomenal interest in the great educational reformer. "Pansophie," it might be remarked, is the designation of the great Encyclopædic scheme of universal knowledge elaborated by Comenius. We hope to publish during the coming year an adequate account of the life and work of this great and good man.

---

#### HERE AND THERE.

THE annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge was won by Oxford by two and one quarter lengths. The time was 19 min. 21 sec. This time is the best ever made over the present course.

PRINCETON has been discussing the subject of rowing, of late. A mass-meeting of the students decided that rowing be not a university organization, but that private rowing be encouraged.

THE University of Michigan has 2,696 students in attendance. This is a larger number by 28 than that of Harvard.

After the Easter Recess the cap and gown of the Oxford type will be worn by the senior class at Yale.

IN Princeton Wednesday afternoons have been granted as half-holidays, to give more time to athletics.

HAMILTON College has adopted the new plan of having Monday as a holiday instead of Saturday.

IN a German university a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to the theatres, and takes him free to art galleries.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL bequeathed a large part of his library to Harvard University.

DAILY papers are now published by Brown University, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, and Yale.

PROFESSOR E. D. CAMPBELL, of the University of Michigan, lost his eyesight a week ago by an explosion in the chemical laboratory.

*The Owl*, has in its April number an excellent article on Swinburne. We are glad to see it. Swinburne is not known as he should be. Comparatively few students are at all familiar with him. It is a noticeable fact, however, that Mr. Swinburne, like Hawthorne, is steadily growing in popularity. *The Owl* handles him in a penetrative way, bringing him before the reader as he really is.

LEO XIII. is the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pope. Of these, forty-five were French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, six Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoyards, one Dalmatian, one English, one Portuguese, one Hollander, one Candian : Italy gave the rest.

THE greatest universities of the world rank, in numbers, as follows : Paris with 9,215 students, Vienna with 6,220, Berlin with 5,527, Calcutta with 5,257, London with 5,013, Naples with 4,328, Edinburgh with 3,623, Munich with 3,541, Buda-Peste with 3,533, Athens with 3,500, Moscow with 2,473, Leipsic with 3,457, and Madrid with 3,182,

INGERSOLL LECTURE.—Colonel Ingersoll, in his lecture on Shakespeare, spoke of the great poet as "the giant of intellect, an ocean touching every continent of human thought ; a mountain mind, beside which every other were an ant-hill." To which *Grip* in its edition of April, makes the shade of Shakespeare reply. "Well spoke, good Bob, but prithee! if mine was such a mind, doth it not puzzle you to consider that I accepted the Christian faith and died therein?"

THE largest university of the world is said to be the great Moslem University at Cairo, founded 975, A.D. It has three hundred and seventy professors and ten thousand students. The pupils have no benches or chairs, but eat, study and sleep on a blanket or mat of straw. The Koran is the only book used for grammar, law, philosophy, and theology : and the students study it, learn it, and repeat it continually. The professors receive no salary, but are supported by private instruction, by copying books, and by presents from rich scholars.—*Ex.*

THE CENTRAL RAY'S article on "Importance of Early Self-knowledge" is an exceedingly good one ; Mr. Bain, its author, has evidently thought carefully on the subject, and knows whereof he speaks.

## THE REWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
 Sees not the spectre of his mispent time,  
     And through the shade  
 Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,  
 Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
     From his beloved dead ?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force ?  
 Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse :  
     Who would not cast  
 Half of its future from him, but to win  
 Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin  
     Of the sealed past ?

Alas ! the evil, which we fain would shun,  
 We do, and leave the wished-for good undone :  
     Our strength to-day  
 Is but to-morrow's weakness prone to fall ;  
 Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
     Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
 Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
     If he hath been  
 Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
 To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause  
     His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin ;  
     If he hath lent  
 Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,  
 Over the suffering, heedless of his creed  
     Or hue, hath bent—

He hath not lived in vain ; and, while he gives  
 The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives  
     With thankful heart.  
 He gazes backward, and with love before,  
 Knowing that from His works he nevermore  
     Can henceforth part.

THE *Colby Oracle* gives the following lists of professors and assistants who have been appointed to the Faculty of the Chicago University: "W. R. Harper, of Yale, President and head professor of the Semitic department ; W. G. Hale, of Harvard, head professor of Latin ;

J. L. Laughlin, of Cornell, head professor of Political Economy ; W. I. Knapp, of Yale, head professor of the Romance languages and literature ; A. W. Small, president of Colby University, head master of Social Science ; H. P. Judson, of the U. of M., professor of History ; C. Chandler, of Denison University, professor in Latin ; G. S. Goodspeed, Brown '80, assistant professor of Ancient History and Comparative Religion ; R. F. Harper, of Yale, assistant professor in Semitic department ; A. A. Stagg, of Yale, director of Physical Culture ; F. F. Abbott, of Yale, assistant professor of Latin, Professor Herman E. Von Holst has also consented to leave Freiburg University to accept an appointment to the chair of History."

ONLY IN SERVICE.—"Only in service does any life truly complete itself," says Bishop Brooks. Only in service. Manifestly here is light and guidance. The author writing his books, the merchant in his store, the editor in his office, the actor on the stage—each and all in the countless multiplication of human relations, have in their hands, daily and hourly opportunities for this service, which is the higher meaning of existence. For instance, in literature, used in its broad sense to cover all grade and quality of writing activities. It is not a vocation whose best result is fame, and whose success is synonymous with more or less widespread notice and publicity. The deepest truth is that authorship is service, and when it is not that, it is nothing ; that fame, in its true sense, is incidental and not the supreme end of the work ; that the author who is fine of soul does not shout to hear the echo of his own voice, but to convey the message that he has for the world. A silly and selfish greed for personal fame, or its masquerade as publicity, is a pernicious element in the life of to-day ; and the fault lies rooted in the false social standard that does not recognize service as its ideal. The incidental contrasts of life, every day, every hour, offer these opportunities. One is responsible for the atmosphere he carries about with him, the unconscious influence that his presence exerts. Nor is there any individual life too rudimentary to be unworthy the best that can be given it. "Take the soul that needs God's help, and there is a day in which God and the divine life in God reveals it. Then there is no soul on earth that dare call itself too great, too splendid, too exalted in its own intrinsic work, to give itself in absolute obedience and service to this other soul," said Bishop Brooks, in the great discourse to which reference has already been made, and deeply will the realization of this profound truth make itself felt to everyone who tests it by personal experience.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

BRO. JOHN CHANDLER has departed for fields new. He did not wait to take his examination, but left us suddenly. We hope he will find true friends among his new acquaintances. John has been long with us, and we shall always think of him kindly.

MR. PARK is on the sick list. His chief trouble is with his eyes. Although we were sorry to see him go away, we expect he will be here next session. He must give his eyes rest.

MR. BRIDGMAN left us two weeks ago broken down in health. He has had a hard time since Christmas, the grip left him in a weakened condition. We hope to see him return next year in good health, ready for hard work.

THE programme for the closing exercises shows a pleasing variety of selections, both of readings and music. Some care has been exercised, and good taste has dictated a good programme.

THE announcement of the approaching marriage of one of the graduating class is already made. We are disposed to think those who are so profuse and continuous in their congratulations must be envious of his good fortune.

MESSRS. GRIGG AND HUNTER will spend their summer vacation in Dakota. We are sorry to see them cross the lines when so many men are needed at home, but it may be a valuable experience for them, and we wish them God speed. We hope Mr. Grigg will come back stronger and more rugged for next year's work.

WE shall soon have to say goodbye to our graduating class; pleasant as the associations have been, we must soon regard them as pleasant memories only. Next month we shall publish a complete list of the fields occupied by the class, and a brief sketch of each man.

By a unanimous vote the students adopted the suggestion of the Home Mission Executive, to observe a week of self-denial. A petition was filed, praying that we might be permitted to deny ourselves for the Home Mission funds. As a result the steward was enabled to effect a saving of about \$15, which we have the pleasure of handing over to the Treasurer of the Society.

THE tide of excitement over the exams. is subsiding. The few who have yet to write are plodding hard. Long thin faces and sunken eyes tell of loss of sleep and general weariness, the all-consoling balm is it will soon be over. Then the ambrosial woods and fairy flowers, poetical scenes and poetical sermons, must restore the flagging energies for next year's mental toil.

ALREADY the number of applications for admission next year is very considerable. The resident Professor has been crowded out. Next year a system of government will be organized among the students, and we have every confidence that as good order will be maintained when our students depend entirely upon themselves, as when they are under the paternal care of a Professor.

ALL are joyfully expectant over the Young People's Convention. From the first the students have felt a keen interest in this new departure. All that our busy hours would permit has been done to advance this interest, a large gathering is confidently expected. This ought to be the beginning of a great forward movement among the young people. Their enthusiasm, earnestness, devotion, and spirit ought to atone for any lack of experience they may have, and we are anticipating soul-inspiring results. The singing is to be under the direction of our Glee Club. A choir of male voices will be organized and trained for the occasion.

---

MOULTON COLLEGE.

ODE to Bradley's Arnold, by one of the Victims :—

“Bradley ! Thou cause of all my woes,  
 Thou worst of persevering foes,  
 Would that I knew thee well !  
 What wisdom in my youthful mind,  
 My patient teacher then would find ;  
 None but thyself can tell !”

THE stair-carpet for which we advertised last month is casting its shadow before. The attenuated shadow of the old one has disappeared forever from mortal ken. But between shadow and substance there intervenes a *deal* of hard *board*.

THE addition of a handsome set of prisms, lenses and mirrors to our scientific apparatus, promises to materially increase the interest and value of the work in physics for the future. These pieces were purchased for us by Prof. McKay during his recent visit to England and France, and will meet a long-felt need.

HOLIDAYS? Why, we had almost forgotten them, till that word brought to remembrance those four short days. Although the Easter holidays were short they were none the less welcome, giving most of us an opportunity to be with the home people again, and relieving that routine which it is impossible to avoid in College life. We enjoyed them to the utmost, and came back ready for work again.

AMONG the list of entertainments given so far this year, the lecture by Mr. Vogt holds a prominent position. His subject was the “Life and Works of Richard Wagner.” He spoke principally on the operas,

"Tannehäuser" and "Lohengrin." These two were illustrated by his piano pupils. The opening selection was "The march of Tannehäuser," after which Mr. Vogt spoke a few words relative to Wagner's great power and genius in writing operatic music. Then followed "The Evening Star," the "Introduction to Third Act of Lohengrin," "Elsas Brantzüg," and "Elsas Franke." In all it was a most enjoyable hour. It is understood that Mr. Vogt was requested to give lectures of this kind at some future time on other great composers, to which he consented, so that we may anticipate another treat in the dim future.

---

#### WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, of McMaster University, will lecture on Friday, 13th inst., on "The Religious Thoughts of the Ancient Greeks." This lecture has been highly praised by the McMaster boys, and we are looking forward to it with pleasure.

REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, M.A., the popular pastor of the Bloor Street church, Toronto, visited Woodstock recently and gave a most interesting lecture to the Young People's Union, in the Baptist church. His subject, "Dust," was ingeniously and skilfully handled and made a strong impression. His visit to the College next morning was scarcely less appreciated by the students. Mr. Wallace has the happy faculty of winning his way very speedily. We shall be glad to welcome him back to the College whenever he can visit us.

MR. ROBERTSON, mathematical master, who has for some weeks been at Clifton Springs, N.Y., in search of health, has, we are pleased to say, been much benefited. Mr. Robertson is a most conscientious and successful teacher, and his present sickness is no doubt in some measure due to the severe demands of his work, and to his earnest efforts to discharge fully his duties. We welcome every indication of returning health.

Our new teacher Mr. Stillwell, continues to grow in favor; there is a kind gentleness in his manner which wins, a quiet dignity which rules. Woodstock is surely fortunate in having such a man ready to fill a vacancy, and surely McMaster is to be congratulated upon having such men ready to supply us.

LAST Saturday morning, the first of a series of conferences was held in one of the class rooms. The aim is to exchange thoughts and receive advice and counsel upon matters pertaining to our work upon mission fields in the summer. The first meeting was led by Mr. Stillwell, and was highly profitable. We expect to reap great benefit from these weekly meetings, and, in the absence of any purely theological training here, must be very helpful. Students having the ministry in view have often felt the too heavy responsibility of assuming the pasto-



rate without any preparation. This new idea may prove to be even more helpful than we had thought.

LAST Sunday, Rev. Geo. Cross, B.A., of Calgary, an old student of Woodstock, preached for Mr. Dadson, who was absent in Toronto, preaching the annual sermon of the Fyfe Missionary Society. Mr. Cross is about to enter upon a course of theology at McMaster Hall, and we predict for him a brilliant career. He is a student of more than ordinary application, and, having spent some time in the pastorate, knows the needs of the pastor better than he otherwise could. He visited the College on Monday, and gave us a talk. It is always a great delight to welcome back to the College the graduates of former years. Woodstock may well feel proud of her sons.

SPORTS are now in order. The snow has left our College lawns once more, and football, cricket, baseball and lawn tennis clubs are already formed. Each game has its particular devotees; a pleasant rivalry for popularity is noticeable. Just now it would seem that baseball will crowd out the other games, but to-morrow may tell a different story, so changeable is the ardor of youth. Few Colleges are so fortunate as Woodstock in having lawns so large that all four games may be played at once without any inconvenience, thanks to the wise provision of our forefathers.

ONE of our students recently made his appearance in the Principal's office asking for permission to send for the money to go home, upon the plea that he could not live up to the requirements of the College. This speaks well for our discipline if it does not for the devotion of this student. When a student finds he cannot live up to the rules of an institution, of course the manly thing to do is to withdraw, but who is to blame in such a case, the man or the College? Surely not the College. Woodstock is well known, her men are known, her teachers are well known; it is surely humiliating to find one cannot conform to the requirements of a school of such pronounced excellence as ours. Shall the rules be changed or shall the boys conform to them? Who will answer?

SOME time ago it was discovered that the Observatory on the College campus was broken into, and several eye-pieces were found to have been stolen. The loss was at once felt to be one of no ordinary character, as the pieces could not be replaced except at great expense, and without them the telescope, one of the very largest in the Dominion—if not the largest—would, of course, be entirely useless. What could be done to discover the culprits and to recover the pieces? The Chief Constable was put on the track, and, lo! a trembling youth appeared one morning soon after at the Principal's residence, bringing the lost treasures. He confessed to the theft, and fearing arrest for this, and other similar misdemeanors, of which ample proofs were found in his home, he soon left the town, and is now, doubtless, in the land of the free and the brave.