



Daniel Mc Phail

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DANIEL McPHAIL.

Only eternity will reveal the results of a consecrated life. The personal achievements which attract observation are only a small part of what it effects. The agencies and influences it calls into operation, which in their embryo state we cannot see, are forces of greater and more extensive potency than was the man himself in his lifetime, and through them he still lives and works. Kingdoms and thrones may perish, monarchs, statesmen, and warriors, be forgotten, but the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. The names of God's consecrated warriors are written in heaven. A man like Daniel McPhail will not soon be forgotten on earth. To rescue such a memory from oblivion may be of some service to those contending on the battle field now. His life is an inspiration.

The late Rev. Daniel McPhail was a native of Glenlyon, Perthshire, Scotland. Like all true Scotchmen, like all true men of every nation, he retained through life a strong affection for the place and country of his birth. Though sufficiently cosmopolitan to preach the gospel successfully to people of all nationalities speaking the English tongue, he especially loved to preach it to his own countrymen, because as he said, he understood them best. His parents were godly people, and were among the first fruits gathered by the evangelists the Haldanes sent into the Highlands. Duncan McPhail, father of Daniel, brought his

family to Canada in 1820. His more than average natural talent had received some culture in the school of the Haldanes in Edinburgh. He taught school in Scotland, and when he came to this country engaged in the same occupation at Cote St. Paul, in the vicinity of Montreal. Not long did he continue that calling, God had another place and another work for him, which he indicated in his own time and way.

In 1817 and 1818 a few families of Mr. McPhail's countrymen crossed the Atlantic and settled in the rear of the township of Chatham, in the Province of Quebec. With an extensive country before them, the greater portion of which was unsettled, why of all others they should choose that unpromising place is not easily determined. Perhaps its resemblance to their native highlands influenced their choice. Also some of the land was free grant, and what was not could be purchased for very little, though for agricultural purposes dear at any price. It was, too, perhaps as far in the woods from settlement as they cared to go. In their new home were no schools for their children, nor means of grace, other than their Gaelic Bibles. Among them were godly people, who deplored more the destitution of gospel privileges than the hardships and poverty which were the common lot. They knew Duncan McPhail was at Cote St. Paul, and two of their number travelled fifty miles, no trifling journey at that time, to induce him if possible to resign his school and settle among them in Chatham. They wanted him not to teach school but to preach, as God would give him ability, the gospel of Christ. Remuneration for this service was not thought of, nor mentioned on either side. The state of the community made such a thing impossible, even had the people considered it a righteous duty, which they did not.

The visit of these brethren; their representation of the religious destitution in which the rising generation were growing up: the need and desire of the people for a preached gospel; the urgent persuasions of the men, were regarded by Mr. McPhail as the voice of God calling him to a new service. Though it was relinquishing ease and comfort for himself and family, at what he believed the bidding of duty, he resigned his school and took his household to Chatham. He purchased land with more rock on its surface than it had soil to till: more fertile of interest

to the geologist than of profit to the farmer ; a place in which Hugh Miller would have found as much scope for his inquiries into the buried past, as he did in some of the Scotch quarries, and the mountains that shut in the highland glens. There in the woods, among the hills and rocks, young Daniel McPhail grew from childhood to manhood. His opportunities of education were exceedingly meagre. The schools of the time were a miserable apology for schools, attendance on which was little better than waste of time. Yet in his father's ability to teach him more than the common schools pretended to teach, young McPhail had the advantage of other young people of the place, an advantage to a great extent offset by the fact that from the time his labors could contribute to the family support, he had scant leisure for the pursuit of knowledge.

At about the age of sixteen years Daniel was converted, baptized, and became a member of the little church formed in 1826. His own mental structure, his peculiarities of temperament, and the character of the religious teaching under which he had grown up, made it certain that the transition from darkness to light would in his case be no short and easy conflict. Nor was it. His apprehension of sin as an evil, its enormity as committed against the author of our being ; the majesty, holiness, and sovereignty of God, and his uncompromising, inflexible justice, filled him with dismay. Before he saw the divinely open way from the dominion and consequences of sin, and the awful curse of a violated law he could and did use as descriptive of, and applicable to, his own case, the words of the Psalmist—“ The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me ; I found trouble and sorrow.” The birth throes of that new life in his own soul, colored and impressed themselves on his subsequent ministry. But when deliverance came through the blood of Jesus, it was clear and indisputable. The great barrier between God and him was gone. Instead of a God seated above him in lofty remoteness, regarding him only as a rebel against his government to be punished, and of whom every attribute was a terror, he saw the loving Father who had reconciled him to himself by Jesus Christ. He could now tell his young friends, that while God was righteous he was also gracious, that in boundless mercy he had saved him, and was ready and will-

ing to save them, if they were ready and willing to be saved. The general tone of his ministry, and the deep and awful truths of the Bible on which he expatiated, especially when addressing the unsaved, bore testimony to the terrible struggle through which he had passed. He was firmly persuaded that only a deep sense of sin, not only as injury and loss to the sinner himself, but an unspeakable evil before and against God, is a necessity to accepting the Saviour.

An occurrence some time after his conversion, indicates the assurance the boy had obtained of a personal interest in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. He was going on horseback from his home to La Chute. As he rode along pondering the riches of the grace that saved him, the horse suddenly sprang to one side of the road. He fell off and one foot stuck in the stirrup of the saddle. The frightened animal dragged him along the hard ground. It was a position of peril which has terminated not a few lives. He thought his end had come, and cried, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." But the end was not yet. His foot drew out of the stirrup, and though bruised he was not seriously hurt. Years afterward relating the event to a friend, he said he was perfectly collected at the time, there was no fear in his mind, it seemed as if stepping over the threshold of Heaven into the presence of God.

Duncan McPhail, who had led the devotions of the people from 1821, was stricken down by disease in 1829, and though he lived until 1832, was unable to officiate. His illness was a great sorrow and loss, not only to his family, but also to the little church he had been the means of forming, and to which quite a number of additions had been made through his ministry. Who would take his place was a question many asked, but none could answer. His son Daniel, then a youth of nineteen or twenty years of age, a timid retiring youth, distrustful of his own abilities, destitute of the forward boldness, self-confidence, and self-assertion of many aspirants to the ministry, grasped the standard which had fallen from the nerveless hand of his dying father, and though with much fear and trembling, began gradually to fill his father's place. From 1830 to 1835, though the labor of his hands had to furnish a large share of the family

support, he kept in operation a Sabbath school of over forty scholars, and led the public worship of the community. Through his efforts the little church was kept together and built up in the truth, while at the same time he prayed and labored for the salvation of the unsaved. The obstacles which stood in the way of success few veterans would care to face, or attempt to overcome, and might well be considered insurmountable, and paralyze the energies of a raw recruit. Certain animosities among the people prevented unity of feeling and action in Christian work. Human nature, however diversified in its development by race and nation, is at bottom every where the same. One peculiarity of Highland human nature is that a serious offence is not soon forgotten. The fray is not only carried from door to door, and from glen to glen, but too often from generation to generation. Feelings and feuds which should have been left in Scotland, took passage with some of the families across the wide Atlantic, and settled down with them in Chatham. In religious things they cursed the community for many years, and held back the work of Divine grace. Despite the discouragement these things threw over the spirit of young Mr. McPhail, he held on his way, and to the best of his ability did his work. The evil found itself ultimately overcome by a persistency stronger than its own.

The spiritual condition of the young people of the settlement gave Mr. McPhail much anxiety. In morality, they far excelled young people in most other parts of the country. But he well knew morality however faultless could not save them, and could furnish no assured resistance to the allurements of sin. The greater number of them had never seen a regularly ordained Baptist minister. They knew there were Baptists in Breadalbane and Clarence, but did not know there were any elsewhere in the country. In the seclusion of their own little settlement, they were ignorant of what was going forward in the outside world. Science had not yet taught the electric current to flash over the land and under the sea the occurrences of distant places. No newspaper, daily or weekly, carried tidings to the obscure neighborhood. Like the people of Laish invaded by the Danites, the Chathamites lived by themselves quiet and secure, and had little business with others. Hills and

rocks shut them in. Mr. McPhail's concern for their salvation might be termed agony. His mother observed that he often went out evenings not saying where. This became so frequent that not only curiosity, but anxiety wanted to know where. The mother would make sure of where her boy was, in what company, what doing. Were all mothers like her the world would soon see a higher style of men. She did not give voice to her thoughts, but determined to watch his movements and learn for herself. One evening when he went out she noted the direction. He did not take the road leading through the settlement, but went toward the rear of the farm. In a little time she cautiously followed. Nearing a rock at considerable distance from the house, she heard a pleading voice, broken by the emotions it was struggling to express. It was the voice of her Daniel, pouring into the ear of God the agony of his soul for the salvation of the young people. God heard, though the answer was delayed for some time. It tarried, he waited for it not in vain.

In 1834 the late Rev. John Gilmour, then pastor of the Baptist church, Montreal, preached the word a few days in the village of St. Andrews. Mr. McPhail's home was twelve miles distant, but he sought an interview with Mr. Gilmour, to induce him if possible to visit Chatham. Mr. Gilmour inquired about the church, its position and prospects, but could not go at that time. He could only promise that as soon as duties at home would allow, he would give a few days to preaching the gospel, to the people about whom he saw Mr. McPhail so anxious. That visit was earnestly, anxiously, prayerfully waited for. In January, 1835, Mr. Gilmour wrote he would be in Chatham that month. He came and along with him the Rev. William Fraser, of Breadalbane. Mr. Gilmour preached the first sermon from the words, "For as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." Meetings were held daily, people flocked to hear, but the hardness gave no visible indications of a break. Mr. McPhail and some other members of the church were in distress. What if this time to which they had looked forward, should pass without the blessing for which they had waited and prayed? What if the people would only become more hard and impenitent, under the appointed means to soften and save? They began

to fear that they had put too much confidence in an arm of flesh, depended too much on ministers, and too little on God. One evening after the public meeting, Mr. McPhail and a few others, continued till daylight the next morning in prayer. They were too much in earnest to notice the lapse of the hours. But before they parted, God had given in their hearts the assurance of what they sought. That day was a Pentecost. The Holy Spirit came down in great power. The dry bones in the valley of death came together, and God breathed into them life. A large number were brought into the church. The roots of bitterness that sprung up and had defiled many were rooted out, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost, the church was edified and increased.

While young McPhail was praying and striving for the salvation of the people of Chatham, his mind was very much exercised about his future course. He longed to make preaching the gospel the chief business of his life, but feared to run unseemly. He wanted to make sure of the ordination of God to this work, and he rigidly explored his inward being, lest any selfish unworthy motive, should bias his decision. He prayed much about it, but his position made decision difficult. At times, the impression that God had set him apart for this was strong, and the fervent desire for the work, his longing for the salvation of the lost, and the success of his humble efforts in the past, led to the conclusion that the ministry was his duty. On the other hand, when he considered the utter lack of means of education, that in his case the years were fast passing when the necessary studies could be profitably prosecuted, that his widowed mother was left in poverty, with a large family of which he was the eldest, and his labor indispensable to the family support, all this jostled rudely against his conclusion, and threw him back into the old uncertainty. Tossed between Charybdis and Scylla, he feared being dashed against the one rock or the other, and the only thing left was to wait and leave God in his own time and way to work out His will concerning him.

God, who knows where to lay his hand on proper agents to carry out his purposes, was opening the way, though the young man knew it not. While inclining the heart of Mr. McPhail in Chatham to this particular service, he was putting it into the

heart of another child of his grace twelve miles distant, to remove his difficulties. He had chosen the one to preach his gospel, he had called upon the other, to whom he had given the means, to help in the needed human preparation. Guy Richards of St. Andrews, a wealthy merchant, a godly man, a Presbyterian, saw that the great need of the country was a devoted, consecrated, evangelical ministry. A few ministers there were at distant points, but some of them only usurped, profaned, disgraced the sacred office. The great majority of the people were deceived by the unintelligible mummeries and superstitions of popery. The Protestantism of the time was in most places wrapt in the ceremonies of a dead formalism. Mr. Richards had heard of the piety and Christian activity of young McPhail, especially in connection with the late revival. He knew him by sight, but determined to seek a nearer acquaintance. He would find out if possible what was in him, to what he looked forward, and his plans for life if he had any. When Daniel one day came into his store to make some purchase, Mr. Richards asked him into the house for a little conversation. The invitation was as unexpected as unusual, and the young man followed, wondering what the conference might mean. Mr. Richards skilfully drew from him his Christian experience, his views of the foundation doctrines of Christianity, and some facts about his Christian work in Chatham. He found in him a depth of piety and knowledge of the Bible, which he thought unprecedented in so young a man with so few advantages, with a force and keenness of intellect which promised great usefulness. He asked him if he had ever thought of devoting himself exclusively to the ministry, or felt that to be the service God required of him. In reply he said he had often thought and prayed anxiously over it, but that between his impressions and desires on the one side, and his circumstances on the other, it seemed impossible to determine the path of duty. His mother was a widow with a large family and he was the eldest. The payments on the land were not all made, and there was no other way of meeting them than for him to cut down timber, burn it into ashes, and boil the ashes into black salts. That even apart from this, he did not see how the family could be supported without him. But if these obstacles were out of the way, there was still a difficulty he could

not get over. His education was too limited, and he had not the means to get more, so that whatever his own desires and convictions, the strong hand of present necessity and duty must hold them in check. Mr. Richards acknowledged the difficulties of the situation, but asked if these were removed and the means of education furnished, would he consider himself called to the ministry, and be willing to enter upon a course of preparation for it. The questions asked and suggestions made bewildered him as his mind gathered their probable meaning. He knew Mr. Richards was a Presbyterian, and thought if help was accepted from him, the helped might possibly be expected to hold his denominational peculiarities with a slack hand, or even abandon them. With that loyalty to truth which irradiated his whole life and ministry he said, "Mr. Richards, I am a Baptist and can never renounce my principles." The reply came in the form of a question, short, curt, and with some degree of irritation: "Who has asked you to renounce your principles?" An understanding was reached, means of education were promised, as also some help to his mother and family for a time, and Daniel McPhail went to Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary in York State. The agreement was faithfully observed on both sides. It was the best investment Mr. Richards ever made.

Of Mr. McPhail's life in college little need be said. The unexpected way opened by the Lord, the earnestness of the man, the religious destitution of the Canada he had left, the burning fervency of his heart for the salvation of souls, his love to the Lord Jesus, and his longing to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God to the perishing, made certain all the application his fervent mind and strong wiry frame would bear. The dry subjects which are a necessary part of a college course, did not lower the pulse of his piety, nor decrease the fervor of his spirit. When his school days ended there was no college rust to rub off. In vacations he did not wait for a place where the best financial terms could be made. The country was all place, but moneyless place, and he went preaching wherever he found an open door. The Word of the Lord was a fire burning in his soul, and he could not refrain from publishing salvation to the lost.

Mr. McPhail went to college in 1835, and at the close of a

three years course graduated in 1838. He and R. A. Effe were fellow-students. He was helped to an education that he might preach the gospel in Canada, and to Canada he returned. No country outside of heathendom had greater need. Spiritual death reigned everywhere. There was religion but it was form, not life. In many of the settled parts gross immorality appeared in unblushing loathsome deformity, without attempt at concealment. In all the country included in the Ottawa Association before the gerry-mander of a few years ago, there were only five Baptist churches. Of these three were open communion, and soon shared the fate of open communion churches in this country, for in a few years they were not to be found. Mr. McPhail began his work in the county of Glengarry. It was missionary work in every sense. In the district over which he travelled and preached between the St. Lawrence and South Nation rivers, there was no Baptist church. For a year he preached and prayed incessantly, travelling on foot through the new roadless country. Such seed sowing watered by prayer, could not be in vain. The harvest was as sure as the promise of God. Quite a number believed, were baptized, and a church was formed, long known as the Indian Land's Church, now Nottfield.

It was when evangelizing in Glengarry Mr. McPhail first visited Osgoode in 1839. About seven years before that time, two families came from Scotland and settled in Osgoode, the heads of which were Baptists. They were joined by two Baptists from Canada East, and three or four from Beckwith. Peter McCaul led their Sabbath devotions. The township was fast settling, most of the new-comers being Presbyterians. In 1837 Mr. Fraser of Breadalbane preached ten sermons, a few were converted, five of whom he baptized the next year. On his first visit Mr. McPhail preached the gospel daily for two weeks, and visited many of the people in their homes. Towards the last of his stay quite a number became much concerned about their salvation and urged him to remain longer. He could not comply with their request at that time, but promised to return in June.

The Osgoode of that time was a different place from the Osgoode of to-day. It may now be traversed in all directions over passable roads, not so then. Though the land was taken up the township was a wilderness, broken here and there by the few

cleared acres, where log cabins lodged the families of settlers, and where something was grown for their support. Paths through the woods led from one little clearing to another, or a white strip cut on the trees guided the footsteps of the traveller. The patent leather and prunella gaiters, now considered the proper thing for platform and street, would have been useless lumber there.

Mr. McPhail returned as promised in June, and preached the gospel through the greater part of the township, finding his way from one point to another on foot. He might have been met almost any day covered with sweat, his coat hanging over his arm, a crowd of musquitos swarming about him, offering in a friendly way to relieve him of any superfluous blood he might have to spare, and insisting on doing him that service. But fatigue and exposure were not taken into account, if souls were to be won for Christ. After preaching in the evening it was not unusual to sit into the early hours of the morning, talking to people about the great salvation, and pleading with them to accept it. Years afterward he spoke of this time as days of heaven on the earth. He got some assistance in his work from his fellow-student R. A. Fyfe. In a few weeks twenty-six were baptized, and many more believed who did not then see their way clear to that ordinance, but who obeyed it afterwards. There were also not a few inquiring the way to the kingdom.

With the proposition to form a church came the tug of war. All wanted a church, but what kind was the perplexing question. Opinion was much divided. The few old Baptists were mostly close communion. The greater number of recent converts were from the Presbyterians. They had seen and complied with their duty respecting baptism, but had given little thought to the place that ordinance holds in the gospel plan, and held very loose views on the subject of communion. The converts not yet baptized, wanted a church of which they could be members without baptism. A strict communionist himself, Mr. McPhail could not consent to a church on such loose principles. He believed that the form, significance, and the precedence in time of this ordinance to the supper, were all fixed by an indisputable authority, and that to disturb this form and order was to throw away the significance of the ordinance. The statutes of heaven are not

to be laid aside at the bidding of the convenience and traditions of men, even though blinded by early education and prejudice. It is surely a sorry way to lead converts up to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus, to begin by practically giving countenance to disregard of the first duty that meets them when they step inside the threshold of the kingdom. A day was spent Bible in hand both by Mr. McPhail and the people, searching the Scriptures and discussing. In the evening he advised them to go home, pray God to make his will known, and give them hearts to do it. Truth conquered, and on the 14th July, 1839, forty-five baptized believers united in a regular Baptist church. In 1840, at the earnest solicitation of the people, Mr. McPhail was ordained pastor. Some time afterward he was married to Miss Katharine McGregor of Chatham, who was to him during the rest of his life a loving wife and faithful helper in his work, and was spared to cheer him with her loving ministrations through the tedious years of his last sickness. She has since followed him to their prepared place.

Though Mr. McPhail made Osgoode his home his labors were not confined to it. The whole country was for Baptists missionary ground, and Osgoode was just the centre from which he worked out in all directions. In 1840, he travelled to South Gower, and preached a few sermons in the dwelling-house of a man, whose heart God was opening to receive the truth. Considerable interest was excited in the minds of some hearers and a good deal of opposition was stirred up. There was not a Baptist in the township. Mr. McPhail returned again the next year, and the word preached was with power. The Presbyterian minister was from home, and some of his elders allowed Mr. McPhail the use of the meeting-house for the Sabbath. When the minister returned and heard of the desecration, had Satan himself been in the pulpit, it could scarcely have made more commotion. The first baptism was that of the man and his wife, who the year before opened their house for him to preach. They were followed shortly after by three more, two of whom were elders in the Presbyterian church. These five, with four Baptists who lived in Kemptville, and one from Mountain, formed the South Gower church in 1841. The little despised band met on the Lord's day and Wednesday evenings, for prayer, reading the

Scriptures, and exhortation. Others met with them, and though there was no minister conversions were frequent. Mr. McPhail watched over them, visited them as often as he could, and baptized those who believed. It was the third church he had planted in the three years of his ministry.

Mr. McPhail's itinerancy led him much further from Osgoode. It was not unusual to leave his church from three to six weeks at a time, to preach the gospel where there was a famine of the bread of life. The mantle of the man through whom people are led to Christ, and who sit for a time under his teaching, often falls on them. Mr. McPhail had infused his own passion for the salvation of souls into the members of the Osgoode church, and they were willing to let him go for weeks together, conducting the services of the sanctuary themselves in his absence. When setting out on these journeys he publicly asked the prayers of his people for the success of the preached word, a request freely granted. While he was preaching at distant points the church was praying for him, and though separated they were working together. He made several tours through Beckwith, Drummond, and Lanark, and planted one church if not more. In Brock, north of Lindsay, he brought many to Christ by his ministry, and he travelled as far as the township and county of Bruce, in search of gems to deck Immanuel's crown. These were no holiday trips for recreation and amusement. At that time no iron horse with a spirit of steam, hurled travellers hundreds of miles in a day. His journeys were mostly made on foot and on horseback. Some places there were roads, in others none. Not play but work was his object. In private houses and school houses he preached in the evening, and taught and prayed from house to house through the day.

The settlement of Winchester and Russell enlarged the field of Mr. McPhail's labors at home. Most men would have thought Osgoode sufficient, not so did he think. He claimed as his parish as much of the country as he could reach. Some members of the Osgoode church lived in these townships, and he made them the occasion of reaching their neighbors with the gospel. If memory is not at fault, in March of 1850 a two weeks' meeting was held in the house of a Presbyterian family in the edge of Winchester. The meeting was brought to a sudden close by a

heavy snow storm, but twelve persons were converted, and shortly after baptized. Mr McPhail followed up the work and the final result was the Ormond and West Winchester churches. The church in Kenmore sprang from his ministry. When he left Osgoode after a pastorate of nearly a quarter of a century, he took charge of the church in South Gower and Kemptville. God was with him and many were saved, but he did not stay long. The young and feeble church in Ottawa had a hard struggle to maintain its existence, and called him to its help. Duty said go, and he obeyed. His ministry gave a new impulse to the cause, and was the beginning of a prosperity not since seriously interrupted.

The large number of converts gathered to Christ, and the churches formed through the ministry of Mr. McPhail, were not all, nor perhaps the greatest benefit his labors conferred on the Baptist denomination. From those he had been the means of bringing into the kingdom there sprang up a greater number of ministers than grew out of the ministry of any other man of his time. Some of them preceded him to the rest and home above; through others he still lives and speaks. They did not all come from the church in Osgoode, but also from other churches and places where he occasionally ministered the word. To these he could say as did Paul to the Christians in Corinth: "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus have I begotten you through the Gospel."

Was he a great preacher? Was it there lay the hiding of his power? That depends on the standard by which he is measured. Tried by the art of eloquent sermonizing, order in the arrangement of his discourses, and faultless oratory, in the first rank of preachers he would have found no place. But measured by success in gathering sinners about the cross, and building up the saved in the truth of the gospel, he had no superior in his day in this country, if indeed he had an equal.

Mr. McPhail lived and walked with God. Prayer was the breath of his soul. Wherever he journeyed or lodged his heart was in constant communion with God. It was often observed, that when he rose to preach, before his tongue uttered a word, his eyes were for a moment lifted to heaven. Brethren who

sometimes shared his bed, have had their midnight slumbers disturbed by his whispered petitions. His knowledge of the Bible was profound and extensive. He read other books as time permitted and scanty means could furnish, but the book of books was his constant study. It was its teaching he was sent to interpret, and apply to the hearts and lives of men. He believed no words had such power to move the heart, as the words God himself had spoken, and his sermons abounded in quotations from God's book. For the effect he relied not on the wisdom of his own teaching, but on the Holy Spirit. He made a study of human nature, not as a philosopher, but as a messenger of Christ, who believed there was an avenue by which every heart might be reached with the truth that saves, if it could only be discovered. While he diligently studied the instruments of his work and their use, he thought it essential to know the material on which he had to work. A man may know how to use a sword, but if he does not know how to break the guard and find the vulnerable points of his foeman, he may be worsted in the strife.

It was when going about among the weak churches of the Ottawa Association Mr. McPhail's labors in the gospel came to a sudden end. It was a work to which he was well adapted both by talent and experience. It seemed his ministry was to close in a work that bore some resemblance to that in which it began. In the pulpit and out of it he was equally the minister of Christ-Sociable, yet free from the light frivolity and small talk which mar the usefulness of too many ministers. His presence with any church for a few days could be productive only of good. He was spending a few days with the little church in West Winchester. On the Sabbath afternoon he was administering the Lord's Supper, and in the act was stricken with paralysis. To some extent the power of motion was recovered, but the power of speech was hopelessly gone. For five weary years he lingered, and in 1875 his immortal spirit left the shattered clay tenement and ascended to the Lord he loved and had served on earth so long.

J. DEMPSEY.

THE CLAIMS OF HIGHER EDUCATION UPON CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

That which touches largely the welfare of society in the affairs of family, state and church cannot but have relation of great importance to Christian parents. Higher education in particular, as indeed education in general, so affects the institutions of family, state and church that its importance rises at once into highest obligation,—obligation which becomes increasingly responsible when viewed by Christian parents who have God and humanity at heart. Without further preliminary remarks I would endeavor to show wherein lies the duty of Christian parents in reference to the claims of higher education.

1. This duty is found in the natural relations existing between parents and children.

The relations of parent to child are such as to forbid the relegation of responsibility in many matters of vital importance to others than those primarily interested. With the gift of children comes by nature obligation regarding their physical, moral and mental development. Parents feel the necessity of furnishing food for the bodies of their children. In the natural order of things they act as if they believed it to be their duty to provide bread for their own flesh and blood. Likewise, where there is a proper conception of life, parents more or less feel the obligation to attend to the welfare of the morals of their children. But physical culture and heart culture, good and necessary as they are, should by no means be considered all for which parents are responsible in relation to their children. Mental capacity, surely, on the very ground of its existence, and because of its relations to its progenitors, may claim special attention from parents. If the words of Sir Wm. Hamilton are true.—

“There is nothing great in the earth but *man*,
And nothing great in man but *mind*,”

It becomes the natural duty of every father and mother to have respect to the minds of their boys and girls. And this, not only to the extent of the knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, but to the extent of knowledge which rises into the sphere of higher education. I take it that no parent has the right to

say that his children are no better than himself, and therefore he should be relieved of any obligation to give them the advantage of academic or college training. Rather should it be felt that parents are under obligation of the most serious nature to make the best out of the minds of those committed to their trust. The higher the nature of the gifts of Providence, the greater the responsibilities on the part of those receiving the gifts. And it is on this high ground that I would place the duty of the mental culture of children, the best of all God's gifts apart from Himself, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. It is when parents remember that the law of nature in the family and in family relations is *divine*, that they rise in strength to discharge obligations imposed upon them in the stewardship of children. There is a spiritual law in the natural world,—a divine law governing the relations between parents and children which is freighted with no slight duty concerning the cultivation of mind. And a parent has not fulfilled this divine law when he has brought his children merely to the point of walking, of talking, and of the rudiments of language, if it is at all possible on his part to lead out the minds of his sons and daughters into higher realms of knowledge and education. Re-stated, my thought on this point is: children are precious gifts of stewardship in their *minds*, as well as in their bodies and in their morals; the best, indeed, in them, naturally speaking, are their mental capacities; and parents, if they are to be good stewards of these great gifts and capacities must, to the best of their ability, discharge the duty of furnishing mental development.

2. Coming to the thought of *Christian* parents in relation to their children, I find this duty imposed with increased responsibility. Every natural obligation is intensified among those who have adopted the principles of Christianity. Parental love, filial love, national love, all have a deeper and truer meaning when resting upon the foundation of which Christ is the cornerstone. The laws of righteousness and truth; the principles of unselfishness and sacrifice; the strong bond and influence of brotherhood, all strike their roots deeper, present a more vigorous growth, and furnish more wholesome fruit among those who are followers of Christ. Right here, would I view this duty of parents regarding the higher education of their children. Other

than Christian parents love their children, but none should love so well as Christians. Other than Christian parents have felt the law of obligation respecting the proper mental culture of their children, but none should feel the duty to such a degree as those who are subject to the laws of Christ. The kingdom of heaven has such relations to domestic, social and civil life as to make it increasingly responsible to live under its sway and be subjects of its King. If any man finds it his duty to do the very best for his children in launching them upon the active affairs of life, that man is one who knows God in Christ—one who provides for his children not for their own selves merely, but because they are a heritage from the Lord. If any man should feel the necessity of making the best of the best in his children, that man is he who has learned to sit at the feet of Jesus, the Teacher come from God. It is a false humility on the part of Christian parents who would be content to have their children remain ignorant, or inadequately educated, when natural endowment and the train of Providence point in another direction. Parents of 'light' should certainly be in advance of parents of 'darkness' in this respect. Too often has the cry been raised by Christians that secular education leads away from God and Christ, and that it endangers the spiritual hopes and prospects of the young to have them pursue courses of higher education. This may be true; it may be false. It is certainly true that where higher education is rightly given the human heart is as likely to be led towards God as farther from Him. And let this be borne in mind, the best blessings that come to mortals often contain in them the possibilities of a curse. Sometimes the highest peaks of experience overhang the valley of despair. But it would be folly and unchristian not to climb those peaks, and not to grasp those blessings. Moreover, if there are dangers in the education of the natural mind in things secular, there are also assured benefits. The very needs and conditions of the present time make it imperative that the young men and women should have, and liberally have, the light and power coming from higher education. The light of our grandfathers' day would be veritable darkness to-day in many of the theoretical and practical affairs of life. And while it may be true that in the pursuit of higher education many young men especially have lost their thoughts of

God, it is equally true that many others, through ignorance thus removed, have been able to discern that 'God is Light,' and that Jesus Christ is the Light of the world. Sometimes, I say not always, but oftentimes, the scales that shut out the light of heaven, are not so much the enmity of the carnal mind, as intellectual ignorance and consequent superstition.

If the children themselves are Christians, all the more do they require higher education that their powers now changed for good may reach their greatest influence for God and for men. And if parents are in any way obligated respecting the fitness of their children for successful life, Christian parents have immense obligations respecting their believing children, that they may be eminently successful and useful in life.

3. The enriching power of higher education makes it obligatory upon Christian parents to provide it for their children, or to take advantage of it when provided. Time was when it seemed almost a religious necessity for parents to slave in brain and in body that accumulations might be made for the boys and girls of the family. In some parts of the world it had become so customary that many a man would be judged as to character by the measure of good things given to son or daughter in marriage. Now, I believe, there is a more excellent way—a way that is a way of duty because of its excellence. Give the young people the opportunity of mental culture to be derived from academic and college courses, and gifts better than gold or silver, houses or lands, have been bestowed. Gold that has been acquired without effort, or lands deeded without price from father to son, cannot compare in value with the richer gifts of education acquired by faithful labor. The intrinsic worth of right education cannot be measured by money, nor valued by extent of acres. And just here is to be noticed the wonderful opportunity afforded to Christian parents to exert an influence of immense importance over the sons and daughters of their homes. If, in the thoughts of the parents, every energy should be employed to amass wealth in any or every form, a bent will be given to the children in the direction of materialism that is altogether undesirable. If, on the other hand, Christian parents recognize the position and worth of education in the public and private affairs of life, their children will covet cultivated minds

and hearts as being as necessary as prosperous farming or successful business.

Higher education furnishes resources and the powers of resources that are beyond the possibilities of tangible wealth. In its pursuit knowledge is gained that will ever remain as precious stones to delight the eye and rejoice the heart. Apart from the training of the mind in the acquisition of knowledge, much of the knowledge acquired will remain as nuggets of gold and droppings of the honeycomb to cheer and inspire future years when the young have become immersed in the affairs of family and business.

Then, too, in the pursuit of higher education tastes are engendered and habits are formed that will be of untold worth to mechanic, farmer, merchant, or professional man; and the same to the woman, in office, in shop, or in the home. Much of domestic infelicity, and of lack of interest in home life may be attributed to want of tastes and habits in certain lines that would make many long evenings pleasant and profitable to husband and wife—tastes and habits which might have been acquired if only a few years had been spent in the pursuit of higher education. Why should not our homes be occupied in many an evening hour with the study of the poets, the reading of history, inquiry into elementary science, or pursuit of religious and Bible knowledge? They should be, and the future homes will be more and more as parents feel the necessity of seizing for their children the educational advantages offered.

The enriching power derived from higher education may also be viewed from the standpoint of the increase of efficiency given to the capacities of those pursuing it. Herein, perhaps, lies the most practical benefit to be gained from it. For example, the young man who has had the privilege of taking an academic or college course, other things being equal, is better fitted for any calling in life. He will make a more successful farmer, a more skillful tradesman, a wiser merchant, or a keener professional man. Thus it comes to pass that it is a good financial investment for parents to give their children the advantages of higher education.

Again, enrichment comes from higher education in that it materially affects character. In any academy or college worthy

of the name, true character as a goal is the prominent object. And the cases are exceptional where, under the molding influences of right intellectual training, the minds of the young people are not beneficially influenced in the matter of character. And character, we know, outweighs the things that are seen.

4. The duty of Christian parents concerning the higher education of their children is confirmed by the opportunities they have for providing it. In this respect we live in the best age of the world, and on the best continent in the world. Academies and colleges within the possible reach of rich and poor, and varied in the nature of the studies offered, are on every hand. Nearly every State or Province can boast high schools, academies, colleges and universities. Religious barriers there are none, and the financial ones are not insurmountable. The schools, indeed, are seeking the scholars, so manifold are they, and so desirous are they of uplifting the mental life of humanity. Now, these very opportunities constitute an additional responsibility. Opportunity is often divine. It may be considered so in this case. Would that it might be felt so in the case of all parents who are thinking of the welfare of sons and daughters! Surely the Lord has had much to do with the development of the nations, and with the development of educational systems and opportunities. Aye, surely, the finger of Providence points towards many of these open doors of the schools, academies and colleges, directing the ways in which the children of many Christian parents should walk. These inviting possibilities should press upon every parent and cause such to be conscious of responsible duty to "buy up the opportunity" so freely given.

Now, a few words as to how Christian parents may discharge the duty so enforced by opportunity. In the first place, I would say, the obligation should be discharged by way of example and sympathy. Not that parents should endeavor themselves to enter upon courses of higher education, but that by the power of sympathy they should, as far as possible, place themselves in the places of their children, and view the matter from the standpoint of the young people. Doing this, their endorsement will go far in inducing desire on the part of the young people to acquire education of the higher kind. And this leads at once to a further thought concerning the method of

meeting the obligation. Parents will largely determine the courses of their children in the matter of higher education by the encouragement or discouragement they give. The least a parent could do when a child is filled with desire regarding advanced education, would be to give a word of encouragement. Many young men and women ask no more. They are ready to fight their way through long and difficult courses of study without tangible help from parents. Under such circumstances, it cannot be asking too much that the parents should not keep sullen silence, nor speak words of disapproval, but drop occasional words of cheer to help on the arduous toiler. Discouraging words add burdens to those already great, while words of encouragement would often be better than financial help.

Further, it may be urged that there may be times when this duty respecting higher education may be discharged only by *insistence* on the part of parents. There are children who greatly need to have others, and especially parents, make out their ways in life. The tastes of the boys and girls might well, in exceptional cases, be almost altogether disregarded by those who can see farther into the future in discerning the possibilities before them. By insisting upon pursuit of higher education, parents have often been the means of conveying untold blessing to their children. And where there is any promise of success whatever, I hesitate not to say that parents are under obligation to insist that their own wishes shall be conformed to by their young people.

Finally, be it said that in many cases the duty is fulfilled only by giving financial assistance. There are children who will do better work by being left to their own resources. There are those, however, who must have, not only words, but also *dollars of encouragement*. And father and mother never put money into better investments than when invested in behalf of the mental culture of their children.

WM. J. MCKAY.

WONDER.

As speeding years were told, I came to know
The wings of boyish wonder weaker grown ;
The phantom clouds were only mists wind-blown,
Eve's sheaf of golden-shafted light a show,—
And oriflambes of dawn, and iris-bow ;
The-mystery of tides and stars was frown,
The rose was clay, and life itself was known—
A bud whose secret was about to blow.

Again down through the gates of God to me
Swift wings each strange new day, and my soul wakes
At dusk aglow with awe-gleams morning gave,—
So living light hid in the leaden sea,
When boding darkness broods resplendent breaks
In stars and suns from out the bursting wave.

R.

COLLEGE COMPANIONSHIPS.

THE memory of happy experiences is more fascinating than the experiences themselves.

How the old home scenes of childhood and youth flash upon our imagination and thrill our hearts as we look down the path of faded years. Episodes and scenes, that were trite and tame to us at the time, come back now painted in those rich and mellow colors which time alone can blend. We must stand at a distance from the picture to see its beauty.

Of no condition of life is this more true than the companionship of college mates, especially if they are kindred spirits. I had read of the fondness of room-mates and class-mates for each other, but it seemed more like visions of a mind intoxicated with imagination than reality. Even while the pleasant days of college terms were passing by there did not seem to be any appreciation of the highly wrought picture. But age enriches

the music of stringed instruments. New strings vibrate till their constituent atoms have learned to produce sweet sounds. The sounds that come to my ears through the mystic distance lend a charm formerly unthought of and unknown, but as real and enduring as the pleasant history of the past years.

Many atoms are compounded into molecules and many molecules into an organism before the blushing fragrance of the summer rose appears. While it was growing there was no particular interest attached to it, but when all its parts are completed it has a beauty all its own.

Our college days are the atoms, the months the molecules, the years the petals, and these together form the rose. Five petals with their accompanying parts generally make up the perfect flower. This flower, abundantly worth the cost of rearing, the writer now holds as a life treasure. Three petals of that flower—the three last formed—have a peculiar beauty. Sunny quarters, sunny hearts and sunny tasks formed the climate under which they matured. Their fragrance will last till the end of life and eternity will be made the richer. Were the memory of those years erased life would lose a priceless treasure. How large a place in the fond imagination those years engage can only be realized by those who have passed beyond their hallowed ground. Brothers of the same room, what is it that binds their hearts with bonds that increase in strength with increasing years? They do not realize that they have such possession of each other's hearts till distance stretches the bonds that unite them. They then feel that they are brothers whom time and space can never separate. A personal interest in each other's welfare exists like to that of kindred. An affection has been unconsciously springing up during those years which makes them brothers in a double sense.

May the sun never shine on the day when the domestic department in our dear old college will be no more. May many another trio of true hearts be welded thus to bless the day when first their lot was cast together. May the God of home and heaven still nourish our *alma mater*.

J. E. CHUTE.

Kingston.

Students' Quarter.

PLAYMATES.

A wave was rippling across the sea
Lulled into laughter and melody,
Its dwarf drops of spray so careless and coy
The sunbeams flew after and kissed it for joy.

But the wave, crest-tossing, like him of the Ancients,
Shook them off with a bound of saucy impatience,
And spr'd light and swift, laughing softly in glee,
Over the musing, murmuring sea.

But its song soon ceased and silence came
Till the wave sigh'd sadly the sunbeams' name,
Then bitterly shiver'd, and shrank all-chilling
From a sinister thought the gulls were shrilling.

Now while it was speeding so swift along,
The sunbeams mourn'd for the sound of its song,
And flew pursuing, and caught it at last,
And embracing they in the horizon past.

G. H. CLARKE.

ROCK OF AGES.

The place of this hymn in the heart of Christendom is phenomenal. A religious periodical in England recently asked its readers for lists of the best hallowed Christian hymns of the language. Of the hundred receiving the most votes, ROCK OF AGES stood first. Such an estimate is of course rather popular than critical: but is nevertheless significant, as it doubtless represents with a fair degree of accuracy the place which the hymn holds in the esteem of the Christian church. This is true without reference to creed or class. It reigns as hymn of hymns in all creeds from the narrowest to the broadest, and among all classes from the lowest to the highest. It is more than a popular hymn, it is a hymn universal. This unique feature in its acceptance bids us pause, and suggests an inquiry as to the cause

or causes of the place which to-day it holds in the Christian hymnody.

Here we may note that its popularity is not due to any of the ephemeral causes which so often decide the songs of the day. Its place in hymnody is not the mushroom growth of a night, but the steady advance of a century. Nor did it begin life in circumstances altogether propitious so far as popularity was concerned. It does not even appear that Toplady had any thought of writing a popular hymn. Certainly he could not have anticipated its present wide acceptance unless he expected an equally general endorsement of the creed whose sword he seemingly thought he was wielding when he published the hymn: for it first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, appended to an article in which the author trenchantly supported his Calvinistic creed. But to-day Toplady's doctrinal successors and their foes stand side by side as they sing this hymn. All this increases the wonder of its present popularity. It also compels the thought that we must look for the secret of this favor, not in the relation of the hymn to men or movements in the history of Christianity, but in its relation to something universal and permanent, something essential, and, more than all something *dominant* in the Christian consciousness.

When we say that this is the secret of our hymn's popularity, we simply bring it into line with a well-recognized principle. The lyric which is to abide in the hearts of men must strike a universal note in human experience. So, too, the Christian lyric or hymn which is to exercise perpetual sway must be keyed to a universal note in the Christian consciousness. First of all, *ROCK OF AGES* holds the place it does because it exemplifies this principle. "*Helpless, look to Thee for grace,*" embodies convictions which find an echo in every Christian breast—whether or not they fit equally well every so-called Christian creed. These convictions furnish chords which vibrate in spite of creeds, chords whose vibrations grow ever stronger and more dominant with the growth of genuine Christian character. These chords Toplady has struck in every line of *ROCK OF AGES*. We cannot over-estimate the importance of this point. We sing spontaneously only those sentiments which we can freely appropriate. Other things equal, the most popular hymn must voice those sentiments which the greatest number most readily accept.

In this hymn, a theme which touches a universal chord is supplemented by a style so clear and simple that the thought is immediately grasped by the humblest mind; yet so fresh and sparkling that the most intellectual finds no insipidity. These qualities are equally essential to the widest acceptance. There is an additional element in the style without which the hymn could never reach any heart as it does, and by which many an inferior hymn has gained a popularity far beyond desert. This is that personal element which at once brings every soul into immediate and personal relations with the "Help of the helpless." It is this element which really determines the devotional spirit of the hymn and saves it from being merely didactic, written as it was for a purely didactic purpose. To these essentials may be added the fact of its saturation with scripture imagery, as helping not a little to render the style thoroughly acceptable to the less as well as the more devout.

With such a combination of qualities it is not strange that this hymn became entrenched in the citadel of the heart, without even exciting the attention of the intellectual outposts. Lacking nothing on the devotional side, on the literary side it is unobtrusive because of its simplicity. Thus it remained uncriticized long after hymnology was recognized as a legitimate field for literary criticism. It is only in one respect that adverse criticism finds any sure footing. We cannot impugn the general poetic character of the thought and imagery: but there is certainly true ground for objection in the repeated flitting from image to image and in the lack of congruity among the different figures. That this does not sooner excite the attention is undoubtedly owing to the transparency of each figure and the thorough relevancy of each to the general theme. These considerations preserve the usefulness of the hymn from the devotional standpoint, and serve to minimize the force of objection on the literary side.

As to the future of *ROCK OF AGES*, it has nothing to fear from the most rigid criticism. It can no more be banished by a literary dictum than it could be monopolized by a theological creed. The heart is larger than the head; and so long as the human soul needs Christ, no violation of literary dogma can prevent the Christian heart from appropriating this which so aptly and simply voices the deepest wants.

C. B. FREEMAN.

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

Centuries ago, thousands of unfortunate Greeks perished miserably in the sunny fields of hostile Sicily, because their general believed the eclipse of the moon to be a bad omen. His ships must not leave the harbor then, and consequently death and destruction overtook them all. If Nicias had known what we now know about an eclipse of the moon, the whole history of Greece might have been changed. But in ancient times the mysterious phenomena of the universe served only to furnish omens for a superstitious people, and were regarded as too sacred to be subjected to inquisitive study. Anaxagoras, the friend and teacher of Pericles, barely escaped being put to death because he said the sun was made of stones like the earth—for the sun was worshipped as a deity. Since the time when these phenomena were regarded with sacred awe, great advances have been made, and the young student of modern times approaches with fearless questionings the mysteries unfathomed by his forefathers, and new fields of wonder open continually to his curious and eager eyes.

He finds in science a study invaluable, first, in its relation to himself, and secondly, in the results of its practical application to the conditions of human life. In its relation to himself, its advantages are two-fold: as a means of discipline and a source of pleasure. Its disciplinary value is equal to that of mathematics and philosophy combined, for he who would be a successful astronomer or physicist must be an accurate mathematician as well as a true philosopher. The study of science teaches him careful observation: how to look at things, and looking at them, search out their deepest meaning. It teaches patience and endless perseverance in the careful and delicate experiments which he must make, and oftentimes repeat from the beginning because of some flaw in the process, before he can form any sound theory. Often his life is too short for him to see the result of his patient study or to satisfactorily prove his theory, so with unselfish faith he must work on, content with the thought that through his earnest toil another may one day reap the glory and future ages the reward. Thus he loses self in zeal for the advancement of his cause, and though

he may leave his work unfinished, he has received the truest and highest discipline. Patience, perseverance and loyalty to truth are his and he has learned to love beyond the present the glorious future of the world. Moreover, the very spirit in which a scientist must approach his study is one of absolute self-discipline. The same law holds here as in the spiritual kingdom: Only he who comes as a little child can enter the kingdom of Nature, only to him does she reveal her mysteries. He must come to her not as a dictator, but as a pupil: not with thrones of his own to establish, but to seek for facts and to question her for the truth. He must come ready to follow her, in tedious paths sometimes, but nevertheless to follow. And coming thus into sympathy with nature, he is repaid for all his trouble in the elevating pleasures which he may experience. One short walk through the woods has for him pleasures which others may not know, and delights peculiar to the naturalist. As he breathes the pure air he wonders at an atmosphere that "at once is the agent under the Almighty which produces the germination and growth of plants and all the beauties of the vegetable creation—which preserves water in a liquid state, supports fire and flame, and produces animal heat—which sustains the clouds and gives buoyancy to the feathered tribe, which is the cause of winds,—the vehicle of smells,—the medium of sounds,—the cause of the universal light and splendor diffused around us, and of the advantages we derive from the morning and evening twilight." He looks around him at the beautiful wild flowers, and as he takes up the purple violet he wonders where in the brown soil of Mother Earth it found material for that royal coloring, and how the lily in its bed of mud wrought its dress of purest white. As he nears the little brook he follows it in his imagination to the sea—the great sea, from which the vapor is ever ascending to form the clouds that water the earth. Strange and wonderful economy of nature! Nothing is wasted! The destruction of one portion of matter gives life to another. The leaves that fall and die enrich the ground and enable it to nourish other leaves as fresh and beautiful as the last. Coral insects give up their lives to form islands, where stately palms and tropic fruits may grow in abundance and make a bright spot in the vast desert of ocean.

Every little thing is full of meaning for him. Under his microscope he sees, not a yellow dust on the wings of a moth, but beautiful plumes like those of a bird! And a speck of mould becomes in fact a little forest of exquisite leaves and blossoms. He turns his telescope upon the Milky Way, and it becomes a path of blazing suns; and the tiny points of light which we call stars, stand before him, many of them, greater and more splendid bodies than our sun, but at so vast distances from us that it requires hundreds of years for their light to reach us. He himself sinks into insignificance in the presence of these revelations, and he cries out: "When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained—what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Truly, "Science is nothing else than an investigation of the Divine perfections as displayed in the economy of the universe."

But scientific study not only brings discipline and pleasure to the student but has been of immense practical value to the world. The progress of natural science is a fascinating, though perhaps a familiar topic. Since the time when Watt observed nature's method of lifting a tea-kettle lid, and Benjamin Franklin with his kite and his key explored the regions of the heavens, questioning the clouds for their electricity, in our cable and telegraphic systems, our engines and our boats, have been made the great motive powers of the world, and by annihilating distance have brought nations into close touch with each other.

A scientific investigation of the facts of storms and winds and of the general condition of the atmosphere, has resulted in our Weather Bureau, until to-day "Old Probs." is every man's confidential adviser.

Sickness and death have always been the world's saddest mysteries, and in the dark ages were dealt with in a barbarous and superstitious manner. Incantations and cruel ceremonies to frighten away evil spirits were the only means of dealing with disease. But science has come to the rescue. Though seemingly it has filled the water we drink with animalculæ, the food we eat with destructive bacillariæ, and the air we breathe with disease germs—in fact it has only been questioning the manner in which nature spreads disease and death, with a view to conquering these evils. Already small-pox and the danger of contagion

are under control, fevers, diphtheria and consumption are fast yielding, and no one doubts but that medical science will soon conquer La Grippe itself. As a matter of fact the average of human life is being steadily raised and the time will come when men will die only of accident or old age.

The progress of science during the last half-century has been truly wonderful. If it continues to advance with anything like the increasing rapidity of the past few years, no one can say what grand and glorious exploits will be performed in the next century. Already we are letting our imaginations carry us forward to schemes more wonderful than even Bellamy ever dreamed of. We expect soon to see men navigating the air and using air-boats altogether, as a means of conveyance. Whether or not we shall ever reach any of the other planets is open to question, but in the face of all that has been done of late years we cannot venture to deny anything that is proposed in the way of scientific achievement. -

But there is a new and most important branch of science which is fast claiming our attention. Sociology deals with all the interests which grow out of the complicated relations of human society. The universal brotherhood of man has been recognized wherever Christianity is known, but many of the attempts to apply the principles of philanthropy, though the motive has been of the best, have failed through misguided efforts and have wasted energy. Now that science is coming to the aid of religion we may hope for better results. It is questioning the facts of human crime, suffering, and ignorance, looking for their causes and seeking by careful and systematic experiment for the remedies. Booth's plan of action for "darkest England" is an instance of the more intelligent and definite way of approaching the question of benefiting the poor. Surely science as the hand-maid of religion will hasten the coming of the kingdom of heaven on the earth. The day is not so far away, we hope, when the rich shall be rich only to help the poor, when laborers shall be contented and the day of "strikes" a thing of the past: when the word "oppression" shall die out of the English language and mercy and justice reign everywhere supreme.

M. E. DRYDEN.

THE PRAIRIES.

Far-stretching earthly seas ye seem that wave
 Your wreathing billows to the western skies :
 Your flowerets multi-formed of myriad dyes,
 Seem stars sea-shadowed that your Maker gave
 The mariner, to cheer and brightly pave
 His wandering through the trackless deeps. There rise
 Your solid breakers; and between them lies,
 Deep green, an ocean's trough or dim-sunned cave.

Afar your surge sinks to eternal calm ;
 Silent, soul-filling, infinite, sublime :
 In vain, " deep calleth unto deep " ; I Am
 Hath stilled, transfixed thee, ere all time—
 Creative brooding o'er thy wastes—hath said
 " Be still ! until the sea gives up its dead."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

Minot, North Dakota.

DENVER CORRESPONDENCE.

The following excerpts from the letters recently received from our far-away friend Edwin Seldon, for whom we have all an affectionate fellow-feeling, are here presented. Apart from the writer's personality they possess much intrinsic interest. Space, not inclination, resolutely forbids the reproduction of the entire correspondence.

DENVER, COLORADO, Jan., 1893.

DEAR MONTHLY,—How glad my heart was made by the sight of your familiar garb in this far distant city. Truly you deserve my gratitude and love for your devotion in thus following me so far and I gladly yield you both. Being so dear a friend of mine, you may be pleased to receive a few lines from me.

One thing in special I wish to write about. You tell me of the sturdy rafters of the dear old Hall ringing with the mighty declamations of her stalwart sons for and against Annexation.

I am rejoiced indeed that the shouts *against* drowned with so large a majority, the shouts *for* it. I congratulate you. Had I been present my voice too should have sounded with the loudest on the winning side.

It is patriotism that Canada needs; it is not the dollars and enterprise that the United States can give. It is men whose breasts shall burn with pride and power, as standing on their country's soil, they say,

“This is my own, my native land.”

Such men will be ready to die for their country, not because it is the best and most powerful in the world, but because it is theirs as no other can be.

Now, dear MONTHLY, you will smile at the incongruity of an inhabitant of the United States so writing, but you know my heart is with you, even though I am not. I love Canada well enough to fight for that great principle which should dominate and saturate the spirit of her sons, as of those, indeed, of all lands, however great or small.

During my journey between Chicago and Denver there was little of interest after we had passed the broad Mississippi, which reminded me forcibly of the wandering, love-lorn Evangeline, and accustomed our eyes to the plains beyond. Leagues on leagues of parched earth and grass, burnt brown as a nut, stretching off in all directions, flat, as far as the eye could reach, or rolling away in mighty undulations like the swell of the sea in a calm, and for miles and miles never a tree, shrub nor stream visible. How I pitied the hapless people that live in such a desert! There were many of them living along the track, glad, poor things, to see a couple of whirling trains a day to lighten their loneliness and remind them of civilization. Some of their houses are just mud-huts, with turf roofs, stuck on the plain as though they had dropped from somewhere, certainly not heaven, there they stand in the full glare of the sun all day long, and in summer the rays must be fearful. There are no fences around their mansions, such is a luxury little seen, so you can easily imagine their appearance.

But this land is not as waste as it looks. Nebraska is devoted chiefly to the production of corn. The poor, withered, burnt stalks were still standing as we passed, for miles at a time, for the farmers reap only the cobs, and what they do with their stalks at ploughing time is more than I know.

Of Denver itself I can say little as yet, except that it is situated at the foot of the Rockies and has been made very beautiful by its citizens' enterprise. Its buildings are magnificent ornaments of the desert plain upon which it stands. The estimates of its population vary from 110,000 to 150,000.

I caught my first glimpse of the Rockies from the street-car on the morning after my arrival. There, apparently, at the head of the street stood a big brown hill with patches of snow upon it. I was rather surprised to learn that it was fourteen miles away. Distances are very hard to judge at first sight here. Looking to the south, the grand and venerable Pike's Peak stands, apparently about ten miles distant, but in reality twenty-five, and from the top of this highest peak one can see a point beyond Salt Lake city, which itself is over eight hundred miles distant.

The bright warm sunshine and pure air have enticed me day after day, and I have gone far and wide all over the city, walking and riding until now I know it very well.

I conclude,—though I have matter for many sheets yet, but it will be all the better for keeping.

EDWIN SELDON.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson : A Study of his Life and Work, by Arthur Waugh, B.A., Oxon. New York, United States Book Company. This is the first life of Tennyson which has appeared,—published simultaneously in England and New York. It is an admirable specimen of book making both in contents and form. The author has searched widely and closely for materials, and has presented the most accurate and complete study of the man and the poet yet given to the public. It does not, however, pretend to be the official life of the late Poet Laureate, based upon materials in the possession of his family. Such a life will doubtless be written in the process of time. The present work contains twenty-six illustrations of interest, and in addition to its biography and Tennysonianism is especially valuable for its critical outlines of the structure and aim of the Master's chief poems. In the portion devoted to *The Princess*, the author makes use of the facts which appeared in Chancellor Rand's article *Limæ Labor*, and makes due acknowledgment in the body of the text to Dr. Rand, and the MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, for the facsimile of the M.S. of the songs by which he is able to show the very interesting variations between the songs as first written by Tennyson and the songs as published by him in *The Princess*.

A distinguished correspondent refers in highly complimentary terms to "T. H. R.'s" sonnet *Sea Fog*, printed in the December MONTHLY, and graphically adds :

Until I went from Parrsboro to Advocate in a steamer, and saw for myself, "I had no conception of the wierd pranks of the fog at the head of the Bay of Fundy. A number of ships were in the neighborhood of Cape Split, trying to get down the Bay. The steamer's whistle, the horns of the ships, and the government's fog-whistle from the shore, made music. It seemed to me I could see half a mile in every direction, and I could not imagine what the Captain of the steamer felt nervous about. Just when it seemed all safe to me, a ship with all sails set came, as if by enchantment, into full view dangerously close to us, and then vanished as suddenly. At one moment, in the opening of the Minas Basin, all was dark as night. Then a whiff of wind would come tearing down the channel, and make, in the twinkling of an eye, colossal spiral wreaths of the fog. Then all would change and darkness would settle down again. I felt as Dr. Crawley said he did when standing on the top of the Margaree mountains in Cape Breton,—"I felt as if I could make poetry."

EXCHANGE NOTES.

B. W. N. GRIGG, ED.

THE GLOVES.—The Cornell *Era* of Feb. 18th has a bright article on Pugilism, entitled "a History and Defence of the Pugilistic Art."

A NEW COLLEGE MONTHLY.—The Chicago University is about to publish a new monthly under the name of Current Topics.

AU REVOIR.—The Sophomores cremated their Mathematical books last night.—*Princetonian*.

AN AMOROUS TRANSLATOR.—Student (reading Vergil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her." That was as far as I got, Professor. Prof.—"That was quite far enough, sir."

THE WICKED FLEE.—Professor in Latin (dictating Latin composition): "Tell me, slave, where is the horse?" Startled Freshman: "It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."

COLOMBO'S WHISKERS.—The German craze for exact scholarship has reached the University of Chicago: the *Weekly* writes a two column article under the above heading.

GRIP AND THE ARMY.—Grip reproves clerical coldness in a cartoon representing an "army" officer bending over the wretched form of a drunken woman, while a stately cleric 'passes by on the other side.' The rebuke is not generally merited. "The church" has ever been particularly zealous in self-sacrificing philanthropy.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.—In his physical manhood he was a commanding figure, towering magnificently above his fellows. Men of ordinary stature looked liked boys beside him. As he passed upon the street people turned to look at him. His head was superbly shaped, and the great kindly eyes and noble countenance fittingly clothed and revealed the strength and light and sweetness of the soul within. It was not in this case, as it has sometimes been, that a great soul was handicapped in its expression by physical weakness or deformity; soul and body were fittingly united. Phillips Brooks was a man of great, commanding intellectual force. Those who listened to his preaching never felt that their intelligence had been insulted or ignored. People recognised in him not a man who came in his own name and sought great things for himself, a man filled with human conceit and selfish ambitions, but a true minister of God, who spoke to them in the profoundest conviction of the divine truths he uttered—a brother man built after a somewhat larger pattern than themselves, whose great heart was moved with sincerest sympathy for them in their struggles and sincerest desire for their highest welfare. To many thousands to-day the world seems immeasurably poorer for the death of Phillips Brooks. Men of all classes and creeds are sorrowing for their loss. For such a man rises above all middle walls of partition and all the Christian world claims part in him. He is recognized as a prophet of the Lord and a gift of God to a sinful world.—*The Messenger and Visitor*.

MISSIONARY BOARDING SCHOOLS.—In an interesting article contributed to the *Link*, Miss Priest treats of the necessity and conduct of these schools, the good wrought by them generally and of our Indian schools in particular.

AN ARK FOR WOODSTOCK MEN :

If there should be another flood,
Quickly to my Greek I'd fly;
For if all else should be engulfed,
Anabasis would still be dry.—*Ex.*

A HAPPY (?) SIGN.—“There is a feeling that McMaster has a work to do, and that she will make her influence felt in other schools, as indeed she is doing already. A happy sign is the absence of that relic of mediævalism and caste—the college gown.”—*Northwest Baptist Correspondence* :

SOME SATIRICAL SPURGEONISMS.

Baptist ministers don't like dancing, for the very fact that one of their number lost his head through it.

A want of education may hinder some from winning ; H is the letter that killeth.

I would rather be hanged than commit two sermons to memory every week.

Some sermons seemed to be no good until the provision merchant wrapped them round his butter.

The man who intones deserves a cheque written with my toe.

There are two styles of preaching : the first no one can understand but the preacher, the second, no one, not even the preacher.

—*Northwest Baptist.*

PRAYER.

I know a little land-locked bay,
For souls upon a stormy sea :
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree !

No billows roll, no rocks there rend,
No widely wrecking winds are there,
But tiny ripples whisper—“Peace” !
That little land-locked bay is Prayer.

A. RAND.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. WARNICKER, ED.

A Phillips Brooks memorial service was held at Harvard on February 13th.

The University of Chicago has received from Martin A. Ryerson, of Chicago, a gift of \$100,000, on condition that \$400,000 more be raised before May 1st.

Rogers—What makes your nose so red, Mr. Reilly?

Reilly—It glows with pride, sir, in not putting itself in other people's business.—*Puck*.

A Japanese student describes Harvard in a letter home thus: "A very large building, where the boys play foot-ball and on wet days read books."—*Ex.*

Harvard's new catalogue shows 52 professors, 4 associate and 28 assistant professors, 10 lecturers, 2 tutors, 100 instructors, 68 demonstrators and assistants, making a total of 294.

OUR MISSIONS.

PAPE AVENUE.—This is the most promising of our Missions. The small building, in spite of its inconveniences, is always well filled. The workers from First Avenue Church are always on hand to lend assistance in the after meetings.

ONTARIO STREET.—Owing to the varied character of the audiences, this is considered a very difficult place to preach. A number of faithful workers from Jarvis St. are very regular in their attendance and do much to encourage the students who go over to preach.

LITTLE YORK.—This little Mission has had several periods of depression. So severe have these periods been that the executive of the F. M. S. had serious questionings as to the advisability of sustaining it any longer. But after sending Mr. C. J. Cameron as a scout to learn the real condition of the town and the prospect for a Mission, we have decided to retain it and redouble our efforts to make it a success.

We are glad to see signs that the Spirit of God is blessing the Baptists in a marked way. From nearly all quarters comes the blessed news of special services attended with conversions and quickenings.—Galt, Guelph, Beverley and Bloor Streets, Toronto, Ormond, Grande Ligne, etc., all report God's presence and blessing. McMaster Hall too has come in for a share of the good things. The prayer meetings latterly have been glorious. Students whose love to God had grown cold have

been revived, while others have learned the secret of His love. The coming summer ought to be a very prosperous one judging from the deepening spirit of devotion that now is manifest.

THE ANNUAL RECEPTION held by Pastor and Mrs. Harris of Walmer Road Baptist Church on Friday evening, 17th inst., in the chapel, was very well attended. The large representation of the members of the congregation who braved the storm to be present bespoke popularity of the host and hostess. One and all received a most cordial welcome and spent a very pleasant evening. The short appropriate addresses of Pastor O. C. S. Wallace, Prof. Trotter and Dr. Stewart were interesting and encouraging. The good things dispensed in the basement were also thoroughly appreciated. We trust that not a few of such occasions at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Harris are yet in store for Walmer Road Church.

On the evening of Feb. 17th, in spite of the blizzard, the beautiful halls of Victoria University were crowded with the fashion and brain of Toronto. The *Conversazione* Committee of which Mr. George H. Locks, of the class of 1893 was chairman, deserves the highest praise for the perfection of arrangements. The building which in itself is a work of art, was beautifully decorated with plants and draperies. The reception of guests, and the care taken of their wraps, coats, etc., was all that could be desired. The Concert part of the programme was of the first order, while the Orchestral and Promenade portion of it made a most brilliant scene and gave ease and grace to the whole evening. McMaster congratulates Victoria on the success of her first evening given to the City of Toronto, and congratulates Toronto on having Victoria as an acquisition to her social as well as her intellectual life.

On Tuesday evening, the 31st of January, the Literary and Theological Society of Knox College gave an "At Home" to a multitude of their friends and relatives. McMaster University being one of the latter class was requested to send a representative, which she did. The Knox boys may well be congratulated on the success which they have scored in playing the rôle of Host. The several committees performed their duties in a most creditable manner. No pains were spared to make the guests enjoy the occasion. The arrangements were complete. From the sounding of the first strains of the orchestral overture to the close of the evening's programme everything moved smoothly and harmoniously. Those solemn halls, unused to the light step of ladies, their beaming faces and gay laughter, were all ablaze with light and color. While convocation hall held an interested and appreciative audience as an excellent programme of music and readings was being rendered, a delightful entertainment was afforded in the dining hall, of a series of stereopticon views of many cities and well-known landscapes of the Old World, while also, at the same time, many promenaded the corridors under the influence of the harmonious strains of the orchestra. Thus was the evening spent. The guests all declare it a brilliant success.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

See the cartoon among the advertisements !

MISS WELLS was "at home" to her classmates on the 3rd instant

MESDAMES RAND and NEWMAN were "at home" to the students twice each during the month.

WE sometimes hear of a place being struck by a blizzard or a cyclone, but such things are not to be compared with the craze that recently struck our boys. It was a shave I tell you. It deprived about a dozen of our best looking fellows of the hairy appendage to their upper lips, leaving them with a facial expression somewhat like that of a well-fed calf. We are rejoiced to see that repairs have begun with some, and we hope that the scene of devastation will soon wear its accustomed graceful appearance in all cases.

LOUDLY and persistently wailed the historical tin horn. Hastily gathered the clan, and thronged about the main entrance. "Farewell, Peter Mode, you have quietly proved your worth to us in this one year, and all are sad because of your loss of health. We long to see your illness depart rather than you. But you and we are full of hope, relying on an invincible Helper, so good-bye, Peter, your hand, my boy ! Ah, those were feeling echoes of Auld Lang Syne and Jolly Good Fellow. One more round of hearty handshakes,—the farewell was over and Peter's journey had begun.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare."

ON the evening of Friday, Feb. 10th, Mr. Hodgson of the city gave a practical demonstration of hypnotism before our Literary Society. The subject had excited much interest, and there was quite a large attendance, including a few friends from the city. Before beginning Mr. Hodgson requested that a committee be appointed to test the genuineness of the experiments. He then proceeded. First he mesmerised a boy, twelve or fourteen years of age. While in the hypnotic condition the boy performed several feats, seemingly impossible for a person to perform while in a normal condition. The other subject was a man. He also appeared to be completely under the control of the operator. With this subject Mr. Hodgson performed many remarkable things. A notable one was the drawing of the man across the platform in an imaginary tug of war. He made no little amusement for the audience by making the subject imagine himself Corbett, and causing him to relate his last encounter with Sullivan. When the subjects came out of the hypnotic condition they were quite unconscious of any thing that had

occurred. At different times during the proceedings Mr. Hodgson requested the committee to examine the subjects, which they did, and declared every thing satisfactory. All the experiments were successful and of a convincing nature. On the Tuesday evening following he came back to test his mesmeric powers upon any of the students who might offer themselves. His experiments were unsuccessful, but it is only fair to Mr. Hodgson to say that he frankly acknowledged his failure, and requested another opportunity of exhibiting the science. He is an ardent disciple of hypnotism, and is enthusiastic regarding its powers and possibilities.

ALL honor to whom honor is due! and who are more worthy of honor than the Executive Committee of the Literary and Theological Society? The meetings of this month have been a decided success chiefly owing to the splendid programmes prepared. The very happy variety in the exercises of each night added much to the interest of the meetings. The Committee have endeavored to keep out of old ruts and we believe they have succeeded. The worthy President, J. B. Warnicker, is a man of such distinguished originality, and noted geniality, that it is impossible for a meeting to be prosy under his leadership. One night this month was given to the Scotch poets. Two men of the land of the heather prepared two excellent essays, Mr. McKinnon on Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Cameron on Robert Burns. Several extracts from the works of these two poets were read, a few Scotch songs were admirably rendered, and altogether a pleasant and profitable evening was spent. The evening of the debate on the Separate School question was one of no small interest, as the debates were well loaded with facts and the debaters full of enthusiasm to unload them. The next evening was given over to the subject of Mesmerism. A carefully prepared paper on the subject was read by G. A. Scott. This paper was a credit to its young writer as it at once instructed and interested the listener. Mr. Hodgson, who had his subjects with him to operate on, both amused and surprised the on-lookers with his complete power over those he had under his mesmeric influence. The programme of Friday, the 17th, was "A Night With the Negro." A paper on the Negro which showed diligent research on the part of the writer was prepared and read by Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Sycamore read a selection from Uncle Tom's Cabin which brought the tears to more than one student. A good part of the night was given to the singing of negro hymns and ballads by Messrs. McAlpine, Trotter and Therrien. The meeting closed by all joining in the tender strains of the "*Swanee River*."

MY TALE OF WOE.

One day, in a highly hilarious mood,
Four undergrad fellows I interviewed,
And proposed, in a wild and reckless way,
"To see whose wit is the sharpest, eh?"

"If you think *you're* any," cried the first,—
A Freshman too, that's just the worst
Of these Freshmen,—"You're a rail reversed."

"Why," said the Sophomore, sucking his pen,
 "Should we flee all fishmongers? Out of your ken?
 'Tis plainly seen that they're *selfish* men!"

The Junior asked,—his mind is infirm—
 Why a German should dread the cholera term,
 "Don't you see? To begin with, he's nearly all germ!"

"Now," said the Senior, while I sighed,
 "What season would you most likely decide
 Has been exemplified? *Wits untied?*"

Sadly I gazed on each undergrad fellow,
 Trembled and tottered,—the air grew yellow,
 And I sank down square on my violoncello.

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,

writes Shelley. Such was our experience on the evening of the 24th inst., when, seated cosily in a corner of the chapel, we gazed wonderingly upon the now celebrated transformation scene controlled and directed by the Ladies' Modern Language Club,—a transformation that would put an ordinary harlequin into a state of most jealous and irrepressible agitation. And so we leaned back, sighing for a moment in the very delight of aestheticism ministered unto, and then assuming our most encouraging, responsive smiles for the remainder of that memorable evening. Promptly after the lapse of the usual quarter-hour postponement, Miss President McKay and Miss Secretary Wells mounted the rostrum. Not a tremor was visible in either countenance, the only signs were those betokening heroic purpose and invincible resolution. After the Chancellor had offered prayer, the President delivered a speech from the throne, the only fault in which was its brevity, and heartily welcoming the audience of guests, called upon Miss Bertha Johnson for a piano solo. Then soft and fitful came the dulcet notes which charmed us into grateful reverie, and when they ceased, we felt like travellers returned from the land of the Lotos-Eaters. Next Miss Dryden read us an essay. The opinions of great men and women on what and how to read were selected, emphasized and annotated in strikingly clear, concise, well-judged arrangement. Lowell, Emerson, Ruskin and Mrs. Browning were among those quoted, and their wise utterances, with the essayist's comments, were profitable to us all. Third came Miss Chisholm with a violin solo, slow at first and tender, then swift and clear, urged on by the true musician's effort. Of course an encore followed. The great debate next,—should women enter law or not? Miss Wells most fluently upheld their right to do so and in short, their evident suitability, undoubted success (witness the U. S. women lawyers) and their fitness, at all events, to judge for themselves, (no pun or anything like it is here intended!) Miss Smith declaimed earnestly against the innovation, showing a thorough grasp of all the horrors of the situation, both humorous and grave. Miss Wells replied

briefly and ably. Then Misses Timpany and McLaurin sang a duet, entitled "A Serenade." It was very pretty and romantic—for those who like that sort of thing—but, apart from the sentiment, their rendition was excellent. Miss Wilson's piano solo took us travelling again,—it was admirable. Prof. Clark then recounted some of his Reminiscences of University life in Germany. Of this most interesting and heartily-enjoyed address we took extensive notes, but—when an editor frowns, you know, it is a portentous omen. Suffice it to write that we learned much of the greatness of Germany in intellect and knowledge. Another violin solo from Miss Chisholm, and "God save the Queen," terminated the entertainment. The ladies' encomiums are being sounded everywhere.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

FOR RENT.—Knot-holes in the fence on Bismarck Avenue, overlooking our skating rink. Proceeds to be devoted to the gymnasium building fund. N.B.—The free use of these holes to be discontinued.

OVERHEARD at the Victoria conversat. :—Grave and learned professor from Toronto University to his companion, while trying to make their way to the refreshment room : "We can get *jam* without going in there for it."

I WANT to know—

- Can a "Post" be quick or graceful?
- Can a "Soph." look hard or fierce?
- Can a "Junior" be an ancient?
- Can a "Freshman" weep salt tears?

FRIDAY evening, the 17th, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on Tennyson's "Princess" by Dr. Rand. The poet's general characteristics were first sketched, with passing reference to the main ideas of his greatest works. The central thought and aim of the "Princess" was then dwelt upon at more length, and the lecturer concluded by reading several beautiful passages as illustrations of the points presented.

PROF. MCKAY'S lecture on "The Physical Basis of Music," given in the parlors of the Y.M.C.A. building last month, was most thoroughly enjoyed by the students of Moulton. We venture to assert that the veriest dullard who ever floundered among ratios and proportions—had such a person been present—could not have failed to gain some conception of the laws underlying alike the music of a tin whistle and the harmonies of the spheres.

WE felt ourselves greatly favored in having Mrs. Wells with us at the last meeting of our Mission Circle, and still more so in hearing her tell of some of her experiences with the Indians of the North-West dur-

ing her stay there a few years ago. Besides presenting in her earnest way the needs of that people and our duty to them, especially to the women, our sisters for whom Christ died, she cited many amusing incidents connected with her stay there.

MOULTON COLLEGE would like to know whether the weather is going to come down and be sociable or still maintain her lofty and icy bearing. It is very trying to be thus coolly treated by one of our most highly esteemed and indispensable friends. When we sally forth to meet her, she greets us with a frigid air and coldly repulses all our overtures to friendship—yea verily, she nips them in the bud and sometimes in the ear. She also has a demoralizing influence over our erstwhile warm chums—the radiators. They are sometimes as cool and unresponsive as she is, and refuse to radiate warmth and comfort as was their wont. Then, too, our spring poetesses have their little odes and sonnets all ready, only waiting for the balmy breezes and melting showers to summon them from their retreat. But, alas! the weather will not be kind and accommodating to such unimportant personages as spring poetesses. Surely we all sigh for the return of her gentler mood. *We* are longing and looking for tender smiles and warm embraces, but *she* persists in snubs and freezing glances.

PER ARDUA.

Our skating rink at last is won,
The ground is flooded, work is done,
Per Ardua.

We used to fear it was a dream,
But now we've got the frozen stream,
Per Ardua.

And as it seems a shame to wait,
We all go out and try to skate,
Per Ardua.

Some there are erect and fleet,
The others barely keep their feet,
Per Ardua.

And nevermore will we despair,
And trust we always shall "get there,"
Per Ardua.

THE Nordica-Scalchi Concert Company has come and gone, and those of our company who had the good fortune to hear them enjoyed a rare treat. Mme. Nordica and Herr Fischer had never been heard in Toronto before, and it is to be hoped we shall have many opportunities of hearing them again in the near future. Nordica's voice is exceedingly beautiful, her upper tones have that clear, ringing quality so

much to be envied by all singers, and only obtained by having the tones well placed in the front of the mouth. Her voice is very even in all its registers, and she sings without the slightest effort. Her singing of the Polonaise from "Mignon" was delightful. The ease with which she sang the difficult runs, trills and chromatic passages, and her expression and phrasing, showed her to be a great artist. The E in alt rang out as clear as a bell. She took her audience by storm in this number, and received a double encore to which she graciously responded. Her presence is dignified and graceful; add to this her pretty face, wonderful voice, gracious manner, and beautiful gown, and what more could one ask? Herr Fischer's first number was an aria from "The Jewess." His voice is a magnificent deep bass, the lower tones full and rich, like an organ. He has no tricks, and sings in an honest, straightforward manner. It is seldom one hears a bass singer trill, but he did, and did it well too. We are only stating what every musical person knows when we say he is the finest bass in America, and we are thankful to have had the opportunity of hearing such an artist. Scalchi, Campanini and Del Puente are old favorites here and are always welcome. They sang in their usual fine style, and were well received. The second part of the programme was composed of parts taken from Maxcagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The accompaniments, played on a piano and small harmonium, were decidedly weak; one longed for a good orchestra. To our mind the gem of this part of the programme was the "Ave Maria," sung by Nordica. Perhaps the best effort of the evening was the quintette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," sung by Mme. Nordica, Miss Engel, Campanini, Del Puente and Fischer. The old Pavilion was filled with melody; it was something to dream of, and over all the other voices Nordica's beautiful tones rang out, clear and sweet. The audience was electrified and demanded an encore, to which they kindly responded. Seldom have we heard such an array of talent, and the evening of February 10th, 1893, will long be remembered as one of great pleasure and profit.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

WE are glad to learn that Dr. Thomas, of Jarvis St. church, Toronto, is to lecture in the College Feb. 24th.

THE annual tea-meeting of the First Baptist church was held on the 10th. A number of the boys attended. The orchestra was down, and rendered a few selections. As is, and was always, the case on such occasions, everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly.

AT our regular meeting of the Judson Missionary Society, Mrs. Booker gave us a very interesting talk on the state of India with respect to the people. Her experience amongst them as a missionary qualifies her to treat this subject as only missionaries can.

A NEW feature in the school is the "Opposition Orchestra," consisting of two banjos, a fife, harmonica, tin whistle and horn. It is becoming quite proficient in keeping people awake at nights, which seems to be the time the members prefer for practice.

IT may possibly be a surprise to the old Woodstock boys, now at McMaster, who had the pleasure of skating on our rink last winter, to know that we have a fine natural sheet of ice on the junior football field. The last rain, melting the snow, has done in a few nights what it took weeks to accomplish last year. Hockey claims the attention of those who skate, both here and on the creek, where there is smooth ice for miles.

OUR old friend, Bro. Bone, paid us his annual visit Thursday evening, Jan. 29th, and gave us one of his interesting talks which makes him so welcome to all. Bro. Bone's experience with men in his work enables him to give his hearers accounts that are very instructive. This time he spoke chiefly on the happiness derived from living a Christian life, and the sweetness of Christian fellowship. Two things which he said will long be remembered. They were, that we by investing in stock with Christ as banker, or if we work for Christ, are paid twice, when we invest or start to work, and when we die; and the second was that we can always tell what is in the hopper by what is coming out of the spout. His closing advice was, "Be true to your convictions."

THE orchestra went out to East Zorra on the 3rd, and had an experience which was not altogether an enviable one. They left the College at about 5.30 o'clock, expecting to arrive at their destination in an hour, but their expectation was unfulfilled. It snowed, and the wind drifted the snow so that there was constant danger of upsetting. In fact, we learn that one rig did capsize, while those in the others had to do a great deal of wallowing through the deep snow to get along. But they arrived at last, after two and a half hours' work, and had a splendid time. They enjoyed themselves much, but when the time came to go home they couldn't go, so were obliged to remain in the church (where the tea-meeting was held) all night. The boys did not mind when they found that Principal Bates with his wife and a number of other ladies and gentlemen were also storm-stayed. However, they all passed the night in the best manner possible, and returned home next morning none the worse for their night out.

THE 26th day of Jan., 1893, will long be remembered by the boys who were in attendance at Woodstock at that time. This was the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," We had present with us Rev. Mr. Farthing, M.A., Rev. E. Dadson, B.A., Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, M.A., and Rev. Mr. Tapscott. After a hymn had been sung, a portion of scripture read, and invocation offered, Mr. Farthing delivered an inspiring address. His subject was the "Influence of Religious Life in College." He began by saying we should "Fly our colors high" from the start. If

we are Christians let us show it, and those who like our colors will gather round us, while those who don't will stay away. He spoke of the necessity of the Spirit to guide in the formation of our lives and the choice of our life-work. There is a place for everyone, and the best men will fill the best places. Our lives should be lives of self-sacrifice, looking after the little things, since these go to make up the great sum total. He spoke many more encouraging words which will be cherished by all who heard them. Principal Bates then read letters received from Messrs. Sycamore, Vichert, Fatterson, Hurley, L. Brown, P. Mode, Marshall, and McCaw, old students of Woodstock, and one from Dr. Rand. Mr. Tapscott gave us a few words of encouragement and cheer, after which we had a good "old fashioned" prayer meeting. In the evening Mr. McDiarmid gave an exceptionally interesting and instructive address on "Motives to Foreign Mission Work."

ON the evening of June 27th, we had an "At Home" in the college. An "At Home,"—what memories this will bring to those who have ever participated in the pleasures of an evening thus spent. This one was given by the "Ladies of the College," and carried on in a decidedly clever manner. The head and foot of each table received a slip of paper on which was the name of the lady whom he was to take to supper. Upon receipt of this a search usually took place, always successful, of course. Before leaving the East Reception Room, some music was rendered by the College Orchestra, after which all proceeded to the dining room where a bountiful repast was spread. The old room was filled, twenty-four tables being occupied. After supper an interesting programme was rendered by the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies, consisting of instrumental and vocal music and what proved to be an exciting debate, carried on in a unique manner. The question discussed was: "Which is or would be best for Canada, Imperial Federation, Annexation, Independence, or her Present State. There was one speaker for each side, and it was hotly contested. The vote resulted in a tie between Independence and Present State. Imperial Federation receiving not more than a dozen votes, while Annexation obtained but two. This last, as a future state for Canada, is treated with general abhorrence here; we are all loyal Canadians. After leaving the chapel, the pleasantest event of the evening, to some, took place. This was escorting home the ladies with whom they had passed so pleasant an evening. That another At Home may soon occur is the desire of all.

GRANDE LIGNE.

ON Sunday, January 29th, it was our privilege to listen to two excellent sermons by Mr. Lafleur, of Montreal. Though age may be telling slowly upon the physical constitution of our noble secretary, we are pleased to find him still young and vigorous in mind and heart.

As usual we have had a number of visitors during the past month.

We would mention specially the Rev. Mr. Hinson, of Moncton, N.B., the newly chosen pastor of Olivet Church, Montreal, whose words both cheered and strengthened us all. We hope to welcome him here again.

OUR glorious skating rink, though it affords us all a great amount of pleasure, yet sometimes severely punishes its votaries. As the result of a fall upon it Miss Piché has, for some time, been carrying her arm in a sling. We are glad, however, that the sling has disappeared, and that she is now able to carry on her work as usual.

A VERY pleasant little event took place here one afternoon lately. Miss Piché, who is one of the teachers, invited her Sunday school class to meet her in the library. There a table was nicely decorated and refreshments were served, over which every one chatted pleasantly. All enjoyed the gathering very much.

THE social which was held at the church, Wednesday, Feb. 8th, was a very enjoyable affair. A lecture was given by the Rev. Mr. Lafleur on "The Bay of New York." This was followed by an excellent supper, and every one went home well pleased, after spending an hour in social conversation with friends both new and old.

At last the Maskinongé correspondence has been issued in book form. It makes a neat and tasty volume of 134 pages. It comprises letters from priests, nuns and lawyers, discussing the action of the Maskinongé Protestants in revolting against clerical tyranny, with the answers to these by our Protestant missionaries. We expect much good to be done by this booklet. An English translation of the same will appear, which we believe will prove both interesting and instructive to the many friends that are interested in our French work here.

It was again our sad duty last week to follow to the little missionary cemetery the remains of another of our old students. This time Miss Rachael St. James, the eldest daughter of our devoted church clerk, has been called home to her final rest. In her the church here has lost a talented and most devoted worker, and the family a loving daughter and sister. The family has the deepest sympathy of both teachers and students.

THURSDAY, Feb. 9th, being the anniversary of the day our beloved Principal, Rev. G. Massé, first began his infantile struggle for rights and privileges in this world, he was presented by Mr. F. Therrien, on behalf of the students, with a handsome clock. The simple earnest address which accompanied the gift, also the affectionate, though more lengthy, reply could not fail to show the depth of existing sympathy. An enjoyable evening followed, during which, both teachers and pupils, throwing off all restraint for the time, entered heartily into the pleasures of the evening, which consisted of music and promenade conversation and games, lasting till the hands of the clock pointed near eleven, when all retired weary in body, but refreshed in mind and spirit, feeling much, as one of the younger boys expressed it, "I think this does a fellow good."