



Your truly

J. L. Bates

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JOSEPH I. BATES.

Woodstock College is such an important factor in our University work and denominational life, that everything affecting its welfare is of interest. It is therefore eminently fitting that the MONTHLY should take the earliest opportunity of introducing to its readers the one whom the Senate and Board of Governors have called to the responsibilities of the Principalship.

The name is one that needs no introduction to Canadian Baptists. It has long been familiar to us. The memory of John Bates, godly pastor and helpful author, will long remain fresh among large numbers of our people: the aged mother, still blessing us with her presence, is beloved and revered wherever known; and the children—Mrs. Booker, Mrs. McLaurin, Rev. S. S. Bates, and the subject of this sketch, whose appointment to the Principalship of Woodstock is a fitting recognition of long and faithful service, have given to Canadian Baptist history one of its most honorable chapters. This makes any extended notice here unnecessary, and yet, inasmuch as Principal Bates's duties heretofore have confined him closely to the College, a brief sketch of the man and his career ought to accompany the engraving on the opposite page.

Joseph I. Bates was born in 1848, in Ireland. Two years later, the family removed to Iowa, U. S. There, on a farm, he

passed his boyhood and got his early education. When sixteen years of age, he came to Dundas, Ont., and there for some years enjoyed the instruction of J. Howard Hunter, one of Ontario's leading educationists. Mr. Hunter recognized in young Bates exceptional aptness for teaching and entrusted some of the junior classes to his care. Such was his success and enjoyment in this work that he determined to devote his life to teaching. When in 1867 his father was called to the pastorate of the Woodstock church, he seized the opportunity of attending the Canadian Literary Institute, as it was then called. Mr. Hunter's judgment was confirmed by that of Dr. Fyfe, who had him appointed as an assistant teacher in the Institute. Desiring further preparation for his life work, he matriculated into Toronto University in 1874. with the intention of proceeding at once to a degree. Dr. Fyfe, however, pressed him to forego his studies for a time, and assist him again in the Institute. Reluctantly he consented; but returned to the University as soon as he could, and graduated in 1872. The following year was spent at Ann Arbor in post-graduate work, for which he received the degree of Ph. M. Since that time he has been engaged in teaching in Woodstock, with the exception of the session of 1889-90 which he spent in England pursuing special studies and observing educational methods in University College, London, and Owen's College, Manchester. His knowledge of methods was further widened by a summer's experience in the Amherst School of Languages.

It will be seen from this sketch that Mr. Bates has had a long and varied educational experience. The native aptitude for teaching, discovered by Mr. Hunter, has received meantime the most careful development. This accounts for the uniform thoroughness of his class work, and will be of immense service to him in directing the general instruction of the College.

For the more difficult, delicate, and important task of safeguarding the discipline of the College, his many years of experience as Teacher in Charge were peculiarly fitted to qualify him. His unflinching good humor, ready tact, and hearty sympathy with young life, made him eminently successful in that confessedly trying position. Moreover, he has always had a readiness for business affairs, which will give him an easy mastery over the general business management of the College.

No one who knows Mr. Bates will have any misgivings as to the quality of his influence over the young men entrusted to his care. He is a Christian gentleman. Courtesy, kindness, unselfishness, simplicity, sincerity, conscientiousness, sound sense, good judgment and a genial flow of mother wit—these are his leading characteristics. He is a most companionable and lovable man. In all, and above all, one who associates with him intimately will be persuaded of his heart loyalty to Jesus Christ.

Mr. Bates's denominational convictions are clear and strong. His interest flows out to every department of our work, and all enjoy his hearty sympathy and support.

To the duties of the Principalship he gives himself at the call of his brethren. It has come to him unsought. We believe he undertakes it as for his Lord first, and then for us. We have all confidence that, in humble and yet cheerful reliance upon his Master, he will seek to make Woodstock College minister as efficiently as possible to the needs of the denomination.

Those who know him best, his colleagues and pupils, are enthusiastic in his support. We bespeak for him the same hearty co-operation in prayer and effort on the part of all who have Canadian Baptist interests at heart.

J. H. FARMER.

IN THE MAYFLOWER COPSE.

With gladsome note the robin debonair
 Heralds bright May. Pale sky and earth-stained snow
 Warm at the touch of south winds as they blow
 Their wafts of life through Winter's lingering air.
 Hid, like some laughing child, shy Mayflower* fair,
 Beneath thy leafy shield, with face aglow,
 Thy pearly self the coy Spring's first tableau,
 Come to the day and yield thy fragrance rare!

Ah me! while thrushes pipe and plummy winds
 Fan northward all their balmy fervors sweet,
 And groves are misty with the reddening bud,
 A gentle spirit from the past unbinds
 The peace of Lethe, and with quickening beat
 Stirs to divine unrest my fevered blood.

*The Trailing Arbutus.

A MINISTER'S GENERAL CULTURE.

On a recent Monday afternoon, during a visit to Toronto, in closing an unpremeditated address to the students of McMaster Hall, which the Professor of Homiletics was kind enough to ask me to give, I was unguarded enough to say that I wished we had another half-hour in order that I might say something on the subject which heads this article. And now before me is a letter from the Business Manager of the MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, asking me to write out for this review what I had to say on this subject. With this request I cheerfully comply, on the understanding that in doing so I am to be just as free from any suspicion of egotism and as free in the expression of my thought as I would have been had that additional half-hour been at our disposal. There is always a peculiar pleasure in addressing students, because they are so generous, alike in their reception of what is said, and their judgment of the spirit and intention of the speaker. The generosity of youth still clings to them: long may it cling.

In speaking of "culture" (a noble word, by the way, which has been much abused), I refer to that cultivation which is got from reading as distinguished from that which is gained by travel, or by mixing in cultivated society. And I speak of "general" culture as distinguished from that specific training which one gets from his college course, and from that specific and more technical reading which one does in connection with his professional work. And of this I speak chiefly as it regards "ministers."

Why then should a minister seek that general culture which is derived from reading outside of his college course, and outside of the direct requirements of his sermon preparation? The most obvious answer is, that it is his duty to be a cultivated man, so far as he has opportunity. Secondly, it needs no argument to show that the man of intelligence, of comprehensive thought, and of refined feeling and taste is, other things being equal, to be preferred to the man who lacks these things. The cultivation of one's self is an end in itself. It is not the highest and best thing to say of a man, but it is a very high and a very good

thing to say of him, that he is a really cultivated man. A minister cherishes no mean ambition when he aspires to genuine culture.

Another reason for this pursuit of culture is found in the influence it cannot fail to exert upon one's work. In the case of a minister's work this influence shows itself in so many ways that I must not try even to enumerate them. But let me cite a case in illustration. I once had the privilege of spending an evening in his study with Dr. Maclaren of Manchester. He thoroughly unbent to me, and, in answer to my questions, talked with delightful freedom. One of my questions had reference to the cultivation and discipline to which he had subjected himself in order to acquire his style of thought and expression in the pulpit. In reply he told me at some length about his habit of reading. Said he, "When I was still a lad, my father, though a rigid Puritan, had the good sense to present me with a set of Scott's novels. These began the cultivation of my imagination." And then he went on and told me of the poets, philosophers, essayists he had read and still read, till it seemed to me that nothing good in literature had escaped him. I remember especially his references to Carlyle, Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, and he said, "Of all the poets, Browning is the one for a minister to study:" and again, "I can hardly tell how much I owe to Carlyle." With all Maclaren's fidelity to Scripture and evangelical earnestness, the careful reader of his sermons can see the traces of the persistent, generous, life-long self-culture in almost every sentence of them. By aiming at the culture of which this article treats Maclaren has, in no small measure, made himself the preacher and the power that he is.

Still another reason for this pursuit is found in the endless enjoyment it affords. And a minister needs some source of recreation, of enjoyment. He cannot work always. He cannot forever have his mind on the stretch about the most serious things. Spurgeon had his little farm, and his animals, and his ferns, and his flowers, and his curiosities, and his large and varied collection of books. Says Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, "He (Spurgeon) had the largest library I ever saw in a minister's private house, and it was as varied as it was extensive. It contained a large selection of excellent and standard books of modern science, and

these Mr. Spurgeon told me he had read diligently and with great interest. There were signs of that on the margins of some of them. Again, he had a fine selection of the poets and books on questions of art. He showed me the whole of Mr. Ruskin's works, given him by Mr. Ruskin himself with very affectionate inscriptions."

"What preparation are you making for your old age?" said one gentleman to another who had just said that he could not play chess. Now of all the sources of enjoyment in life can any surpass that which is supplied by a taste for good reading? How unfailling it is, how pure it is, how great is the delight it affords. To have a spare evening in a busy week, and to sit down with a favorite author or book, what can beat that? And this is a joy that is always at hand. How often, after a hard Sunday's work, have I sat down and spent a half hour with Tennyson or Wordsworth or some other. How soothing is such an exercise. By all means, if you would enjoy life, acquire a taste for good reading. I must not take space to expand these arguments in favor of general culture, or to add others to them. But let me give a quotation or two:

"Worthy books are not companions—they are solitudes. We lose ourselves in them and all our cares." "Books are life—long friends whom we come to love and know as we do our children." And this from Milton: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond." And just one more—"The friendship of books never dies; it grows by use, increases by distribution, and possesses an immortality of perpetual youth."

Here comes another question: When shall a minister form the taste for reading? In general it may be said that if he does not begin to form it before he leaves college and seminary, it is doubtful whether he will do so afterwards. It is painful to think of the number who go through college and are graduated, who have never acquired the least taste for reading, and who, in spite of their college degrees, cannot in any true sense be said to be cultivated. In my boyhood I had one great good fortune. With two or three other boys in the village I began the study of Latin and Greek at an early age, with the late Rev. Wm. Park (Presbyterian), of Durham, a really cultivated man. At that

time Mr. Park was a bachelor, and he seemed to enjoy the company of us boys, only ten or twelve years of age though we were. Many an evening after the lesson was over he would detain us for reading and conversation. He would read to us and hear us read Shakespeare, Milton, Macaulay, and other authors. Addison he was fond of, and Cowper; and he would tell us of these men; and he did his utmost to make us feel the value of good books. I can remember going home between eleven and twelve o'clock at night after an evening like this, for Mr. Park would forget to look at the time. I think I am thankful now for that privilege. May I recite another personal reminiscence? During my heaviest year's work at Toronto University, I did as much general reading outside the text-books as I almost ever did in a year. While you are in college, with library and reading room at hand, form this taste. You will never again have so good a chance to form it. Say not that while in college you are too busy. It may be hoped that you will never during your working years be less busy. Responsibilities and labors increase as we go forth into the world's great workshop. This general reading must be done at odd moments, in hours snatched from work at times when ordinary work is impossible; and it will not be done at all unless one has formed such a taste for it as to be always hungry for it, and ready to turn to it at every opportunity.

One other question remains, What shall one read? Here again the personal element must be introduced, if an answer is to be given; and of course every reader would give his own peculiar answer. In the answer I now make, I shall leave out Philosophy, Science, Sociology, Art, except as these may be included under other departments, as the department of Essays. But it should be said that no reader should be willing to remain ignorant of these things, nor can one's culture be generous if these things are excluded. Let it be remembered, on the other hand, that life is too short for one to read everything, or even to read all of any one thing. It is not necessary to read all that any one author has written, in order to know that author and to extract the richest flavor from his writings. I would say then, read poetry, and first, as an incentive, read Christian Hymnology. Get such a book as the *Library of Religious Poetry*,

by Schaff and Gilman. Get, if you can, *Hymns of the Ages*. Get a volume of Faber, Keble's *Christian Year*, and other little books. The Baptist Hymnal (English) is rich in good things. Then read Tennyson; read him a good deal, especially *In Memoriam*; and Wordsworth should be known, especially a few things in him. "Lines, Composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey": let it become a familiar friend to you, as well as some others of his shorter productions. Browning demands study, *and repays it*. Try his "Saul;" give it three or four readings. I need not say, give it five or six; that you will do if you give it three or four. I remember the mental and spiritual excitement in which I found myself the last time I read it and his "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Abt Vogler," "An Epistle, Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician," "Death on the Desert." I shall say nothing of his still greater poems. Matthew Arnold has written some gems. His "Rugby Chapel" is enough to give him his place as a poet. For some time I have had a cheap edition of his poems. I have used it very often, with the result that the other day I ordered a more costly edition of his complete poetical works. A little volume, "With the Poets," edited by Archdeacon Farrar, for which I paid twenty-five cents, has been a sort of companion for several years. I shall have to get a new copy of it, *for it is worn out*. These are simply a few suggestions from my experience.

Then comes History. A man cannot be called cultivated who does not have at least a little knowledge as to how the life of man and of nations has unfolded upon the earth. One cannot really know history without making it a life-long study. But here are a few books which will cast a little light on the vast field. Andrews' "Institutes of General History" (a capital book of the kind), Guizot's "History of Civilization," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," Green's "Short History of the English People," Murdock's "The Reconstruction of Europe." You can easily enlarge this last if you so desire.

Biography is a rich field, one of the most fertile fields which a minister can cultivate. Start in with Boswell's Johnson, Thomas Arnold, his Life and Correspondence, Personal Life of David Livingston, Life of Charles Kingsley. What a long list I could make here from my own reading, for Biography has long been my delight.

And Essays must receive a good deal of attention. Not to name Bacon, Foster, Macaulay, Carlyle, and others of the great immortals, let me recommend to you a dip into Hutton's, and Matthew Arnold's, and Frederick Harrison's. A volume by the last named, "The Choice of Books, etc.," is very choice reading, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe ought to be known. A great deal of the very best writing of our time is in the form of Essays, and much of this writing will be found in such periodicals as *The Contemporary Review*, *The Nineteenth Century*, etc. True, some of those I have named are not of our way of thinking in religion; but one can easily get into the way of making allowance for their stand-point; and often it is remarkable how little they obtrude their own views, and how much they write like good Christians. For example, Frederick Harrison is the English High Priest of Positivism, but he is one of the very best of writers, is infinitely better than his creed, and I never let anything of his slip me if I see it, and he always interests and helps me.

Let me name just two or three things and stop. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" ought to be read, and read, and read. Truly it is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Of a different sort is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" and I should not like not to be familiar with Newman's sermons. Sharp's "Aspects of Poetry," is delightful, and illuminating, and rich. Here let me end abruptly, adding only one word as an encouragement.

A friend of mine in this city, who belongs to a very exclusive literary club, The Pundit Club, every member of which is a man of distinction, told me that in that club those members who were trained for the ministry, and had had some experience in the ministry, possessed, undoubtedly, the largest share of general cultivation, and were the most valuable members of the club. Moral: "Go thou, and do likewise."

J. W. A. STEWART.

Rochester, N. Y.

*DELENDA EST ROMA.**

Standing in the Senate of ancient Rome Cato held aloft fresh figs which had been gathered but three days before under the shadow of Carthage, and cried again and again, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" Carthage was mighty; Carthage was hostile; Carthage was near; therefore, Carthage must be destroyed. To-day we hold aloft fruits gathered beneath the shadow of Rome and cry, "*Delenda est Roma!*" The shadows of oblivion hide the Rome which Cato loved. Her ambitions, oppressions and cruelties are no more. All that was earthly, sensual and devilish in her Bacchanalian mysteries burned out long ago, and only ashes remain on the polluted and forsaken altar. But another Rome has arisen, a Rome which bears aloft the name of Jehovah instead of Mars, of Christ instead of Bacchus, and of Mary instead of Venus. If within her there are mysteries, they are not named Bacchanalian, whatever may be their nature. This Rome has a past out of which hellish fires gleam and bloody memories pour. From its horrid dungeons, its inquisitorial chambers, its devouring flames come the echoes of pitiful moanings and shrieks of mortal agonies. Rome has cursed souls with curses unspeakable and full of shame. By her machinations homes have been made hells, nations have been degraded and continents have grown dark beneath her portentous clouds of intrigue and violence. But this Rome has a present also. Her ambitions are not dead; they are as deathless as Satan's bitter hate. Rome does not change at heart. The principles which guided her five hundred years ago are the principles which guide her to-day. More than this, her plans are more matured, her purposes more settled, and her aims more far-reaching to-day than ever before. She has hitched her wagon to the star of universal empire. Give her opportunity, and the ambition which sometimes seems held in leash will bound forward like a loosened hound. To bend the earth to her supreme sway is the dream of Rome. Read mediæval history and remember that Rome does not change. Watch the glare of martyring fires and shudder before rivers of blood, and then remember that Rome does not change. She denies the past,

*An Address, delivered at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., November 1, 1891.

but does not deplore it. She grows red with rage because her sins are exposed, but never with shame because they have been committed. Rome is mighty; Rome is hostile; Rome is near; therefore, Rome must be destroyed.

Impatience is sometimes felt because speakers on this subject so often refer to the Inquisition. It seems to many a dried and worm-eaten fig. But look at it closely. It did not belong to a single savage era, or to one wild and frenzied century; on the contrary it passed from age to age. How near to us have the murders of the Inquisition come? In 1826 in Spain that "holy office" of the Roman Church burned a Jew and hanged a Quaker schoolmaster. Only sixty-five years ago! Several of us were born before that Jew was burned; a few of us were at school when that schoolmaster was hanged. And Peter Arhues, an inquisitor, was canonized in 1867, less than twenty-five years ago. The Inquisition has come near to us. The Church's approval is fresh. What Rome satanically did in the Middle Ages, Rome satanically approved in the last half of the nineteenth century. What Rome approved in 1867, would she do, if there were occasion and opportunity, in 1891! The Inquisition did not root itself in mediæval savagery, but in a principle by which Rome is guided. That principle Rome has never foresworn. On the contrary she obeys it to-day, and the spirit of the Inquisition, if not its daggers, its racks, and its fires, may be found now in Italy, in Spain, in South America, in Mexico, in Quebec and in Boston.

There are two pictures to which our attention cannot be called too often. In the spring of 1574 Charles IX. of France lay upon his beathbed and saw his couch bathed with blood which flowed from his lungs. He was filled with horror at the sight, for he remembered the blood of the Huguenots, Aug. 24th, 1572. In September of 1572 the Pope and cardinals at Rome heard news which filled them with excessive delight. They sang, they shouted; they gave impious thanks to God. What did it mean? They were gleeful over the horrors at the memory of which Charles was filled with awful remorse. Significant contrast! See the king dying like one drowned in a crimson, horrid stream of remorse and blood; and see the Pope striking a medal to commemorate the horrible slaughter. But this happened more

than three hundred years ago. The Roman knees which bent in hideous impiety to give God thanks for the slaughter of the Huguenots are dust in which worms have been crawling for three hundred years. Why offend us with the brutalities of an outgrown past? But who has outgrown it? You believe your Roman Catholic neighbor has, and it may be that you are right. Perhaps he loathes the memory of St. Bartholomew's Day as you loathe it. Perhaps he shudders at the memory of the Spanish Inquisition as you do. But what may be inferred from this?

There have always been men within the pale of Rome who have been horrified by her atrocities. The fact that your neighbor is a good man proves nothing concerning Rome. She is in nature to-day what she was when Coligny's corpse lay in the streets of Paris whither it had been flung, and Tuannes ferociously shouted over it, "Bleed! bleed! The doctors say bleeding does as much good in August as in May!" Do we demand proof of this? Consider the fact that Rome never apologizes for the past. When did she canonize Peter Arbues? Twenty-four years ago? When has she declared that the slaughter of the Huguenots was inspired by Satan and executed by fiends? Never! And this is because the things of the past at which we shudder were done in harmony with her principles. She cannot deny those things without denying herself. We do not wish to detract from the praise due her for good she has done anywhere in any age. We will always read with delight what her great souls have written. Forever we will call them brothers who, though adherents of Rome, waxed valiant for righteousness and followed their divine Lord according to the light they had. Such men are with us to-day. To them we cry, "Brothers, all hail!" But when this is said, what have we said? We certainly have not said that Rome may be trusted. The presence of righteous Lot did not save unrighteous Sodom. That city was marked by God for destruction, as we believe Romanism is marked by God for destruction. That thing which we call Rome, that thing of certain principles, policies and purposes must be destroyed before the kingdom of God can come upon the earth.

Rome is mighty. That we cannot question or doubt. Her forces are great beyond anything we dare guess. Rome is hostile to freedom. Demonstration of that is given constantly.

Rome is near. Her interference is felt everywhere. You hush your breath and whisper in your home, lest your Romanish servant should hear. On the street you speak softly on matters of great concern, for the man behind you may be a Romanist. Touch municipal politics, and instantly Rome jumps up like a jack-in-the-box. Touch national politics, and her jealous-green eyes are at once intently watching to see what you will do. Are you not conscious of the constraint under which you live and move and have your being?

There is a university in Toronto of which we are proud. It is a provincial school, and some Romanists are in its classes. This introduces trouble into the historical department. Ask men who know the inside of university affairs if history is taught there honestly, and you will hear an answer like this: "No: if the professor teaches mediæval history fairly, the Roman Catholic Church reaches out its thumb and finger and tweaks the ear of the Minister of Education, and he in turn tweaks the ear of the professor." You are prepared to believe this, for you have your own public school problem. You have been justly proud of your public schools. You have boasted that in them the children of all nationalities sat side by side in democratic simplicity and mutual self-respect. And when you have been asked how you could assimilate the millions of your immigrants, you have said that the public schools would solve the vexing problem. We partly believed you. We had hope that this great country, instead of being enfeebled by immigration, would grow greater thereby. But what has happened? The public schools are in danger. They are in danger in Minnesota. They are in danger in Massachusetts. They are boldly attacked or covertly undermined. This is a matter of awful concern. The public schools must be kept up or the country must go down. Train half of your population in parochial schools and you have a house divided against itself. Here is a civil discord, the gravity of which cannot be measured. The parochial school children are taught that public schools are godless, injurious and disreputable, and that in them atheism breeds and lust finds opportunity. The public school children will resent the foul charge.

In a generation these are pitted against each other, without sympathy or mutual respect. It is no fanatic's morbid vision

which shows national peril in such a condition of affairs. Rome is mighty; Rome is hostile; Rome is near. Rome must be destroyed. She cannot be reformed. Her nature would lead us to this opinion if there were no history to confirm it. You find a man who is a liar or a libertine, a thief or a murderer, and you have some hope that he may be reformed, for in his calm hours he is ashamed of his iniquities. But Rome in her coolest moments approves her intrigues and her atrocities. They are deliberately planned and executed with patience and calculation. They are not hasty frenzies to be bitterly deplored when the passion is past. Rome is not ashamed of the Inquisition. If a man is not ashamed of a crime, we say he will perform the same crime again under temptation if there is opportunity. And are we not compelled to say the same of Rome? Rome has lied in the name of the Church; will she not continue to lie? Rome has been cruel; will she not be cruel again? Can you hope to reform a church whose teaching shields lust and commands perjury? As well think to transform a blood-sucking horse-leech into a singing lark. Reform can come only when there is some consciousness of guilt and need. But when there is nothing approximating to this, reform cannot be hoped for.

And now what is the voice of history on this subject? Can Rome be reformed? Reformers have risen: what have they done? We may consider one or two representatives of two classes. One class is represented by Dominic and Francis, the other by Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Père Hyacinthe, Ignatius von Döllinger, Edward McGlynn, and others. Dominic saw that Rome lost prestige because of certain evils within the Church, and, in the interest of Rome, undertook to remove them. To better advance his purpose he gave direction and impulse to the Inquisition. He was a reformer after Rome's own heart. Francis of Assisi doubtless desired earnestly to cleanse away some of the pollutions which prevailed in his day, but instead of attacking the great evil principles of Rome he gave his energies to details. Various "Orders" sprang up because of his influence: and all that resulted was that Rome was more firmly entrenched than before, while her essential nature remained untouched. He tried to wash her arrows, but did not undertake to break them. Other reformers have done their little in these lines, and they have

been about as effective as one who would attempt to quench the fires of hell with a pair of snuffers.

Of a different type was Wycliffe. In the fourteenth century he was resisting mightily papal aggressions. After a weary, stormy life, he died. Wonderful to relate he was permitted to die in his own bed. But how did Rome feel toward him? On the 4th of May, 1415, she ordered his poor bones to be dug up and burned; an order which was carried into effect by one Bishop Fleming thirteen years later, or forty-two years after the death of the Reformer. But what of the influence upon Rome of Wycliffe's teachings? Nothing. In less than half a century scarcely a trace of his influence remained in England, where he had toiled so bravely. John Huss caught the torch from his hand and passed it on to Martin Luther. But for this, little would remain to tell us that Wycliffe sought to reform Rome.

In our day we have seen a Père Hyacinthe, an Ignatius von Döllinger, and an Edward McGlynn, resisting papal aggressions. The results are suggestive. There is time to speak at length concerning one only of these, and the history of Döllinger is selected as being most significant. He died Jan. 10th, 1890, and if the Pope is as mighty as he is malignant Döllinger is now writhing in the fires of hell. He was a good man, chaste, honorable, high-souled; he loved God, rejoiced in the gospel of His Son, and his good works do follow him. But Rome consigned him to hell because in his final declaration concerning the dogma of papal infallibility he said, March 28th, 1871, "As a Christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine." Döllinger was a Bavarian. He was born in 1799. When 18 years old he read Luther's treatise, "Against the Papacy at Rome, founded by the Devil." This put him into a fine rage, for he believed thoroughly in the Catholic Church. As he grew older he discovered some of her pollutions and sought steadfastly to remove them. His vast learning and almost incomparable talents were laid under tribute to this end. But as well might he have undertaken to drive back a storm by waving a feather. Then there came forward the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. His soul recoiled from these. He fought them with resolution and tremendous earnestness. He fought in vain. The fly on the wheel might buzz

approval or bluster resistance, on rolled the chariot of Rome. But he remained a Catholic still. He was bound to believe that the Church could be reformed.

While still in love with the Roman Church he came to feel a great aversion to the Jesuits. This started from what he observed of their system of education. One day a candidate for the priesthood came before him for examination. This young man had been trained in a Jesuit school. "What is that branch of knowledge which we call theology?" questioned Döllinger. "Theology is that branch of knowledge which has St. Catherine for its patroness," glibly replied the Jesuit taught candidate for holy orders. "But what is the branch of knowledge of which St. Catherine is the patroness?" asked the theologian. "St. Catherine is the patroness of theology," answered the embryo priest with facile self-complacency. This was only a sample case. Döllinger met many like it. The Jesuit system had first his contempt, and then his implacable opposition. But at length he discovered that to oppose Jesuitism was to oppose the Pope and Cardinals at Rome, for there the Jesuits had gained the ascendancy. In 1873 the scales fell from his eyes. After more than fifty years of constant struggle to reform Rome he became convinced that his task was a fruitless one and abandoned it. When he could no longer respect he ceased to obey; and Rome excommunicated him. That was only twenty years ago, but his life was instantly in danger. Plots for his assassination thickened in Munich. Urban II. had said, "We do not deem those persons homicides who, burning with zeal for their Catholic mother against excommunicates, happen to kill any of them." Can we wonder, then, that the excommunicated Döllinger was in peril of his life? And yet this man loved Rome for three score years and ten, and would have laid down his life for her purification. His history is a striking commentary upon the faithlessness of any endeavor to reform Rome. Rome cannot be reformed. Her hold must be broken. *Delenda est Roma!*

We are not now speaking of the thunder and lightning of war, but of the light of truth, not of hate but of love. We are not declaring that men must be destroyed, but that Rome, a thing of certain principles and purposes, must be destroyed. We do not know what the future may have. There are sad-faced

prophets to forecast the skies with gloomy forebodings. Sometimes we tremble before the facts which they point out. But of these things we are not speaking now. We are pleading for the resistance and removal of Rome by spreading the truth. When primal darkness was over the face of the deep God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." May God say to this land through unselfish patriots, brave teachers and fearless editors, "Let there be light." Multitudes know nothing about Rome as they ought to know. They shut their eyes; let their eyeballs be stormed with deluges of light until they shall be compelled to look and see. They measure Rome by the character of some genial, gentle Roman Catholic of their acquaintance. Two hundred and fifty years ago Bressani, on his way to preach the gospel to the Hurons, fell into the hands of a band of hostile Iroquois. An old woman was kind to him, but the crowd split his fingers, thrust sharp sticks into his flesh, burned off his fingers a joint a day, that the fun might last the longer, and roasted and ate before his eyes one of his companions. Did Bressani infer that the Iroquois were a kindly people? I think not. And yet a squaw was kind to him!

It is necessary that the truth concerning Rome should be known, in order that a partial view may not lead to false and dangerous conclusions. Light should be caused to shine also upon the minds of the Romanists. Many of them indignantly deny that such horrible things exist as are printed in Dens' Theology and kindred works. They ask the priest, and hear a lie in answer. Some means should be taken to spread some of the facts which in their nature would serve to awaken the more liberal-minded among the adherents of Rome. There is need also of missionaries among the foreigners who flock to these shores. Christian men should ponder this well, Catholics are not converted by our stump speeches. Heart to heart work is necessary for this. And Christian patriots will serve well their country and their Lord when they give generously to the support of missionaries among the Catholics of the land. There is another mighty force which may be effectively used against Rome. This is vital godliness. In 1873 and 1874 Germany stirred the world. Her attitude toward Ultramontaniam was brave and decisive. The Emperor was bold. The Jesuits were

expelled from the Empire. England looked on with wonder and joy. Through Great Britain meetings were held at which resolutions of sympathy and admiration were passed amidst the greatest enthusiasm. That was in 1874. It is now 1891, only seventeen years later. What is the condition of things in Germany to-day? Roman Catholicism is making astonishing progress there. The iron Bismarck, before his retirement, was forced backward by the tremendous pressure of Rome. The young Emperor bows and bends before it. Not a department of life but feels its influence to-day. If we seek an explanation of this, may we not find it in the fact that vital godliness had almost died out of Germany; that rationalism and formalism held sway? The souls of men grew hungry for the bread of life, and Rome, quick to discern her opportunity, came forward with her counterfeit for that divine food. As a result Germany is falling rapidly into the power of Rome again. This is ominous. Suppose that Rome should become dominant in Germany, that extraordinary military power, and in America, that extraordinary wealth accumulating country, what would follow? Can you contemplate that picture with composure? This is Rome's aim. You believe it. Then be wise. Rome is mighty, Rome is hostile, Rome is near, Rome cannot be reformed, Rome must be destroyed.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY.*

In demonstration of the essential unity of the faith, Christian hymns are in evidence to-day as never before. Their growing influence is ushering in the conditions for a new eirenikon, diffusing a heavenly spirit in worshipful hearts, and making very manifest the hallowed bonds which bind all believers to the Christ of the Gospels. "There is somewhat of Heaven," says Richard Baxter, "in Holy Poetry: it charmeth souls into loving harmony and concord."

The great poets have kindled the souls of men from age to age. Among the determining forces in human life these seers have ever divined the emotional and spiritual to be essential, and have recognized the warm pulsations of the heart rather than the cold processes of the intellect as central and controlling. Of all the forms of poetic utterance, however, hymns hold an altogether exceptional place of influence in the personal life. They have to do with what may be termed the practical aspect of spiritual life, prayer and praise. It is this practicalness, this aim at direct usefulness to the individual or the church, that has countenanced some disregard of the poetic in sacred verse. With his besom of criticism Dr. Johnson makes a clean sweep of poetry from the domain of hymnody:—"Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament." This criticism taken too literally would unstring Isaiah's harp and hang David's on the willows. In so far as the didactic element is dominant in hymns Johnson's dictum has force, but the dictum wholly ignores the function of feeling to a hard age. The higher functions of

* A Dictionary of Hymnology, setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of All Ages and Nations, with Special Reference to those contained in the Hymn Books of English-speaking Countries, and now in Common Use; together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators, and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences, etc., etc. Edited by John Julian, M.A., Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield: 1600 pp. in double col. (John Murray, 42 s.)

sacred hymnody, gladsome praise and adoring, loving worship, demand the exercise of true thought glowing with the most reverent and tender emotion. The expression of these is poetry,—not “the decoration of something more excellent than itself.” A genuine hymn is suffused with religious emotion and satisfies the requirements of lyrical form and expression. If it is for general use it reflects the feelings of the many rather than the devotional cry which can appeal to the few. There was a time in the history of the Jews in which it is recorded “there was no open vision.” When one reads some of the little treatises on systematic theology which used to pass for hymns among many good people, one begins to understand what it means to be without the “open vision,” and recognizes something of the need to which Paul refers when he prays that the saints at Ephesus may have “the eyes of their hearts enlightened.” The gateways of all deep and true worship open upward through the emotional nature, and metaphor, and rhythm, and lyrical fire bear the soul—the whole volume of being—into the heavenly Presence. The final test of a hymn is its devotional inspiration.

While, however, the arts of poetry and music may each be laid under the highest contribution in the service of song, it is true that hymns and tunes may have an irresistible spell for us which disarms all criticism, but which is not begotten of any inherent influence of their own. They are fraught with hallowed memories of home and childhood and loving spirits who have passed on before. Association works powerfully in the field of emotional experience. On this ground, among many others, it is a reason for thankfulness that so much has been done in recent years to improve the hymnals of the several sections of the Christian church, and to make widely accessible the resources of hymnology from the earliest times to the present.

The Dictionary of Hymnology just published in London, and to be issued the coming autumn in New York, is a monumental work. In addition to nine years spent in preparation, the editor has given nearly fourteen years to his task. The number of hymns annotated—comparatively few of which are given in the text—is upwards of 30,000. More than 5,000 authors and translators are noticed. The names of 35 leading contributors to the Dictionary are given, among whom are W. Garrett Horder, author

of The Hymn Lover, and W. R. Stevenson, editor of the English Baptist Hymnal. These, with various others whose names are not published, have worked under the general direction and editorial supervision of John Julian, Vicar of Wincobank.

This great work contains leading articles on national and denominational hymnody, affording a full outline of the rise and progress of each. The languages which afford the most numerous hymns are the German, English, Latin, and Greek, in the order named. Sketches of the lives of hymn writers, with a list of their works and of their hymns reputed to be in common use, are given. A very interesting feature is an account of the hymns in use in the foreign mission fields. Complete lists of the hymns of Dr. Watts and Charles Wesley are given, with notes respecting their origin and first appearance, and of the changes made in each by various compilers. Of even more interest is the information given about less-known hymn writers and their productions. Controverted questions as to authorship, and variant readings, are fully and impartially dealt with. The history of

“O God of Bethel by whose hand,”

and of

“All hail the power of Jesus' name!”

is judiciously traced, and with convincing results. There are few questions in hymnology which may not be answered by a reference to this Dictionary. The editor states that no pains have been spared to produce an exhaustive and trustworthy work. The patience displayed in the preparation and issue of the book,—the printing having been begun nearly ten years ago—tells its own eloquent story in behalf of completeness and accuracy. The Dictionary, however, cannot claim to be perfect in this its first edition. Doubtless some improvement may be made in the New York edition about to be printed.

As to accuracy, it will be quite as much a surprise to many to learn that Adoniram Judson's father was “a pastor of a Baptist church” at Maldon, Mass., as to learn that Professor Blackie (instead of Dr. Blaikie) succeeded Dr. Guthrie as editor of *The Sunday Magazine*. Philip Bliss (“P. P. Bliss”) is given on page 60 in the list of Baptist hymn writers, while on page 150 he is turned over to the Methodists. Professor Bird, of Lehigh

University, is responsible for the facts pertaining to America. It is certainly very misleading to characterize the hymns of many writers by ecclesiastical terms which they never employed. In short, it seems wilfully inaccurate to do so. Here are a few specimens:—

“Christians if your hearts are warm.”

John Leland. [Holy Baptism. Adult.]

“Amidst us our Beloved stands.”

C. H. Spurgeon. [Holy Communion.]

“A crowd fills the court of the temple.”

F. W. Goadby. [Palm Sunday.]

“Go to dark Gethsemane.”

J. Montgomery. [Passiontide.]

It will be difficult for those familiar with the verses of James Russell Lowell, beginning thus :

“‘What means this glory round our feet,
The Magi mused, ‘more bright than morn!’
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
‘To-day the Prince of Peace is born,’”

to understand just what is meant in saying that he “has written no hymn.” Sad to say, Whittier’s

“O Painter of the fruits and flowers!”

is inaccurately given as

“O Maker of the fruits and flowers!”

One is astonished to see the number of hymns stated to be in “common use.” The expression is misleading. It really means that these hymns are to be found in the various hymn books now in use. Thousands of the hymns so included are seldom or never used to-day.

The appendices, rendered necessary in view of the fact that the work was years in press, seriously mar the plan of the work. But surely, apart from this, the Dictionary should have been so arranged as to afford a continuous history of the development of hymnody in the various countries and communions. If all the hymns of an author were treated under his name it would be much more convenient.

The all-pervading and subtle test of proportion discloses grounds for improvement. The editor’s taste is too antique to enable him to exercise a genuine and consistent hospitality respecting the productions of the modern lyre. Moreover, there is

some want of balance and proportion in the treatment of authors of the same period. An uneven hand has been held over contributors in this respect.

All in all, *The Dictionary of Hymnology* is far and away the greatest contribution ever made to the history of hymnody. The book is said to contain as much printed matter as the six volumes of the *Speaker's Commentary*. I think it is to be regretted that the work is not published in two or more volumes instead of in one. It may be noted as an evidence of the completeness of the *Dictionary* that it annotates the late Dr. Silas T. Rand's Latin translation of "Rock of Ages," side by side with Gladstone's, and makes mention of "The Canadian Baptist Hymnal." The enthusiasm and industry necessary to the production of such a book cannot be over-estimated. This book is unique in the department of which it treats, and Mr. Julian has made this great phase of Christian literature and life indisputably his own.

Let no reader suppose that the possession of *The Dictionary of Hymnology* is essential to a rich and serviceable acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. To those who are desirous of obtaining a good knowledge of hymnology, especially its development in England, and are not careful in respect of curious details, Horder's *The Hymn Lover*, published by Curwen & Sons, London, will supply ample and inspiring information in this department of modern study.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.

(Translated by Professor Welton.)

When the word of the Eternal concerning the creation of man sounded forth through heaven, the spirits of the highest perfections of God came together and arrayed themselves against each other in two hostile bands. The one band gave their voice for, the other against, the creation of man. Chesed, the angel of mercy, said to God: create him; for he will be benevolent. But Emeth, the angel of truth, said: create him not; for his mouth will be full of lies. Zedeck, the angel of righteousness, exclaimed: create him; for he will be compassionate. But Shalom, the angel of peace, opposed, saying: create him not; for only contention and war will be his portion. Then the All-loving One spoke: I will unite mercy and truth, and righteousness and peace. What is good in man shall be rewarded, and what is evil punished. And behold! he immediately banished from heaven Emeth, the angel of truth, his favorite, who had first opposed the creation of man. Now, for the first time, the footsteps of a heavenly one press the newly-created earth. At this sight, all the ministering angels prostrated themselves imploringly before the throne of the Almighty. Lord of the worlds, they inquired, wherefore didst thou banish thy dearly beloved, the angel of truth, the brightest jewel in thy divine crown? Grant that Emeth may again ascend from the earth, so that it may be said by thee: "Truth springs from the earth, and righteousness looks down from heaven." The All-merciful One granted their request, and called Emeth back from the earth. When the banished one appeared again before God, he gave to God, as a proof of his repentance, a clod of earth moistened with his tears. Out of this God formed the first man after his own likeness, as it is said: "He created man from the dust of the ground, and formed him after his own image." Exulting over this new creature of God, the hitherto hostile angels came together and offered each other the kiss of peace; and thus was fulfilled what is written: "Mercy and Truth met together, and Righteousness and Peace kissed each other."

Students' Quarter.

À VIRGINIE.

Si j'étais feuille d'automne,
 Tout en restant ma personne,
 Je m'en irais doucement,
 Sur les ailes d'un grand vent,
 À travers champs et vallons,
 Tous les chemins m'étant bons,
 Te cherchant toujours, mignonne,
 Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Bien audelà des verts monts,
 Sans m'inquiéter des ponts,
 Mais traversant à fleur d'eau
 Rivière, lac et ruisseau,
 Je poursuivrais mon voyage
 Jusqu'en un beau grand village,
 Te cherchant toujours, mignonne,
 Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Entraîné vers mes plaisirs,
 Par tourbillons, par zéphirs,
 J'irais trouver, ô bonheur !
 Celle qui me rend rêveur.
 Lorsqu' à ses pieds frissonnant,
 Je l'entendrais soupirant,
 Je lui dirais : Ma mignonne !
 Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Lorsque sa main douce, blanche,
 Me ramassant un dimanche,
 Me placerait, au serein,
 Sur son coeur on sur son sein,
 Le coeur rempli d'allégresse,
 Je n'aurais plus de tristesse,
 Car je verrais ma mignonne,
 Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

L. A. THERRIEN.

A DAY ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

"We shall all go in '93," has become a colloquialism when talking of the World's Fair. But the number of impatient ones who cannot wait until '93 has become such a throng that admission has been restricted, and it is only with difficulty that an entrance can be obtained. Through the kindness of the *Chicago Times*, a pass was secured for me and a descriptive chart to which I am indebted for the details and figures of this article.

Jackson Park, well known to every Chicagoian, is situated on the "south side" occupying a mile and a half of lake front and extending back from the lake nearly a mile, giving to the fair grounds an area of over 900 acres. The Park has been picturesquely and ingeniously intersected by artificial lagoons supplied from the lake, and which, in some cases, are so large as almost to be called lakes themselves. The lagoons are so formed as to make pretty wooded and floral islands, attached to the mainland by rustic bridges. During the time of the Fair water fowl from all parts of the world will swim about in these waters; pleasure boats will skim along their surface lending beauty and enchantment to the scene. But *the buildings* now in course of erection are the all absorbing feature of interest to one visiting the grounds at this stage in the operations.

We entered at the 62nd Street gate. My first impression on entering was spoken to a friend, "Isn't it wonderful?" Then followed silence as the scene began to widen. The silence was then followed by a series of ejaculations such as "great!" "immense!" "tremendous!" "mammoth!" "gigantic!" "colossal!" "stupendous!" As we enter between the Horticultural and Transportation Buildings we turn to the right and find ourselves facing the Transportation Building. This is one of a group of buildings which form the northern architectural court of the Exposition. Looking east it commands a fine view of the lagoon and floral island. It is simple and refined in its architectural treatment. It is Romanesque in style, and without contradiction may be called rich and elaborate in detail. The interior of the building is after the pattern of a Roman Basilica, with broad nave and aisles. This building covers an area of 18½ acres, and

is for the display of everything used in transportation. In '93 will be seen there every article of transportation, ranging from a baby carriage to a ponderous locomotive, from a cash conveyer to a balloon or a carrier pigeon.

The Mines and Mining Building, located just east of the Transportation Building, is one worthy of the great World's Fair. This building covers $8\frac{3}{4}$ acres. The architect found his thought in Italian renaissance, but has combined enough of the French spirit to make the most pleasing effect in itself, both massive and graceful.

The next building in our line of march is the Electrical Building. This will at least be the most novel and brilliant exhibit on the grounds. The exterior walls of this building are composed of a continuous Corinthian order of pilasters, three feet, six inches wide, and forty-two feet high, supporting a full entablature, and resting upon a stylobate eight feet six inches. The total height of the walls from the grade outside, is 68 feet, 6 inches. The color of the exterior is that of marble, but the walls of the hemicycle and of the various porticos and loggia are highly enriched with color, the pilasters in these places being decorated with scagliola, and the capitals with metallic effects in bronze.

The Machinery Hall, standing some distance to the south of the three just described, is perhaps with one exception the most magnificent in appearance, of all the buildings of the Exposition. It covers an area of $17\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and is being built at a cost of \$1,200,000. But by general assent the Administration Building is pronounced the gem of the Exposition palaces. When you visit the Fair in '93, its lofty gilded dome is the first thing you will see. The general design is in the style of the French renaissance. The first storey is in the Doric order, of heroic proportions, surrounded by a lofty balustrade, and having the great tiers of the angle of each pavilion crowned with sculpture. The second storey, with its lofty and spacious colonnade, is of the Ionic order. It covers an area of 260 square feet, and consists of four pavilions $8\frac{1}{4}$ feet square, one at each of the four angles of the square, and connected by a great central dome 120 feet in diameter, and 220 feet in height. In size this rotunda rivals the most celebrated dome of a similar character in the world.

Due south of the Machinery and Administration palaces is one of the most imposing structures of the Exhibition, the Agricultural Building. It covers an area of over 15 acres, and is both Classic and Heroic in style. Besides its ample provision for the agricultural displays, it contains committee rooms for the different live stock associations, and spacious bureaus of information, and in addition to these a large assembly room, capable of seating 1500 people, to be used for lectures, etc., on subjects relating to agriculture. In close proximity to this building is the Dairy Building and the Forestry Building, the latter of which is built in rustic style out of tree trunks from every state in the Union. To the south of these lies the almost endless line of Live Stock Buildings stretching back from the lake for half-a-mile. For two-thirds of this distance the stock buildings stand twelve abreast and for the remainder of the distance seven abreast.

We now turn north, crossing the beautiful and artificial basin, and we are beside the most colossal Exposition Building ever constructed, viz., the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building. This building covers an area of 44 acres. Inside is a gallery 50 feet wide extending all round the building, and projecting from this are 86 smaller galleries 12 feet wide, from which visitors may survey the vast exhibits and the surging crowd below. The galleries are gained by means of thirty great staircases. Columbia Avenue, 50 feet wide, extends lengthwise through the building, and a similar one from side to side. There were 200 car loads of dressed lumber used in the floor alone. 300 men and two saw mills running night and day for weeks, were employed to lay the first floor. It has been found necessary to run three steam railways through this vast structure to convey the material to the men. The building itself will be chiefly of iron and glass. The reader may conceive something of the size of this building when he thinks that it covers more than two-thirds as great an area as the whole Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

Going north we must pass the Government Building, and cross the lagoon by means of the rustic bridge, and we are before the great Fisheries Building 1100 feet long by 200 feet wide. To the close observer the exterior of this building cannot

fail to be exceedingly interesting, for the architect, Henry Ives Cobb, exerted all his ingenuity in arranging innumerable forms of capitals, modillions, brackets, cornices, and other ornamental details, using only fish and other sea forms for his motive of design. In '93 the interior of the building will be gorgeous with rock covered with lichen, from which will leap crystal water-falls falling into the aquaria, where fish of every description will swim in full view of the many visitors.

The supply of sea water was secured by evaporating the necessary quantity at the Wood's Holl station of the United States Fish Commission to about one-fifth its bulk, thus reducing both quantity and weight for transportation about 80 per cent. The fresh water required to restore it to its proper density is to be supplied from Lake Michigan.

Probably one of the most unique exhibits of the World's Fair, will be that of the U. S. A. Naval Department not yet built, but will be, judging from the description given of it by the management, which is given below, a most striking exhibit. "It is a structure which, to all outward appearance, is a faithful full-sized model of one of the new coast line battle ships. The imitation battle ship of '93 is to be erected on piling on the lake front, on the north-east part of Jackson Park. It is surrounded by water and has the appearance of being moored to a wharf. The structure has all the fittings that belong to an actual ship, such as guns, turrets, torpedo tubes, torpedo nets and booms, with boats, anchors, chain cables, davits, awnings, deck-fittings, etc., etc., together with all appliances for working the same. Officers, seamen, mechanics, and mariners are detailed by the Navy Department during the Exposition, and the description and mode of life on our naval vessels will be completely shown. The crew will give certain drills, especially boat, torpedo and gun drills as in a vessel at war."

Crossing the lagoon at the west of the Fisheries Building, and going in a south-westerly direction, we come to the great Horticultural Building. In front of it is a flower terrace for outside exhibits, including tanks for *Nymphæ* and the *Victoria Regia*. The front of the terrace, with its low parapet between two vases, borders the water and at its centre forms a boat landing. The plan of the building is a centre pavilion with two

end pavilions. The centre is roofed by a crystal dome 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which are exhibited the tallest palms, bamboos, and tree ferns that can be procured. The two end pavilions are designed for cafés, and are each surrounded by an arcade commanding the finest view and surroundings of all the Exposition. This building is for the display of all varieties of flowers, plants, vines, seeds, horticultural implements, which the world can produce.

Just to the north of this is the Woman's Building. It was planned and sketched by Miss Sophia G. Hayden. It is probably the most chaste building on the grounds. The building is covered with "Staff" and looks like marble. As it stands with its mellow decorated walls, its terraced front leading to the lagoon, its spacious pavilions, its hanging gardens, its combination of ancient and modern architectural beauties bathed in the bright American sunshine, it does honor to the æsthetic tastes of the women of the whole world.

While I must pass the separate and beautiful buildings of every State in the Union, and the great buildings representing England, Germany, and the countries of the whole world, there is one more building I cannot pass, viz., the great Art Palace. Grecian-Ionic in style, the Fine Arts Building is a pure type of the most refined classic architecture. The immediate surroundings of this building are ornamented with groups of statues, replica ornaments of classic art, such as the Choriagic Monument, the Cave of the Winds and other beautiful examples of Grecian architecture. We know it is not artistic to speak of pictures in quantity, but is it not pardonable here? In this building, a work of art in itself, there will be one lineal mile of the finest pictures in the world.

Now we are done with this article, but not with the World's Fair. The shadow of its influence is almost oppressive. What does it mean to the world in art, in science, in manufacture, in literature? What does it mean in religion? Is it not as if God had placed upon the boards with all its splendid pageantry, the Drama of the Ages? Shall we not see all these players on one great stage in '93 enacting the drama of almost resistless power. From behind its wings will come the personification of each nation, and language, and art, and industry, and creed, and

from underneath the foot-lights we shall hear the orchestra of pleasure.

But we do not tremble for the result of the final act. As we hear the tread of the nations coming together on this great continent in '93, as we see the north clasping hands with the south, and the east kissing the west, comes a thought that the King will play the chief part in the last act of '93, conquering and winning all peoples unto Himself. The heavenly bridegroom coming to claim this kneeling bride of nations, and as the curtain falls we hear Him say, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee, and thy land shall be married."

RALPH TROTTER.

TO A 'WEEPING WILLOW' IN GRIMSBY CEMETERY.

Beneath the mossy bosom of the sod
 With slow and reverent hands we laid to rest
 Our loved ones side by side. Sweet thought of God
 That raised thy head, child of our mother's breast!
 Thy pendant frondlets droop so kindly o'er,
 And sigh amid the sough of summer breeze;
 While softly surging wavelets on the shore
 Are murmuring sweetly minor symphonies.
 Kind sympathizer, burden-bearer, friend,
 Love like an Autumn mist rests on thy leaves,
 In unshed tears! with ours thy love doth blend,
 While the fell Angel gathers up his sheaves.
 Thy beauteous fringe, thy heavenly drapery,
 The sleeper mantles as love's mystery.

O. N. E.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The avowed aim of our Canadian tariff is to provide revenue to meet the obligations of the country and to promote home industries. Neither of these objects is being served in any considerable degree by the tax of fifteen per cent. on books in foreign languages and books imported for libraries of universities, colleges, schools and scientific societies. The demand is altogether insufficient, and must be for many years, to ensure the production of such works in Canada. Stimulus to home production, therefore, does not, in this case at least, justify the imposition of the tax. As to revenue, it is derived from professors, teachers, students and such institutions as we have mentioned. None of these institutions are fully endowed, while many of them find it difficult to procure sufficient means to grapple at all adequately with their work. As to professors, teachers and students, everybody knows that in a new country like Canada their work, under the most favorable conditions, is hampered by lack of means. While the revenue derived must be very small indeed, viewed as a means of sustaining the public credit, it is borne by individuals and institutions ill able to bear it. There is, of course, a higher ground on which the cancelling of this particular tax can be urged. Any one who appreciates the relation which the efficiency of Canada's educational institutions must sustain to the economic, social, and ethical life of our people, can hardly fail to wish every unnecessary hindrance in the way of that efficiency speedily removed. England, France, and Germany do not tax books; and although the United States leads the civilized world in high tariffs, it does not tax such books as we have named.

Negative criticism is greatly in fashion, though it is unscientific and often misleading. Recently we heard a learned man affirm with an air of one revealing new truth that the human eye was incapable in the far past of distinguishing color. The inference was drawn from the fact that the old literatures are without adequate words for the expression of hues of color. As if the language of to-day was adequate! True, the Bible has no adjective for blue, for example, but this is no proof that its writers could not appreciate that color. How could the color of the sky be more graphically described than by the help of the precious sapphire? The transparent sapphire, whose preciousness was as the intensity of its blue, is several times referred to in the Bible. Moses, Aaron, and the other representatives of Israel, had a vision of the God of Israel in Sinai; and "under His feet as it were a pavement of trans-

parent sapphire, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." In Ezekiel's vision the crystal firmament floats on the heads of the throne bearers, and over the firmament is a throne like a sapphire stone. A thousand years hence certain critics will be showing that the people of to-day were incapable of appreciating more than rudimentary smells, since we speak of odors without nice discriminations of terms. Those living near the ubiquitous sewer-traps of Toronto know how wide of the mark such an inference would be!

It is becoming more and more apparent that Chicago University is destined to become a tremendous power in shaping the thought of the future. Besides smaller gifts from others, Mr. Rockefeller has just made a thank-offering of a million dollars to its endowment fund, and it is an open secret that he is prepared to give millions more to enable its governing body to give it the best equipment, and to secure men of pre-eminent ability upon its various faculties of instruction. It is difficult to conceive how much depends upon the ideal which is woven into its organization at the beginning. Upon President Harper especially rests a responsibility which may well give him a claim upon the Christian sympathy of all. In the laudable ambition to secure men of merit for its many professional chairs, it is to be hoped that the true Christian idea of education may ever be in the mind of those who have the selection of the men, and that the culture of right character and a noble purpose may have the place of supreme regard. There may well be earnest prayer that this young institution which is soon to start full grown upon its career, may wield its fresh and potent energies through the thousands of brightest minds to be gathered in its halls, for the highest good of men and glory of God.

The question is naturally suggested as to how the smaller universities compare with these great institutions, or whether the existence of the former may not be rendered unnecessary by the enlargement of their overgrown neighbors? This latter question may receive a most emphatic negative. It is only in the smaller institutions that the most careful training can be assured. It is only in these that the most helpful watch-care can be exercised over each student, the closest and most stimulating touch be had between student and teacher, and the tutorial method be adopted by which instruction may be adapted to the mental needs of each member of each class. The larger institutions may have the advantage in securing upon their faculties men who have gained the finest reputation for scholarship, but, from the large numbers in

their classes, the professors cannot deal with students individually—cannot adapt their teaching to the especial needs of such—cannot draw out the best thought and meet the special difficulty by the free interchange of question and reply. It is a well-known fact that in Germany the mental training is gained chiefly in the gymnasiums, the great universities serving their chief purpose in giving opportunity for the deeper study of special subjects. For the ordinary student, in the mental condition attained at matriculation, the careful drill of the smaller classroom, where the tutorial method is possible, is much to be preferred to the large university hall where lectures are delivered to scores and hundreds with no special reference to anyone in particular. The small and the great universities have each their functions; but if we could have but the one, there could be little doubt but that the smaller universities would be the more useful in giving well-rounded mental culture.

Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, our late Chancellor, has conceived a magnificent scheme for the education of the Indians of the Indian Territory and Oklohama, and is now working through the United States Senate a bill for the realization of the scheme. The bill, which has the approval of Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, and of Gen. T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, provides for the constitution of a Board of Regents to whom the United States Government shall give in trust for Indian education 1,000,000 acres of land at \$1 per acre payable in fifteen years. The land is to be sold at not more than \$10 per acre, except such portions as may be selected for town sites, etc., and the profits are to constitute an endowment fund for educational purposes. We have examined the scheme with some care and it seems feasible and likely to prove, if it be adopted by the Government, a complete solution of the problems involved in the educating and civilizing of the aborigines. Dr. MacVicar seems to take it for granted that the land can be sold at a very large advance on the price that is to be paid to the Government. If this be so, the only obstacle to the success of the scheme would be the reluctance of the Government to part with so vast an amount of land at a price so much below its value. But it seems likely that, in view of the beneficent results it is proposed thereby to accomplish, the bill will become a law. If so, and the scheme should prove practicable in other respects, this may constitute the crowning work of Dr. MacVicar's busy life. We congratulate him on the progress he has already made, and wish him complete success in this great undertaking.

The last time the late Mr. Chas. H. Spurgeon occupied his place in the Tabernacle was on Sunday morning, June 7, 1891. As he had been very ill and unable to preach for several weeks, there was an immense congregation of over 6,000, all eager to hear that wonderful voice once more. In the gallery, near the pulpit, sat three Toronto men, who are not likely soon to forget that service. Mr. Spurgeon's prayer was very impressive. The vast throng had just risen to their feet and sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and then from a great heart, flowing over with joy and gratitude, he poured out a fervent thanksgiving to God for health restored and the privilege of again preaching to his beloved people. The Scripture lesson was 1 Samuel, chap. xxx., and the text vs. 21-24 of the same chapter, especially the words: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike."

The poet Coleridge has in the following couplet given us the correct pronounciation of his name:

"Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. Coleridge."

In like manner, apart from general English usage, the true name of another well-known poet might be learned from the following lines which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1806, in answer to Cowper's riddle first published in the previous number:

"A riddle by Cowper
Made me swear like a trooper,
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For remembering the bliss
Of beauty's soft kiss,
I now long for such riddles again."

The next stanza, copied last summer from one of the London dailies, where it was given as a quotation from an English historical work, besides giving the correct English of a familiar word, shows us the great ex-premier, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in the *rôle* which the historian knight has so happily portrayed:

"Come the Consul whenever he will,
And he means it when Neptune is calmer,
Pitt will send him a d—— bitter pill
From his fortress, the Castle of Walmer."

Upon the last page of our advertisements our readers will find a LIST OF CLUB RATES to which we are desirous of calling especial attention.

HERE AND THERE.

At Illinois Wesleyan, the faculty have abolished all final examinations.

Stagg, Yale's famous baseball pitcher, and end rush of a few years ago, will probably be appointed Instructor in Athletics at Yale.

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have abolished examinations, except where the class standing is below 85 per cent.

Nearly all the large colleges report a considerable increase in attendance. Harvard leads the list, with a total enrolment of 2,610, a gain of 358 over last year.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
 Sweeter than any that ever were heard,
 Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
 Songs that but long for a paradise-bird.
 Poems that ripple through loveliest lives,
 Poems unnoted and hidden away,
 Down in the soul where the beautiful thrives
 Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.
 Poems that only the angels above us,
 Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
 Felt, though unseen, by the beings that love us,
 Written on lives as in letters of gold.

—TENNYSON.

BRANDON TIMES.—We welcome to our exchange list the *Brandon Times*, which is an interesting and newsy sheet. We congratulate Brandon on having such an excellent weekly.

THE VOICE is the organ of the Y. P. U. of the Baptist denomination. It is filled with good things about their work. We are glad to see the enthusiasm displayed by the young people along literary lines.

THE REV. J. L. CAMPBELL, in a recent letter to the managing editor, says: "You have a wonderful field in writing up the lives of the great and good men who have gone before, and if the present standard of excellence in the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is maintained, it will be of invaluable service."

MR. T. P. HALL, M. A., Ph. D., writing from Clark University, Worcester, Mass., says of the "MONTHLY": "The engravings are very superior, and the general 'get-up' of the MONTHLY is creditable." This is followed by some good hints which we shall find valuable. The good will of all our readers is what we are striving to secure.

MRS. WEST'S "AT HOME."—On the evening of March the 18th, a number of the students were invited to the home of Mrs. West. After a week's hard work, it is needless to say that such invitations are readily accepted, for they not only help to break the monotony of college life, but also furnish a recreation which is both pleasing and profitable. Especially was it so in this case, for it is the verdict of all who were privileged to be there that a more happy and enjoyable evening could not have been spent.

THE WYCLIFFE COLLEGE PUBLIC DEBATE was an event of interest. A chorus by the students opened the programme, and Mr. Wilkinson, who possesses a voice and delivery full of possibilities, followed with a reading. Miss Frankie Doane, in a vocal selection, received a merited encore. (Possibly the sentiment of "Oh, leave me not, dear heart!" had some influence on a certain element in the audience.) An essay by Mr. T. J. Bryan on "Leading features of the System of Islam," ended the preliminaries. The resolution, "that popular amusements, the tendencies of which are questioned, should be elevated rather than discountenanced," was debated affirmatively by N. J. Perry, B.A., and H. O'Malley, the negative by J. O. Stringer, B.A., and Ed. Softley. By agreement the discussion was confined to dancing, theatre-going, billiards, and card-playing. While the vote of the audience gave a large majority for the affirmative, the disparity of the vote by no means represented any such disparity in the arguments.

MRS. WATSON'S "AT HOME."—Two delightful "At Home's" were given on March 10th and 11th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Bloor Street, to which were invited, among many other guests, all the students of McMaster University. Great care was taken by the host and hostess that the friends were introduced to one another and made to feel comfortably at home, and their pleasant hospitality and indefatigable attention did not fail to make a large crowd of people happy and agreeable. Among those present we noticed Pastor Wallace and lady, whose genial words added much to the enjoyment of the guests. A pleasant arrangement of parlor games, and an excellent *menu* contributed their quota to make both of these occasions delightful and successful "At Home's," from which the guests separated, well pleased with the kindness and attention shown them.

A QUESTION BY THE WAY.—We learn from reliable sources that there are a large number of new students desirous of entering our courses of study next year. We are glad to hear this, but the question is, where shall we put them? Already the rooms are full, and in some instances the class-rooms are crowded. The fact that we must have a new building for our Arts department is staring every observant person in the face. The high literary standard of our curriculum, and the Christian tone of our University, is calling up to its doors the best young men and women in the land. The work done this year in all departments has been excellent. Unanimity of aim and feeling has characterized the relationship of professors and students. Every student

feels he has found the right place to train at, and at the same time give his powers full play. On the other hand, the professors have found the right kind of material to work upon, and if it is a little raw, the toughness attendant upon this rawness, gives it an enduring, fibrous quality that is not easily or soon broken.

THE COLLEGE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH CONCERT.—On Friday, the 1st inst., the question which sped from table to table was, "Are you going to College Street to-night?" The explanation was that a concert was to be given by the teachers of Moulton and the University Quartet. The vocal abilities of Misses Sauer mann and Smart, and the elocutionary talent of Miss Hart, were well known. The Quartet and Mr. B. W. Grigg were from McMaster, and well did they maintain its honor on this occasion. The first piece on the programme was a piano solo by Miss Johnston, a Moulton student, which was well received. Miss Johnston's dexterous touch bids fair to bring her future fame. The Quartet followed with "Pilot me," which was encored. Mr. Grigg, our gifted reader, next brought a well merited encore to "The first Settler's Story." Mr. Grigg's gracefulness of action, clearness of enunciation, and appropriateness of emphasis bespeak him no mean place upon the public platform. Miss Sauer mann's solo, "The Better Land," captivated even the most unmusical ear. There is a peculiar charm about Miss Sauer mann's voice which is irresistible, and, in consequence, an encore followed. The Quartet next gave "Nearer to Thee." Miss Hart now took the platform, and in her forcible, expressive manner read "A Western Experience," and retired amid thunderous applause. Her encore was as well received. It is needless to say anything respecting Miss Hart's abilities as a reader, except to express the wish that we should hear from her oftener. Mr. J. B. Warnicker, our baritone, sang "The Tempest," in his usual style, which also elicited an encore. He was followed by the Quartet in "Remember Me." Miss Smart, in "The Star of Bethlehem," and the encore which it brought, excelled herself. Miss Smart is the possessor of a remarkably strong, clear soprano voice, every cadence of which she knows how to use to the best advantage. The programme closed with Miss Hart's second recitation and encore.

DAMAGING REPUTATION.—Critics are useful and criticism is good, when the critics have a noble end in view, and the criticisms tend to bring about that end. The teacher at his desk criticising the exercises of his pupil is absolutely necessary in order to the improvement and development of the student's capacities. The teacher has in view the pupil's good, while the criticism reveals his errors and deficiencies, and stimulates to more perfect accomplishment. But all critics are not of the order referred to. There are the critics of character and despoilers of reputation, whose only motive for their business is the unwholesome satisfaction they have in finding their fellow men far below a standard they have set up, which they imagine themselves to have exceeded. They revel in the meditation of men's weaknesses, peculiarities and faults, as buzzards hover with sensual delight over their carrion. Judging people's motives and attributing evil to them with no good evidence

and no good purpose in view, is certainly bad business, to say the least. Finding the bad in people as we speak of them to others, instead of finding the good, is unchristian and ungentlemanly. How often has a person been put in an unfavorable light because of some unfavorable remark passed upon him. And politicians are not the only ones guilty of finding flaws in their fellows; students have their share in it. Even theological students have been guilty of belittling their brethren, when they could have helped to lift them into the esteem of others. "It is a token of a man's advancing intelligence if, as he grows older, he becomes less disposed to criticize unfavorably the actions and motives of others." One of the richest fruits of experience is the ability to take a wider view of things; and the wider view, while revealing much that was hidden, suggests that far more is still beyond the horizon.

THE UNIVERSITY.

SCENE in first year Biology:—*Student*.—"Is it true, Professor, that there is a complete passage through a man's head?" *Professor*, coolly.—"I often think so."

EARLY on the morning of April 1st, F. E. might have been seen running hastily over, in a half dressed condition, to the telephone; he had been told to call up No. 84,639. "Hello, Central! No. 84,629, please." Central: "Is that all?" F. E. then remembered the day of the month.

The University and its friends have been favored with two more highly instructive and entertaining lectures, the first by Professor J. H. Farmer, on "The Epistles to the Colossians," and the second by Professor P. S. Campbell on "The Religious Thought of the Ancient Greeks."

THE Rev. Geo. Cross, B.A., late pastor at Calgary, N.W.T., is now at the Hall pursuing theological studies. Mr. Cross is a gold medalist in Metaphysics of Toronto University. No doubt his Metaphysical mind will find ample scope in the realms of systematic theology, Greek and Hebrew exegesis, etc.

WE are exceedingly sorry to hear of the loss Mr. Langford has sustained in the death of his brother. Mr. Langford's cup is usually full of work and care. We trust this additional burden may be borne by him as manfully as the others are; he has our Christian sympathy.

PREPARATIONS have already begun for "Commencement day" in the University. Questionable strains, which the Glee Club call music, ascend from the chapel room nightly, while from every solitary nook in the college some fellow is "saying his piece." The "grads." are touching up their essays here and there with a landscape, an exceedingly difficult thing to do, as the only 'scape known in theology is life 'scape. Altogether this year's closing promises to be one of the best McMaster has seen.

The "At Home" given by Professor and Mrs. McKay, on the evening of March 18th, was enjoyed by all whose good fortune it was to be present. The genial host and hostess played their part well. The usual accompaniments of such occasions were there,—music, refreshments, parlor games, and ladies, which were all fully appreciated, especially the latter.

AGAIN has Mr. Stillwell left us to teach in Woodstock College. We are sorry to lose him, and yet we believe it is for his own good as well as that of the college. That Mr. Stillwell has won the respect and confidence of McMaster, was evidenced by the "send off" he received. Everyone shook hands with "Old Still." Three cheers were given him, and mounted upon the herculean shoulders of Kennedy and Trotter, who, by the way, are very generous with these same shoulders, he was escorted to the street car. May he prosper in his work, is the wish of the boys.

ALTHOUGH it has been over five years since the student volunteer movement began at Mount Hermon, Mass., we have never had a volunteer Band in our college till this session. This has not been due to a lack of interest in missions, but to the fact that, as a college, we devote one day in each month exclusively to missions, Home and Foreign. At the beginning of the present session we found the number of volunteers larger than ever before. A meeting was called to consider the advisability of organizing a Band. Most of the volunteers were present and expressed the desire that we should do so. A chairman and secretary were chosen, and an enrolment list prepared. This list so far contains ten names. There are three or four others who have not yet signed the pledge, but who are contemplating foreign work. A half hour meeting is held every Wednesday evening, when foreign mission topics are discussed, and prayers offered for the workers and the work. We all hope to be able soon to carry the lamp of life to benighted men.

ON the evening of March 18th, the College Quartette had the pleasure of attending one of the most enjoyable and successful entertainments at which it has ever been present. The entertainment was held in the Stouffville town hall for the benefit of the Baptist church there. Miss Jessie Alexander was supposed to be the chief attraction. Miss Alexander's reputation as an elocutionist is too well established to need comment from us. Her vigor and naturalness of expression are simply perfect, while she sways her audience at will. The singing was so well received that out of seven selections they were compelled to respond to four encores. The visit to Stouffville will not soon be forgotten. Besides being so well appreciated by the large audience, they were most hospitably entertained by the members of the Stouffville church. Having had such a pleasant reception, they hope to have the pleasure of visiting this place again sometime in the near future.

POST! Post!—Such is the melodious sound that was wont to reverberate through these classic halls in days gone by—a sound inva-

riably followed by the rushing of many anxious feet towards the quarter whence it proceeded. With what palpitation of heart, with what fondly expectant hopes did the eager theolog. wend his way to the familiar spot, looking, perchance, for a letter from home—either his own or someone's else—and with what gladness of heart did he betake himself to the solitude of his room to read in solemn silence the precious lines intended for his eye alone. Alas! the spell is broken, the dream has faded away into the dim vistas of the past. No longer does the well-known sound fall upon the expectant ear. No longer is heard the rushing of anxious feet through the deserted corridors, and no longer is there the privilege of handling the letters as they lie upon the old post-box, of scanning the hand-writing on the dainty envelopes, and deciphering the hieroglyphics in the vain attempt to arrive at some conclusion as to the personality of the authors. The precious missives are now deposited in the College post-office. The post-office! Yes, we actually have a post-office, on a miniature scale, 'tis true, but none the less a post-office for a' that, and instead of being handled by every lonely wayfarer that chances to pass by, the letters are now deposited each in its appropriate pigeon hole, awaiting the arrival of its fortunate owner. Whether or not the pleasure derived from their reception has been enhanced by this new system, is, of course, a debatable point. Human nature is the same under all circumstances, and it would in all probability require more than the absence of a regularly constituted post-office to dampen the pleasure derived from the perusal of a letter that comes freighted with the deepest and most sacred emotions of the soul. But be that as it may, we wish at the present time to proclaim to our numerous correspondents the indisputable fact that we do possess a post-office, and that the pigeon holes are spacious enough to accommodate all the multifarious and multitudinous writings that they see fit to send.

Come one, come all, we invite you here,
From hearts most warm, from homes most dear.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS: APRIL, 1892. ARTS AND THEOLOGY.

Morning Division: 9 to 12.

Afternoon Division: 2 to 5.

Friday, April 15th.

II. YEAR—Mechanics.	
I. YEAR—Latin Authors.	
III. YEAR—New Testament Greek.	

Saturday, April 16th.

II. YEAR—Psychology.	
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Monday, April 18th.

II. YEAR—Special Greek Authors.	II. YEAR—Special Greek Prose and Grammar.
III. YEAR—Hebrew.	I. YEAR—French Prose and Grammar.
I. YEAR—Hebrew.	

Tuesday, April 19th.

II. YEAR—Co-ordinate Geometry.	I. YEAR—English Bible (Old Testament).
I. YEAR—Latin Prose and Gram-	
III. YEAR—Church Polity. [mar.	

Wednesday, April 20th.

II. YEAR—German Authors.	II. YEAR—German Prose and Grammar.
I. YEAR—English.	I. YEAR—English.
III. YEAR—Historical Theology.	

Thursday, April 21st.

II. YEAR—English.	I. YEAR—Biology.
I. YEAR—English.	
English (special).	

Friday, April 22nd.

II. YEAR—Latin Authors.	I YEAR—Algebra.
III. YEAR—Systematic Theology and Polemics.	II. YEAR—English.
II. YEAR—Systematic Theology and Polemics.	

Saturday, April 23rd.

II. YEAR—Latin Prose and Gram-	
[mar.	
I. YEAR—French Authors.	
III. YEAR—Pastoral Theology.	
I. YEAR—Historical Theology.	

Monday, April 25th.

II. YEAR—Special English.	
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Tuesday, April 26th.

II. YEAR—English.	I. YEAR—Greek Prose and Gram-
I. YEAR—Greek Authors.	II. YEAR—Homiletics. [mar.
III. YEAR—Homiletics.	I. YEAR—Homiletics.

Wednesday, April 27th.

II. YEAR—Botany.	II. YEAR—Zoology.
I. YEAR—Geometry and Trigonometry.	
I. YEAR—New Testament Greek.	

Thursday, April 28th.

II. YEAR—French Authors.	II. YEAR—French Prose and Grammar.
I. YEAR—German Authors.	
II. YEAR—New Testament Greek.	
II. YEAR—Historical Theology.	

Friday, April 29th.

II. YEAR—Greek Authors.	II. YEAR—Greek Prose and Grammar.
I. YEAR—German Prose and Grammar.	
III. YEAR—Apologetics. Ethics (special).	

Saturday, April 30th.

II. YEAR—Special Latin Authors.	II. YEAR—Special Latin Prose and Grammar.
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MOULTON COLLEGE.

PROBLEM to be solved by our third year mathematical class:—If two real, unequal, and positive girls have a dispute, how may their differences be squared?

WE residents of Moulton have, of late, been pursuing the even tenor of our way, quite undisturbed by any remarkable event. As the tenor of the coming examinations approaches, our faces become lengthened, and we care not for the festivities of life. However, after the exams. come the holidays. Brief? Yes, rather, but, of course, they are acceptable, and, we expect, will be thoroughly appreciated by all of us.

SCENE in dining room three times a day: West window open; room very warm. Students coming in late leave the door open; result, draught on table No. 1. Miss H. rings her bell and asks the servant to close the door. In five minutes asks to have the window closed, as the air strikes on her head. Two minutes later, Miss S., on east side, asks to have a window open. Servant opens middle window on west side. Miss B., who sits near that window, asks to have it closed. Miss D., feeling heat of room oppressive, requests the north window to be opened. Miss S. on that side has it closed. Miss H. thinks the corner window would be the proper one to open, and accomplishes the

deed, remarking that that window is the only one in the dining room that does not occasion a draught. Miss B. immediately remarks that that window is the one of all others that causes a draught on her. Window closed. Miss L. requests to have door opened. Table No. 1 leaves to escape the draught. *Moral*: Wanted, a system of ventilation which is warranted not to ruffle the tempers of various members of the faculty.

THE MAIDENS OF UTOPIA.

Once some girls of Moulton College,
 From the corridor Utopia,
 Thought to have a little pleasure,
 Thought to have some recreation,
 From the toil and care of study.
 So they gathered round the fire,
 Round the grate fire in the office,
 With some pop corn and a popper,
 Purchased with the hard-earned pennies
 Of the maidens of Utopia.
 But the fire soon grew weary,
 Weary of the task before it,
 And with but a little flicker,
 Bade good-night to all around it ;
 Wrapped itself in utter blackness,
 And withdrew from sight entirely.
 Then dismay was on the faces
 Of the maidens of Utopia.
 Where, now, could they make the corn pop ?
 Where in all of Moulton College,
 Was a red, and glowing coal fire ?
 Which could change corn into snow-flakes ?
 Suddenly a wise one answered :
 " In the furnace, in the furnace,
 Surely *there* will be a fire."
 Bearing then aloft the popper,
 Down they went into the basement,
 Down into the gloomy basement,
 Where the gas was dimly burning,
 Where the furnace fires were roaring,
 Where the air was filled with coal dust,
 And the walls were black and smutty ;
 Where the cat makes low, weird howlings,
 Penetrating all the darkness.
 " Just the place to hear a ghost story !"
 Cried the maidens of Utopia.
 " Let us have one, someone tell one,"
 Cried then all those venturous maidens.
 So upon the big, cold air-box,
 One and all they forthwith sat them,

Wondering "whence that draught was coming?"
 Knowing not 'twas the cold air box.
 Soon they changed their seats for warmer,
 Then they listened to the story ;
 Listened with their limbs all trembling ;
 Listened with their mouths wide open ;
 Listened with their teeth all chattering ;
 And their hair on end upstanding.
 Suddenly, from out the darkness,
 Rose a strong and loud sung solo !
 Echoing through the gloomy basement ;
 And the maidens of Utopia,
 Drew them closer as they heard it ;
 Heard it rise from bass profundo,
 'To a high and swelling tenor ;
 Heard it fainter grow and lastly,
 Die out with a fitful moaning.
 "Who then, was the heavenly singer?"
 Asked the maidens of Utopia.
 Could it be a real live spirit
 Come to illustrate that story?
 Just then, with his eyes all flaming,
 With his tail all big and bristling,
 Not ethereal but material,
 Zebedee rushed round the corner,
 Then he disappeared in darkness.
 Zebedee had been the singer—
 Ah, then! there could be no spirit,
 Haunting all those dusty chambers.
 And the corn was popped mid laughter ;
 For those maidens of Utopia,
 Feared now neither cats nor spirits ;
 Only cared about the pop-corn,
 Ever, ever disappearing,
 As it was poured into the big bowl.
 Then that gay and merry company
 Bade good-night unto the furnace,
 The accommodating furnace ;
 Wrapped themselves up in their blankets,
 Left the college all in darkness.

D.E.M.

Wanted.—Some fresh air in the recitation room.

Wanted.—A new stair carpet.

Wanted.—Wider boundaries for the girls' walks.

WE are glad that at last we are able to answer the daily question,
 "When is Miss Stork coming back?" Once more she is among us,
 and her return caused many smiles and bright looks, for during her
 absence she has been greatly missed, and all felt that her presence was
 needed to complete our home circle.

It is not often that the students are able to so completely overwhelm the members of the Faculty as to turn them out of the chapel. But this is what was done about a week ago on the occasion of the receipt of one of those very welcome letters from Mrs. W. McMaster. It was asked if the teachers might remain to hear it, but our brave correspondent replied that it was intended for the girls only. Mrs. McMaster's calls have always been a great pleasure to us, so that the news of her departure was received with regret. Her letters, however, partly compensate for her absence. They are so full of sympathy and love as to make us sure that she does not forget us although so far away. We hope with her that we will again be favored with her visits by the last of April.

WE are glad to speak in terms of the highest satisfaction of the intelligent and faithful services of Mr. R. G. Hill to the College. Mr. Hill has been with us nearly three months, and his efficient management of the furnaces, mails, and numerous other matters connected with our daily life, has added materially to our comfort and helped to revive our declining faith in man. That these sentiments of appreciation and esteem are mutual, we have a living witness in our little namesake, Ralph Moulton Hill. Long may he live and greatly may he prosper!

If inanimate objects could only speak, what tales of woe we would hear, what wonderful romances and incredible adventures would be poured into our ears. We would stand aghast and panic-stricken at the truths brought home to us. If anyone should wander through our lower corridor and see our bulletin board with its agonized countenance, striving amid the medley of notices to attract the attention of passers-by, his very heart would be touched. He would wonder which of the many advertisements was most troubling the mind of our black friend, for the "Lost," "Found," "Wanted," "Prayer-meeting," "Second year English please bring paper and pencil to class," seem, to an outside observer, to be holding places of equal importance. Again the face is changed; new notices appear: "Laundry wanted," "Stamps found," "Girls in calisthenic gowns lost," are depicted in wild confusion on his looks. Is there no law by which sympathy toward dumb objects may be enforced?

SPRING SIGNS.—On Tuesday, March 1st, a crow was seen flying over Rosedale. Wednesday, some of us sat in the swing on the lawn to make up our hour's exercise. Thursday, the class-room windows stood open all day. Friday, the first set of tennis was made up. Saturday, we ate dinner by light that was not gas, nor yet sun, but a twi-light, that made even the mashed turnip seem poetical. Sunday, we went to church without rubbers—and got our feet wet. Hail, gentle Spring!

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

OUR foot-ball grounds will soon be in good trim for action. The first team has been organized with Mr. Stillwell as *President*, J. B. Paterson. *Secretary*, W. Goble, *Captain*, and T. A. P. Frost, *Custodian*.

After a winter's heavy feeding on the strong meat of the "Kine of Bashan," they should be able to win back the Hough cup.

THE action of the Senate in appointing Mr. Bates to the principalship of the school was heartily approved by the students. Rev. Mr. Dadson conveyed the news to the students, in suitable words, which were received with rounds of applause. Mr. Sycamore and Mr. McCaw, on behalf of the boys, heartily welcomed Mr. Bates to his new office, and expressed the determination of the students to stand by him in his responsible and arduous undertaking. After tea the boys secured permission of the teachers to meet in the chapel room, where they spent the evening in music and impromptu speeches, the burden of which was loyalty to the new principal.

THAT august assembly, the Ministerial Committee, met here the first of this month. Though when fully persuaded that we are called of God to the work of the gospel ministry, we confer not with flesh and blood, yet with counsel backed by the wisdom of age, we are helped to decide that important question, "In what capacity shall I best serve God?" It was with a little weakness of knees, that some of the boys who had not been before them before, entered; but they came out with the report that they are perfectly harmless, yes, more, that they are large-hearted men of God.

THE sun climbing in the morning over the hill tops makes bright and sparkling a thousand dewy blades. The day advances and the gems that an hour ago sparkled in the sunlight are gone. The same sun has brightened, then destroyed them. The little dew drops in their glistening and fading speak to men. To-day the world makes us bright and happy with joy; to-morrow, joy, like the dew-drops, is gone, and instead is pain and sorrow.

WHAT has come over him? What spirit has taken possession of him? is the question asked concerning a certain student in our college. What new interests have awakened in his bosom? Scarcely would you recognize him to be the same student that entered these halls a year ago. A new light shines in his eye. It was not known that he was passionately fond of poetry, but now every pore of his soul opens to the warm rays of the poets' fire. Yes, more, he actually writes poetry himself; only upon one subject, of course; but, oh, how tenderly, how sympathetically, till the dewy tears from his melting heart chase each other down his cheek. Happy boy! May the passion not fade in his heart with the "fuller crimson on the robin's breast."

"When passion's trance is overpast;
If tenderness and truth could last,
Or live whilst all wild feelings keep,
Some mortal slumber dark and deep;
I should not weep; I should not weep."—*Shelley*.

On Friday night, April 1st, we were favored with the presence of a large number of our friends both from the town and from afar. The chapel room was more than filled. After the opening exercises Dr. Rand delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on Tennyson. For several years he has made a critical study of his favorite poet, and so was in a fit position to give us a just estimate of his true worth. It was impossible to have listened to the lecture without feeling a deeper interest in poetry in general, and especially in that of Tennyson. After the lecture Mr. Dadson gave a brief but very interesting talk on "Our late principal." Mr. Patterson read a paper on Mr. Huston's life amongst us in Woodstock, after which the life-like portrait of our departed principal was unveiled. As we looked upon that fine face it brought back very many tender and happy recollections. It was the boys' own gift to McMaster University, and it will ever hang on the college walls as a memento of their love. Many would only have been too glad to have aided, but the boys kept that as a sacred privilege. Out of the overplus of money they have had a smaller one painted for Mrs. Huston. Our new principal, Mr. Bates, on behalf of the Senate, read a very fitting address, thanking the boys for the gift. Mr. Karn, in receiving the picture, spoke a few earnest words. It was one of the tenderest and pleasantest evenings ever spent in company with friends in the college. Rev. Mr. McMillan was called to the platform, and heartily responded in a few kind words. After the closing hymn, "Abide with me," and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Swanson, the meeting closed.