



*A. Gillies*

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ARCHIBALD GILLIES.

The late Rev. Archibald Gillies was one of Scotland's noblest sons and one of her best contributions to our early Canadian ministry. In preparing this sketch of his life I shall quote extensively his own words from his "jottings" written for the children after he was three score and ten.

"They who ought to know have told me that I was born near Inverary, Argyleshire, Scotland, on the 15th day of July, 1812. They tell me I was a very feeble and unpromising gift, from the very first, not likely to stay long, or be of any use while I was allowed to remain. But of his great mercy God gave me one of the best mothers of Scotland, to whose tender care and love I owe it, that I have seen so many years (71) and enjoyed so great benefits of a kind and gracious Providence. Thus far I am a great debtor to my Heavenly Father for all temporal and spiritual good. To his holy name be thanks and glory forever more. Amen!"

He was third in a family of eleven children. His early childhood was spent on a farm near Oak-field, on the bank of Crenan Canal. His father, Duncan Gillies, and family, emigrated to Canada in 1818, after a somewhat perilous and protracted voyage of nearly thirteen weeks. They settled temporarily in

Glengarry, near Cornwall, later and permanently in Dundee, Huntingdon County, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence.

Here he spent several years of his early life, helping his father clear up the new farm, during which time the "little learning obtained before moving to the forest farm" was nearly forgotten. At the age of sixteen he was unable to read correctly a "chapter in the New Testament." "I wept over this sad fact and went to books and paper and pencils and slate, but at very serious disadvantage; fingers were stiff with long use of farm implements, and much more, the mind was like an uncultivated field of hard soil and full of wild weeds and briars and thorns. To make a start in pursuit of knowledge I bought or borrowed, (I do not remember which), as my first books, Webster's Speller, Murray's Grammar, somebody's arithmetic, slate and pencils, so went to my hard work in the log school-house, among the little boys and girls, whom I thought very learned, as I heard the little *savants* read and parse and spell me down every day—for they were sure to give me the place of honor at the foot of the class, though head and shoulders above them all. But there was no help for this state of humiliation, but to grin and bear it and plod away—and it has been but plodding ever since that day of small things in 1828."

After a year or two he entered the academy at Fort Covington, N. Y., four miles distant. While here his conversion occurred, which he ever after regarded the principal event of his life, and to which he makes the following reference—"That important, solemn event was, I trust, by the grace of God, my salvation, through faith in our Lord Jesus. At the time of which I am speaking, there was little or no religious influence or principle in all that part of the country—work, sport, folly, vanity, if not worse, were the order of the day, by young and old. For many years my father was the only person who made any open profession of sacred things or had family worship."

For several months previous to his conversion he passed through great distress of soul and spiritual concern. The awakening influences which led to this troubled frame of mind he attributes, under God, to the visits of several Scotch Baptist families living twenty miles away. "They seemed to be godly persons and were accustomed, when they made visits to our

family, to hold religious meetings, reading the word of the Lord, praying and speaking and singing, all in the Gaelic tongue. To my untrained and ignorant mind, these services were most fearfully and awfully solemn. The meeting and talking and praying of those unpolished but pious Highlanders, was probably the means of my first serious thoughts in the solemn matters of salvation and eternal realities." "The names of those Christian men and women I ought to remember and record with sincere gratitude: viz.: John McLean, Peter McLean, Hector McLean, John Campbell, and their wives. Father and our neighbor, A. Campbell, after a while joined in these cottage meetings. The events and experiences of those days and nights were followed by many long dreary months of severe prostration of body and spirit, and I seemed to myself to be near death and the eternity of an unsaved sinner. In this state of conviction and deep distress the winter passed slowly on and I know not how much of next summer. . . . So I kept sighing and groaning many a weary hour, while the rest of the family were enjoying repose of quiet slumber, save my beloved mother, whose watchful ear caught every sound of pain and distress. When asked with the tenderest sympathy and concern what ailed me, I was silent because I did not want any one to know what was wrong with me. My parents thought that it was bodily sickness, and so in their kindness sent for one doctor and then another. But as neither Clarke nor Sprague understood the true state of their patient little or no benefit could be looked for. I wanted to say, but did not, these are not the doctors I need. I want the great physician of souls who can forgive and heal and save, and give peace to the troubled, weary soul. I think father suspected the cause of my disquietude, and directed my attention to passages of scripture such as Matt. 11, 28-30. These were rich and precious, but they seemed far too high and good for such as I felt myself to be."

So the weary months past but no relief came until September, when a series of special meetings was held in the Baptist church at Fort Covington, N.Y., by pastor H. Safford, assisted by Rev. John Gilmour, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montreal. Of these meetings Mr. Gillies has left the following record:

"In these times they had anxious seats for the awakened inquirers. A large number obeyed the invitation to come forward to the front pews. I was in the gallery on that day and saw with deep emotion one and another, old and young, moving to the appointed seats, and ardently wished to join them, but from fear or shame dared not to stir, till Cyprian Morgan, a young member of the church, took me by the hand and led me all the way to the front. This seemed to me, at the time, the greatest and most difficult act of my whole life. It was at any rate the beginning of a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus and of peace and joy through His holy name."

On the 10th of September, 1831, he was received for baptism, and on the following Sabbath was baptized by the Rev. H. Safford and united with the Fort Covington Baptist Church. For several years he attended the Academy and taught alternately. These were also years of spiritual growth and Christian activity. The deepening conviction that God was calling him to preach the Gospel, led to the resolution, "Lord here am I, send me." Most keenly he felt the need of a better educational equipment than he at that time possessed, for a calling so sacred and high. These days of small things to Canadian Baptists were beginning to brighten into a broader hope. Baptist interest was centering in Montreal. The Canada Baptist Missionary Society had been formed. There was a growing conviction that a trained native ministry was necessary, that the churches might be supplied with efficient pastors. In 1836 this conviction was formulated into a resolution by the Ottawa Association to establish a Theological Institution expressly for this purpose. This resolution took practical form, and in April of the same year Montreal Baptist College was opened with Rev. N. Bosworth, tutor pro tem. In September, 1838, D. Davies arrived to take charge of the Institution and began his work with two students. The founding of the Baptist College in Montreal afforded Mr. Gillies the needed opportunity of a special course of training for the ministry. Accordingly he resolved to enter the College at his earliest convenience and avail himself of such advantages as it afforded. In 1839 the name of Archibald Gillies was placed upon the College roll as a theological student. During a three years' course he applied himself with characteristic diligence.

His genial disposition, dignified manliness and Christian integrity must have won the high esteem of both student and professor.

About this time the Canada Baptist Missionary Society, began to assume the oversight of Baptist mission work in the Eastern Townships. There was already quite a constellation of Baptist churches here, which had been formed by Baptist missionaries from Vermont, beginning as far back as 1799. These beautiful townships were settled in part by New England families, and Baptist work well begun afforded a most desirable field for Canada Baptist Missionary effort. In the summer of 1841 Mr. Gillies was sent out into this region on a missionary tour, to preach the Gospel wherever opportunity afforded, solicit subscribers to the "Baptist Magazine," and collect money for the Canada Baptist Missionary Society. Accordingly he visited the following Baptist churches and preaching stations, viz.: Stanbridge, Abbott's Corners, Potton, West Bolton, Stanstead and Hatley, Fitch Bay, Magog, Beebe Plain, Barnston, Barford, Eaton and East Clifton. This distance of fully one hundred and twenty miles, was travelled by stage, on foot, on horseback and by private conveyance; the Rev. T. Merriman of Summerville, Mass., then a student, whose home was in Magog, being his travelling companion and guide. Having returned to college he accepted a call to the Eaton Baptist Church, of which he writes: "Rather lonely, if not a little homesick and tired, I began my life work Saturday, 31st of December, 1841, in the deacon's parlor, by studying my sermons for the next day, which was to be the first Sabbath and the first day of the year 1842. The text was very good and appropriate, whatever the sermon may have been—"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified: 1st Cor. ch. 2nd, v. 2." Thus he began that unusually long and useful pastorate, continuing until 1880, and terminating then only through failing health. Throughout this long chapter of thirty-eight years the history of the Rev. A. Gillies and that of Eaton Baptist Church are sacredly and inseparably interwoven.

He was ordained in Eaton, on the 27th day of February 1842. The Council was composed of six ministers and seven lay brethren. The Rev. John Girdwood, of Montreal, preached the

sermon. Mr. Gillies refers to this as "a memorable day" and to the ordaining prayer as "the most solemn part of the whole service." All these ministers and brethren passed on before the candidate. Referring to this, he said, "Through grace we trust to join them in the heavenly home, and with them and the innumerable company of the redeemed, 'Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,' evermore, Amen?" "The first year of my pastorate was one of much anxiety and arduous work, and a mixture of affliction, sorrows and mercies." Among the mercies to which he refers was "a general awakening and an in-gathering of converts." The affliction was no less than the death of his beloved wife, to whom he had been married in February, of the same year. This was, to the young pastor, a very sore bereavement. On September 9th 1845 he was united by marriage to Miss Lucy Ives, of Magog, who survived him less than a year, and then, on her seventy-first birthday, March the 1st, 1890, passed on to a joyous reunion on "the other side." During the long years of service and affliction she was a most worthy helpmeet, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother and an exemplary Christian.

From the beginning of Mr. Gillies' work in Eaton, "there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." Some of these family names are still a tower of strength in the church and community. They were New England Baptist families, of the nobler type. To a long pastorate of peculiar unction, lucid and practical exposition of God's word, earnestness, spirituality and withal a quiet dignity, the Eaton Baptist Church is greatly indebted for a type of piety and a Christian development not attainable under short pastorates, frequent changes and pastorless intervals. Between pastor and people there was a mutual attachment and tenderness of the most affectionate character which strengthened with the increase of years. When the Baptist centre of interest shifted from Montreal, to Toronto and Woodstock, when the Western exodus thinned the Eastern pastorates, the Rev. A. Gillies did not leave his handful of sheep to perish in the wilderness, but fed and folded them with tender care.

As a pioneer pastor, he was necessarily, more or less, the servant of most of the churches in the Eastern Townships. His many long missionary and other tours, long drives to outlying

Sunday appointments, often encountering storms, snow blockades, extreme cold and hardships, were doubtless no small factor in the premature breaking down of his health. Possessed of an unusually vigorous mind and constitutionally active, to be laid aside from active pulpit and pastoral work was one of the greatest trials of his life. After the "crash came" he cherished the hope that he might sufficiently recover to render ten or fifteen years of moderately active service. But He, who knows what is best and doeth all things well, had otherwise ordered. The few remaining years were to be ones of suffering and affliction. With becoming resignation he cheerfully submitted to the Father's ruling and earnestly prayed that a pastor might be sent to care for the flock. He was literally burdened with anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his people. Those who visited him were almost always counselled to sustain the meetings. To one he said "be sure and do not neglect the meetings," to another, "be sure and get to the meetings, get to the meetings if you break your neck in getting there, get to the meetings." He most cordially welcomed those who were sent to take up the work where he had been obliged to lay it down. Woodstock and McMaster students, had no warmer friend in the East than the Rev. A. Gillies. They found a large place in his heart and he was greatly beloved by such young men as R. McKillop, W. J. McKay, A. Burwash and O. G. Langford. To them his presence in the sanctuary, responsive listening, fervent prayers and supplementary remarks were most helpful. Not less inspiring was the conversation in his home, always profitable and of a soul-uplifting character.

Mr. Gillies was a reader, and his library was replenished from time to time with a choice volume. His home was well furnished with such periodicals as the *Montreal Witness*, *Canadian Baptist*, *Watchman and Reflector*, *American Baptist Missionary Magazine*, etc. He was a great admirer of the writings of the late Charles Spurgeon. "All of Grace" was especially prized, a ministering angel in the sick-room. His mind was well stored with general information, and in lively touch with the current events of the day. He was conversant with Baptist work generally, but especially with that of Canadian and American Baptists. He was one of the promoters of



the Eastern Convention, the annual meetings of which he habitually attended. He had a rare acquaintance with the Bible, and a spiritual insight into its teaching, the legacy of a prayerful study, thoughtful meditation and matured experience.

His appreciation of the every day blessings of life was remarkable. Expressions of gratitude fell from his lips repeatedly every day. On his seventy-second birthday, his afflicted hand penned the following grateful tribute. "This day I am, by the continued favor of my heavenly Father, seventy-two years old. For the mercies and benefits of these long years, I am greatly in debt, but have paid nothing; so it is and must be. It might be quite in place here to record an expression of my sense of gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for all I have experienced and possessed of temporal and spiritual benefits in these seventy-two years' pilgrimage. I acknowledge His just and absolute and exclusive and eternal right to all I am, and all I have, and all I can have or can be forevermore, amen!"

Special mention should be made of the remarkable way he was cared for during eleven years of enfeebled health. The Eaton Church, a brother, a personal friend, and an "unknown friend," all commissioned by Elijah's God, kept him comfortably supplied. During these years he received more money than in any corresponding period of his life. Many entries like the following are found in his memorandum, "Thanks to the Lord, and blessings on the hand that sent it."

As a minister of the Gospel he magnified his office. Such was his godly conversation and holy deportment that the dignity of the ministry was at all times most reverently maintained. No one could be in his presence, even for a short time, without feeling that he was in the presence of a man of God. So chaste was his conversation, that, a "son in the faith," a Gospel minister, emphatically characterized him as "a man of clean lips." His words were exceedingly well chosen and expressive. His prayers were remarkably brief, fervent and comprehensive. While devout in all holy things, he had a peculiar reverence for his Bible, which he always handled with the most sacred tenderness. If at any time it accidentally fell, or suffered violence, the occurrence exceedingly pained him. Latterly, he became,

largely, a man of this one book, saying, "There is but one book in the world and only one man in the universe—all the rest are little now to me."

During the active part of his ministry he was abundant in labors, preaching and carrying his ministrations into the homes of his people, a house to house pastor, whose visits were welcome and most helpful. Eternity alone can reveal the blessed results of such a consecrated life. Failing health did not end his services, but simply confined them to a less public department. God only knows the frequency and fervency of his prayers through these years of affliction. Habitually awakening a good while before day, he spent the time praying for individuals, families, ministers, churches, missions, etc. The township churches were a burden on his heart, and their improved condition is an answer to much prayer. His correspondence was thoughtful, spiritual and original. The following is an abstract from one of his letters to the writer:—

"Where do Baptist pastors die and by whom are they buried? I have looked over many of the oldest churches, but find no dead pastors. Montreal, sixty years or more, none; Barnston, sixty or seventy years, none there; Barford, forty to fifty years, none there; Eaton, sixty-five years, none there; Derby, sixty years or more, none there; Fort Covington, N. Y., sixty-four years, none there; Quebec, thirty or forty years, I think none there; as regards Bredalbane, am not surc, but think none there, etc. Several of these churches have had twelve to eighteen, but no deaths in pastorate.

"How is it in the West? I believe Toronto gave Dr. Caldicott a burial, if I remember rightly. Does the Lord care for them as for Moses? However or whenever or by whomsoever, all is well with the faithful departed pastors. They have ceased from their labors, died in the Lord, and are blessed forevermore. Of these who are gone it has been my fortune to be acquainted, somewhat intimately, with more than twenty-five, beginning in 1830. I fondly hope soon now to renew and perpetuate the acquaintance and endless friendship."

Some of his sayings, "Oh that it may please the Father to let me down gently." "I am enjoying these precious promises, as big as heaven, as lasting as eternity." "It will end soon, oh,

how pleasant is the last song of the Christian, the song of release." "Your hand is on the plow, brother, now hitch in the three white horses; you will find them in the King's stall, all ready for use. I Cor. 13, 13." "I want all to wake up to see Jesus, to hear Him speak, in 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th of John."

His last Sabbath upon earth was one of happy experience. His hearing, which had been much impaired, was greatly restored, so much so that he could join again in singing the usual Sunday morning hymn, "Another six days work is done." During the day he joined heartily with the family in singing several favorite hymns. It was a day of peculiar uplifting to him. The end was nearing, on the following Thursday morning, after a night of suffering, his prayer was answered, and he was "let down gently," falling asleep in Jesus on the 16th of May 1889. His funeral was largely attended by a bereaved church and community. The service was conducted by the Rev. N. W. Alger, assisted by Rev. A. Burwash, both of whom were affectionate admirers of the departed. The "A. Gillies Memorial Fund," was raised and devoted to a double granite tablet, which now marks the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, and to the new house of worship in Sawyerville. A Memorial Tablet also was placed in the new building, bearing a suitable inscription and these words, "The memory of the just is blessed."

A. C. BAKER.

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### SLEEPING NOW.

There were lovers a hundred years ago  
 Whispering vows in the firelight's glow;  
 Sweeter than light was the low-said word,  
 Sweeter than life to the heart that heard;  
 And the rich blood flooded the cheek and brow  
 Of that maid who heard her lover's vow.  
 But the fire has gone out; and the embers there,  
 Blackened and scarred, speak no word of the Fair  
 And the Brave who that calm winter night  
 Plighted their vows in the dim firelight.

Where are the lovers of the years long gone?

Sleeping now!

On yonder hill two white shafts stand :  
 From afar they look like friends hand in hand ;  
 In the midnight black or the ruddy dawn  
 Stand they sad and chill while the years roll on :  
 And the names carved there in the marble white  
 Are the names of the lovers who that night,  
 In the winter a hundred years ago,  
 Whispered their vows in the firelight's glow.  
 The fire has gone out ; see, the ashes how white,  
 And ashes those pale shafts guard through the night.  
   'Tis a hundred years, and the lovers are gone.  
                   Sleeping now !

There were mothers a hundred years ago  
 Singing sweet lullabies soft and low ;  
 Fair were the babes by their fond arms pressed,  
 Fairer the mothers who hushed them to rest ;  
 Their tresses as yellow as the tasselled corn,  
 Their eyes as bright as the sparkling morn.  
 O strong young mothers, good and fair,  
 Your babes long since outgrew your care ;  
 Long since those tresses lost color of gold,  
 Long since those eyes grew dim and cold.  
   Where are the mothers of the years long gone ?  
                   Sleeping now !

There were babes a hundred years ago  
 Hushed to sleep by lullabies low ;  
 Their cheeks as sweet as the dew-bathed rose,  
 Their eyes undimmed by a rough world's woes ;  
 Secure from unrest or griefs or alarms,  
 Nestling they slept within fair, sheltering arms.  
 But the years are gone, the hundred years,—  
 They woke to knowledge, and pain, and fears ;  
 They hearkened at length to Death's lullabies,  
 To the songs of the Night, and then closed their eyes.  
   Where now are the babes of the years long gone ?  
                   Sleeping now !

O. C. S. WALLACE.

## TWO DRAMATIC POEMS.

An interesting and significant anecdote is related of Sir Walter Scott. The great novelist was on an extended visit to Paris, and during his stay was the guest of a society composed of learned men and *litterateurs*. On one occasion the Bible was mentioned, whereupon several of the *savants* scoffed at the sacred Book and laughed at the idea of its being considered seriously either as revelation or literature. Sir Walter was shocked, but held his peace for the moment. Not long afterwards he announced that he had discovered a musty old manuscript in the Paris library, and promised that he would decipher it and read it to them at their next meeting. Such an announcement naturally excited great interest and drew a large audience of members of the society. They listened to the reading of the manuscript and were enthusiastic in their admiration of both its matter and style. And well they might have been, for Sir Walter's "old manuscript" was nothing more or less than a book from the Bible that they had so lately held up to derision. He had read to them the book of Habbakuk, and they in their ignorance had not recognized either the subject-matter or style as Biblical. But their poetical sensibilities were susceptible to the sublime poetry of the noble hymn contained in the third chapter, and they gladly gave it generous and well-deserved commendation.

As a sequel to the foregoing I propose to give an account of two dramatic poems by a modern author, who shall be nameless except in so far as the fanciful letter X may be considered a name. The poems shall be known as B— and P—. Inasmuch as they are named by their author from their respective heroes, the same letters will stand for the latter also. The context will indicate whether in any particular sentence the poems or heroes are intended.

B— and P— are companion poems, and should be read together. They are both like and unlike each other. The action of B— begins in the midst of a famine and proceeds amid the snows and cheerless gloom of a northern winter, while that of P— opens with a merry marriage ceremony and proceeds, for some considerable time at least, under a blazing southern sun.

This enveloping action and scenery are in accord with the dominant note of each. R—— is sombre, and unrelieved by cheerfulness or humor, whereas P—— is full of whimsical fun and delicious satire. B—— is a picture of outward failure but inward success, while P—— is a picture of partial worldly success but spiritual failure.

Though unlike each other they are yet alike, for their spiritual significance is the same. Both deal with the solemn problem of how a man can realize the best that is in him. B—— exhibits one way to that great end, the way that leads to success; P—— presents another way, the one that ends in sad hopeless failure. Furthermore, the two poems are complementary to each other. P—— is the author's conception of the weakness in the character of his compatriots; B—— is a picture of what they ought to be. But they have, perhaps, a wider significance; they apply to mankind perhaps as well as to his compatriots. In other words B—— and P—— are world poems, not merely national poems. P—— presents in its hero a type of weak and erring mankind, while B—— utters the author's charge against such a mankind, and at the same time exhibits in its hero a type of his ideal. This charge and this ideal I shall now endeavour to set forth.

In the first place this age is half-hearted in everything. It is neither good nor bad; it is only half-good or half-bad. A spirit of cowardly compromise has eaten its way into the very vitals of mankind; men are no longer men, they are only half-men. They are not anxious to be wholly good, and dreadfully afraid to be wholly bad. To X's mind this half-heartedness is worse than downright wickedness. With Browning, X. could have said:

" Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say."

For X. this spirit of compromise is Satan; it is this lukewarm half-heartedness that renders the task of raising men so difficult. As B—— says: "From the mean comes meanness, pure and simple; but active evil can easily be converted into good."

In addition to being half-hearted, men are hypocritical. They pretend to believe one thing, but their actions are wholly out of harmony with their beliefs and professions. As B—— puts it, "Men separate life from faith and instruction; they have built no bridge between life and religion, or between action and idea." They have not yet learnt that their religion should be more than mere profession, that it should show itself in daily life. They are very glad to believe that, "centuries ago on the cross, One bore the penalty for them"; but they exhibit no life to indicate that they have any conception of what such a belief means. They fancy they can now dance through life, and never for one moment realize that the acceptance of His sufferings brings to them any responsibility of love and sacrifice. Sacrifice! They know not what it means. They are too lazy and too slothful; they are, as B—— says, "slack of heart and dull of soul." They pray, but not with depth of feeling and anguish of soul, and as a result their prayers never reach heaven. One petition alone do they utter with intensity of desire, and that is, "Give us this day our daily bread." For material comfort is the only thing they ardently wish.

Half-heartedness, then, hypocrisy, slothfulness, absence of genuine feeling and low desires, are the items in X.'s indictment of the age, and who is there to deny the general justice of the accusation?

B—— is a pastor who believes with all his heart that he has a call to cure this sickly generation. He has an inspiring certainty that he not only knows where the sickness in mankind is, but also that he has the gospel that will heal men. For him, there are three classes of men who need to be regenerated. These are the light-hearted, the faint-hearted, and the wrong-hearted. The light-hearted dance through life and forget the yawning precipice of death at their feet; the faint-hearted are unwilling to engage in a desperate struggle with sin; they have lived in a rut of habit, and are too lazy to take the trouble to rise to a higher level. The wrong-hearted cannot distinguish between the evil and the good; indeed, they take the evil for the good. Against such as these B—— fights with all the strenuousness of his earnest soul.

The first proposition of his gospel is that man should be

himself, whatever that self may be. Let him be what he ought to be: but if he cannot be that, let him be wholly and solely a man of clay. But the great question is, how can a man be himself? There is one sure way, and that is to slay himself. "In the power of self-sacrifice," says B——. lies the possibility of uprising." The path of self-renunciation is the only path that leads to perfect self-realization. But this sacrifice must not simply be outward form; it must first be an inward, spiritual feeling that will manifest itself in life. It is in the heart that the "vulture of self-will must be slain; there the new Adam must be born." Furthermore, the sacrifice must be glad and willing. "Dying in anguish upon the tree is not martyrdom; but this first, *willing* the death of the cross, this is taking hold of salvation." It is this willing that avails. With Browning again, X. seems to be in accord. Both agree that "'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

Once again this sacrifice must be complete; in it there must be no cowardly compromise. In it as in everything, B—— demands "all or nothing." Everything must be given up if necessary; even life itself must not be denied if it be required. There must be no haggling, for "every sacrifice that is not all is as though it were cast into the sea." Finally, the sacrifice must not end with to-day. It must last through life, till one's all has been sacrificed, till the will is completely under control, till the commandment "All or nothing" holds supreme sway in the soul.

Joyous, whole-souled, life-long self-surrender is the golden way to complete self-realization. The reward of such sacrifice is the "cleansing of the will, soaring faith and unity in the soul." This is the stern but blessed gospel that B—— preaches to frail mankind. But he does more than preach it; first, like Chaucer's poor parson, he followed it himself. If he requires "all or nothing" from his flock he is no less rigorous in his demands upon himself. His people unanimously and spontaneously acknowledged that while other people pointed out the way, he alone walked in it. Throughout the poem we see him pass through the waters of tribulation in his resolute adherence to his principle. He sacrifices fame, pleasure and wealth; nay, more than that, he gives up child and wife; but in doing so he



reaches lofty spiritual heights of which not many so much as dream, and but few attain. And yet he fails as far as lifting up the people is concerned. Notwithstanding his noble example, his flock do not follow him; they are willing to go a certain distance, but no farther; they soon falter and fall off, and he is left alone on the heights. But, nevertheless, he has won the greatest of victories; he has been true to his ideal, he has won victory over self. He has won that inner, spiritual victory that will surely bring its eternal reward.

From this cold prosaic statement of X.'s "criticism of life" one might almost imagine that B—— is a sermon rather than a poem. But though fairly open to criticism from the artistic standpoint, it is a beautiful poem, filled with many poetical images. For example what better figure than the following to express the influence that a mother may exert over her child? "A child's soul is as clear and placid as a tarn in the summer sunshine; a mother can hover over it like the bird which, on its silent flight, mirrors her beauty in its deepest depth." Again, for tragic pathos few scenes surpass the remarkable scene in the fourth act where B——, in his devotion to duty and in his desire to lead his wife to a similar devotion, demands of her the sacrifice of their fair-haired innocent boy. This and other beautiful passages must be read to be appreciated.

It will be impossible for me to devote more than a few lines to the companion poem, P——. Both of them, as I have already said, give the same solution to the solemn problem of self-realization. The answer of both is that, "To be oneself is to slay oneself." B—— realizes himself because he treads the path of generous unselfish sacrifice. On the other hand, P—— is convinced that no one can be himself who makes of himself a "sumpter-mule for others' woes and others' weal." His motto is, "To thyself be enough." He chooses the path of selfish self-sufficiency, and the end is sad ruin and the loss of his soul.

P—— is the incarnation of all that B—— so angrily denounces. He is a typical half-man. He lives in the memories of his ancestors, and fancies that "some day great things will come of him." He never sets about doing anything great; it is so much easier to dream of doing great things. He never looks facts square in the face; if obstacles present them-

selves, he will avoid them and never by any chance attempt to overcome them. His motto in life is never to take the inevitable step. Regarding a particular action that is performed before his eyes, he confesses that it would be possible for him to

"Think of it, wish it done, will it to boot,  
But do it! No, that's past my understanding."

He is only one of your middling sinners. He has not been an out-and-out sinner, but has hedged and tried to strike a balance by doing something good. If he has taken on the outward form of Christianity it is only to quiet his conscience, and because, after all, it is "best to follow the fashion a bit."

Such a man, then, is P——, and doubtless there are many more like him. He has failed in the purpose of life. He has tried to be himself, but has taken the wrong path and has never been himself at all. He has been only a half-man. Like the Laodicæans he has been neither hot nor cold, and for him, as for them, the author thinks unique punishment is necessary. For such as P—— there is, according to X. no individual immortality. The souls of all such men are gathered into one melting-pot and moulded over. He has had no individuality on earth, and therefore has no right to individual perpetuation. In the poem, however, his final fate is not absolutely decided, and from the last scene it would appear that X. intends to suggest that the love of a pure woman may avail even so far as to rescue him from the extinction he so richly deserves.

Such are these two poems. Whatever one may think of their "criticism of life," one may acknowledge that their thought is stimulating and their moral lessons ennobling.

W. S. W. McLAY.

## Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

M. C. McLEAN, W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98.

EDITORS.

IAN MACLAREN.

One evening last October a large audience sat in St. James' Church, Montreal, awaiting the appearance of the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," who had set them many times before in laughter and tears alternately. When the first enthusiastic greeting to the speaker had died away, the audience with admirable resignation, put on that intensely sympathetic look which promises to do its laughing and crying at the proper moment.

Watson is a man of presence. He is tall, broad-shouldered, commanding. His dark Celtic eyes, keen and piercing, light up a strongly marked face which glows with feeling when he tells a good story. There is a gentle awkwardness in his platform manner which though not adding grace to his speech, draws him near the heart of common folk.

In his introduction, the lecturer said that it seemed as if every one in his American audiences was Scotch. They were all born there, or had come out in the seventeenth century, or had married a Scotch wife. It is curious how the American people cling to the skirts of Scotland, but Scotch people must not be elated too highly because on them great privileges have been bestowed. A Scotchman came up to the author at the close of one of his lectures and said: "It's a mighty nicht we've had; we are an awfu' people." It puzzled us to know how Dr. Watson would reconcile this description with his statement in the "Cunning Speech of Drumtochty" that Scotch people abhor the use of strong adjectives.

"At the present day," the speaker continued, "there is a desire to get away from the conventional in art and literature, and a tendency to simplicity." The histories of old were little better than lists of dynasties and battles. Mr. Green has written a history showing that a nation is more than a kingdom. The

larger life of the people in their homes, in their impulses, movements towards light and destiny, is now the theme of the historian.

In theology the most fruitful study is to get behind the formal conclusions of divines and to read back past all deductions, and face the presence of the Master himself. "I go to the gospels for my authority" said MacLaren "rather than to the epistles." Behind this remark there seemed to us to be the implication that the teaching of the apostles was inferior to that of the Master. "Back to Christ" is his motto, but does Dr. Watson mean to ignore the apostles through whom Jesus continued "to do and to teach"?

"If you wish to study a nation," said the lecturer "do not study the city map, but study the country and the country people." The relation of these elements in the structure of a nation may be illustrated by large buildings, erected with a steel frame—the stone and marble being used only to fill in. A beautiful picture was then presented of Scotch peasantry, a simple, loving, God-fearing, profoundly thoughtful folk; the bone and sinew of the nation. The prominent feature of Scotch character is its strong vein of pathos. Life to them is not comedy, but tragedy. More tears have been shed by Scotch peasants than by any other people. Even in their voices to this day, one can detect a melancholy cadence. The wedding meeting the funeral always gives way to the funeral on the highway.

In answer to the criticism that his characters are far too beautiful, Watson replied, "Is it not proper for literature to deal with beauty rather than with ugliness? It is idle to ask shall we dwell in a healthy body or a leprous body. One man enters a building and lives in the drawing-room; another chooses the ash-pit. This merely shows that one is in touch with the drawing-room, and the other with the ash-pit. No great painter, except perhaps one French artist, has ever taken as a subject a surgical operation. The artist may paint suffering, but he does not lay himself out to paint ugliness." On the other hand another class of critics are shocked by the wickedness of his characters. In answer to the charge that he let Posty go to heaven in spite of his tartin', the author replied that he held a temperance meeting with him before launching, but without

avail. "I took him by the hand, and expostulated with him on the danger of his plunge into the pool after the child, but he answered that it would be a deal more dangerous to remain on shore. My characters sometimes do as they please, and why should I not be literal, like any Philistine." There, too, was Jamie Soutar, who had brought the author into awfu' disgrace by economizing the truth. In plain language he lied when he said the mistress of the sick girl in London had sent her money, when in truth Jamie had drawn it from the bank himself. "But no one was more grieved than I," the speaker said, "at Jamie's fault. I have wrestled with him in my study, and begged of him, 'Jamie, if you won't tell the truth for your own sake, do so for mine. Why not say that you have drawn the money from the bank, and that you have made a present of it to the sick girl?'" Whereupon Jamie retorted: "What! do you want to make a Pharasee o' me?" At this point we were again in perplexity. How would Dr. Watson reconcile the portraiture of this character with the principle previously laid down—art deals with beauty, not ugliness—for what more ugly deformity of character is there than lying.

Again his theology has been criticized. Drumsheugh's prayer for the dying doctor—which has been read by thousands with moistened eyes—is grounded entirely on justification by works, and contains no reference, direct or indirect, to the mediatorial work of Christ. The author, however, with that *finesse* which would do credit to Jamie Soutar, meets the objections by considering it more of Drumsheugh's affair than his own. This playful and somewhat novel method of transferring the responsibility of his own thought to the creatures of his pen may satisfy Dr. Watson, but it does not correct the dangerous tendency of such teaching.

To illustrate the Scottish love for learning, the lecturer brought his audience into the Glen, which he described with inimitable pathos and humor. "Look at that low cottage, stone-built, with thatched-roof, having but two small rooms with simple furniture. Let us go ben. See the leather-bound books on the shelf, (mostly university text-books,) and a graduate's medal on the wall. The good wife did not take you up to show you these, but she would be badly disappointed if you did not

notice them. All she wants is sympathy, and she will open a drawer, and taking out letters from her son will read you precious selections. I've been in the house of a cotter, whose son held a double first of the University of Edinburgh. It is the hope of the Scottish home that one of the boys will be a scholar, and the family flowers in one lad. When he enters the classic halls, they live and work and die for him. Go to Edinburgh and you'll meet him. He lodges in an attic room, a table, chair and bed its only furniture, and he lives on so little. He may sit next you in the classes, but that lad will not let you know his hardships. You may walk with him along the street, but when he comes near his rude lodging he excuses himself, as he has an engagement. He would be cut to the soul if any one should discover his struggles. When he graduates the two old people go up to the city to see their son obtain his degree with honors. On entering the Convocation Hall, they feel strange and out of place. A young man meets them in full dress (hired for the occasion). He is tall and handsome, and enquires if they want a seat. "Yes, sir," they reverently answer, "Is this the place?" In later days the young man will often remind his mother of the day she did not ken her son, and she'll pretend to deny it in order that the whole incident may be gone over again. The youth puts his parents into a seat reserved for the graduates' friends, and says, "I'll come in at that door, you watch." True to their son's bidding, they never lift their eyes from the door. The first man that enters is the chancellor in a scarlet robe, but what care they for him? Then comes a train of professors, but the procession is an idle show. At last their son appears, and on him they now fasten their eyes. What the chancellor says in Latin, they pretend to understand. As the student kneels to receive his honors, that is the greatest hour in the lives of that old couple who have lived and worked and slaved that the lad might have an opportunity.

After this most fitting introduction the lecturer with touching tenderness read "How Domsie brought the News to Whinnie Knowe," and "The parting of Geordie and Domsie in the garden beside the bonnie brier bush."

Dr. Watson has often been asked if his characters are real. As a matter of fact all of them are creations. If a man would

take his neighbor and make him say on the printed page all the commonplace things he actually said, no one would read it. The combination of fact and fiction would be like placing a photograph on a canvass back-ground. The aim of the story-writer is not to represent a character, but character. Concerning Dr. McClure many interesting things have been said. One correspondent in New South Wales writes Watson saying the doctor is in that colony doing daily service. Another says he lived, died and was buried in New Zealand. Another in Skye claims that island as the home of the doctor, and says everything is true even to crossing the flood. Many times has he been found in America, and twice in Ireland. "The truth is" said the author "I made him out of four men, some are living and some are dead. If I had given the book to one of these he would say 'There's no such man.' Doctors belong to the profession that does most good and says least about it." The story of the town doctor treating a poor girl at his own home rather than have her sent to the public hospital has been condemned as extravagant. But in the second book this is the only unadulterated fact, which proves that when you want reality you must go to fiction. The lecturer then read with solemn feeling a passage from the last moments of Dr. McClure. Its simple pathos did not elicit the extravagant emotion elsewhere observed, yet many a hearer, apparently unimpressible, stealthily brushed away a tear.

To venture an adverse criticism in the face of such tender devotion might perhaps be "uncanny" on our part, but we shall not close without one note of dissent. Many of the staid and pious Scotch people will not sympathize with the author's ruthless satire on institutions sacred to them as life itself, but we take especial exception to his disdainful mention of revivals and the methods of evangelists which sadly mars the beauty of his masterly tales and sketches. Yet as a philanthropist whose broad sympathies carry him to the heart of his reader where, once on firm footing, he speaks a message of divine hope to despondent souls struggling for the light, and as a patriot who loves his countrymen so excessively, not wisely but too well, with prodigal affection, so that his portraiture of Scottish character confesses that his heart can cherish only "whatsoever

things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure," we pay him a loyal tribute of respect, and in some degree at least we can join in the fervid eulogy of a Toronto bard, wishing

“ God’s blessin’ on ye’r canny pen,  
 ‘ Maclaren’, ye’r a prince o’ men—  
 Wi’ Burnbrae, ye maun be ‘ far ben,’  
     To write like yon ;  
 A bonnier book a’ dinna ken—  
     God bless you, John !”

C. J. CAMERON, B.A.,

Vankleek Hill, Nov., 1896.

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### WHEN AND THEN.

When the sable Evening has dropped her veil  
 O’er the trickling brooks, and the grassy dale,  
     Then it is night.

When the glow-worm crawls while the bird’s in its bush,  
 And we lightly sleep in the grey-dawn’s hush,  
     Then breaks the light.

### II.

When our swift-winged Hope is out-rid by Fear,  
 And we long to feel that our friends are near,  
     Our strength to stay.

On the unknown seas, we must launch our bark,  
 And we’ll sail alone, thro’ the waters dark,  
     Into the Day.

J. E. W. L.



## LEONORA'S DREAM.

It was spring. The west wind blew softly among the grasses, which leaned east with their shadows overlying them. White clouds floated in the blue above. Birds flew singing overhead and their silent shadows glided beneath them over the meadow. Half the farm house glistened in the morning sun and half was purple with shadow. The apple trees cast their blossoms in their dark circles of shade. There was *light* in the world.

Across Leonora's young life, too, there fitted a shadow. Her older brother Roland died when she was just seven years of age. Young as she was, the loss of her only playmate was a keen sorrow to the childish heart. Too harshly was the mystery of death thrust upon her sensitive spirit. She grew to be shy, sober and reserved.

There was another shadow, too. She wished to be a great artist, and her desires shrivelled up in the perplexing heat of unfavorable circumstances. She was only a school girl fifteen years old, yet her ambitions were strong and high. Her peculiarly deep blue eyes revealed to many an inquisitive girl friend the longing which lived in her soul. Nature satisfied, somewhat, her ardent desire. While contemplating its varying scenes of beauty, which her country life afforded her, she learned to love its moods. Storms of winter, floods of spring, bees and birds of summer, trees of autumn were for her an endless fascination. May flowers, birds and pebbly brooks were this little maiden's solace. No other time was she as happy as when lying on the mossy bank in the shade of a drooping willow, watching the sky-ships sailing on the blue above until they seemed to sink into the far away eastern horizon bounded by the river.

One spring day Leonora was at her favorite place on the bank. The whirr of the old mill, close at hand, the lowing of the herd in the adjacent meadow, the subdued chattering of house-building swallows, gave her exquisite pleasure. Under the soothing influence of these agreeable sounds she soon became drowsy and fell asleep, and as she slept, she dreamt and this was her dream:—

As twilight approached, one gloomy autumn evening, she, with one hand clasped in Roland's, was standing at her mother's knee. Both children were listening attentively to a story which their mother was relating, and did not observe the growing darkness until suddenly a dark shadow flitted across the window. It was caused by the movement of a tall, large man who was clothed entirely in black and wore a black hood. A moment later the stranger lifted the latch, walked quietly up to the mother, spoke a few words in a low tone, understood her look of unutterable sorrow and with her nod of assent, took the children up in his arms and walked outside. The gathering mists of the autumn evening were settling upon the hedges; the fields looked dark and dreary, being recently browned by the ploughshare. The air was heavy. Not a sound was heard. Into the still gloom strode the man of shadows. Darker and denser fell the mists. No wonder the children were terrified. They missed the soothing touch of mother's hand and her comforting whisper. They shuddered in the damp, the dark and the silence.

Suddenly, a faint light overspread one tiny round space in the mass of leaden clouds. Gradually the place became lighter and lighter and larger, until at last there appeared a foamy swaying of billowy waves of white, all surrounding one deep, beautiful blue opening. While the curtains of this "Door of Heaven" ever waved and swung before it, partially revealing the realm of light within, yet the rest of the sky remained always the same dull gray. Two white-robed angels appeared and beckoned to little Roland, who flew without effort away from his guardian in black, into their welcoming arms. Then the clouds rolled together across the blue, and the "Door of Heaven" was shut. Leonora clung to the man robed in black. One wee flake of a crystal fell from the angel's garment upon her forehead and left a tiny shadow there. There was *duty* in her soul:—

A hundred years rolled away. In the famous art gallery in Florence there hangs a picture upon which thousands and thousands of eyes have gazed. In the catalogue you will find only, "Shadows." *von Leonora*. The scene is as simple as its

title. A gloomy sky with one clear spot of heaven's matchless blue, fringed with rolls of white. Below, a meadow, half of which is upturned by deep brown furrows, a large muscular man in black with a little girl in his arms, both gazing with almost divine faces at the welcoming of a sweet small boy by two angels into "The Golden Gate." Over all the landscape there is a hazy, shifting, rolling presentation of light which is really shadow.

This canvas, on which the delicate hand of an artist traced a conception given in a dream by God, shall last for ages. Time must not seize it with its griping hand of decay. Mothers have seen there in the swinging cloudlets, downy cradles for their babes in Heaven. Children have lifted up their tiny hands to clasp the white robes of the angels. Philosophers have been enabled to look beyond the shadowy realms of doubt into the true brightness of faith. Painters have gloried in the picture's hues, tints and shades. Honorable, upright men have rested upon the black-gowned strength of justice which protects the innocent and good.

Poets have imbibed its truth, its purity, its holiness. Then let them sound the clarion of triumph over sorrow, unbelief, injustice, prejudice, ignorance and evil. Leonora! your "Shadows" shall last forever, because *genius* is there.

MARY E. BURNETTE, '97.

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### LACHESIS.

The mystic hills of Sunset Bay  
 Rise blue and black to meet the stars,  
 The sobbings of the dying day  
 Fall faint beyond its crimson bars.  
 While in the dim and dark'ning cloud,  
 The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay,  
 Now in a rose-wreath, now in a shroud,  
 Sings and tosses her treasures away;—  
 "What do you seek for up the glen?  
 Why do you turn your steps this way?  
 They all come trooping, women and men,  
 To the wise witch woman of Sunset Bay."

Down she drops her treasure store,  
Drops it over the careless crowd,  
And her form is changing evermore,  
Now in a rose-wreath, now in a shroud.

Riotous roses, thorny and sweet ;  
Languid lilies, scentless and pale ;  
The passion-flower in its glow and heat,  
Flutter and fall in a fragrant hail.

The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay  
Nods her head to the careless crowd,  
And seeing her nodding, who can say  
Which is she wearing, flowers or shroud ?

Big red peonies, heavy and gay ;  
Tiny violets, tender blue,  
And thick and fast from the cloud-folds gray,  
Ever and always sprays of rue.

Out through the bars of the dying day  
Thrusting her treasures lingering,  
The wise witch woman of Sunset Bay  
Nods her head and begins to sing—

“ I sit in my rose-wreath,  
I sit in my shroud,

And my song screams up to the stars ;  
I will thrust you posies  
Of every hue

Through the fiery sunset bars.  
I always give

What men may choose,

Tho' it comes from the folds of a shroud.  
But for maidens I've nought  
But roses and rue,

And a hiding place in the crowd,  
And the thorns of my rose-wreath  
Are clear to their view,

And so are the folds of my shroud.  
The restful poppy, the blue heartsease,  
I never give them at all to these.”

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

## H O M E.

Soon after mother earth came forth from her Maker's hands, a spray, plucked from the bowers of the Spirit land and fragrant with celestial odor, was placed on her bosom. It took root; and from it, sprigs have been planted here and there throughout the world, until now they dot our valleys, deck our hillsides and cluster together in our cities.

This transplanted bower we call Home. And as we mention the name, its sweetness steals in upon our spirits, and awakens in our minds myriads of reminiscences which neither time nor vicissitude can efface. For one may become brawny upon the mighty deep; he may struggle amid the clash of battle arms; he may be numbed with Arctic cold or may blister his feet on Southern sands, yet that one word "Home" whispered into his ear will carry him, faster than the lightning's flash, back to the scenes of childhood's days. Again he looks upon the old homestead, once more he rides the broomstick for a horse through its halls, or romps beneath the old apple tree with his dog, Collie. Again he peers into every nook and corner for the ever missing school cap, yes and again he ascends the creaking staircase and after a well remembered prayer, receives that incomparable good-night kiss. Land and sea may be scoured in the greatest freedom; he may revel in the pleasures of a luxurious life, win the applause of thousands, and pile about him pyramids of wealth, but he finds no pleasures to excel those of childhood's home, if indeed that place were worthy of the name.

Or if he be one who has gone forth and plucked the sweetest blossom from some other bower, and in union with her has planted another home, the thought of the merry prattle and cosy comfort there will lighten his burdens and brighten his hours, be he toiler in field or in office.

It is impossible, perhaps, to over-estimate the influence of home-life upon character. The brave deeds of the heroes whom we delight to honor, the nobility of manhood which has won the admiration of nations, the chivalry, courage and fidelity of the good and the brave have in many, many instances sprung from seed sown in the home.

Where did the Spartans get their invincible valor? Was it not in their training at home? Where did Washington and Lincoln receive their lofty ideas of liberty, their unflinching bravery and indomitable zeal, that blossomed into noble lives, but in the Puritan home? Where did the Wesleys learn the lessons of earnestness, godliness and faith, which enabled them to move England, but at a mother's knee? Yes, as a scratch made in the sapling appears as a large rent in the tree older grown, so the impressions of early home life will blaze forth from the man in words and deeds, mighty for good or ill.

Then, too, the home is the mightiest factor in the life of a nation. A nation's power, progress and endurance are not to be computed by her extensive area, the wealth of her mines, nor the might of her army, but may be measured at her fire-sides. For let her senators be never so wise, let her possessions spread wide over the face of the earth, and her soldiers be legion; yet if her homes are the scenes of ignorance, squalor and immorality, her sun sooner or later must sink behind clouds of obscurity. But let her homes be centres of purity, industry and joy, then her glory shall rise higher and higher until in her eminence she shall be the envy and admiration of the world, for

“ Great statesmen govern nations,  
Kings mold a people's fate ;  
But the unseen hand of velvet  
These giants regulate.  
And a power mightier, stronger,  
These from their throne has hurled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.”

These are the best patriots who manage our commerce, till our soil and send forth to their country sons and daughters of stalwart frames, sound minds and sterling morals.

Then all honor to our loved Canadian homes. In them may loyalty and love ever dwell. May their innocent chatter never cease. On her gates may her fair daughters swing for many generations.

But is that *home* where there is given no word of sympathy, no kiss of gratitude, no fond embrace? Nay, surely. It may be a lodging place, but it is not home. And curses be on that

man who dares, with his intemperance, profanity or snarls to sully this heaven-planted institution.

Shame on that woman who gives not her best service for her home.

And where are the young people who count not home the dearest spot on earth? We number them not among our men and women; they are unworthy the name of son and daughter.

So now, while we sing the praises of our native land, and shout, long live the Queen, we reserve the loudest, highest note, and above the din of business and whirl of pleasure, we say God bless our homes.

S. E. GRIGG, 1900.

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## Editorial Notes.

IN all probability this number of THE MONTHLY will not reach our readers before Christmas week. We therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity to extend to all our friends the heartiest Christmas greetings both of ourselves and, we are sure we may add, of all the Faculty and students of our University. We trust that for them and all mankind Christmas-tide may be a season of grateful rejoicing for the manifold mercies of the past year, and that the New Year may be rich in opportunities for service and fruitful in its rewards for faithful endeavor. We wish all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

WE resume this month the publication of the biographical sketches that have been so marked and so valuable a feature of our magazine in the past. The subject of our sketch is the late Rev. Archibald Gillies, a pioneer pastor in the Eastern English counties of Quebec and well-known there, but comparatively a stranger to Ontario Baptists. Our good Brother A. C. Baker, of Sawyerville, Quebec, has given a very interesting account of his life and work, and a sympathetic pen-picture of his personality. Brother Baker is one of the staunchest friends of our University, and has given tangible evidence thereof by sending two of his sons to be educated within her walls. We are grateful to him for this further evidence of his friendship, and can assure him that his worthy tribute to the memory of a good man will be an inspiration to our students and readers generally.

IN our last issue we were unable, through lack of space, to refer to the changed form of some portions of this year's Calendar. Last spring a committee carefully went over the old Calendar with a view to a thorough revision, and the result of their labors appears in the new Calendar. Not a few omissions have been made, while changes both in form and expression have been introduced. We should like to draw the attention of those interested to the re-modelled statement of the various courses. Hitherto the work in any particular department was spread over several pages, the basis of the arrangement being the year in which the work was taken. The new arrangement preserves that feature, and adds a couple of others equally advantageous to those desiring information. The general statement of the scope and aim of the various departments and of the methods of instruction employed therein is a valuable addition. It is, too, a distinct advantage to have the work in each department grouped in such a way as to give a complete view of it to the eye of the reader without the distraction of other contiguous matter. These and other changes will certainly commend themselves to all concerned.

Two very important changes in the courses of study given in the University have been made, and lest, amid the thousand and one things engaging the attention of our readers, they should pass unnoticed, we make particular mention of them in this department of *THE MONTHLY*. We refer to the new courses in History and Philosophy. The changes consist in the offering of historical courses in the first and second years, and the addition of Special work in both History and Philosophy. For some time it had been felt that the general work in philosophy was somewhat too heavy under the conditions upon which our general course is arranged, and it was furthermore thought that, if possible, the offering of Special work in that department was desirable. By the new arrangement two ends have been achieved. The general work has been lightened, and Special work in Philosophy is now open to the students, while at the same time practically very little additional work has been put upon the professor. This is certainly a happy solution of the matter.

With regard to History the same satisfaction will be felt by all interested in the welfare of the University. History is an exceedingly fascinating study, especially when the student has such entertaining guides and companions as Green, Parkman, Bryce and Gibbon. The course in the first year is particularly adapted to awaken a lively interest in historical study. Sir Walter Scott proved in his novels that romance may be history, but Francis Parkman in his fascinating work



has shown that history may be romance. Our students have an enviable pleasure in being able to read two of his delightful volumes as university work. We cannot conceal our satisfaction at the knowledge that Canadian history occupies a properly important position in our historical course. It is right that our Canadian youth should know the history of our country. Somebody has said that the people that can forget its past deserves no future, and in all probability will have none. The story of the early struggles for national existence and civil and religious liberty, contains lessons for us of the present, who are brought face to face with the problems of a strenuous age. It is well for us, then, that we have a generous amount of attention devoted to the history of our own land. It is well too, that we should not forget the history of the great republic to the south of us, to which we are bound by so many ties, social, commercial and religious. Their problems are to no little extent our problems, and a statement of them and of their solution by such men as Bryce and Goldwin Smith, cannot fail to be both interesting and helpful to us in our nation-building. The history of ancient and mediæval times, and particularly of our dear *Motherland*, the cradle and home of liberty, must always be the staple material of historical study. Such history is found on all university curricula, and requires no special mention here. We specially notice, however, the work in the fourth year upon the philosophy of history. This ought to be an exceedingly stimulating course. With such excellent courses McMaster University has every reason to be proud of her historical department.

The football season just closed has been an active and exciting one for the students of McMaster. A larger number have participated in the game than ever before, and all connected with the University have manifested an enthusiastic interest in the fortunes of the various teams. We had two teams in the Inter-College Football Association, and though neither team won a championship, both gave a good account of themselves. The members of second team, particularly, deserve to be congratulated upon their remarkably good showing. Their playing proved that in the near future they will make expert first team men. The first team has improved vastly, and was certainly a better team than McMaster had ever before placed on the field. A champion team cannot be developed in a year; it takes long years of hard training and often unsuccessful competition to produce a team that will defeat all-comers. Practically McMaster is a young aspirant for football honors, and must therefore not be discouraged if her players.

often suffer defeat. From defeat they will learn how to win victory. As an evidence of the improved quality of their play we may refer to the fact that our fall back Reid was chosen on the representative team drawn from the various city colleges to play for the Caledonian Cup. This is the first time in the history of McMaster that any one of her players has been chosen, and both Mr. Reid and our team are to be congratulated upon the recognition given them. We speak of what we know when we say that, in spite of continual defeat, no team has a better reputation for clean playing, generous consideration of opposing teams and sportsmanlike manliness, than our two teams. This is a reputation of which we have reason to be proud, and which we must be careful in no wise to sully.

In addition to the games with other colleges there have been matches between the various years and faculties. The interest in these was stimulated by the generous offer of the Messrs. Ryrie Bros. to present pins to each member of the winning team in this series. Five teams entered and after some exceedingly exciting contests the fourth year team won the championship and the pins. They well deserved their victory for they worked hard and fairly for the honor. It was fitting, too, that they should have won the pins, for it was their first, last, and only chance to do so. All unite in congratulating them upon their triumph. To the generous donors of the very pretty and artistic pins we present the grateful thanks of both Faculty and students. In passing we should like to mention the helpful interest that the members of the Faculty in general, and Chancellor Wallace in particular, have taken in the game. To the latter we owe thanks for many favors and particularly for having given Messrs. Ryrie Bros. the opportunity to show their well-known interest in our University. In closing what we have to say on this season's football, we wish to express our gratification at the fact that football is flourishing at Woodstock College, and also that the annual match between the College and University was played this year. The result of the game was a draw, an evidence, if any were wanted, that the football traditions of the Old School still hold sway there. We hope the College boys will continue to play the game, and will be neither surprised nor piqued if next year they should defeat the University team.

## Here and There.

A. M. OVERHOLT, EDITOR.

THE University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses for this year.—*Ex.*

ONE-FOURTH of the students in attendance at the university of Berlin are Americans.—*Ex.*

STATISTICS from sixty-seven colleges in thirty-seven States show that foot ball men stand one-half per cent. higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.—*Ex.*

WHATEVER the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. Its inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful that it ennobles whatever comes in contact with it.—*Wagner.*

WE regret to say that many of the exchanges on our list have not appeared on the editor's table for some time. More or less irregularity, moreover, has attended the appearance of those exchanges which have responded.

THE editor of the *Collegium Forense*, published by Des Moines' College, affiliated with Chicago University, has written the following in regard to college studies: "The application to books should not be considered as the only requisite of a good student. Every student should come in contact with all the people possible, so as to learn from observation. It is a mistaken idea that one must wait until thrown upon the mercies of a cold world, and must then gain information along social lines by what is commonly termed 'hard knocks.'"

THE *Literary Digest* contains the following brief outline and excellent criticism of "Ian MacLaren's" latest novel, "Kate Carnegie." " 'Kate Carnegie' is put forward as a novel. 'Ian MacLaren's' first long novel, says the publisher's note. As a novel it is distinctly a failure. The central motive—the love of Charmichael, a covenanting minister, young, provincial, prejudiced, and Kate Carnegie, the daughter of Jacobite ancestors, travelled, modern, experienced, aristocratic, yet withal impulsive and rich of heart—is rather touched than grasped; and the machinery of the tale is quite of the simplest, almost bold in its *naïveté*. The truth is that from first to last he is never seriously interested in his little thread of story, which is merely a string on which he hangs the curiously carved beads of Drumtochty character, and some dainty bits of description. Charmichael and Kate are comparatively flimsy sketches, and look like unfinished inventions; but the Drumtochty folks, especially those of them that are old friends, are intimate studies from life."

MANY of the exchanges have published the views of prominent college professors regarding outdoor sports, football in particular. The general and almost universal verdict seems to be that football is highly beneficial to all college men. Our own Chancellor Wallace has set forth his views regarding that noble game, in a reported interview in a recent copy of the *Toronto Mail-Empire*.

THE class-day poem of Yale '96, by Mr. Arthur Ripley Thompson, is a model poem of its kind. We quote its finest verse :

Deep in the meadow grass  
 A rose was born,  
 The cherished nursling of a summer morn ;  
 Nor romping lad or lass,  
 Nor priest, nor swain,  
 Who chanced along the winding meadow lane,  
 Espied its pale, pure bloom, or even knew  
 How its fair petals kissed by sun and dew,  
 Had opened rather, and at the bending blue  
 O'erhead had smiled,  
 E'en as a sleeping child,  
 Touched by soft mother-lips at dawn,  
 Smiles as it awakens, happy to be drawn  
 Out of the land where sweet dream-fancies be,  
 Into a far more sweet reality.

#### THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Sweet Violet lifted her modest face  
 And shyly she peeped from her bower,  
 For she had learned that love has charms  
 And she loved another flower.

The gay Dandelion had dared to call  
 To the wee purple bloom from above ;  
 And he had declared in his own bright way  
 That she should be ever his love.

The Violet, quiet and gentle was she,  
 Yet by some unaccountable whim,  
 She chose the gayest of all the flowers  
 And said that she loved him.

But one bright day came children young  
 And happy and joyous were they,  
 For they, too, loved the modest flower,  
 And they carried Violet away.

Poor little Violet broke her heart ;  
 Dandelion, too, was sad—  
 For everyone knows that if one lover goes,  
 The other can never be glad.

The Violet lost her purple hue ;  
 And Dandelion hung his head—  
 Their lives were short, their love was sweet,  
 For soon they both were dead.

—G. H. P., in the *Sibyl*.

## THE DREAM SHIP.

EUGENE FIELD.

When the world is fast asleep,  
 Along the midnight skies—  
 As though it were a wandering cloud—  
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,  
 An angel stands at the prow,  
 And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side  
 With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,  
 Pilot and helmsman are,  
 And the angel with the wreath of rue  
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams that fall on rich and poor,  
 They fall on young and old ;  
 And some are dreams of poverty,  
 And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that fill with joy,  
 And some that melt to tears,  
 Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
 And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,  
 Alike on young and old,  
 Bringing to slumbering earth their joys  
 And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do  
 The deeds of mighty men,  
 And drooping age shall feel the grace  
 Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—  
 The pauper be a king—  
 In that revenge or recompense  
 The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams  
 That are for all and me,  
 But there is never mortal man  
 Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course  
 Along the haunted skies—  
 As though it were a cloud astray—  
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns  
 Pilot and helmsman are,  
 And an angel with a wreath of rue  
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

Here is truth in a nut-shell :—

When the skies are dull and dreary  
 When the world seems lorn and weary,  
 And each day's a long monotony of woe,  
 When we scold the sun for blazing  
 And revile the clouds for hazing,  
 Disconsolate, however things may go,

'Tis a season for confession.  
 You're a victim of oppression ;  
 Of tyranny, than which there's nothing worse,  
 When you sacrifice ambition  
 To a physical condition ;  
 When you let your liver run the universe.

*Washington Star.*

#### A THEORY.

Once Cupid, in his roughish way,  
 Into a room went peeping,  
 And there upon the sofa lay  
 A maiden calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart,  
 With a triumphant grin ;  
 The shot was careless, missed her heart,  
 And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place ;  
 'Twas healed by means so simple ;  
 The wound, however, left a trace,  
 A charming little dimple.

—*University Courier.*

No life is futile that is nobly bent  
 To honest ends, whose deed is of the best ;  
 From out the cycles of our failures grows  
 The strength of better things ; and whoso lives  
 Unto the conscious truth within his soul,  
 Needs not the breath of praise or civic wreath ;  
 For on his heart is wrought the word Success.—*Ex.*

## College News.

L. BROWN, B.A.                      MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98.  
W. B. TICHE, '99.

EDITORS.

" A is a word of winning charm,  
B is an encircling arm.  
How many times is A in B?  
He questioned calculatively.  
The maiden flushed with air sedate,  
I do not understand, please demonstrate.—*Ex.*

THEOLOG, after reading usually long Monday letter, was heard exclaiming: "My, but she's a daisy, this has been the best summer I ever put in!"

WE were pleased to receive a visit from A. G. Baker, B.A., a member of '96, and also a call from M. D. Coltman, a former member of '99.

A LARGE number of our students took advantage of the cheap fare on Thanksgiving Day. Some who are in charge of fields left to hold special services in keeping with the day, others to visit their homes and not a few to "where love and duty called them."

THANKSGIVING DAY brought along with other things a splendid dinner prepared by our most esteemed matron. The dining-room was fittingly decorated, reminding us of a harvest home festivity. The students, along with our Woodstock guests, heartily enjoyed the excellent repast, and of it could be truly said that every man did his duty.

THE Chess Club of the University met on the 21st ult. for re-organization, and elected the following officers: President, Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, I. G. Matthews, '97. Prof. Willmott has offered an elegant trophy to the winner in the handicap series that is being arranged by the Committee. A pleasant season is looked forward to by the lovers of chess.

THE Student Volunteer Band meets every Monday night from 7 to 8 p.m. This is one of the most spiritual meetings in the institution. Every evening the meeting opens with prayer for the work of missions, in which every member usually takes part. After this a paper on the subject up for discussion is read by one of the members of the Band, and is followed by discussion, which often proves most interesting and profitable. Besides acquiring in this way much valuable information regarding the history of Christian missions, there is large spiritual blessing gained by its members.

McMASTER'S annual auction sale of newspapers and magazines took place Nov. 18th. Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A., did grand service for the Reading Room Committee as auctioneer, and in some cases is said to have so influenced his buyers that the selling price actually exceeded the original cost of the magazines for sale. We are favored with an excellently equipped reading room, and the success with which this responsible department is carried on by the Committee in charge, is a matter of gratification on the part of the student body. Mr. A. N. Marshall, B.A., as Chairman, has proved himself a most efficient financier. This Committee deserves the heartiest co-operation of the student body, and the promptness with which the work is executed has merited the highest praise.

ON Friday evening, the 13th inst., the Camelot Club held its first meeting of the session, a large number of students and professors being present. President Matthews, in his opening remarks, congratulated the Society upon its past history, and spoke hopefully of the future. The fact that such a large number of the students were taking the special English course, was one of the reasons why the Club had such a large membership in the past, and augured well for its future. The Club have decided to study critically the poems of James Russell Lovell, and of William Watson. The main purpose of this first meeting was to give the members of the Club some facts about the lives and poetic characteristics in general of these poets. Miss M. D. Eby, of '97, read some beautiful selections from Lowell, which were much appreciated. Dr. Rand followed with a brief outline of William Watson's life, and read a few choice selections from his poems. In his usually charming style the Doctor gave us a very interesting account of William Watson, and the selections read were enjoyed by all present. The musical part of the programme consisted of a selection by the orchestra—a solo by Mr. Triggerson, '00, and an instrumental by Mr. Fox, '00. Another interesting number on the programme was an original poem by a member of the Club, whose name was not given. This was read by Mr. McLean.

THE Philosophical Club met in the Chapel on the 12th inst. for re-organization, President Prof. Ten Broeke in the chair, when the following officers were elected: President, Prof. J. Ten Broeke; Vice-President, C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, L. Brown, B.A.; Representatives on the Executive Committee, T. J. Jones, '99, W. P. Reekie, '98, E. W. Brown, '97, M. C. McLean, Theology. After the election of officers, the President made a few introductory remarks concerning the aim of the Club and its method of work. The aim he stated was to acquire a knowledge of the great problems, and then to make an honest effort at their solution. Mr. C. H. Schutt followed with an excellent paper on "Is Life Physical?" In this thesis he discussed the various theories of life, confining his attention chiefly to the mechanical and vital theories. He entered into a somewhat detailed discussion of these, taking up their history and their strength, and proceeded to criticize them. In conclusion he set forth Bohme's view as



what seemed to him the best. Bohme views life in its final analysis as spiritual rather than physical. There was a large number of students present, and the interest throughout the hour was well sustained. Although the Philosophical Club was organized only last year, under the excellent leadership of Prof. Ten Broeke, it is one of the most prosperous and most profitable about the University.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the chapel, Tuesday, Nov. 17th. The morning service was of a devotional character, led by the President, Dr. Goodspeed. After this followed three very excellent addresses on the "Inner Life." Prof. Farmer first gave, in a very clear and able manner, the "Nature of the Inner Life." This life, he stated, could only be possessed by the truly regenerated man, and was often in the truest state of progress when we were most dissatisfied with ourselves. It consisted in our obtaining a knowledge of God, and voting no confidence in the flesh, our own wisdom or attainments, and all confidence in God. The Christian must take square issue with the world, whose attitude towards spiritual things was truly expressed in the crucifixion of our Lord. Some people confuse a spiritual life with a rapturous life. The life may be one of suffering, and will certainly be one of conflict. This address was followed by one by Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, on the "Nurture of the Inner Life." Of this excellent paper it is unnecessary that we should give a sketch here, as it is to appear in full in the columns of THE MONTHLY at a later date. Dr. Goodspeed closed the discussion by an address on the "Relation of the Inner Life to Service." The speaker in a very earnest manner pointed out the nurture of the spiritual life might be carried on to a very full extent, while the exercise of it might be entirely neglected. This was the case with recluses. On the other hand there was a tendency to-day to lay a great deal of emphasis upon the exercise and neglect the culture. Either of these extremes was to be avoided. The true relationship was that the inner life of the servant of God must be nurtured, that he may have power to render effective service. At the afternoon session, Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., delegate to the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance Convention, held recently at Montreal, gave a very interesting account of the convention. He spoke in the warmest terms of the hospitality of the students of the Montreal colleges, and of the spiritual power of the meetings. A series of encouraging reports from the various local missionary interests of the Society followed, and a prayer and praise service, led by Chancellor Wallace, brought to a close a very helpful meeting.

THE annual match between Woodstock College and McMaster is one of the events that the students in both institutions look forward to with interest. It was a pleasure to the students of the University to welcome the College football team, and every effort was made to give them a pleasant time if not an easy victory. These annual visits indirectly, as well as directly, are a benefit to both University and College. Many from Woodstock who are looking forward to a University course,

in this way have the privilege of coming in contact with the students and professors, and from a visit of a few days are able to gain such information about the work and the general atmosphere of the institution as will afterwards lead them to enrolment as students. There is more in this link than we are apt to think, and we entertain the hope that this annual happy meeting may long be kept up as a precedent. After a day and night of storm, Thursday morning broke beautiful, and at ten o'clock the ground was in good condition. The teams lined up as follows:—McMaster—Goal, Brodie, Backs, Schutt, Cornish. Half backs—Torrie, McFarlane, Vining. Forwards—Mr. McLay, Tapscott, Murdoch, Ferguson, Simpson.

Woodstock—Goal, Lailey, Backs, Munroe, Guyatt. Half backs, Mr. McNeill, Norman, Howell. Forwards, Scarlett, Zavits, Tompkins, Huggart, Kemp; Mr. T. Gibson, of 'Varsity, referee. As soon as the ball was kicked off the visitors made a fast rush on our goal, and for several minutes made it interesting for our backs and half backs. After the ball had been in play for about seven minutes, Howell made a pass in upon McMaster's goal, and succeeded in scoring for the College eleven. From this time on the game became exceedingly interesting, several strong attempts being made by both teams to score. Mr. McLay at length managed to get away from the half, passed it over into centre, and Murdoch shot it through the goal, thus making the score even. Just before half time was called McMaster's forwards made a dangerous rush on Woodstock's goal, and Murdoch succeeded in scoring a second for McMaster. No goals materialized during the second half until within seven minutes of time, when Tomkins and Huggart playing some good combination, the former succeeded in scoring a goal for the College, thus making the score two to two. During the remaining minutes the battle deepened; there was some good kicking done on both sides, but no goals were scored, and when the whistle blew the men left the field quite undecided as to which was the better team. A beautiful morning, a good crowd, and the best of friendship, all conduced to make the game of interest and pleasure to both players and spectators.

AFTER we had played as best we could our part in the Inter-College League, the Executive Committee of the football club decided to hold a series of inter-year matches. This effort on the part of the Executive to promote that royal game has been crowned with gratifying success. This series has proved a most successful one, the spirit and exhibition of true sportsmanship being equally of a high order. Never in the history of the club in McMaster has such interest been taken in the game by students and professors as well. The schedule was arranged as follows: (1) Theology versus '98 Arts, which resulted in a victory for the theologs. (2) '99 Arts versus '00 Arts, in which conflict the sophomores proved themselves too much for the freshmen. (3) Theology versus '97 Arts, resulting in a defeat for the theologs. (4) '98 Arts versus '97 Arts, the juniors being worsted by the seniors. (5) '99 Arts versus '00 Arts, the sophomores again were triumphant. In the first division of the schedule, '97 Arts were

champions, while '99 were the winners in the second division of the series, leaving a final game to be played off between the sophomores and seniors. On Saturday, the 21st inst., these two teams met upon the campus. The ground was in very bad condition, covered as it was with fast melting snow which made a good pass game almost impossible. Yet this very feature rendered it one of the most interesting matches that was witnessed this year. When the two elevens lined up there was considerable doubt in the minds of the spectators as to which way the victory would turn; both had given good exhibitions in previous matches, and each team was strong. After the ball had been in play for about ten minutes, Tapscott made an excellent shot on goal, and succeeded in scoring for '97. No more goals were made until near the end of the first half, when Murdoch made the best of a good opportunity, and succeeded in scoring a second for '97. When the ball was kicked off for the last half, fast playing was done by both teams, and many excellent rushes on goal made by both sides. Ritchie, after passing the half back made a rush on '99's goal, and succeeded in driving the pig skin between the goal posts and under the tape, making a third for '97. For '99 the playing of Reid, Simpson and McFarlane is worthy of mention; while Mode, Campbell and MacKechnie did grand service for '97. Mr. McLay refereed the game to the entire satisfaction of both teams. The following men represented the respective years: '99, Goal, Hawkings; backs, Reid, Clarke; half backs, McDonald, McFarlane, Hannah; forwards, Simpson, Thompson, Welsh, Brown, Thomas. '97, Goal, Overholt; backs, Manthorne, MacKechnie; half backs, Campbell, Vichert, Tiller; forwards, Tapscott, Ritchie, Murdoch, Mode, Matthews. The champions are the winners of eleven gold pins, kindly presented by Ryrie Bros.

CLASS '97 and their friends met in the University on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, to hold their annual and last rally. Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Ten Broeke, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies were present by special invitation. The beautifully decorated halls and excellent programme bore a united testimony to the energy and efficiency of the president and officers. The formal programme was opened by a few well chosen remarks by the president, J. A. Tiller. He then called upon P-of. Ten Broeke, the honorary president, who gave a most interesting and helpful address. He spoke of his kindly feeling toward '97 and remembered with appreciation their sympathy and interest manifested at the beginning of his work in McMaster. "This was a significant occasion, inasmuch as it was your last rally. The great work of life into which you are fast hastening, would surely teach you this, that the material acquired while in the college halls must be worked over and made practicable. But this is not to say that the knowledge here acquired will not be of permanent value, the great field of knowledge to which you have been introduced and the great fact of the unity of the truth, these would ever be of the highest service. The student life, too, had made you value your own inner life and enabled you to make great strides in its fuller develop-

ment. The patience and perseverance acquired in the performance of the daily routine of student life would prove themselves virtues in the actual battlefield of life. As seekers after truth you have learned the value of honesty and truthfulness. This is no small lesson, and as you have looked out upon the unbounded limits of knowledge the consciousness of your own poverty of thought has made you humble. And the fact that in your seeking after truth you came to live in God's presence, has, I trust, made you all reverent. The Class of '97 has been a help to me, and I am grateful, and I trust that I have been a help to you in return."

After the singing of a duett, with good effect, "The Harp of the Winds," by Messrs. Brown and Campbell, Mr. T. N. Ritchie, the orator, delivered an eloquent and helpful oration on the "Power of Ideals." After this choice programme was concluded a dinner of rare excellence was enjoyed by guests and hosts alike. This interesting part of the programme was followed by a series of toasts. F. T. Tapscott, in his usual entertaining style, proposed the toast, "Our Alma Mater," which was fittingly replied to by Chancellor Wallace. Mr. J. A. Ferguson, of '98, heartily toasted "The Graduates," which was responded to by A. M. Overholt.

Mr. I. G. Matthews followed with a toast, "The Ladies," which found a pleasing response in the person of Miss Burnette. The last toast, proposed by A. G. Campbell, "The Undergraduates," was responded to by A. J. Darroch, of '98 Theology.

After adjournment from the dining hall the promenade proved itself one of the most interesting features of the evening's programme, and brought to a close an outing that shall long be fragrant in the memories of the Seniors and their friends.

THE Literary and Scientific Society of the University held its first semi-annual meeting for the term '96-'97, on the evening of the 4th inst. A large number of friends of McMaster gathered at the usual hour and listened to a most entertaining and profitable programme. The character of the meetings of this Society held in the past, has always been of a high order and all the features which go to promote good culture and give pleasure as well, were present on this occasion. The University orchestra under the able leadership of W. S. McAlpine, B.A., rendered excellent assistance in the musical part of the programme and opened the meeting with two choice selections. The Glee Club followed with Verdi's "Oh! Hail us, Ye Free," which was much appreciated. Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," in four renditions by F. E. Brophy, '00, met with a hearty reception on the part of the audience, and his first appearance before a Toronto audience has already won for him many comments of praise. After E. S. Roy had delighted his audience with a cornet solo, the Chairman called upon Miss Stella Cohoe, a graduate of Dr. Neff's School of Oratory, Philadelphia, who recited "How They Built the Church at Kehoe's Bar," in a charming manner. The debate *Resolved* "That Great Britain should interfere single-handed if need be to protect the Armenians from the atrocities of the Turkish Government," was the central

feature of the evening's programme, and the arguments presented by the respective speakers were followed with deep interest from the beginning of the discussion to the judge's decision. Messrs. C. E. Scott, B.A. and G. Menge, B.A., supported the affirmative, while Messrs. A. Imrie, B. A., and R. Routledge, B.A., sustained the negative. The arguments presented by both sides were pithy, pointed and easily grasped by the audience; the speaking was clear and at not a few points oratorical. The Society felt highly honored by the presence of Wm. Houston, M.A., who acted as judge. When he arose to give his decision he spoke a few introductory words congratulating the Society upon the success of the meeting, and noted with interest that athletics had a place in McMaster as well as intellectual culture. After a careful and able summary Mr. Houston gave his decision in favor of the negative. One of the most interesting features of the evening (and especially to the members of '97) was the presentation by the Chancellor, of eleven gold pins, given by Ryrie Bros. to the champions of the inter-year series. George Murdoch, as captain of the '97 Eleven, led his men on to a proud victory. We rejoice with the Seniors in their hard earned triumph, and highly appreciate the kindness of the donors. Mr. J. H. Cameron, of '97, as President and his efficient staff of officers have rendered the Society excellent service and under their able direction we have had a most successful term in the work of the Literary and Scientific Society.

OWING to an oversight the report of the re-organization of class '98 did not appear in the last issue. However, the fact that they are still to the front as a class, is evinced by their choice of the following officers for the ensuing year:—Hon. Pres., Prof. M. S. Clark; Pres., A. W. Vining; Vice-Pres., J. McLachlan; Sec.-Treas., Miss Bailey; Poet, Miss Whiteside; Historian, J. A. Ferguson; Orator, J. McIntosh; Reporter, A. B. Cohoe. Considering the enthusiasm and class spirit that exists in '98, we may assure success to anything they undertake.

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#### WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, B.A., F. H. PHIPPS, EDITORS.

A FORMER teacher, Mr. Robertson, paid us a visit on Thanksgiving Day. We were glad to see his genial face once more, and pleasant memories of the past were recalled by his presence.

WE notice that some of the habits of student life still cling to our new teacher. The other morning his place at the table was vacant, and it was found that he was enjoying that delicious pleasure of "sleeping in." However, provision was thoughtfully made for his inner man by one of the boys, and his hunger was stayed by the solacing refreshment of a "Chinaman" sandwich.

THE Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have adjourned their regular meetings until after Christmas. Both societies have been well attended, and successful this term, and will begin with renewed interest after vacation.

A CHANGE has taken place in our Faculty. Mr. R. D. George has departed for McMaster, and his place is filled by Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., a graduate of the same University. We wish Mr. George all success in his year's work, and welcome Mr. McNeill to his new position.

THE annual open meeting of the two Literary Societies took place on Friday, Dec. 11th. As was expected, the entertainment proved a complete success. The first part of the programme consisted of instrumental music, songs, quartettes and choruses. After these a farce-dialogue entitled, "A Regular Fix," under the management of Mr. Herbert Piercy, was presented, and proved amusing and entertaining. The attendance of town people was large.

JUST now a black and heavy cloud, looming up before us, casts its shadow upon us, and written upon it in menacing characters, we read, "Christmas Exams." But it is comforting to remember that this cloud has its silver lining, and when it has swept over us, leaving consternation and destruction in its wake, the bright and reviving rays of Christmas vacation will shine down to cheer our drooping spirits. Some appear to be harassed by the dread of taking over 100% in the exams., and have not yet commenced "plugging," while others, more prudent, are daily and nightly filling their craniums with knowledge. We wish to all alike, both idle and studious, a pleasant vacation, and many Christmas gifts.

WINTER has again commenced his reign, bringing in his train all the numerous amusements and sports which usually accompany him. Our skating rink is now nearly in condition for skating, as it now requires only a sharp, hard frost to complete it. The hockey club will organize soon. Several of the players on last year's team have gone, but we hope to have a good team again this season. There has been some talk of having inter-year matches in hockey during the winter. No doubt they would be very interesting, especially since some are such adepts (?) in the art of skating.

THE members of the Fourth Year, and the teachers too, have laid away their canes with a sigh of despair. In former days it was counted a mark of dignity and distinction to carry a cane, but alas for the degenerate days of the Present! It is alarming to see a youth with a stick of immense proportions, but when one beholds a boy who has not even attained to the dignity of "long pants," struggling with a cane which, judging from its length, was intended for a crutch, it is time to draw a line somewhere. It is to be hoped that some of the juveniles will hang up their canes for a few years, until they have reached a maturer age, and will give the members of the Fourth Year a chance to remove the crape from theirs.

GREAT excitement and enthusiasm prevailed during the week in which the inter-year football matches were played off. When the Third Year, one morning, issued a pompous challenge, declaring that they would play any other class in the school, it was quickly accepted by the Fourth year. When the teams lined up on the campus that afternoon, many conjectures were made as to the winning team, and excitement ran high. However, the superiority of the Fourth Year was soon proved by a score of 2 to 0 in their favor. The next match was between the First and Second Years. This was more even than the first match, and after many brilliant plays on both sides, the score stood 2 to 1, in favor of the Second Year. The last and best match of the series came next. The Fourth and Second Years met in a contest for first place. Both teams were encouraged by their former victories, and were bent on winning the game. The Second Year had the superior forward line, but the Fourth Year excelled in its defence. Taking the two together, the odds seemed about even. But the inevitable occurred, and after a hard, well-contested and brilliant game, the invincible Fourth Year defeated the opposing team by 1 to 0. This gave the Fourth Year 1st place, while the Second Year stands 2nd.

THERE is always a feeling of expectant pleasure in the College boy's heart when he realizes that Thanksgiving is drawing near, for it has in store for him not only the sweet prospects of turkey and vacation, but also of the annual football match between Woodstock College and McMaster. Pleasant memories of former games, and of the new acquaintances made on those occasions, return to him, and he longs for the day to come. This year we saw our team depart for Toronto with mingled feelings of sorrow and of pleasure; sorrow, because we could not accompany them; pleasure, because we knew that they would spend a pleasant vacation, and would do their best to uphold the honor of the College. It is needless to say that on Thanksgiving Day, several old and venerable turkeys, whatever may have been their speed in former days, went faster than they ever did before. The afternoon passed in suspense, for we were anxiously awaiting the results of the game. At tea-time the Principal walked into the dining-room with a telegram in his hand, bearing, as he said, the destiny of Woodstock College. Immediately the clatter of spoons, and the hum of voices ceased, and with bated breath we listened to the following telegram from Mr. Tarr: "The game a tie, score 2—2. What's the matter with Woodstock?" A roar of applause greeted this announcement, for we were all proud of the way in which our boys must have played in order to draw with such a team as McMaster. By Monday all the members of the team had returned. They said that they had been royally entertained, and had enjoyed themselves exceedingly. The match was all that could be desired, and those who went down, returned loud in their praises of McMaster and its students.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., MARION CALVIN, EDITORS.

AMONG the noteworthy musical treats of the term were the "Elijah" and the recent concert of the Yunck Quartette. Both were largely attended by the music-loving members of the school, and were enjoyed to the full.

THE last monthly missionary prayer-meeting, under the auspices of our Christian Endeavor Society, was one of unusual interest. No set programme had been arranged, but as every one came prepared to take part in one way or another, the result was a good and helpful meeting which will be an inspiration to a still better one next month.

THOSE of our members who attended the entertainment given in the Central Methodist Church on Thanksgiving evening, report a very pleasant time. Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black was her usual happy self and gave several fine selections in a charming manner. The numbers sung by Miss McLean and Dr. Carl Duft, of New York, were also very much enjoyed. No pains had been spared to make the entertainment a success, and judging from the rounds of applause that greeted each selection, their efforts were amply rewarded.

THE following lecture of our Monthly Lecture Course was delivered on November 13th by Chancellor Wallace. His subject was "The Tribute of Art to our Lord." He spoke of the impulse of religion to find expression in art forms, and sketched the development of this tendency from the early days of Christianity, in the designs on signet rings, and on the walls of the Catacombs, down to our own day, when pictures representing the great truths and facts of religion have become an important factor in the education of the young. The lecture was much enjoyed by all, and the Moulton girls are looking forward to another similar treat at no distant date.

THE usual meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday, November 20th, the authors for the evening being Longfellow and Mark Twain. After the singing of the "Psalm of Life," the Roll-call response in stanzas from well-known lyrics of the poet, and the reading of the Critic's report, by Miss Hoffman, the following programme was carried out:—Life of Longfellow, Miss Maud Jamieson; reading of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Miss Agnes Nicholas; recitation "Maidenhood," Miss Hume; song, "Stars of the Summer Night," Misses Clemens, Lena Burke, Brophy, and others; reading, "The Building of the Ship," Miss Foreman; reading from "Tom Sawyer, Detective," Miss Conger; "Life of Mark Twain," Miss Mayberry. The meetings of the Society this year have been very enjoyable and instructive, and reflect great credit upon the enterprise and perseverance of the officers and members of the various committees upon whom the work of preparing programmes devolves.



## GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

OUR Temperance Society still flourishes. Quite a number of new members have been enrolled since the beginning of the year. The last programme, prepared by Miss P. Bullock and Mr. O. Fournier, was both enjoyable and profitable. The principles instilled into the minds of the students at these meetings will, we hope, prove efficient safeguards in later years. May they at the same time incite us to sympathetic work for those who are oppressed by the drink traffic.

WE have lately been favored with visits from two of our field missionaries, Rev. Theo. Lafleur and Rev. N. Gregoire. We were pleased and edified by the stirring sermons they preached. Mr. Lafleur's power of thought and happiness of diction seem to increase with his increasing age.

THE long continued rainy weather has kept the boys confined pretty much to the gymnasium for their sports and exercise. Some evidently thought they would try the quality of the gymnasium floor by falling on it. The floor is all right. They found it to be made of good solid two-inch plank. The quality of the boys was not quite so good, consequently three of them were compelled to carry an arm each in a sling last week. Fortunately the injuries were not serious, so that the slings have now disappeared.

THE skating-rink has been well patronized during the past few days. Its hard smooth surface entices the girls and lady teachers as well as the boys. Several of the ladies have shown themselves to be quite skillful skaters, while some of the boys have not yet skill enough to keep from biting the ice. Every man to his taste.

A COURSE of monthly lectures is something new for Grande Ligne. This, however, Principal Massé has at last been able to secure for us, through the kindness of our Montreal pastors. It is something that we have long been wishing for, in order that we might come into a little closer touch with the outside world of thought, and thus broaden our mental vision. At the same time we need to become better acquainted with the English pastors of our own denomination. The first lecture of the course was given on December 3rd, by Dr. E. W. Dadson, of Olivet church. He showed his sympathy with our work and student life, as he spoke to us from a thirty years' experience with students. He very forcibly showed us that we ought to take care of the body, for it is our only boat to carry us to the end of our earthly journey. We should take care of the mind, for it is our servant. We must make it obedient, strong, beautiful, pure and good. Above all, should we cultivate the soul. It should be conformed to the likeness of Jesus Christ. The best cultivation can be given by studying the best model, viz.: Jesus. Thus we shall do His bidding, and accomplish His purpose.