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FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS.*

On occasions such as the present historical reminiscence is appropriate. About seventy years ago there emigrated from the Green Isle to Canada a vigorous and sagacious youth of about eighteen years of age, to push his fortune. Immediately he secured a situation in a respectable store in this city; not many years after he developed into a successful merchant; by and by he became the manager of one of our largest banks; then an honorable Senator in our central Parliament; then a millionaire. All this time he was a simple consistent Christian, belonging to the very small religious sect called the Baptists.

Successful business men are generally apt to have blemishes in their reputation which some people who have come into contact with them are disposed to retail; but concerning the man of whom I now speak, not once in thirty years did I ever hear an insinuation regarding the purity of his moral and commercial character. While I know he had a strong will and even could exhibit sometimes a little temper (what is any tool worth that has no temper?), the unanimous verdict of society seems to be that he was an honest, truthful man all his life long. This man was the venerated Founder of McMaster University. To this institution and its affiliated schools—not to say anything about what he gave to that church of which he was a member—his gifts and bequests must have amounted to \$1,100,000—princely beneficence!

* Delivered at McMaster Hall, December 21st, 1899.

Closely associated as I was with this educational institution in its inception and organization, perhaps I may be permitted to speak freely about it. Originally, as some of you are aware, it was simply a Theological College, affiliated with Toronto University. In the great work of mental culture our Government ought to be deeply interested, as an essential part of its political economy; the national revenue ought to secure the very best professors and tutors and the most complete and comprehensive educational apparatus that money can obtain, students ought to come into contact and competition with other students in the various courses of study.

Broadly and generally this is all true; but we Baptists have thought there is another side to this important subject of education. The one idea that dominated the minds and decided the plans of the Baptists in organizing this independent university was, that Christianity (with which the State cannot meddle)—that *Christianity* is the foundation and the centre, the main and ultimate object of all our genuine university work.

In so far as this idea of ours may be understood to foster and specialize denominationalism, we are sorry. Denominationalism is simply a disgrace and a weakness to true Christianity; it is the contradiction of that tender desire expressed by Jesus Christ in His prayer for His redeemed, "That they all may be *one*, even as Thou Father art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." Oh! what guilt lies at the door of Denominationalism! It is one of the principal barriers in the way of our world's evangelization.

But we do not, by the organization of this university, defend or sanction denominationalism. Many of us deny that the Baptist churches are a denomination; we claim to be the modern perpetuation of the primitive apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. Pity is that any of our churches are drifting from the simple Scriptural model. In organizing this university the only idea, and the only desire of the more thoughtful of us was, that Christianity should be the fundamental reason for, and the ultimate aim of all its education. We hold that the Bible is the

supreme literature and law, and Jesus Christ is the Supreme Teacher of perfect Truth—the beginning and the ending of all valuable mental development. With this divine ideal of education I heartily sympathize. And I need not say that this is the lofty principle expressed in the singular motto emblazoned on the banner of this Institution—“ALL THINGS IN CHRIST CONSIST,” or stand together.

Yes, this—this is the reason by which the existence of this independent school of learning is justified—we are endeavoring to educate, *i. e.*, to *lead out* and lead up the nature of the student to the Divine Ideal of Humanity. We believe that every student is a trinity—body, soul and spirit—and that the spirit is the essential part to the development of which his intellectual and physical nature ought to be subordinated. This is the high standard aimed at—so to educate the young man that his *personal life* in that sphere he chooses to move in shall *personate Christ*. In other words, A human life *consistent* with our motto, “In Christ all things consist,” will alone succeed in making the most and the best of education and subsequent opportunities. It will *stand together*: a power for good.

Education as taught in our national universities has been necessarily classified into separate special departments:—SCIENCE, with its thousand and one issues; EVOLUTION, beginning with protoplasm and ending in the foul vapor of decay; PHILOSOPHY consisting of principles, inferential deductions and doctrinal conclusions *ad infinitum*. No one human life is long enough to pursue exhaustively any one of these special lines of study. The result must be mere fragmentary incoherence, and the man must turn out an intellectual crank. Darwin dies, his mind full of the marvellously slow evolution of certain worms he had been nursing for the last twenty years of his laborious life; Pasteur dies dreaming about microbes; Drummond (beautiful fellow) dies wandering over the vast regions of interminable evolution; the Astronomical Specialist dies star-dazed; Hugh Miller suddenly leaves this world, tired to death with the mutterings of mysterious geology. Perhaps it may appear to some very presumptuous for a man of my dimensions to speak on a subject of this sort; but it seems to me very plain that if such

special lines of study are to be harmonized and humanized—if we and they are to “stand together” for any useful purpose, we must subordinate them all, day by day, to God’s Ideal of Perfect Humanity—we must get and keep the human spirit in living touch with Jesus Christ. It seems to me something awful to banish Jesus Christ (THE WORD OF GOD) from our Schools of Learning, while we devote our lives to the critical and painful study of the words of men! Listen to this statement and *think* for a moment or two:—“In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was Life, and the life was the life of men. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.” O, let every one of us think out these words. Unless our spirits come into vital fellowship with God’s humanized Word our Education—our lives surely must be a miserable failure.

On my way to this assembly to-night the stars were shining down upon me, and they brought to mind these impressive words of the poet with much power:—

“Behold the midnight glory! Worlds on worlds. Amazing pomp!
 Re-double this amaze; ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more,—
 One human soul outweighs them all, and calls
 Th’ incomprehensible magnificence
 Of unintelligent creation poor.”

Yes, the spirit—the soul is the man—is the woman; and the education—the leading out of that, is genuine school work.

One word more. This institution is called McMASTER University. MacMaster means the Son of Master. Jesus Christ, according to our motto, is the Master of this particular school of learning. You remember His claim uttered to His disciples:—“YE CALL ME MASTER AND LORD; AND YE SAY WELL, FOR SO I AM.” “ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST.”

Each student of McMaster University virtually acknowledges Jesus Christ his supreme authority. Each student ought to regard himself McMaster—A son of THE MASTER.

Now let us fling out our banner to the breeze:—“ALL THINGS IN CHRIST CONSIST.”

JOSHUA DENOVA.

THE MINISTRY OF ART.

" And if artists have the skill'
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let ev'ry little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale "

" There exists no state of society, however rude in which some attempts at corresponding realizations in artistic expression are not to be met with, the difference between such products of the imagination and the most refined is a difference only in degree." From the untutored savage to the most highly cultured man of modern civilized life, there is a progressive development in artistic expression. When the barbarian adorns himself with crude ornaments and covers himself with tattooed painting, he is giving evidence of an aspiration after the beautiful just as the civilized citizen does, who builds a comely house, pays to have the streets cleaned and the parks attractively arranged. Each is seeking to satisfy, by outward symbols, the inward conception of beauty.

History repeats itself; in ancient, mediæval and modern times, we find humanity impressing matter with mind. The Egyptians with their pyramids, obelisks and sphynx; the Romans with their castles and fortifications; Greece with her idealistic, cultured nature represented in her enduring monuments, and England, France and Germany, with their creative and imitative arts, have all produced the highest principles of the national life. Indeed it would seem as if it were an essential attribute of mankind to be surrounded by artistic interpretations portraying the aspirations and innate cravings of every people in every age; for painting, sculpture and architecture must exhibit the degree of civilization of their age.

Every man in his daily occupation has a certain environment and certain tools from which he fashions his article and presents it to the world for a good or evil use, likewise the artist chooses his surroundings and materials, but how vastly superior his craft to any other. His tools are intellect, feeling, will, imagination, with the co-operation of the physical realm. His acute senses draw from the vastness of God's art gallery and from the depths of universal nature. For this reason his responsibility is greater because his field of activity is boundless.

The influence of this laborer is broad, not only because the Divine Artist furnishes implements and themes, but because he makes his appeal to man directly through the senses. How much this means may be better understood by examining the ways and words of some men of genius. Shakespeare, who portrays human character so perfectly, makes his creations seventenths emotion and passion. Rousseau in his *Emile* "everywhere emphasizes the absolute importance of the senses and bodily capabilities as the only sure basis of memory, judgment and understanding," while Comenius says "There is nothing in the understanding which was not before in the senses." Moreover the Infinite has so ordained that the innocent child shall have the right material in complete nature to satisfy its desire for sense-food and the requisites for growing manhood. Again, it is the senses which adorn and clothe mind and to art has been given this ministry of carrying strong mental food through the senses to the spiritual nature.

Art cannot be defined by any mere scientific theory, but a delicately woven principle of glowing passions and vivid imagination, of pure purposes and skilled workmanship is art in the true sense and its mission lies in promoting the supreme end of human existence.

The painter is constantly feeling for God, and on finding the glory and the radiance reflected in his own soul and seeing that "light which never was on sea or land," he forthwith strikes out upon the canvas the spirit of his Creator in His creations, thus earning his title of "mediator between God and man." For God made us with a susceptibility to beauty, immersed us in this refining atmosphere to call forth our noblest qualities, to soften and refine us, yet oftentimes our powers of perceptions become weakened and the mediator must awaken us with his trumpet that the radiance of beauty may pour into the soul. He who would be such a mediator between the heavenly and the earthly must suppress the baser nature and, in constant communion with his Maker whose works he interprets, make in himself a complete existence because "before beauty is power and before genius is manliness."

As the lily imbibes from the atmosphere the nourishment

which distils and assimilates before bursting into blossom, so the artist draws within himself the best of everything and after humanizing it presents to the world a perfectly blended ideal in just the form best adapted to draw up to a higher life and exert a larger ethical influence. The final goal of the artist is to raise life to the level of art, not to bring art down to the level of men, and a true artist means a true man. He is endowed with the highest gifts and enthused with a mighty purpose to enrich and stimulate the beholder by presenting the best of earth's treasures. He is besides glorified with the mission of leaving a magnificent and imposing monument of the national conceptions.

Milton calls praise "that last infirmity of noble mind," but the imitator of nature seeks no such ignoble guerdon for his desired reward, rather counts it an honor to be one of the helping ones for

" — don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Art in its highest form appeals through simplicity and sublimity. One work which combines these two qualities is Millet's *Angelus* representing two peasants at the humble occupation of hoeing. At the sound of the evening bell they drop their work and stand with bowed heads in the attitude of prayer. As one gazes upon this picture a thrill of reverence half Divine stirs the soul and "thy mind expanded by the genius of the spot has grown colossal." In large measure the spirit of the Christ-life has been given us by painters. After Christianity had gradually worked its way, awakening new currents of thought, expressions more refined and aesthetic were represented in the paintings of the time. As soon as a house was built for the worship of God, artists filled with the desire to glorify their Maker began to decorate the building and make it meet for the Master's use. Indeed it has been said that "man has risen so far that the front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere

of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of nature." "Religious art is human spiritual education?" and just as bees plunder flowers to make honey, so the artist draws inspiration from the everlasting fountain of God's love from which he builds the work that satisfies the æsthetic taste of souls weighed down by intellectual and physical materialism.

The Saviour's lowly birth, the appearance of the angels, the visit of the wise men, the visit of the child Jesus to Jerusalem, incidents of the three years' ministry, all are themes to be given breath by the painters' skill and sublime enough to touch a concordant note between Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian.

The ministry of art is "the culture of the individual to the increasing of the capacity for enjoyment. Dark and narrow is the path in life—however surrounded by external splendor—of him who is insensible to the mystery and wonders of nature, to the magic of genius, to the elevated and glowing sentiment that arises from the contemplation of the true, the beautiful and the good." The artist is he who holds "the golden key that opens the palace of eternity," is he who discloses to the soul the Infinite, for "if you get simple beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents."

A talent for any art is rare, but a cultivated taste is within the power of everyone. It may be acquired by the thoughtful contemplation of the works or copies of the works of the masters. Fine art galleries are the treasures of many European countries and some American cities, but Canada has as yet spent her energies more in the accumulating of wealth than in the cultivation of the finest of fine arts. It has only been within the last few months that the matter has been taken up seriously in a general way. The Public School Art Leagues are beginning to supply a long-felt want by furnishing copies of the most costly and inspiring works of art to satisfy the æsthetic needs of the pupils. So that in spite of disadvantages, we are making our desire to see the beautiful felt, not in the possession of such finished masterpieces as those of Giotto and Claude, but in the fitting up of our houses, building our public buildings, and laying out the streets and parks.

The influence of art has an ethical value in regard to dress, the style of which often represents the mental state of the wearer, and in all times is the visible sign of civilization. Herein lies art's most unconscious ministry, the refining of daily life by adding grace and finish to individual character.

To minister to a necessity in each of us, the loving Father made his manifestations of beauty beam on us continually. The blade of grass, the tinted cloud, the starry universe, each breathes a perpetual blessing. It is the province of art to reproduce this beauty. Alas! Blind and unfortunate is he, who, having eyes cannot see it, or whose soul cannot respond to these Divine influences streaming forth from universal being around him.

" Was never form and never face
So sweet to Seyd as only grace
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
He smote the lake to feed his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles well to hear
The moment's music which they gave.
While thus to love he gave his days
In loyal worship, scorning praise,
How spread their lures for him, in vain,
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

MARGARET A. BAILEY, '98.

AT THE FORD.

I.

A deathlike dew was falling
 On the herbs and the grassy ground,
 The stars to their bournes prest forward,
 Night cloaked the hills around.

He thought of a night long past,—
 Of the ladder that reached to heaven,
 The Face that shone above it,
 The pillar, his pillows of even.

II.

From out of the sleeve of the darkness
 Was thrust an arm of strength—
 Long he wrestled for mastery,
 But begged for blessing at length.

White fear fell on him at dawn,
 As the Nameless spake with him then,
 "Prevailer and Prince," called He him,
 "A power with God and with men."

And, alone, the lame wrestler mused:
 "The Face of God is this place!
 Ah me—and my life is preserved,
 Yet God have I seen face to Face!"

III.

Life's darkness is background for God,
 For unsleeping Love's high command,
 And the shadowy heap of each life
 Is revealed at the touch of His hand.

And the arm of Love doth wrestle
 All night by the fords we cross,
 To shrivel our sinews of self
 And give His blessing for loss.

Night shows the houses of heaven,
 O pilgrim for life's journey shod,
 And from out the sleeve of darkness
 Is thrust the arm of God!

THEODORE H. RAND.

SPIRITUALITY.

Theoretically, I suppose, we all hold to the tripartite nature of man.

We know we have bodies, because, forsooth, we can see them. We know we have minds because we use them every day. How do we know we have each a spirit?

Well, to tell the truth, we are not so sure about that. It belongs to the unseeable, and is rather a matter of speculation. Why?

This morning our bodies had their breakfast; our books had their place in our thoughts if not in our hands; what provision was made—what care was taken for the spirit; that part of our nature which is akin to God, and which makes us differ from the dog whose soul can rise no higher than his master.

You took it for granted your breakfast would be ready as usual; you took it for granted that your mental machinery refreshed by sleep would do its work; on what lines does your spirit live to-day?

Your body was to bring you to the Hall; your mind was to attend to what went on there; what was your spirit to do?

You bought clothing for winter; you bought books for study; what did you buy for your spirit?

You looked out this morning on the day and you said, "It is colder than yesterday!" Is your spirit warm, or cold?

Have you got any? Certainly.

As you came to the Hall, how many churches did you pass? If you were in Burma you would see pagodas everywhere, and spiritual temples of one kind or another in every land where man is found. Temples built that the spirit of man might meet

with other spirits to worship them, chiefly in order to get what he could from them.

I suppose at McMaster every conceivable proposition is demonstrated either by logic or mathematics. That is, these are the chiefly travelled roads to conclusions, and quite sufficient for ordinary traffic. Yet, we get quite a distance in our mental culture before either of these foundation sciences come to our aid. We learned to think and to talk before we knew anything about syllogisms. We learned many things—most things—without reasoning about them at all. That was left principally to college days.

Is reason then the potent factor in our lives that it is deemed? An indispensable highway to the certainty of things? Is only that true which we can demonstrate? Or is there another road to knowledge?

I submit that the way to learn spiritual truth is the way we learn physical truth; we must learn it first, and we shall be able to reason about it afterwards.

Childish as it may seem to some philosophers before me, faith is a higher attribute than reason, and comes first. As the helpless babe lives by faith in its mother, so the human spirit lives by faith in God. Reason is as inadequate in the one case as in the other. Simple faith has saved many a one whose reason had no power to discover truth. More have been deluded by reasoning from false premises, than ever were deluded by trusting false promises. The former has misled far more than the latter. The first disobedience came through a subtle course of argument, and Eve thought it safer to be guided by her judgment rather than to believe God's word. To walk by sight and not by faith, this is the most frequented path of error to-day. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy, and vain deceit."

When God gave Samson his great strength, to "show how slight a gift He thought it, He hung it in his hair"; but eternal life is too precious a gift for so frail a resting place. God chose the most reliable attribute in man to be the vehicle of eternal life. It was not given to reason, but to faith.

Reason is within ourselves, but faith reaches out to God

and links us fast to Him ; and we will find knowledge through faith in Him, when it is hopeless to seek it through the labyrinths of reason.

We begin life with a mind little more than an interrogation point. As we pass onward life answers many of our questions, they will all be answered some day. I want to speak of some of the questions life has answered for me ; to testify to what I have seen.

I early learned that I must die. It was a journey before me that perplexed me with many questions. I read "after death the judgment." I was not ready for either, and they might come any day. I read that God was Love, and those that sought Him found Him. So I began the search. I was told the right road to Him was Faith. It took me years to find out what that meant.

I could not stand off by myself and reason about God, the Bible says, "the world by wisdom knew not God." "Can man by searching find out God? Can'st thou find out the Almighty to perfection? The heights of heaven, what can'st thou do? Deeper than hades, what can'st thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." All my knowledge came through my senses, and was of material things; how was I to get hold of facts about an immaterial God? How was I to know there was any? How was I to communicate with Him?

I tried prayer; that was what every one else did, and I tried it too. I talked to God and told Him all my troubles, just as a heathen talks to his idol. I had no idea that He would say anything to me. I had no more expectation that God would speak to me than a heathen has that his idol will speak to him. I prayed off into the dark, and hoped God heard me; that was all. But I was not satisfied. There was the fact that I had to die, and I had a load of wrong-doing that must be got rid of somehow. I had asked to have it forgiven, but I was not at all sure what had been done about it; I was pretty sure it was all there against me, just as if I had not prayed at all. I wanted some "evidence of things unseen," and did not understand that that was what faith was. The Master might well

have said to me as He did to Martha, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest *believe*, thou shouldest *see*?"

The Lord Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice," and in another place we are told that these things are "spiritually discerned," that is, seen by the spirit. But I did not know that my spirit could see and hear as well as my body. This was a wholly neglected region.

I thought a great deal; I loved to get away alone under the trees in the summer and think. I supposed I was quite alone because I could see nobody; and I was quite sure my thoughts were my own only. I knew in a vague way that God knew all about them, but He was much too far off for that to disturb me. That many of what I called *my* thoughts were spoken to me, and that I was never alone, I was wholly unconscious of; but I began to have a new experience in prayer.

I did not spend all the time in talking. I used to remain on my knees silently waiting before God. I enjoyed being near Him, and keeping still; and I became conscious that God put thoughts in my mind, chiefly promptings to take a certain course, when I was perplexed about what I ought to do.

I suppose a babe feels quite alone at first, and by and by it becomes conscious of its mother's presence; so my spirit began to be acquainted with God. After a while a babe finds there are more people than its mother in the world; so in my spirit world there were more inhabitants than the God I worshipped, but that was not the knowledge best for me to acquire at first.

"Can'st thou by searching find out God?" That is, find out about Him? No. But by searching you can find God Himself, and we have not far to search.

"Vain man would be wise," posing before his fellows while he reasons and theorizes about God. Is He? or is He not? What can He do? and what can He not do? And God with His mother-heart patiently waiting and ministering to all our need, and calling us, calling to us, "Only believe," "God has spoken; hear Him." "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God."

When you were a child did you ever have a lesson to learn you did not understand? You understood the words, but you could not get hold of the lesson itself. Then your teacher sat down beside you, and read it over to you with a comment here and there, and it became clear as sunlight, and you understood it perfectly.

So it is with the Bible when God reads it over to us and comments on it here and there. Try it and see what a difference it makes.

How little God's word means to some of us! If you had the Chancellor's written statement that so long as you looked after the fires in the Hall he would provide your board, who would not feel that his maintenance at College was sure? Another writes, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things (food and clothing) shall be added unto you." Who would like to depend on that for tomorrow's breakfast and dinner? What makes the difference? Is Chancellor Wallace's word more satisfactory than the word of the Chancellor of the Universe?

If Chancellor Wallace were in South Africa you might not feel so sure about his providing for you as you would if you saw him every day in the Hall; and for a similar reason many are not satisfied with the Word of God. He is too far away.

Some one says, "I prefer a fifty dollar note to any Bible promises for my board," and a smile of approval goes round the company who hears you say that. Does He feel complimented? I would not dare to doubt it till I had proved it false, because the One who spoke the promise is standing at the door.

But some one says "If I could hear God speak I would believe, but how can I believe what comes to me without audible sound?"

That is, you have no confidence in any communication that does not come through the body. Well, you have a good deal to learn, and the sooner you begin the better.

You *have* a spirit, and it dwells in a world full of other spirits who have or have not a corporeal system. Instead of waiting till you can reason it out, you will find it wiser to begin to live on that basis, and you will be on a far better platform

for reasoning processes after you have learned to live. Your reasoning about it will not alter the facts in the least, and you are losing much valuable time. We speak of cultivated minds men of culture—but where are the cultivated spirits? They are not a few. What is the secret of spiritual power in such men as Moody, Spurgeon and a host of other choice spirits.

“ Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty glory in his might, let not the rich glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me.” ‘ Satan hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not.’ What eyes? The eyes of our understanding. Christ said to those who believed on Him, “ Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear.”

Is that true of you? Do you know the Saviour's voice so that you can distinguish between it and the voice of a stranger? Christ says His sheep can. But many of us have ears that are dull of hearing and our eyes are closed.

What has that to do with missions? Much in every way. A Hindoo can reason about God just as acutely as you can; what he needs is the word of God and faith in it—faith that sees and hears and communes with God. If you know only the outward and physical you have nothing to tell the heathen. The word you bring may or may not be true—who can tell? It has not given you a seeing eye and a hearing ear, you can reveal nothing to another. But that is not all; in going to heathen lands to preach a living, personal, present Saviour, we wrestle not against flesh and blood; we wrestle against incorporeal principalities and powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against hosts of wicked spirits in heavenly places. The enemies arrayed against us are evil spirits and they are fighting for souls over whom they have long held sway. You are to win these from the kingdom of darkness, to open the blind eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan—a spirit—unto God, who also is a spirit. What hope is there for you if your spirit is asleep? “ If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.”

You need the spiritual vision that comes by faith; and God shall give it; His children shall not walk in darkness.

Many years ago I was far away in the jungles of Siam. With me were two native preachers, two of the women who taught in our school and a school boy. We had also a Siamese Karen, a heathen whose elephant we had hired, and who knew the country we wished to traverse.

We found many Karen villages where no missionary had ever been. They were honest, upright people for the most part, hidden away in the dense jungles of those mountain ranges where the words of Christ had never come.

The forest was full of wild beasts and wilder men, but God was with us. We could not see the lurking dangers, but the angel of the Lord encamping round about us could see it all, and that was enough. We had nothing to fear from the Karens, but these mountains are infested with banditti who live by plunder and murder for a livelihood.

One evening we came to a Karen village and to our surprise they would not receive us, nor allow us to enter at all. It was totally against Karen custom, but they had no welcome for us. So we camped for the night just outside under the trees. The men cut down bamboos and made a platform on which the women put up a curtain and we arranged ourselves for the night.

The men slept on the hides which covered the elephant beneath the load it carried on the march, first building great fires which they kept burning all night to keep away the tigers.

An encampment with its bright blaze lighting up the great forest trees is a cheerful place, and we had several visitors that night. The Karens shut themselves up in their village but there were others, travellers apparently, who crowded round the fires and listened while we told them of Jesus. They did not tire of hearing, but the preachers grew tired of telling; they had tramped a long way and had another march before them in the morning. So they lay down and went to sleep, but these men did not go away and while they would listen I talked, wondering why they stayed so long. At last I told them we had to leave early in the morning and I was so tired I would have

to rest. So they slowly moved off. To my surprise when I came to mount the little platform where we slept, I found several pariah dogs had chosen to sleep under it, and through the night again and again when there was any noise in the jungle they rushed out barking and so guarded us all night. Pariah dogs are much like rats in disposition, as bold to steal and as shrewd to run away, but this night they domesticated themselves and formed a body-guard in force.

With the early dawn we were away to a village where we thought we were sure of a cordial welcome. It was Saturday and we would spend Sunday with them. We reached there at noon, but they did not seem at all glad to see us. The chief, a white-haired old man, told us we were welcome to stay in a part of his house, but they all had to go away; word had come from another village calling them to a council and they must all go, but would be back next day. So we settled ourselves for a rest at least, disappointed that we were to have no hearers.

Before the old man left, he went out and opened up a lime-kiln which was burning on the edge of the green around which the village was built. As I saw him do it, it came to me like a revelation that that kiln was opened up to bury us all in where no trace of us could ever be discovered.

The old man did it for that very purpose, and the word of the Lord came to me that I might pray and see His salvation.

A great horror of death came over me, and I told the Christians with me I was certain some terrible danger was impending and asked if there was anywhere we could flee. They answered, "Mamma, we are safest in the village, the Karens will not harm us, the forest is full of danger. Mamma is tired from walking so far, when she is rested she will not be afraid. Mamma has never been afraid when there was real danger, why is she afraid now?"

So I said no more, but when we gathered on the green for our evening worship, just ourselves, not a heathen visible anywhere, only empty houses round us, a great burden lay on my spirit—and while they conducted the worship I poured out my soul in prayer. My mother would never know what had become of me, others would be hindered from coming there by

our mysterious fate, and I plead for God's salvation till the burden all passed away, and I rose from my knees sure my prayer was heard.

Just afterwards in the twilight we saw the Karens coming back. When the old man came slowly up the ladder into his house I said to him, "Grandfather, we are glad to see you back, we thought you would not be back till to-morrow." But the old man said "Humph!" and went silently out to his room. About eight in the evening we heard a noise of elephants trampling through the jungle. They stopped near the house and the men dismounted and tethered them with much noise, then came up into the house where we were. It was the same men I had been talking to the night before, but I did not recognize them.

They passed by us and went out to the old man's room and talked not in Karen which we could understand, but in another language—while they talked we went to sleep. About three in the morning I was awakened by their tramping past me on the springing floor. They got on their elephants and went away into the darkness.

Some eighteen months afterwards the chief of this village sent a man to us asking for a preacher to come and teach them, they wanted to be Christians. Then he told us how when we came before the dacoits had followed us. They had warned the villagers when we came Friday that they were going to kill us all for plunder; and the villagers, afraid of getting into trouble if anything happened to us in their village, had refused us admission. At the next village they had also been warned. They would not turn us out, but they left the village themselves so as not to be mixed up with the affair. The men on the elephants were the dacoits; when they came up into the house they asked the old chief whose side he was on. He said, "We are Karens, we cannot resist you. You are strong and we fear you. We all left the village at your bidding, but we were compelled to come back; we do not know why. If any harm comes to these strangers something terrible will happen to us. It cannot be hidden, God's vengeance will fall on us." The old man was a soothsayer, and they killed chickens for divination,

and tried many auguries while we slept a few feet away. The result was so alarming that those fierce bandits fled from the house and rode away for their lives; while all the villagers needed no more telling that our God lived; they had seen how He saved us, and they worshipped Him with trembling hearts. Many of those villagers are safe in glory now after earnest, active service in the church below.

I often yet remember how it seemed to me that the ministering angels about us were shuddering over the fate that awaited us that sunny afternoon in a pleasant valley among the Siamese hills. Then I recall the word of the Lord to Abraham — "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"

The Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "The servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

What purpose have I in telling all this? God talked with Moses "face to face, as a man talketh with his friend." But "God is no respecter of persons." He will talk thus with you if you will give Him the opportunity. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."

MRS. ARMSTRONG.

*McMaster Hall, Toronto,
December 14th, 1899.*

THE GREATNESS OF ROME.

When we trace the career of Roman conquest, when we see in various parts of Europe the old Roman roads and the remains of Roman buildings, when we read the works of Roman authors, when we discover that the Roman law lies at the foundation of many existing European codes, when we remember that our religion itself owes very much to the systematizing genius of Rome, we do not hesitate to claim for ancient Rome the attribute of greatness. It is not a difficult task to point out wherein that greatness consists. But it is not so easy to state the reasons for that greatness. What were the peculiar characteristics which enabled the Romans, first to conquer the civilized

world of antiquity, then to govern her conquests with more or less success for centuries, and finally to transmit to modern Europe a model of absolute rule, the influence of which still exists?

The growth of a nation results from the mutual action and reaction of national character, external history, and those institutions in which the national character and external history are consciously expressed. In the case of most nations the national character is the result of geographical environment and external history.

And in the case of Rome these important factors were not without influence. But the peculiarity of Rome is that, unless we are deceived by the traditional history and poetic musings of the Augustan Age, the old Roman character, both private and public, appears to us fully grown and developed, at the very beginning of her history. From the remotest time we find the position of the house-father defined by the term *patria potestas*, and the magistrate's power expressed by the term *imperium*. When a nation has gone the length of expressing the power of its ruler by the word *imperium*, and of conceiving that *imperium* as its own gift to the ruler, its constitution is in reality full grown. And such is Rome when her history opens. The process of growth, the series of events, of changes and struggles, which resulted in those two famous expressions, are lost beyond recovery. The secret of Roman greatness, the origin of that *constantia gravitasque* on which Cicero so loves to dwell as marking the best type of Roman character, lies buried in the immemorial past. The utmost we can do is to describe some of the ways in which the greatness of Rome expressed itself in her history, both external and internal.

The Romans were great in arms. Rome conquered the civilized world. Is there any period of history which can show a series of events to equal those of Roman history from the first Samnite war in 343 B.C. to the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C. The self-control, the reverence for law, the orderly obedience of the citizens of the Latin plain, made Rome in two centuries the mistress of the world. So wonderful did that

career of conquest appear—and rightly so—to the Romans o Cicero's time, that the only adequate explanation was to refer it to the guiding hand of providence. One nation had been providentially formed to rule, all the rest had been providentially formed to be ruled, and that just at the proper time and in the proper order. This feature of Roman greatness—the greatness of the disciplined legion—persisted from the time of the Servian legislation almost to the overthrow of the western Empire. As the strength and discipline of the legion were tampered with, the Empire gradually decayed. From Camillus, the conqueror of Veii, to Aëtius, the conqueror of Attila, the Roman annals are illustrated by a long roll of famous soldiers. Emphatically the Romans were great in war.

The Romans were great in government. The first period of Roman history is the development of the city on the Palatine into the Rome of history and the extension of Roman Dominion in Latium. This period is marked by the political conflict between the king and the citizens. The result of that conflict is the abolition of kingship and the retention of the powers of the king with the limitation imposed by annual elections. The second period of Roman history is the gradual conquest or annexation of all Italy. This period is marked by the great conflict between the citizens and non-citizens. The result is the equalization of the orders and the extension of the citizen body—*civitas Romana*—so as to include all Latium and Sabinum, together with Southern Etruria and Northern Campania. It was in this great struggle that the political wisdom of Rome was so conspicuously shown. It was the augury of her future greatness. By her compromise on the demands of the plebeians she had avoided the danger which had proved fatal to all the city states of antiquity. Even Pericles, when Athens had reached the height of her fame, closed the door of admission to the citizen body, thereby dealing a fatal blow to Athenian aspirations. And in all the political changes which Rome underwent, she was eminently conservative. New institutions were developed, but old ones were not abolished. The *comitia centuriata* elected magistrates; the *comitia tributa* passed laws; the *comitia curiata* conferred the *imperium*.

The duties of the consuls were divided ; but the full *imperium* was conferred upon each magistrate. The *populus Romanus* elected magistrates with kingly powers, who acted under the advice of the Senate, which was composed of ex-magistrates, and thus formed an organ of government which never changed and never ended, and whose powers were all the greater from the circumstance that they were undefined. Perhaps there exists not in history a more competent organ of government than the Roman Senate. It is no wonder that the official designation of the Roman state bore the proud title of *Senatus populusque Romanus*. The next great struggle in Roman history was the inevitable result of the conquest of the world. The vast economic changes which that conquest produced, brought on that conflict between the masses of poverty and the classes of wealth, which ended in the establishment of the Empire, the union of the various powers of the state in the person of one ruler, and the submission of all to one master. There was a critical moment when it seemed not improbable that the great Republic might undergo the fate of Alexander's conquests and become the prey of warring proconsuls. The organisation of the Empire saved the nation without solving the question which poverty had raised. But the old forms of election were still maintained for some time ; the names of the republican magistrates were still unaltered ; the government was still in theory the government of the Senate and the people. The Empire was a political necessity. The position of Rome was lowered ; but the provinces—the whole Empire—was admitted within the charmed circle of the Roman name and the Roman influence. Political progress had advanced to the farthest possible limit under the ancient theory of the state : a theory based upon the city as the national unit and upon slavery as the basis of industry. Pagan antiquity—Greece and Rome—could not produce the conditions upon which the modern state rests. And yet Rome was great in her methods of government.

Rome was great in law. And yet the Roman assemblies passed comparatively few laws, in the form of statutory enactments. But the power of the people conferred upon the prae-

tors was the source of an equitable jurisprudence which grew step by step with the progress of Roman dominion. Under the double influence of the conquest of the world and of the universal philosophy of the Stoics Roman law, through the successive labors of Imperial jurists assumed the massive structure of a universal code. By means of the Edict of Theodoric, the Breviary of Alaric, the Law of the Burgundians, and, above all, by means of the Justinian Code, the Roman law has become the law of Europe, and has had an influence not less extensive and not less abiding than its counterpart, the Roman religion.

Finally, Rome was great in her language; which was the adequate expression of the national character. Her mission in history was the acquisition of Empire, the development of political life, the working out of the idea of law. On every great Roman performance in politics, in literature, in engineering, was stamped a spirit of earnestness and energy, of practical sagacity and directness of purpose, of scrupulous thoroughness and vigorous execution. The Latin language has the same characteristics. It is the language of an imperial people: it is the language of command, of statesmen and warriors. Deficient perhaps for the purposes of abstract reasoning and for the spontaneous utterances of fancy, it possessed other qualities more useful for the governors of mankind. The Latin language is dignified and practical: it is forcible and nervous: above all, it is logical and clear. It is consequently unsurpassed for educational purposes. The greatest danger lay in its tendency to rhetoric, a tendency which the course of history has exaggerated in the modern forms which Latin has assumed, in Italian, in Spanish, in French.

In all practical directions the Roman character has the note of greatness, in war, in government, in law, in language. In each case we can trace the progress of that greatness, but in its origin that greatness was the possession, the immortal possession, of those obscure Ramvians, who first settled on the banks of the Tiber.

" 'Tis thine, O Rome, to rule: this mission ne'er forego.
Thine art, thy science this—to dictate to thy foe,
To spare who yield submission, and bring the haughty low."

WILLIAM DALE.

A SEA-SONG OF THE SOUL.

I.

The sea, dear heart, our Pilot knows.
 Oh, trust to His guiding !
 Our bark, as wild the cross-wind blows,
 And treacherous are the underflows,
 Or while the hurricane fiercer grows,
 In star-lit caves is hiding.

II.

Dear heart, our Pilot fears no waves,
 Oh, trust to His guiding !
 With curling sheet the deep He braves,
 And with the elements—His slaves,
 Past frowning rocks and yawning caves,
 O'er charm-bound seas He's gliding.

III.

Our Pilot's name, dear heart, is Love.
 Oh, trust to His guiding !
 A hand Divine in a human glove,
 An eye that traces the Spirit Dove
 To the sun-lit port of the realms above,
 In eternal peace abiding.

H. B.

LE PONT DU DIABLE—A LEGEND.

What shall I do to be forever known ?
 Thy duty ever.

.
 While he who ever acts as conscience cries
 Shall live, though dead.

--SCHILLER.

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a chilling frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do.

—WOLSEY : *Henry VIII.*, Act iii, 2.

The mayor of Fantaisie, a small French town on the western slopes of the Vosges, was evidently in a good humor. In his office, a dirty, dingy little room of the town hall (a name rather too dignified, I fear, for such a ramshackle structure), he might have been seen walking up and down with a springy step, nodding and smiling to himself, and rubbing his hands as does one who is conscious of having done or intending to do a good deed. If we had been there we could have heard him chuckling contentedly to himself and talking in a low voice as if engaged in conversation.

"Really now, it is a lucky thing for me that the spring freshets carried away that bridge. Lucky? I am sure of it. Why, now I have an opportunity of showing my philanthropic spirit. The town must have a bridge, but can't afford a new one. Therefore I (he dwelt affectionately on the pronoun) being the richest man in the town, and desiring as I do to confer a benefit upon my native place, must take upon myself the responsibility of providing it. Such an action will be commended not only by the townspeople but also by those outsiders who really can appreciate such philanthropy and the self-sacrifice it entails. Future generations will read of me in the town annals as the good Monsieur Fieffé, the philanthropist. Yes, I will be famous . . . famous."

Overcome by his excessive emotion the mayor sat down in a large arm-chair standing in front of a rickety old table improvised as the official desk. Seated therein, or rather, half reclining, he contemplated in ecstatic rapture his fame, practically achieved as he believed.

The chain of his fond conceits was rudely and abruptly broken by the sudden opening of the door. In stepped a stranger. Though it was the latter part of March, he was clothed in a heavy fur coat reaching almost to his feet, which were, by the way, extraordinarily elongated and pointed. A large collar on the coat and a fur cap so muffled his head that all one could detect was a pair of fine flashing eyes. His hands were covered with thick mittens of the same material as the coat and cap. He remained standing, his eyes intent on the mayor.

This august personage, who had by this time recovered his official austerity and dignity, jumped up and said angrily :

“ Do you know who I am ? I am Monsieur Fieffé, mayor of this town of Fantaisie in the department of Meurthe. How dare you enter into my presence without a formal introduction ? ”

The stranger, unruffled in temper and without shifting his position or altering his piercing gaze, calmly, yet tauntingly, replied :

“ Do you know who I am ? My name is Legion.”

“ Well then, Monsieur Legion, before you venture to address me further, you must procure some burgher of my acquaintance to formally introduce you to me, his Worship, the Mayor.” He assumed during the delivery of this command an arrogance worthy of an English lord.

“ Not so fast, your Worship,” the other retorted sneeringly. “ I also am a mayor ; have been for some time since, and expect to be for some time to come.”

“ Ah, indeed,” replied Monsieur Fieffé, beginning to feel softened towards a brother mayor, but retaining a trace of haughtiness in his tone, inquired,

“ Of what town ? ”

“ Of the city of Dis, a wealthy and prosperous place, and whose population is still rapidly increasing.” He trembled as if a cold shiver ran up his back.

“ Pardon my rudeness, pray, towards one of your rank. You, no doubt, holding an office similar to mine, understand why I so insisted on a formal introduction. Really, you know one must protect himself from the intrusion of so many importunate visitors as we would have otherwise. You practice, I dare say, the same plan ? ”

“ On the contrary, I invite everybody indiscriminately into my office.” He shivered again, this time evidently from cold.

“ Are you chilly, Monsieur Legion ? If so, come over to the window, and stand in the rays of the sun. Great thing, that, to warm one up.”

“ No, thank you. I can't stand such a bright light. It dazzles me. In fact, I much prefer darkness to light. Now

that you speak of it, I am somewhat chilly in spite of my furs. Cold climate, this. I am accustomed to a much warmer one. By the way, I don't like to be called Monsieur Legion. It sounds vulgar to my aristocratic ear." Here, he mimicked the arrogant posture previously assumed by the mayor, and continued as he grinned sardonically and triumphantly; "Address me as 'Your Majesty,' for you see before you, the King of the Nether Lands, Prince of Erebus, Duke of Hades, Earl of Orcus, Admiral of the squadron of the Styx, and Lord Mayor of Dis."

Our poor little Mayor, now thoroughly humiliated and frightened in the presence of royalty, stammered with great difficulty:

"I have——never——had the pleasure——the pleasure of visiting——."

"My country, eh? Well, rest assured that you'll pay a lengthy visit there some day. I pledge my word that you'll have a hot time." Suddenly after this utterance, His Majesty, (as we will now term him), banished the grin from his face and said in a suave business-like way that reassured somewhat the trembling mayor:

"Come, let's get down to business. I came here to see you about a bridge. Though we do not use such things in our country, I know a lot about them. Having read in my government organ, 'The Daily Inferno,' of the predicament lately befallen your town, I have ventured to offer my services in providing for the speedy construction of a new bridge."

"Don't use bridges in your country? What, then?" interrupted Monsieur Fiefié.

"Ferries. Have used them from time immemorial. You see, we have a good reliable ferryman, Charon by name, who makes the ferry pay well. Lots of passengers at an obol a head. Plenty of revenue. But let's return to the business on hand. See here. I have a proposal to make." He handed a slip of paper to the mayor, who then read aloud substantially these words:

"I hereby guarantee to construct within one night from date of signing, a single-span stone bridge across the river running through the town of Fantaisie, department of Meurthe, on

the following condition,—that the first animal other than the mayor to cross the bridge be given to me as a permanent gift.”

Monsieur was in a dilemma. Here was a chance to see a wonderful feat in construction, but at what an expense—his eternal fame. (His philanthropic feelings on which he had plumed himself had totally vanished). There was a great debate going on in his mind as to which course was preferable.

His Majesty interrupted him curtly. “I divine your thoughts. Following your generous nature you have intended to give a new bridge to the town of which you are the worthy head. I commend the intention. Thereby you gain great fame. If you accede to my proposal, you lose it. I understand the quandary you are in. But come, lay business aside for a few moments and accompany me in a short stroll by the river-side May I offer you my arm?”

In five minutes they were standing on the river bank, which was at that point about twenty feet high and overlooked a still, deep pool of clear, spring water from the mountains. The king renewed the conversation.

“You believe that if you adhere to your intention you will obtain fame. Watch the effect of this pebble on the water below us. See those concentric rings. They commence from one point, and spread, and spread, and spread, and then where are they? Gone? Where? No one knows. That’s fame. Again, listen closely after I halloo. Hear the echoes repeating one another among the hills, some loud as if applauding, some low as if murmuring? Now, do you hear a sound? Has it also gone? Where? Nobody knows. That also is fame. Consider; if you follow my plan you’ll escape the expense and trouble of building a new bridge, and likewise the worry attendant on that circle in the water, that echo, fame.”

But Monsieur did not intend to relax his hold on renown so easily, even at the instance of such strong and importunate persuasion.

“Well,” continued the same speaker, “I see you are determined. So am I. Let’s compromise. Tell the townspeople that you yourself built the bridge, though they may wonder that you could do it in so short a time, and grant to me the pro-

viso attached to the proposal. In short, you will reap the credit of my labor. A bargain? Eh?"

The offer was greedily accepted by the mayor, and the bargain closed by the signing of the document mentioned above. Much elated by the great hope of immediate renown, the ambitious little man actually formulated in his mind the plans for the opening ceremonies on the morrow. A cordial invitation was extended to His Majesty to be present at two o'clock sharp and receive, according to the stipulation, the first animal to cross the bridge. The two men then separated.

The mayor walked homewards in high glee. His chuckling could be heard almost across the street. Occasionally his face would assume a serious look and his lips would move as if he were reasoning out a plan. Suddenly he would burst out into loud, gleeful laughter. What could his thoughts be? Substantially they were these:

"This king stipulates that he shall have the first animal other than myself, that crosses the bridge. Now, I have a pretty daughter Antoinette, and she, of course, is an animal. Therefore, it behooves me to so arrange matters that Antoinette crosses first. Then, to cap my fame, I'll be the father of a queen." He never stopped to think that perhaps the king already had a queen.

On the other hand, if at that moment we had been near enough to the monarch referred to, we could have heard his utterances.

"Ha! Ha! Just what I wanted. By Nemesis! I swear she'd make a jolly good Fate! I've been thinking a long time of making an additional one. Three aren't enough. Let's see. How'd it sound? Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, and Antoinette, four Fates. The French doesn't harmonize well with the Greek. What's a good Greek name? Now I have it. Adrasteia, the Irresistible. That's what we want. Isn't it, Cerberus?" With that he gave the dog such a slap on the left flank that the noise of it reverberated again and again along the cliffs of Acheron, and so startled Charon that he lost a stroke or two as he plied his trade and oar on the waters of the Styx. Cerberus, quite accustomed to such violent usage, merely wagged his tail and scratched his flank with his left hand paw.

Next morning when the burghers of Fantaisie went out into the town, lo! behold! a brand new bridge spanned the river. Such a nice bridge, too! The youths and maidens admired it, for its parapet was low and wide enough to allow at least two people to sit both safely and comfortably upon it—a fine seat for a moonlight night. The older people admired it because it was just the thing wanted to make the town boom. They prophesied increasing prosperity to the whole community. Everybody, old and young, praised the mayor, who pompously and unblushingly informed them that he was the generous donator and constructor of the bridge. He forbade anyone crossing before the formal opening and dedication had taken place. The whole town was so wrapt in admiration of the gift, that all wonder as to its mysteriously rapid construction was excluded from their thoughts.

Promptly at two, the populace assembled at the bridge, each half of the town being on their own side of the stream. The officious little mayor crossed from his side to the other and took his station beside the parish priest who was to read the dedicatory service. Suddenly "His Majesty" was seen standing by them both. Whence and how he came nobody knew.

The priest was on the point of commencing the service when Monsieur Fieffé stopped him, and beckoned to someone across the river. Instantly from out the opposite throng, there stepped forth a beautiful brunette of about eighteen. It was Antoinette. She came slowly toward her father. Her pet dog gamboled and leaped about her in great glee. His Majesty's look became increasingly eager as the girl came nearer and nearer. She was almost across now. Ten more paces, her father thought, would make her a queen. The same number, the other thought, would make her a Fate. Five more paces; four, three, two, and the King of the Nether Lands extended his arms to receive her into fatedom; but—the dog as if moved by a sudden impulse, sprang past her.

Instantly, the king grabbed the dog by the tail, swung him around his head as a professional hammer-thrower swings his hammer, and dashed the poor brute with such force against the pavement of the bridge, that a yawning hole was made

from parapet to parapet. As the dog went through the pavement, the individual who hurled him with a frenzied scream of rage, threw himself after the dog, and disappeared amid fire and fumes of smoke.

The terror-stricken spectators looked askance at one another and murmured, "Le diable, le diable." For a few seconds there was absolute silence. Then gradually the people began to engage in low-toned conversation. Little by little their voices became louder, their conversation more earnest and vehement, and their gesticulations more animated and wilder, until they all as with one voice cried out, as they rushed toward the mayor; "A bas le maire. Down with the mayor. He's in collusion with the devil. A bas le maire."

Their intended victim who had already divested himself of his official dignity, perceived his danger, and instantly fled at full speed southward along the river bank. The mob followed him closely. On and on he ran, up hill and along valley, across brooks and through swamps, till he had distanced all his pursuers. We presume he stopped sometime and somewhere,—but when and where nobody knows and nobody cares.

The bridge, now known throughout the department as "Le pont du diable," still stands. The gaping hole remains unrepaired, which naturally unfits the bridge for use. But it still has a purpose to fulfil; for, when any youth or maiden of the town evinces an inordinate desire for worldly fame, the older burghers still point a moral with the tale of "The Devil's Bridge."

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY and all identified with its management are grateful for the words of commendation which have come from time to time from various sources. It is always an inspiration to know that our earnest endeavors are being appreciated by those whose good opinion we esteem. To all such we promise that for the future no effort will be spared to keep up the standard of articles from month to month. We are, in fact, now able to promise articles for the coming issue from some of the ablest pens in the denomination.

THE American Historical Association is one of the most useful institutions of the sort within our knowledge. It is receiving the cooperation of historical scholars in research work, is taking measures for the discovering and editing of all unpublished documentary material of importance, is promoting better methods of historical instruction in schools and colleges, and in general is giving to historical studies an increasing prominence and importance. It is under the fostering wing of the United States Government, which publishes in a handsome bound volume of over 1,000 8vo. pages its Annual Report, consisting of essays and monographs by leading historical scholars on a great variety of themes. The amalgamation of the American Society of Church History with this Association is recognized by the maintenance of a Church History Section, which participates in the annual meeting, and whose papers are published in the Report. Membership is open to all who may be nominated by existing members, and against whom no objection is raised, on the payment of \$3, the amount of the annual fee. This payment entitles each member to the Annual Report, easily worth \$5, and to the numbers of the *American Historical Review* (quarterly), a superb publication, the subscription price of which is \$4.00 a year. Our historical students in the University and out of it should all secure membership in this great Association, which now has on its roll more than 1,400 names, including those of the most eminent historical specialists in America. Professor Newman would receive applications for membership.

ONE of the most notable features of the closing century has been the growth of the cosmopolitan spirit among all classes. It may be somewhat difficult to define this spirit in its fullest meaning, for it is

something almost as free as the air itself, refusing to be confined within the narrow limits of phraseology. A great philosopher over three centuries ago evidently had this in mind when he wrote, "If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them." Such a man is cosmopolitan in his attitude towards all nationalities, not only in treating them with due respect, but also in sympathizing with their beliefs and customs. This is the spirit which is everywhere manifesting itself in the world to-day; with the liberalizing tendencies of learning men have everywhere become cosmopolitan in their ideas and sympathies, and race prejudice, narrow sectarianism, and dogmatic conceit are "silently folding their tents and as silently stealing away." Because of this spirit the peoples of the West have stretched forth their hands to lift the nations of the East to a higher plane of activity; because of it the Anglo-Saxon race has sought to scatter everywhere the seeds of a higher civilization; and because of it Britain is to-day dying red the African veldt with the life blood of her sons. The cosmopolitan spirit everywhere recognizes liberty and equality; it gives a man that "magnificence of mind" which makes him "a spectator of all time"; and is in truth the essence of the teaching the Master taught some nineteen hundred years ago among the olive groves about Jerusalem, and upon the sunny vine-clad slopes of Judea.

THE *University of Ottawa Review* finds fault with an article on "Truth-speaking" published in our November number, especially with the sentences that reflect on the truth-speaking quality of the Roman Catholic Church. The critic is inclined to question the sufficiency and the accuracy of the information of the writer of the article, and even to doubt whether he has consulted any Roman Catholic works on theology and ethics at all. The writer of our article begs leave to inform his critics that he is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions. Besides the great Patrology of Migne, he has access to Roman Catholic editions of the works of Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Occam, Nicolas de Clemangis, Bellarmin, Gerson, Liguori, Perrone; to the great work on Moral Theology by De Cardenas, Raynaudus, De Murcia, Becanus, Bucellus Venetianus, Tamburinus, and many others. The writer of our article has in his possession a set of early Jesuit works that in all probability could not be duplicated in Canada or in

America, comprising "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1583); "Rules of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1616); "Ordinances of the General Officials" (Rome, 1606); "Canons of the General Congregations of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1606); "Instructions and Ordinances common to the whole Society, to the Provincials and Superiors thereof" (Naples, 1609); "Decrees of the General Congregations of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1615); and "Letters Apostolic in which are contained the Institution, Confirmation and Various Privileges of the Society of Jesus" (Antwerp, 1635.) This set of Jesuit works bears on the title pages of the various volumes the library mark (in manuscript) of the Munich Jesuit College, which, during the Thirty Years' War (when these volumes were entered), was the headquarters of Jesuit work for the German Empire. Besides these works the writer has in his possession a large body of modern works on the Jesuits and the great work of Döllinger and Reusch on the "History of the Moral Controversies in the Roman Catholic Church," which treats exhaustively the whole subject of casuistry. The writer of our article, though he has faults enough and to spare, has never before been accused of lack of information on the subjects on which he writes or of contenting himself with mere cheap, second-hand information.

The writer begs leave to submit the following proposition to the editors of *The University of Ottawa Review*: If the editors of the *Review* will agree to publish a certain number of pages (the more the better) of authentic extracts from Roman Catholic literature bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the writer undertakes to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations.

There are many other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Roman Catholic writers fall very far short of the Protestant standard, and which modern Catholics and Protestants alike would do well to inform themselves about more accurately. The materials are at hand in great abundance for the exposition of every phase of the subject of Moral Theology. The writer would be delighted at any time to exhibit his Roman Catholic literary treasures to any intelligent Roman Catholic that may be interested in such works.—A. H. N.

WE have received for notice the eighth number of the *Educational Review Supplementary Readings on Canadian History*. Four further numbers will complete this series. The topics selected are in each case concerned with matters of considerable interest, and the names of

the writers are a sufficient guarantee that the articles are critically exact in their statements and up-to-date in research. Sir John Bourinot writes on "The Siege of Louisbourg in 1758;" Dr. James Hannay, on "Villebon and Fort Nashwaak;" Lieut.-Col. Cruikshank, on "The Early Postal Service in British North America;" Dr. W. F. Ganong, on "The New England Movement to Nova Scotia;" Rev. W. O. Raymond, on "Gen. Campbell's Muster," and Capt. G. E. Thatcher, of Louisiana, on "The Acadian Land in Louisiana." These papers are intended primarily to aid teachers of Canadian history by way of supplementing the text-books; but they will prove interesting to any intelligent reader. The price is 10 cents for a single number or \$1 for the twelve. Address, G. U. Hay, St. John, N.B.

THE Christmas number of *Acta Victoriana* is certainly deserving of especial mention. We congratulate the editors upon their manifest ability in the production of such a number—of course the evident criticism from the conservative standpoint would be that the editor had exceeded the traditional bounds of college journalism. But in this age of enlarged vision and changing ideals we are bound to admire the man, who even though he break with the past, in response to an enlarged outlook puts forth effort and succeeds in the realization of a changed ideal. Certainly he is more deserving of admiration than one content with failure even to fill the old moulds. We wish the editor of *Acta Victoriana* every success.

Book Reviews.

THE TEACHING OF THE BOOKS.*

This N. T. volume combines introduction and biblical theology. The Introduction to the Books is the work of Mr. Willett, their spiritual teachings are summed up by Mr. Campbell. The latter occupies about three-fourths of the space, and so warrants the title. The introduction shows acquaintance with the most recent scholarship on the subject. The synoptic problem is solved by regarding Peter as the source of an oral gospel which was subsequently written down by Mark. Our Matthew is regarded as a combination of the Petrine

*The Teaching of the Books. By Herbert L. Willett and James M. Campbell: pp. 337; price, \$1.25. Fleming H. Revell Company.

narrative and an Aramaic collection, chiefly of the discourses of Jesus made by Matthew shortly before leaving Jerusalem. Whether Matthew is the author of the gospel as we now have it or not, is left undecided. Luke makes free use in a historian's fashion of both of them. John is accepted as the author of the fourth gospel, as well as of the Apocalypse. Apollos is favored as the author of Hebrews. James is given the early date; so is the Apocalypse. In general, though Mr. Willett is perfectly free in his criticism, and makes statements that belittle the supernatural in the Bible, he accepts most of the commonly received views as to dates and authorship. His work is usually clear, scholarly sober.

Mr. Campbell had the more difficult task, and his work will more frequently challenge criticism. It would be strange if it were not open to it. There are marks of carelessness in quoting or referring to Scripture passages. Such are the references to Luke x. 1 (p. 66) and John i. 14 (p. 76). It seems scarcely the fact that the words "without controversy" (1 Tim. i. 16) refer to the general acceptance of the awful statement following. They rather refer to the one statement "great is the mystery of godliness." (These are matters of judgment on which one must take issue.) More serious, however, are his wrong views of propitiation (pp. 126, 154, 305), in which he denies the Godward side even in the face of Rom. vii. of predestination, his aversion to which leads him to translate Acts xiii. 48, "As many as set themselves in order to eternal life, being determined, and obtain it—believed"; and of baptism, to which on page 238 he seems to attach some sort of efficacy. But perhaps the teachings which would call forth the most dissent are those touching the Second Coming and the Resurrection. Naturally enough these are found scattered through the volume, and it is not easy to be sure of what he does teach. The Second Advent took place either at Pentecost, on the coming of the Holy Spirit, or about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, which, at any rate, was a sign of it.

He would always translate *παρουσία* by presence. So he explains John's omission (in his gospel) of Christ's eschatological discourses by the fact that when John wrote they had already passed into history. It must be confessed that he thus gets a simple explanation of the hour referred to in 1 John ii. 3, 19. But it does seem to us that this is a capital illustration of allowing a half-truth to run away with one's judgment. The view surely does violence to such a clear passage as Acts i. 11, to which no reference is made, and it involves

regarding the future tenses employed, *e.g.*, in 1 Thess. iv. 14-17; Col. 3, 4; and Heb. ix. 28, as referring to a time now long past. We believe that the overthrow of Jerusalem was a coming of the Lord. But surely the ordinary reader of the Bible will get the impression that just as Jesus actually came once and was visible to men, so He will come visibly again, and that that glorious personal return marks the consummation of all His people's hopes and the overthrow of all hostile powers.

As to the resurrection, Mr. Campbell seems to say that it takes place at death. He says (p. 147) "The resurrection body is evolved from within. It grows within the mortal body, from which it emerges at death; it grows out of the spiritual life as a flower grows out of a seed," That fits in with his view of the coming, but does not fit in with our ordinary view which has pretty clear support in 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

May we venture another criticism? The author makes a mistake to which we are all prone. It is so easy to make broad statements about the general character of a book, and then pick out proof texts. Mr. Campbell, for example, declares that Luke gives "a broad interpretation of the law's requirement," and quotes Luke vi. 9 as proof. But Mark and even Matthew have the same statement.

There are a number of passages where we would not care to follow the exegesis of the author, but these must be omitted.

Having said so much by way of criticism, we gladly pass to words of commendation. Mr. Campbell is a wide-awake student of the New Testament. His summaries of the teachings of the various books are often exceedingly good. Even a rapid reading will suggest to the preacher many topics for sermons. The book reads well. Many striking expressions are scattered through it. On many much-disputed passages he gives what seems to us the true interpretation, *e.g.*, 1 Pet. i. 16, 21.

The whole work gives a fresh, concise and vigorous compendium of the teachings of the New Testament.

J. H. F.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

INTERESTED FRIEND—"Say, old fellow, I hear you have been called to three different churches?"

Dejected Theolog.—"Yes, but they're all on the same field."

A FRESHMAN complained of getting too much advice from a certain senior. "Isn't it sound advice?" "Yes, mostly sound."

"Say, boys, I heard a one-armed preacher last Sunday!"

"Yes? How'd you like him?"

"Oh, very well—he had a rather off-handed manner."

CHRISTMAS DINNER.—The annual Christmas Dinner of the students was held at 1 30 on Dec. 21st. The gaily decorated dining-hall and tables welcomed not only the students but also the Faculty, the Senate, the Board of Governors, representatives of sister institutions, and many prominent business men of the city. After full justice had been done to a repast served up a la Delmonico, Mr. Grigg, the chairman, began the toast list by proposing "Queen and Country." In reply, the National Anthem was sung. "McMaster University" was next proposed by A. G. Baker, being replied to by Dr. J. Ten Broeke. Frank N. Goble proposed the toast to "Sister Institutions." The representatives responded, each bearing the good wishes of the college he represented. In his original and witty manner E. E. Wood did honor to the learned professions which were well represented in reply by Mr. G. W. Holmes, B.A. The praises of the ladies were then extolled by G. H. Grant in a neat speech which brought the proceedings to a close. Remarks on the success of the dinner were everywhere heard, and everyone agreed that the motto on the handsome menu card was very appropriate—"I'm here to have a good time and money ain't no object."

CENTURY RALLY.—The evening of Friday, January 12th, will ever be remembered as the occasion of the fourth and last annual rally of Century Class, which was held at the home of Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, whose hospitality Century has now twice enjoyed. After the first half hour of introductions and filling out the pretty programmes designed by Century's own artist, Mr. Glen H. Campbell, the different topics of conversation and amusement were proceeded with. In the midst of all this the President, Mr. D. Wesley Gunn, spoke of the varied experiences of the class, and Professor Willmot as Honorary President referred to the class as "the best and greatest of the century." The Chancellor then responded to the President's words of

appreciation of Mrs. Wallace's kindness, after which all were very glad to hear Mr. Brownlee's voice once more in our midst after his serious illness. When the dainty refreshments had been served and patriotic songs sung for "the soldiers of the Queen," a most enjoyable time was brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne." "Now go we in content" said all, and departed feeling satisfied that if it was Century's last rally it had undoubtedly been its best.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The officers of the Lit. for the fall term are to be congratulated upon the very successful series of meetings held under their direction. The last of these took place on December 19th, when the chapel was crowded with an enthusiastic audience who had assembled to hear "The Student" read. The paper was ably edited by Messrs. E. E. Wood, '00, and A. J. Saunders, who read their respective parts. These numbers were unusually brilliant, the follies of the students in general and of some in particular being touched off with unoffending good humor, and, to quote from the paper, "Honors were impartially distributed." During the evening Mr. J. K. McLean, '03, delighted the audience with one of his well-known humorous selections which was rendered in a very effective manner. The musical part of the programme consisted of a piano duet by Misses Gile and McLay of Century Class, and a vocal solo by Miss Lick, a former member of '01, both of which were well received.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—On January 5th, the Lit. met for organization and election of officers. Following the usual custom, about 6.45 the candidates mounted the stairs in turn and cheered by encouragement from supporters above and supporters below gave in brief but pointed remarks their idea of the merits of the society and of the most effective manner of management. Then candidates and students resorted to the chapel which was soon a scene of very great enthusiasm. Vice-president J. A. Macdonald occupied the chair. The ballot was cast for president and resulted in favor of Mr. J. A. Faulkner, who donned the gown midst lively applause. The following officers were then elected: 1st Vice-Pres., A. T. McNeil; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Dryden; Sec.-Treas., H. S. Arkell; Cor.-Sec., J. J. Nicole; Editor-in-Chief of "Student," J. Cornwall; Assistant Editors, Miss Parlin and P. E. Baker; Auditors for Treas. Book, E. E. Wood and H. E. Jordan; Councillors, Miss Gile, C. C. Lumley, T. H. Cornish, A. B. Cohoe, B. A. A. L. Huddleston. Under this efficient staff of officers the society looks forward to a successful term's work.

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY.—The elections of officers for the Tennysonian Society for the Spring term were held in the chapel on January 10th. There was a large attendance; Mr. Meldrum, the President, occupying the chair. After exciting contests the following staff of officers was elected: President, A. L. Huddleston; Vice-Pres., Miss M. C. Blackadar; Sec.-Treas., C. A. Grant; Councillors, C. C. Lumley and S. A. Buckborough; Editors of "The Argosy," E. J. Tarr and

W. Pearce. The meetings during the Fall term were very interesting and well attended, and the aim of the new officers is to make them, if possible, even better during the present one.

ONE is almost startled in reading the list of McMaster men, who have recently joined the noble army of Benedicts, no fewer than five having enlisted within a month's time. THE MONTHLY extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Messrs. Geo. Simmons, Will Riggs, Walter Daniel, John McLennan and David Bovington.

FRIDAY, January 19th, was gala day with the Freshmen. This was the occasion of their first rally, when Dr. and Mrs. Newman threw open their home to Year '03. The first part of the evening was given up to an advertisement party, which proved to be one of particular interest. Then the President, T. T. McEwen, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced Dr. Smith, Honorary President of the Year. The Doctor responded in a neat address. The Class History was ably edited and read by the historian, Miss Parlin. The class orator, Mr. J. N. McLean, then gave an interesting address on the 4th of July at Koochiching. After this a hearty vote of thanks was extended to Dr. and Mrs. Newman; Miss Wallace, the Vice-President, presenting them with a lovely bouquet. Refreshments were then served, and a very enjoyable evening was ended by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

THE old dining hall of McMaster witnessed another cheerful and enlivening event on the evening of Jan. 18th, when Mrs. Pritchard, our genial matron, gave her annual oyster supper to the "Royal Society of Sunday Bed-Makers." The usual concomitants of such a supper were not lacking; Mr. Perrin Baker proposed the toast to our hostess, pointing out a few of the many qualities which render Mrs. Pritchard so dear to the boys. Mrs. Pritchard replied in a pleasing manner, and an enthusiastic burst of song, "She's a jolly good fellow," showed the general participation in the views Mr. Baker had expressed. Then came the toast proposed by Mr. Laffair to the young ladies who do such effective service in the dining hall about meal time. High Kakiak Grigg then arose and in that pleasing style of his, thanked Mrs. Pritchard for her many kindnesses to the boys, and, as the two Vice-Kakiaks, Messrs. Wood and Foster, presented a large and beautiful jardiniere, asked her to accept a small token of the students' high regard for her. A little later, after singing "God save the Queen," the company adjourned, well satisfied with oyster suppers in general, and this one in particular.

FOUNDER'S Night this year was one of the best ever enjoyed by McMaster students. A large crowd taxed the utmost capacity of the dining hall at 8 o'clock to listen to an address from Rev. Josh. Denovan. Chancellor Wallace, before introducing Mr. Denovan, referred to the munificence of Senator McMaster; but he spoke also of the generous gifts coming in now for the Forward Movement, and

of the beneficent result this movement must have by bringing our University into closer touch with the denomination. The address of Mr. Denovan largely consisted of interesting reminiscences of Senator McMaster and the founding of this University. After these addresses the room was vacated and once again filled with eager listeners to a musical entertainment which delighted all. Meanwhile, however, inviting strains were heard from the orchestra on the second floor, and amid the hum of happy conversation and the ripple of merry laughter the promenades began. Many a beaming student remarked that he had never seen the Hall look so pretty before, nor had he ever found so much pleasure in ascending and descending the oft-used stairways. In the darkened Chapel the stereopticon lantern flashed forth numerous scenes from the seat of the present deadly conflict in South Africa. The Hall itself looked very pretty in its gala attire of bunting and evergreens. Some of the students' rooms were thrown open, and rendezvous were provided by each class decorating and furnishing a room, in which work the deft skill of the University ladies was plainly apparent. About midnight the last strains of music died away, and all was still again, as Founder's Day of 1899 became a matter of history.

WE announce Mr. Brownlee's return to a good measure of health and strength with gladness as great as was our sorrow at speaking of his serious illness in a previous number. On the evening of Jan. 11, Mr. Brownlee made his first appearance in McMaster, after a long and doubtful fight with Typhoid; and to say that he was heartily welcomed back is to express the warmth of his reception in very cold terms. Truly, it was an occasion of unbounded enthusiasm and hilarity. After a round of handshaking and congratulations, it was arranged to gather later in the evening for a general jollification, as the most adequate possible expression of feelings of gladness and gratitude for a friend's recovery. At the appointed hour even the inveterate "pluggers" abandoned their books, consoling themselves with the Roman bard's wise words, "*Dulce est, desipere in loco.*" All the non-resident students within reach had been notified of the celebration, and a merry crowd it was that gathered about ten o'clock in the corridor of an upper flat. The entertainment that followed baffles adequate description; those will best understand who have once participated in similar festivities. After speeches, songs, recitations, and other impromptu performances suitable to the occasion had somewhat relieved the tension of pent-up jolly spirits, refreshments, such as are dear to a student's heart—and palate—were served, perhaps not *à la mode*, but to the satisfaction of all present. And then, after singing, "Thy Praises, McMaster," "The Soldiers of the Queen," and the National Anthem as a final expression of the spirit of the meeting, all departed their several ways, pronouncing it the best "howl" they had ever participated in.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS EDITH OLIVER,
MISS EDITH MCGREGOR.

A LARGE number of students, a strong curriculum, enthusiastic teachers, a good course of lectures, and pleasant, home-like surroundings, are a few of the things which go to make up a successful college year; and our Christmas entertainment was a fitting close to such a term.

The programme was in itself conclusive evidence that what Moulton girls do, they do with a will. The opening number was a piano solo by Miss Maude Shroope, after which Miss Bertha Cassidy gave an amusing recitation, "The Day o' Judgment." One of the Physical Culture Classes gave a series of exercises in Swedish and Delsarte movement, and this was followed by a vocal number, "Hosanna," by Miss Lillian Mihell. Two other drills, a dumb-bell drill and a tambourine drill, were given. The latter, by Miss Margaret McDonald and Miss Lulu Eastman, was particularly graceful. A reading, "The Bairnies' Christmas Giftie," was given by Miss Lillian Senior, who showed marked ability in the reading of Scotch dialect. The dialogue "Six Cups of Chocolate," given by the members of the Fourth Year, was much enjoyed. A piano solo by Miss Mihell, and a tableau "The Lotus-Eaters," brought the programme to a close. After singing the college song, a few moments were spent in conversation with friends, and then the girls went down to the dining-room where a pleasant surprise had been provided by the Faculty, and coffee, cake and ice-cream put the finishing touch to a very enjoyable evening.

WE extend a cordial welcome to Miss Duncan and Miss Speller, two of our "old" girls, as well as to the large number of new students who have come among us.

THE fourth lecture of our course was given on the evening of the 12th, by Dr. Caven of Knox College.

Dr. Welton of McMaster University presided. Dr. Caven gave us a "talk" on Jerusalem, which was both interesting and instructive. His very graphic descriptions presented clearly to our minds the plan and surroundings of that famous eastern city. Many of the incidents he related in connection with the superstitious beliefs of the Jews were very amusing. After the lecture, half an hour was very pleasantly spent with friends in the drawing-room.

MOULTON'S rink is not. No one, however, can blame the students, for they talked themselves hoarse, held enthusiastic meetings, decided and re-decided the admission fee, appointed collectors, and even went so far as to wring from innocent freshies and wiser ancients the sum of twenty dollars—yet that did not bring the rink. After a

few days, boards, marking its dimensions were placed, and then, wonder of wonders, a man appeared! Yes, a man actually did appear and, moreover, he was not an ordinary man, but held a few feet of half-inch hose with which he proceeded to flood the immense area of Moulton's rink-to-be. Alas, this phenomenon did not last long. Whether it was the sight of fifty eager, girlish faces watching him at his work, or the work itself, that caused his disappearance will never be known, but he has never been seen or heard of since; and the rink, Moulton's famous rink, lies cold and forbidding under its sheet of crusted snow.

ON Monday evening last, a business meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. It was most enthusiastic, the rivalry existing between the different years was shown by the girls cheering the efforts of others who were endeavoring to put in office their class-mates.

Excitement reached almost fever heat and it was with great difficulty that the President maintained order. Of course utter impartiality was shown, resulting as follows: Pres., Miss M. Younie; Vice-Pres., Miss McLaurier; Secretary, Miss E. Vaux; Treasurer, Miss J. Grobb; Executive, Misses Brown, Stewart, Mihell, McDonald; Chief Editor, Miss R. Duncan; Sub Editors, Misses Baird, Annable, Fairchild; Correspondents for *McMASTER MONTHLY*, Misses Oliver and McGregor.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

RETURNED from the holidays, the school is at it again with new vim and with the largest attendance in many years. This is the "home stretch" with many of us and we feel that every weight should be laid aside, especially the laziness that does so easily beset the student.

THE societies have organized again for a new period. The oratory of all new comers has been put through the time honored test of "maiden speeches night" and now we have settled down for steady work. We expect good things of our Philomat this term. The initial programme given Friday night, Jan. 12th, was declared by several to have been the best contributed for some time. One feature was some twenty minutes of very comical antics and noises by a "German Band" made up of members, musical and not musical, of the society. Contrasting with this "intellectual" treat was a fine paper by Mr. Ralph Hartley, on the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The "Oracle" was read by the Editor. Officers for the winter term are as follows:—*PHILOMAT*—President, W. E. Matthews; Vice Pres., Geo. Stevens; Secy. and Treas., J. B. McArthur; Editor of "Oracle," F. S. Beddow; Assistant Editor, J. M. Howell; Marshall, W. C. Riddiford;

Critic, Mr. Russell. EXCELSIOR—President, Lorne Williams; Vice President, W. Younge; Secy. and Treas., F. C. Welch; Editor of "Maple Leaf," W. J. Grigg; Assistant Editor, Leo. Buchanan; Marshal, W. H. Ellis; Critic, Mr. D. K. Clarke.

OUR rink is not in very good shape yet, but we find exercise in basket-ball.

THE Rugby football team lately posed for a large group-photograph. The proof has been declared "very satisfactory" by those who come out well.

THE annual public entertainment of the College will be held some time during February. This is the event of the year, of course, and will not be behind those of the past in interest and popularity,

THE officers of the "Fourth Year" have been placed as follows:—Hon. President, Mr. Russell; President, Jno. Hilts; Vice-Pres., J. D. Bagshaw; Secy. and Treas., C. Fraser; Valedictorian, J. M. Howell; Bard, H. H. Bingham. Mr. Russell's election was very popular, the "year" insisting on "tossing" him.

THERE is talk of the possible formation of a militia corps in the College. Major McQueen spoke at the last meeting of the Philomat advocating the establishment of such a body. He pointed out the advantages of military drill for young men, and gave the boys particulars as to the formation of a cadet corps or a squad of militia.

GRANDE LIGNE.

MISS M. MOSELEY, EDITOR.

MASTER to girl-student,—“Does this pen knife belong to any one of the ladies, with a cork screw?”

INTERESTED pupil,—“And so Lady Smith repulsed the Boers! Wasn't she smart to do it all alone? Where was her husband all that time?”

SOMETHING new in Biblical history. “Methuselah was the longest man that ever lived.” “The Mediterranean flowed through the Garden of Eden.” On the taking of Jericho. “They came to the city and told the people to hustle out; if they did not leave in 24 hours, they would put the city to fire and blood. Seeing that the inhabitants did not go, they frightened them out by firing cannon.” These answers were not found on the papers of honor roll students.

SCHOOL re-opened, after the holidays, on January 3, and lessons were resumed without delay. The results of the Christmas examina-

tions were read and were fairly satisfactory, many of the pupils having done really excellent work. The following names appeared on the Honor Roll, for general proficiency:—Albert Baker, average 88½ per cent. ; Orville Lemoine, average 87 per cent. ; Alice Vessot, average 81 per cent. ; Alfred Des Islets, average 80½ per cent. ; Alice Massé average 75½ per cent. ; James Morris, average 74 per cent. ; Wilhelmina Schayltz, average 73 per cent. ; Silas Pèron, average 72 per cent. ; Edward Hart, average 72 per cent. ; Emile St. Germain, average 71 per cent. ; Katherine Bresbin, average 70½ per cent. ; Quinton McKay, average 67 per cent. ; Walter Hutchins, average 66½ per cent.

THE annual business meeting of the "Roussy Memorial Church," was held on the 11th of January. It was more largely attended than usual, owing, perhaps, to the good sleighing, which enabled members, living at a distance, to be present. A very good spirit prevailed, and the reports of the pastor and treasurer were most encouraging. During the year the church has gained by baptism, 18 members, most of them pupils at the Institute. Besides giving the regular amount towards the pastor's salary, the church has contributed \$68 to various missions, \$15 to repairs and improvements, \$15 to the poor, and has paid off \$100, of the debt, with the interest. This shows that the Grande Ligne people are learning to give generously, for the church is not composed of rich men and women.

THE special attraction, out-of-doors, at present, is the skating rink. The ice is in good condition, and the hockey team practices enthusiastically, all sorts of bruises being received without a murmur. The size of the rink prevents the gentlemen and ladies from skating together, unless they happen to be teachers, and so a time table has been arranged, that all may have a chance to enjoy this most healthful sport. There are some good skaters amongst the girls. It is a very attractive sight to see them gliding gracefully over the ice ; and so one scarcely wonders that there are few boys, big or little, in the building, whose faces are not flattened against the window-panes during one particular hour on half-holidays. Fortunately, the skating season does not last through the whole session, otherwise the physiognomy of some of our young gentlemen might be seriously affected by the flattening process. Perhaps one of these days, the fortunate boys who inhabit rooms on the side of building facing the rink, may be able to earn quite a little neck-tie money by renting window panes at so much an hour.

Here and There.

A. B. COHRE, B.A., ED.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has recently authorized the German technical colleges to confer doctor's degrees. This action practically raises the technical colleges to the rank of universities.—*Ex.*

THE University of Pennsylvania has recently established a two years' special course in "Commerce, Diplomacy and International Law." The new course will train men particularly for the diplomatic and consular service.—*Ex.*

A SCOTCH Socialist was trying to explain and emphasize the principles of Socialism, when the question was asked by one of his listeners :

"If you had two horses, would you give me one?"

"Certainly, I wad," was his reply.

"If you had two cows would you let me have one?"

"Certainly, I wad."

"And if you had two pigs?"

"Eh, man! it's comin' ower near hame; ye *ken* I hae twa pigs."—*Ex.*

DISPENSATION.

When you are thanking God for what is good
Thank him that light and warmth have not sufficed :
Darkness and cold are part of humanhood,—
Joy to accept the testing-time of Christ.

—G. HERBERT CLARKE, in *Baptist Union*.

COMRADESHIP.

The lordly summer boasteth
In his lustihood and pride :
A wealth of gifts he scatters
With wanton languor wide.

But I want the winter weather,
When the north winds blow
With its clear keen joyance,
And the comradeship of snow.

—ROBERT MACDOUGALL, in the *Presbyterian Journal*.

THE *Presbyterian College Journal* is a magazine which might well be placed beside any college journal that we have ever seen. The cover is of an exceptionally artistic design and invariably presents a table of contents which invites to careful consideration. Though much of the space is given up to articles contributed by others than college students, yet there is always a portion of the magazine reserved for the

contributions of students and for the recording of the everyday life of the college. The "Talks about Books" by the Rev. Prof. Campbell are always interesting. In many respects we regard the *Presbyterian College Journal* as an ideal college magazine.

ROMANCE.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
 A dim tower in a forest green
 Was his, and far away the sand
 And grey wash of the waves was seen
 The woven forest-boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
 The sunset slowly died away,
 And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
 Came gleaming through the forest grey,
 And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watched the moon
 Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn.
 And wane, with waning of the June,
 Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
 She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
 Still girdles round that castle grey,
 I know not if, the boughs between,
 The white deer vanish ere the day.
 The grass above my love is green ;
 His heart is colder than the clay.

—ANDREW LANG.