



A. W. Thompson

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AMERICUS V. TIMPANY.

The subject of the above portrait was one of those men who both by their character and the circumstances of their times form eras in the history of the world. The man who first steps out of the light into the surrounding darkness, who throws off the surrounding sloth and elbows his way out into activity is in a sense entitled to more honor than any one who may follow him in that path. The man who originates a beneficent idea, or who picks up and sets in motion one which has been allowed to sleep, does more good to the human race than many who may seem to accomplish much more. As the original germ becomes the parent of myriads of its kind, so this thought or idea goes on multiplying through the eternities.

This it is which gives Wm. Carey his blessed pre-eminence in the missionary world. This alone, had there been nothing else, would have given Rev. A. V. Timpany a first place in the hearts of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. He was neither the first nor the second Canadian Baptist who went to India. But he was the first Regular Baptist educated in Canada, gathering about him the love and loyalty of his college mates from Sarnia to Montreal, gathering unto himself the love, the loyalty, the sympathy, the prayers and the gifts of our churches, and transplanting them among the Telugus. He was the first to carry the life line from our shores to the sinking craft on the

storm-tossed sea of heathenism. It was a great day for these same Baptists when Brother Timpany led them out of themselves—gave them a broader outlook—a readier sympathy with the lost, and brought them into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus and His plans for the World's redemption.

After that day, Canadian Baptists saw farther, felt more deeply and moved forward more steadily than ever before.

Bro. Timpany was born in "The Lake Erie region," near Vienna, December 1840. Some people still ask, can any good thing come out of Nazareth, and we still answer with Philip, "come and see." There was little Foreign Missionary spirit in that region when our brother was a boy. There might be more now, but thank God it is growing. The type of Christian life in those churches was emotional rather than doctrinal, and Bro. Timpany in his earlier years drank largely of that spirit. But the family to which Bro. Timpany belonged were Bible students and had a love for research, and withal a tenacity of conviction which stood them in good stead when doctrinal preaching failed. Bro. Timpany was converted early in life under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Hall. This man must have exerted a powerful influence upon him, for he loved him greatly and was continually speaking of him in after years. Very early in his Christian life thoughts of the ministry took possession of his sympathetic, ardent nature, and in 1860 he entered Woodstock College. How well I remember him as I saw him for the first time in November, 1861, at the old C. L. Institute. Short and slight in build, black hair, black sparkling eyes and a face almost girlish in its fairness, over which ripples of laughter and tremors of emotion played in succession as rapidly as cloud and sunshine follow each other on an April day. He was intense, eager, earnest, ingenuous. In youth as in manhood he was one whom everybody loved. In his studies he was diligent, faithful, accurate and successful. He was an all round student, equally good in mathematics, classics, science or general subjects; and yet for such a companionable, sociable, entertaining man as he was he had one peculiarity. I do not think I ever saw him on the play ground. No kind of outdoor sport had any charms for him. And in this the boy was father to the man. A long walk with a likeminded companion was his almost invariable exercise. Neither was he

much enamoured of literary societies. He belonged to them, but only gave them a half-hearted support. His sensitive nature was hurt and his earnest spirit was shocked by the wrangling and license incident to the ordinary society meeting. Midnight howls, or boyish pranks always found Bro. Timpany either sound asleep or tugging away at classic roots. But the prayer meeting, the missionary society or the college revival always found him in his place.

It was during this period that the foreign mission idea laid hold of our brother. Missionaries Telford, Hallam, and the elder Mrs. Vinton visited the college and addressed the Judson Missionary Society. Mrs. Vinton's words they were which stirred his soul and turned his heart and his eyes to Burma and the Karens. She was a woman of unusual power and address, and created quite a sensation in the school. Bro. Timpany's thoughts of the foreign field soon ripened into a conviction that he ought to go, and with him conviction and action were never far separated. He told his story both at home and to Dr. Fyfe at the college. At the former place he met with very unexpected and strenuous opposition. He was refused any further assistance in prosecuting his studies, and had to resort to teaching to finish his education. But the "*Great Heart*" at the college took the little enthusiast into his innermost heart! Here was a great crisis in Canadian Baptist history, and God provided two great men to meet it. Had Dr. Fyfe not been a man of a very broad outlook, a man guided by principle rather than expediency, a man who never chose present success at the expense of the future, he might have said, and in a sense have said truly—"My dear young brother, the thought in your heart does you infinite credit; it is a noble Christ-like and inspiring one, and were the circumstances different, no one would have said 'God speed you' more heartily than I, and have sent you forth with my blessing. But look at the facts of the case. Your parents strenuously oppose your going, and will render you no assistance in your education. Some deference is due to them, and some consideration to your own financial circumstances. Then look at your native land—Canada. We are only a handful of people—14,000 in all. Our Home Missionaries are struggling for an existence. Look at the unoccupied districts in the North-East and West. Along the

shores of Lake St. Clair and Huron, and Georgian Bay, Central Canada and the Ottawa Valley. Look at Quebec with its ever increasing and aggressive Catholicism; Grande Ligne nearly dead. We ought to do more for Quebec or Quebec will extinguish us. Then think of our educational work. Here we are struggling to keep this college afloat. We need our best men here at home among our churches, to befriend and help it. It is the hope of our denomination, the nucleus of its future efforts, the centre around which our scattered and disunited churches must gather." But no! he knew that the fire in this young man's heart was from heaven—that this fire if communicated to the churches would help to burn up the remnants of the jealousies, sectional prejudices and national animosities which had been so hurtful in the past. He knew that the love and sympathy which were hurrying Bro. Timpany to India would become contagious, and would not only hurry men into each others arms, but hurry them into home fields and up into the great North-West. He knew that the man whose eye took in the heathen, was not likely to overlook the lost at home. He was sure that money could not flow out of Canada to India without paying interest at home, and that "there is that giveth and yet increaseth," therefore he took him by the hand and said "Dear Brother, your thought is of God, go, and God speed you."

He wrote to Boston, Mass., and along with friends in Canada, opened up a path for the young and inexperienced missionary, opened his own ill-filled purse and gave the first \$5 for his outfit and support. Thank God for the presence of the man for the hour. This thing which he hath done shall be told for a memorial of him.

I must not describe in detail the visit to Boston, the expressed desire to labor among the Karens—how that purpose was changed by the letter of appeal from Nellore—the return to Canada—the coming first into contact with and afterwards into the family of the seraphic Bates—his visiting of the Canadian Baptist churches—his marriage and finally the great meeting at Ingersoll in October, 1867. This meeting has been called an era-making one. But like many other eras, this one had been in the process of making for some time. The college had been stirred, and the students had just returned from their long vaca-

tion where they had been giving out the inspiration they themselves had received not long before—the new missionary had visited the Associations and the Churches, and his fresh young face and tremulous tones were in the hearts of many—his pathetic appeals and heroic courage were still stirring their souls. What he knew about the momentous subject was a revelation to the pastors and to the people. They had never heard so much about the great lost world before. The ladies had gathered here and there in committees to prepare an outfit; and while they sewed and prayed, they also talked and wondered. How could the young man, and especially the young woman, leave father and mother and home land and go so far away and few knew how far? When they went home the husbands and others had to hear the news. It was talked about in socials, in tea meetings, and some went so far as to preach about it in the pulpit. And so the people were roused as never before. The Convention drew nigh and the people began to come: some in doubt, some in curiosity, some in faith and prayer, and others who were totally ignorant of the whole matter. Men who had discernment of the times came—the students came in scores, and best of all the great Lord of the harvest came, and the enlightening, quickening, joy-giving Holy Spirit came, and that wonderful meeting was the result.

Amid the benedictions and tears of an awakened people they started on their long journey to the scene of their future trials and triumphs. In April, 1868, they landed in India, and at once entered upon the study of the language. He became a good Telugu scholar, and well versed in their history, habits, religious customs, etc. He reached the field just as the *lone star* began to multiply and send forth its healing beams into the surrounding darkness. He entered at once with all his soul into the bright anticipations of the whitening harvest. Enthusiastic, rapturous, all on fire, the life beats of the coming quickening were already in his soul. When he reached Nellore, there were but *two* Baptist stations in the Telugu country. He was the third missionary and opened the *third* station in 1870. There were but 139 Telugu Baptists in the country when he landed. When he died, after 17 years of toil for the Telugus, there were *three* distinct Baptist *missions* in the Telugu country, 20 stations,

28 mission families, seven young ladies, two theological seminaries and over 30,000 church members!

Brother Timpany's work naturally divides itself into three periods—Ramapatam, Canada on furlough, and Cocanada. The Ramapatam field covered part of what was the old Ongole field and had felt the influence of the work there. A church of 35 members was formed March 26th, 1870, of persons dismissed from the Ongole and Nellore churches. Several preachers and teachers were also given to the new missionary. In Ramapatam our brother was in the full vigor of his physical manhood, and did not spare himself. He not only toured extensively, preached constantly, but also busied himself about the earthly welfare of the people. He was the inveterate foe of the oppressor, no matter what his station or race, and the champion of the poor and oppressed of every color, creed or caste. Many a weary mile he travelled, many a danger faced, many a rupee expended in tracking down and punishing petty officials, kinglets or other oppressors. He was largely the originator and for years the heart and soul of the American Baptist Telugu Conference. He took a leading part in the agitation for a Theological Seminary in Ramapatam. He erected the buildings and was its first Principal. For two years he was the only Bible teacher in it, and at the same time found time to write a compendium of theology which was used in our seminaries for years. The church of 75 members had grown in ten years to one of 764.

In 1876, with his wife and family, he returned to Canada, after an absence of eight years. He was the first *returned* missionary as he was the *pioneer* of our churches; and he was the typical man for each. Ardent, hopeful, enthusiastic, there was no pessimism about him. There was no difficulty in throwing the halo of romance about him and his work. While at home he did perhaps as much for the Telugus as during any two years of his life. Besides what he did in individuals and churches, it will never be forgotten that it was he who induced the ladies both in Montreal and Toronto to engage in Foreign Mission work. This was no very easy task, for there were timidity, fearfulness, indifference and direct opposition to be met and overcome; but these were just the conditions which called forth Bro. Timpany's best efforts. How grandly he succeeded the history of the past sixteen years abundantly shows.

In starting the *Missionary Link*, which he did at the same time, the conditions were exactly the same. The first number was printed with his own money, and what a link of blessing it has been between the missionaries and the home workers. A winter was also given to the study of medicine, in which he had become somewhat proficient during his stay in India.

But the hard working vacation was soon over, the eldest children left behind, and the glowing East is faced once more. This time he goes out as a Canadian missionary. There is something peculiar to the Cocanada term of service which does not come out on the Ramapatam one. In Cocanada he met for the first time the Eurasians as a community. He entered into all their needs with his accustomed energy and devotion, and gave largely of his means to further their interests. He also erected the school-house, chapel, and girls' quarters and master's house. Also built a new mission-boat to replace the 'Minnie Wilson,' which was becoming old. He was for a short time a member of the Telugu Revision Committee, and also served for a term as Municipal Commissioner for the town of Cocanada. In all these positions he was himself—loyal to his Master, and faithful to his mission. In 1884 it was deemed advisable for brethren Currie and Craig to go on furlough. This left the care of the three fields and the seminary to Bro. Timpany and myself. Bro. Timpany complained often and sorely of the double load—Akidu and Cocanada. He was afraid and yet in some respects he was better than the year before, less fever but not so robust—not so much elasticity. I remember well the last time I saw him standing at his own door step, bidding me farewell—how long! as I started on my trip to Burma for my life. The far away, sober, subdued look was in his eyes then. In a few short days the last enemy all unannounced entered the mission house and seized the only male missionary on the field. The struggle lasted from 6 a.m. till 2 p.m. and then the weary body was at rest, and the purified soul in glory. A wail of anguish arose in the compound, spread throughout the town, was carried by the wire to Burma and Canada, was passed from lip to lip in his native land, till Curry heard it by the sounding sea, and rushed back to fill the vacant breach, and within one year take his place by his side in the same cemetery. The people heard the voice of God in

this visitation and took it to heart, and at least as a partial result we have on the field, after an interval of only six years, 9 mission families instead of four; five young ladies instead of one, and the income has risen from \$13,820 in 1885 to about \$26,000 in 1891. "What hath God wrought." And what shall I say more. Time and space fail in which to write the half of what is in my heart.

Mentally, our brother was a man of no ordinary power. Keen and searching he was also fresh and original, ready in speech and fertile in resources, he kept himself well abreast of the age in general knowledge. But perhaps his most prominent characteristics were *earnestness* and *devotion*. He never did anything by halves. Never did anything doubtfully—kept nothing back. He was a man of action—prompt to plan and still more prompt to execute. He was *courageous*, mentally, morally and physically. He feared no man. From the Viceroy to the village kurnam he was ready to face any one who interfered with his Christians.

He was hopeful. A thousand defeats left him with his face to the foe. To him the future was always bright, the dawn just appearing—the golden age in the horizon. In this respect his companionship or presence in a meeting was a tonic and an inspiration to less sanguine souls.

He was a man of great faith. Faith in God, in the gospel to save and elevate; faith in his own mission to preach, and faith in the people. The abandon with which he could throw himself into another's cause was wonderful. His identity with the afflicted was complete. Here lay the secret of his great power with men. He was a man of broad sympathies. All races, all creeds and conditions shared his love and interest. Though a loyal Baptist, his heart went out to all workers, in every sphere of effort.

He was a good citizen. He took a comprehensive view of India's needs and advocated necessary reforms both in private and public.

His life was *short* in years, but long in blessed results. His sun set while it was yet noon, but it set in glory. Being dead he yet speaks—"He fell like a soldier, he died at his post." In the full vigor of life, in the midst of his work, with the sweat of

toil on his brow, he laid his armour by and went to be with the Lord. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and having finished his course and kept the faith he received the crown of life which fades not away.

Let us be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

JOHN McLaurin.

SEA FOG.

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea;
 Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
 Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
 And wreathed waters gray with mystery!
 The ship glides like a phantom silently,
 As screams the white-winged gull before the mast;
 Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
 Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay.

The vapor lifts! Again the sea gleams bright;
 The heavens have hid within their chambers far
 Cloud-stuff of gossamer, from which are spun
 To-morrow's skyey pomps, inwove with light,
 The belted splendors for the rising sun,
 And rosy curtains for the evening star.

T. H. R.

Bay of Fundy, August.

From the Lake Magazine.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND. — In my previous letter I grouped the earliest Florentine painters as best I could from the few specimens of their art to be seen in the Gallery. Their work exhibits art in its infancy, and wholly under the influence of religious teachings.

As the religious fervor began to cool, the incoming of a new element marks another stage. The revival of classical learning, known as the Renaissance, brought mythology to the front. This gave new subjects, and fresh incentive to the expression of beauty. Fragments of fresco and altar-pieces are displaced by easel pictures, denoting the growing desire for home decorations.

Look at this picture,—The Rape of Helen. It is one of the first in which a classical subject is attempted. It was, doubtless, intended to be the cover of a box, octagonal in form, such as were in common use for wedding gifts. Hence the choice of subject. This panel-picture is nearly two feet square, and is done in distemper. An inlet of the sea, a rocky landscape, a small temple having a gilt statue of one of the Greek deities,—these are the settings. From the temple a beautiful woman surrounded by beautiful women—Helen, wife of Menelaus, and the ladies of her court—are being taken off to a ship by Paris and his companions. Paris, the eager lover, takes giant strides, and the ships seem impatient to speed their errand. The flowers in the foreground are exquisitely painted, but the background of rocks and trees is so unlike anything in nature as to make the contrast almost ludicrous. This unequal finish of natural accessories characterizes the art of the time. This is the earliest picture in the Gallery painted for domestic pleasure, and not for religious service. The artist is Benozzo Gozzoli, born 1424. He seems to be the connecting link between the religious and mythological periods. He was a pupil of Fra Angelico, of whom I spoke at the close of my first letter. The only other specimen of his work to be seen here is *The Virgin*

and Child Enthroned. It is in distemper, on a woollen panel some five feet square. He was commissioned to make the Virgin similar in mode, form and ornament to one painted by Fra Angelico which is now in the Florentine Academy. It was further stipulated "that the said Benozzo shall at his own cost diligently gild the same panel throughout, both as regards figures and ornaments." In most of the Florentine pictures there is a prodigal use of gold, or "glitter" as Ruskin would say. This painting was an altar-piece of the Campagna di San Marco, Florence. It is a fine composition of thirteen figures: five angels with outstretched wings behind the enthroned Virgin and Child; the Baptist, and St. Zenobius in a rich chasuble, on the Virgin's right; Peter and St. Dominic on the left: with St. Francis and St. Jerome kneeling in front. On the steps are two sweet little goldfinches, which seem to be in beautiful sympathy with the scene, of which they form no unimportant part.

Benozzo was the first Italian painter whose spirit was moved by the beauties of the natural world, and the first to enliven his landscapes with animals. His best work is in the Campo Santo, Pisa,—the subjects being taken from the Old Testament. As a mark of their appreciation, the Pisans, in 1478, presented him with a beautiful sarcophagus against his burial in the Campo Santo. He died in 1498.

Contemporary with Benozzo was Fra Lippo Lippi, a Carmelite friar. Five of his paintings are in the Gallery. Their chief characteristics are rich golden colors and beautiful draperies—his human figures being surcharged with feeling, and his angels like overgrown high-spirited boys. Some day you may read the story of his life as told with dramatic power by Browning. It is not wholly pleasant reading, nor was it meant to be. Browning is a teacher of high things, and his Fra Lippo Lippi is both text and pulpit:—

"I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave
 You need not clap your torches to my face.
 Paint the souls of men—
 Man's soul, and its a fire, smoke . . . No it's not,
 It's vapor done up like a new-born babe—
 It's . . . Well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
 Give us no more of body than shows soul!
 Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
 That sets us praising."

Lippi died in 1469, having left the Convent thirty-seven years before. He was once carried as a slave into Barbary by Moorish pirates, and while a captive in chains managed to draw on a white wall a charcoal portrait of his master. This display of his skill procured Lippi's release from fetters, and subsequent exhibitions of his graphic and pictorial power resulted in the regaining of his liberty. His whole life was a romance.

Here are some eight paintings in distemper of peculiar richness in coloring. They are, indeed, the richest and also the most fanciful of all the specimens of the Florentine school. Note this Virgin and Child, the Baptist and Angels. The scene is in a garden. The Virgin is seated with the Child on her knees, and two angels hold a crown over her head. The Baptist kneels in adoration before the divine Child. The Virgin is reposeful and dignified: the children are full of life and action, and the angels are buoyant youths. The trellised rose-hedge in the background—the rose being one of the flowers consecrated to the Madonna by the painters—serves as a delightful emblem of love and beauty,—“A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse.” This artist is an inspired painter of flowers, especially of roses, and his name is Botticelli,—1446–1510. His real name was Sandro, or Alessandro, Fillippi. Having been apprenticed to a goldsmith, he adopted his name. He became a pupil of Lippi, and the fullness of human life, blended with religious feeling, which characterizes his work, is manifestly derived from his master. His Madonnas seem so very human as to appear out of sympathy with the divine Child,—their humanity moving towards a lower companionship than that of which the Infant Saviour is the expression. Perhaps Tennyson derived a hint in this respect from Botticelli's Madonnas, in his representation of Guinevere's desire for a less perfect man than was the divine Arthur.

In the latter part of his life, Botticello came under the influence of Savonarola, the great Florentine Reformer. Here is his Nativity of Christ, painted two years after Savonarola died. Much of Botticello's earlier painting was devoted to mythological subjects, over which he throws a great charm. Mars and Venus, and Venus with Cupids, in the Gallery, are interesting examples. Having become an ardent follower of Savonarola he forsook the field of classical mythology and found his subjects

wholly in Biblical history. The Nativity is an inspiring example of his later work. Browning has done much to reinvest the productions of this artist with extraordinary interest.

Thus far I have called your attention to two very marked stages in the Florentine school. In the first,—known as the Giottesque—symbols are used. The story is everything, and religious feeling overtops all. In the second, the artist opens his eyes to the world of natural beauty in which he lives, and tries to paint nature as he sees it,—the naturalistic stage. Here is a picture, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, which emphasizes this latter stage as seen in the painting of the human form. How marked are the firm strong muscles in the arms and legs of the executioner! It is very evident the painter took pleasure even in a most painful subject, since it afforded him an opportunity of skillfully displaying, by his brush, his anatomical knowledge. This is the only work of Pollajuolo, 1429-1498, to be seen in the Gallery. He was the first painter who studied anatomy from the dead body, and is a typical representative of the second period.

A third period or stage was the inevitable outcome. Perfection of the technical process of painting, the attempt to heighten form into ideal beauty, and to give it all the energy, grace and life possible—these are the motives which now become operative and find free and masterful play. *Leonardi da Vinci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Raphael*, and *Titian* are the four great masters of this period, and indeed four of the greatest painters whom the world has seen. Let me clear the way to speak intelligibly of them and their work.

If we walk observantly through several of the rooms we shall see that we have reached a time when many branches or schools of Italian Art have come into being. The spirit which so long stirred the Florentine artists has spread over all Italy, and found expression in many schools; among them, the *Sieneſe*, *Venetian*, *Umbrian*, *Paduan* and *Bolognese*: while the Florentine has continued to rise in power and influence, filling Europe with its products. I should like to enter fully into the characteristics of each of these schools and note their representative painters, but I fear I should weary and confuse you. I shall therefore say merely a word or two of these, taking care to

mention those names which lead up to the four great Masters to whom I have referred.

The Sienese school, especially the work of Matteo of Siena, 1435-1500, while marked by feeling and grace, is noteworthy for its religious emphasis in early art, and for the persistence of this emphasis. Of the Umbrian I shall speak by-and-by. It is enough to say just now that Raphael was its star of the first magnitude. The Paduan, founded by Synarcione, 1394-1474, a great teacher of linear perspective, was the most learned of all the schools, and the source of the classical and mythological streams. Its treatment of form is also sharp and sculpturesque. Andrea Mantegna, 1431-1506, is one of its great masters, his works being full of old-time feeling. While Botticello "played with the art of the ancients" and put it to modern use, Mantegna "lived and moved in it." He was one of the first to engrave his own pictures.

The first aim of the Venetian school was with light, shade and color as they have to do with the representation of the human form, simply as form and outward appearance. Coupled with this, necessarily, was the representation of dress, furniture, and architecture. In the attainment of this aim the painters of this school, in the judgment of Ruskin, reached perfection. The Bellini brothers, Gian, or John and Gentile stand out most prominently among the Venetian painters. Their father, a painter also, said "he hoped in God's name Gian would oustrip him, and that Gentile, the elder, would outstrip both." But it was Gian who shot ahead in the race. He was born in 1426, and lived till he was ninety. Venetian art had already its well defined character for open air effects. Bellini's pictures, like most Venetian paintings, are marked by rich and subdued tones, interblended with positive tints and shades, seen through a medium of soft haze,—an atmosphere peculiar to countries washed by the sea. An example is seen in one of his sacred pieces, Christ's Agony in the Garden. The picture is rosy with sunset clouds, the first twilight painting with sunset hues. It is, however, as a portrait painter that he commands especial attention. The painting of portraits had already been begun in Venice, but he it was who established the art. You have, no doubt, seen portraits of the Doge Leonardo Loredana, under

whose rule Venice became one of the Great Powers of Europe. He sat to Bellini for his portrait, which was hung in the ducal palace. It is now in the National Gallery, the original of the engravings so widely circulated. It is one of the most striking pictures to be seen here. I cannot undertake a description of it. For perfection of form, color, light and shade, and consummate technique, I have never seen a portrait to compare with it; nor does it lack in forceful personality. Bellini is one of the greatest of the fifteenth century painters, showing, even to the end of his long life, increasing knowledge and power. He had a number of pupils who became famous, among them the great Titian. Bellini's earlier works are in distemper, while his later ones are in oil. It is believed he obtained the secret of working in oil from Antonella, a Venetian, who learned the art in Flanders. Bellini, disguising himself as a nobleman, sat for his portrait to Antonella, and thus detected the secret.

The founder of the Bolognese school of painters was Il Francia (Francesco Raibolini), 1450-1517. He was a goldsmith by trade—you will think that all the old painters were goldsmiths first, but there are exceptions!—and after he was forty years of age became famous in Lombardy and Bologna as a painter. One of his three paintings in the Gallery is An Altar-Piece. It is noble in composition and full of artistic grace and power in expression. The Virgin with the Babe, St. Anne offering the Babe a peach—a symbol of the fruits of the Spirit,—little St. John, a beautiful child form, standing at the foot of the throne, bearing in his arms a cross of reeds encircled by a scroll on which is inscribed *Ecce Agnus Dei*, St. Lawrence with his gridiron and palm branch, and St. Frediana, are on the right; while, on the left are Paul, holding a sword, the instrument of his martyrdom, and St. Sebastian bound and pierced with arrows—his anguish rapt away into heavenly beatitude. Pathos is the distinguishing power of Il Francia's brush. This is wonderfully felt in studying the *lunette*, or arch, of the Altar-Piece. It is a *pietà*,—two sympathetic angels with the Virgin weeping over the dead body of our Lord. He is surely dead, but it is the death-sleep of one wearied with most sorrowful and exhausting labor. The picture is suffused with reverence and tender pity, and something of the restfulness and peace which wait on the

completion of a great and overmastering life-work. The countenance of the angel at the head has a peaceful expression as of one who knows that it is but a little while till He shall make good His claim, "I am the resurrection and the life." The angel at the feet is sorrowful with sympathy for the bereaved Mother. The Mother lovingly rests the body of her Son on her knee as when He was a child. Her face is tearful and very sad, yet bears the assurance of a well-nigh hidden hope, and a manifest content that heaven conferred on her the honor of being His mother. The picture is instinct with ineffable tenderness,—heaven and earth pouring out their founts of love together.

Are you weary of the 'Squint-eyed' Saints and Madonnas, Altar-Pieces and Pietas of the early stages of Italian painting? I should not be surprised if you were. It may comfort you to say that in my next letter I hope to interest you in that period which may fitly be called the meridian glory of Italian art.

EMELINE A. RAND.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The Manual Training Department in connection with Woodstock College is now entering upon the fourth year of its existence, and that which was at first regarded as something of an experiment has now taken settled form and is here to stay. Many of your readers are familiar with the working of this department, and may have visited the shops and inspected their equipment, but for the benefit of others we wish to give a brief description of our outfit and work. First, however, we would like to correct a prevalent impression, that this is a mere carpenter or machine shop where boys are taught to make articles, useful or otherwise. It is really an extension of our curriculum, a new subject, studied not from text books, but by actual contact with the materials wrought upon, and calling for observation, accuracy and skill. The ultimate object is the further education

of the boy, not the making of articles—this last is merely the means to the end.

The outfit for this department is very much more extensive than that required for the other departments of the curriculum, and that in itself constitutes the chief obstacle to its universal introduction into our schools. The best educators everywhere are agreed as to the great advantages of a Manual Training course, but the requisite means for establishing such a course are not easily obtained.

We may perhaps be best able to give our description by following the work of the classes throughout the course. In the junior class boys are supposed to have had little or no practice in tool work. Each boy is assigned a bench provided with a fairly complete set of carpenters' tools, comprising about thirty pieces. To these he is introduced by degrees, made to learn their uses and the care they require, and through a regularly graded series of exercises he develops skill in handling them. His work is so arranged that, as far as possible, his mind is constantly employed. He studies the effect of every stroke of hammer, chisel or saw. General instructions as to how to proceed are given as far as the teacher deems it wise, but, to a great extent, the boy is left to think out for himself the best way to gain his end, and even his mistakes and failures are not without their good results, inasmuch as they stimulate him to forethought, self-reliance and care. In this class we have benches and tools to accommodate twenty-four students working together.

As the thoughtfulness and skill developed by this course are apparent, the class is gradually entrusted with the care of machinery. The turning lathe is the simplest of woodworking machines, and it is, at the same time, capable of a very great variety of uses. The class is made to examine its construction, and to study the relation of the parts and to learn the care that these need. There are in the shop twenty-four wood lathes, with two sets of tools to each, and the students to whom these are assigned become responsible for their care and good condition. On the same principle that has hitherto been pursued a graded series of exercises is given, beginning with the simplest operations and reaching to the most delicate and intricate work.

Thus taste is being consulted and the eye trained to become more observant and appreciative of graceful designs and mechanical accuracy and beauty of finish. The skill that has been thus far acquired is now turned to the construction of simple physical apparatus, so that a boy is allowed to carry out practically what he has been studying in theory in the class-room, and thus both the class-room and the workshop are made to possess a more real and living interest. The work outlined above covers the first year of the course.

In the second year the work, both in carpentry and turning, is mostly in hard woods, requiring more patience, accuracy and skill. The construction of mechanical and physical appliances is continued, and to this is also added a course in pattern making. As a simple illustration of the effects of this training, we may mention an incident that occurred during the past year. When the class was entering upon the course there was handed around for their inspection a very well executed and rather intricate pattern, made by a veteran pattern maker. They all thought it a neat and fine piece of work in its general appearance, but saw nothing more in it at that time. At the end of the course, and after they had had some experience in similar work themselves, the same pattern was again shown to the class, but this time with very different results. Every part was inspected and many features were analyzed and commented upon that had been unnoticed before,—a difficult yet well-fitting joint,—a good expedient for strengthening a delicate part,—the skill shown in the method of building-up the pattern,—these and other remarks showed how their eyes had been trained to observe, and their intelligence to judge of and appreciate the ability shown in the work.

Wood carving is deservedly given a place of prominence on the course. As in the other departments of wood work provision is made here also for a class of twenty-four working together, each student being provided with an adequate set of carvers' tools. The purpose aimed at is to cultivate a refined taste, to develop a keener and more intelligent appreciation for architectural beauty, as well as the power to some extent to reproduce these forms of beauty and ornamentation. The third year of the course is devoted to ironwork. The equipment for this

work is necessarily of a much more expensive character than that of the woodworking department. The class commences with forging first in lead then in iron and finally in steel. The properties of metals are practically and thoroughly learnt. What has been studied in theory respecting the properties of heat, tempering, etc., is now worked out practically; and the principles of metal working, having in this way been learnt, the class is entrusted with iron working machines, the iron planer, the drill, the iron shaper, the milling machine, and that most universal of all machines the engine lathe. With these they learn to give metals every variety of shape, to fit with the requisite accuracy, and also to apply all that they have hitherto learnt to the construction of machines in wood and iron. Among the various exercises made by the class last year, was a very creditable turning lathe. We hope that in the near future the class may be able to undertake the building of dynamos and perhaps a small steam engine. From the beginning to the end of the course great stress is laid upon drawing. Every exercise that is made is first required to be drawn accurately to scale. Boys thus learn both to represent intelligently what they purpose doing, and to work with accuracy and method from plans and drawings that they have made. In addition to the drawing of exercises, more extended work both in mechanical and architectural drawing is given to supplement and complete the course.

The above is briefly a summary of what is done in Manual Training in Woodstock, and of the equipment with which the school is provided. The result so far has been eminently satisfactory, and with the large additions that have recently been made to the outfit better results than ever may reasonably be expected. From all who have been in a position to watch the progress of this part of our school work, and to estimate its utility, we have heard but the one opinion expressed, that the course is worthy of the heartiest support and is designed to supply a very great lack on the practical side of our educational system.

In arranging any educational course and in selecting what are to be the subjects of study two thoughts are always kept prominently in view, the suitability of the subject for developing and sharpening the intelligence and the use the knowledge

acquired may prove in active life. In selecting literature, science, mathematics or classics, these two objects are never lost sight of. The study of literature stimulates thought, develops language and refines the taste, and the knowledge with which the mind is stored by this study is of immense advantage in after life. And so with the study of science and the others: each has this double function and the value of any subject on our curriculum, and the right it has to its place there are estimated by the degree with which it answers this twofold object. Apply this test to Manual Training and it will be seen that there is no subject that meets the requirements better or that has in these two regards a better claim to a place on our curriculum of studies. The pursuit of the study itself calls into play and develops as many of the faculties as any other study that can be named, and some of the faculties that are among the most potent factors in a successful life are developed by this means as they could be by no other, and then as to the advantage accruing as a result of the knowledge acquired Manual Training stands surely second to none. This is an age when science and mechanism play such a part in the world as never before, where the widest fields are open and the grandest prizes are attainable, and that course of instruction which will specially fit a boy for success along these lines has certainly special and superior claims. A man is not by this training made expert in any trade, yet there is no trade the fundamental principles of which he is not made tolerably familiar with. There is no department in all the activities of mankind into which he cannot look with intelligence. In whatever condition he may be placed he is able through his special training and knowledge to profit fully by his surroundings and to rise rapidly to positions of influence and respect.

D. K. CLARKE.

Students' Quarter.

THE TELEPHONE.

I.

Speech is vibration : if the ear
 Of man, half sensate, leagues away
 Doth ken my whispers, heaven may
 My prayer-borne joy and sorrow hear.

II.

The wavelets pebble-born that float
 And lap at last the farthest shores
 Prove distance nought, that pearly doors
 Ope to the suppliant's softest note.

III.

God hears, God answers o'er that azure sea
 Whose ether waves responsive lave the strands
 Of planet isles : worlds thus an infant's hands
 May move, and heart strings of the Deity.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

DREAM WITHIN DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The maple leaves had fallen, the lilies and roses had faded, the swallows and robins had flown to a warmer south when the cool graceful hands of autumn drew back the chilly curtains of the north, and the monarch of the winter marched from his arctic palace on the fields and towns of Canada.

The snow had been blown over Ontario's sleeping ground and, mantling the trees and shrubs in white, had decked the hills with pearls and crowned the mountain peaks with sapphires as they towered roseate in the setting sun. It had foliated the ice-bridged brooks and covered the crevices in the rocks. It had

given the roads a pavement of white, and tipped with snowy purity the church spires' evening gold. The queenly loveliness of summer was now rivalled by the kingly grandeur of winter.

In a village on the slopes of the Ottawa valley a happy group had assembled at the house of the minister to participate, in their merry way, on this Christmas eve in the delights of a family gathering.

The lamps burned brightly as their rays shot quivering out on the growing night, and seemed to struggle with the wooing beams of the moon. How bright the music! It was that good old rousing kind. And the singing, it was varied with those sweet melodies that make a man forget himself and steal at least an hour from the thoughts and cares of life, for it was the overflow of full hearts. Grandmother said it almost shook the rafters; and my aunt remarked, in her own peculiar way, "Never heard the like before, never!"

The fire in the big grate was blazing as only such fires can, as peal on peal of merry laughter made the old hearth ring with youthful joy. In his accustomed rocking chair my grandfather was sitting, his spectacles pushed from his cheerful eyes, arched by heavy brows of grey, to his forehead; the way he always sat when his mind was lingering on past scenes.

Suddenly, up cried a little voice, "A story from gran'pa, a story from gran'pa!" Its echoes went from young to old. Then they all, so fond of those stories the preacher used to tell, sat around, as the tall clock in the corner ticked out the steady strides of time, and drew their chairs closer as the old man began:—

Where once in pre-historic days stood a proud and sculptured temple of the mysterious Egyptian goddess, Isis, there flourished many years ago the rich mansion of a noble family of Palestine—a family whom Roman rule and greed had forced to flee from home by night, and seek shelter in suppressing their name and concealing their nationality.

After three years' journeying across the desert sands in wandering caravans, they found a dwelling in this crumbling palace built on the ruins of a temple on the foilaged banks of the Nile, that for thousands of years has never failed to rise and brood over the fertile soil of the dark land of the Pharaohs.

They were as happy as exiles could be in the robes of a foreign, though friendly, country.

The river flowing past their palace met the waters of the yellow Tiber, that seemed coloured with the gold and stained with the blood of the victims of the haughty throne on the Seven Hills, and so they had the fears of fallen princes. One by one they had taken the fairest hopes to those silent graves beneath the palm trees yonder as they waved beside the flowing Nile.

Now, only two remained. One, an aged woman, waiting for the voice calling across the cold waves; a woman in whose expressive countenance and suggestive form you saw the valour of her ancestors and the virtues of her religion. The other was the woman's grandchild. Elnorali showed the Egyptian neighbors, although she had never spoken to them, the character of her mother. They beheld in the child's dark-brown eyes the mind we at once recognize as the helper of a proud but tender spirit; on her brow they saw the beauty of the Mount of Olives, and in her bearing the suggestion of Him for whom her race waited. For the girl was the scion of culture and of fortune ruled by a queen whose sceptre was supreme—religion.

In the morning when the day was dawning her grandmother would sometimes hear a little child-voice calling, and Elnorali would say:

"O, Grandma, the star is not shining, but I see the golden land!"

For the child of Palestine had often heard her mother tell of the holy words that were written in the sacred scrolls about the Christ who was to come, and show the children of men the life divine: love to men, that golden light, tingeing the waves of time, that guides the soul to God.

The child admired, yet did not love, the large and passionless statues and carvings that stood between the columns of the corridors and adorned the walls of their spacious Egyptian palace. Their unvoiced tale was of the longings of the yearning soul of man, but tainted with long and sullen enmities against the God she worshipped as the Father, the great All-Father of mankind. And so every evening as Elnorali knelt beside her eastern window she used to cast a long, long look beyond her mother's grave

beneath the palm trees as they waved beside the flowing Nile, beyond the blue and distant hills to the darkening sky above the fields of Palestine, and pray that when she awoke in the morning the star might be shining and the golden land grow more golden.

The girl thought often of her mother's words when she lay dying in this foreign land: "Watch, my child, for it is written, 'When the Christ shall come His star shall be seen in the East.'"

And sometimes in the long hours of the dark and silent nights of Egypt her wakeful guardian would hear the voice of Elnorali, starting as the stars cast long golden whispers down to where she slept and dreamed, crying, "O mother, I am coming!" And then the Father would hear the woman's prayer as she kissed the child and smiled through her tears, sobbing: "O Elnorali, from these shrunken lips hast thou heard that the streaks in the morning sky thou callest the golden land shall grow brighter and more golden when in the East the star of the Christ shall shine—ah, I fear these eyes, now so sad, so sunken, shall die before that morning I have loved so long shall ever dawn; but thou, my child, thou shalt see it. O, Father, my soul grows weary: O, forgive me! I see the dark river rolling, I hear the cold waves calling. O, my daughter, I come."

And now Elnorali wandered alone among the flowers, for there was another grave among the graves beneath the palm trees by the flowing Nile.

The years went by, and the child became a woman.

Still, in the morning, when the day was dawning, was heard the same sweet voice of Elnorali saying "O husband, the star is not shining, but I see the golden land." And still at evening she knelt before her eastern window and prayed the same prayer the Father heard through all the years since Elnorali was a child. Now she seemed more dark, more queenly, for sorrow and faith had graced with more than beauty the olive brow that only lacked a crown. And still the statutes in the silent halls looked down upon the woman as she passed, and the carvings seemed more full of mystery.

Again the years went by. The dark and wavy hair grew grey: and lines, expressive of the mind within, curved about the lovely soul-like eyes, and Elnorali taught her children's children

the same holy tales the prophets had written in the sacred scrolls. And now in her aged night, as ever in her youthful day, the woman knelt before the eastern window and cast long, long looks beyond her mother's grave, beyond the blue and distant hills, and prayed in trembling voice: "O Father, I have waited long. To-night I seem to hear an angel's voice. I see the dark river rolling and hear the cold waves calling, but I have never seen the star shining and the golden land grow more golden—for the Christ has not come." Praying thus the aged Elnorali fell asleep, and the stars cast down long golden whispers as she dreamed in their beckoning rays that she was once more a child.

What a pleasant dream! Again she wandered among the flowers in the sunshine, listened to the singing waters of the brooks, and heard the trees waving in the woodland: to her all blades of grass, all blossom-leaves and drops of dew, warble of birds and insects' hum seemed echoes of voices unknown and messages divine.

What a fateful dream! Again she lingered beneath the palms waving beside the Nile, and the child smiled through her tears as she laid a flower on her mother's grave. Here she lay down to rest; and the twilight darkened and the night, as the child of Palestine slept and dreamed.

Now, again, when the day was dawning, her faithful guardian heard a child voice calling, and started at its words: "O mother, I am coming, I am coming now. O, grandma, I see it, I see the star; how bright our native sky! O, grandma, O, mother, the star is shining, and the golden land grows more golden, for the Christ has come!"

And the child awoke; but the woman, never. Elnorali was in the golden land. And there was another grave among the graves beneath the palm trees as they waved beside the flowing Nile, and the Christ's star in the East was shining above the fields and hills of Palestine.

This was the aged preacher's story.

"Those old tales," said my grandmother, as she brushed the hair silvered by eighty years from off her husband's temples, "are the tales I love." And she kissed his flushing cheek, and he took her in his arms and kissed her—kissed her with a lover's kiss.

Just then the church bells rang out, with silvery tone waving down the valley of the Ottawa, reminding my grandfather and my grandmother that to-morrow was the anniversary of their golden wedding, that to-morrow, nearly nineteen centuries ago, the leader of heaven's starry legions marched from other worlds and halted over Bethlehem in Judea to announce to him who wore the monarch's crown, to him who swung the tyrant's sceptre, to him who dwelt beneath oppression's roof, to proclaim all down the ages with eternal echoes what is and was to be the dawn immortal, Christmas morning.

W. J. THOROLD.

ICONOCLASM.

I said to God,

"My Lord, if Thou wilt order now that I
Shall write, then, Poet pure and perfect, grant
Thy guidance of all thought that visits me;
Let thought and utterance savour of my soul
And that of God. Thus I'll not write in vain."

Thou, first of all, my reader, let thy soul
Have sway, unchallenged, hindered not. Show thou
To it these words, for *this* is thou who read;
The "thou" of God's thy soul, which, then, let read
Else read no more, thou stranger. If perchance
A soul may profit here, my wish is won.

I ask thee, reading soul, thy plans to-day
Or if day's done, thy morrow's purposed deeds,
This that I ask thee, God has asked before,
And thou must needs be candid with me, soul—
The truth is: Half-afraid but wholly keen,
Thou'rt happiest, most rejoicing, when the clay
Of thy frail house outshines in brilliant paint
All other,—when thy house, resplendent, seems

A palace in compare,—when it is barred
 And blocked by so much earthy, glittering dust
 That God finds ingress hard, oft 'tis well nigh
 Impossible. This is thy doing, soul,
 And if it slacken but a single day
 Thou'rt all cast down and grieved. Now hear thou, soul.
 The thing thy deeds proclaim thee in the sight
 Of God and man (and him alone I hold
 A man who strives towards God)—Thou sordid fool!
 Look here, thou fool, thou'rt dying, and thy god
 Is dead as soon as thou,—and then,—what then,
 'Thou poorest of the poor?

Profit and Loss is based on this from Ge'l,
 "What profits it a man to gain the world
 And lose his soul?"

And is it hard then? If
 It be not God thou'rt striving after, soul,
 With earnest, loving, longing day by day,
 Only by His touch animating thee
 Roused into action, working not for the
 Possession of a god, but in thy God's
 Possession working with humility
 And grateful gladness—so thou shalt be blest.—
 If not, O idol-worshipper, arise,
 Departing folly,—darkness too departs,—
 Nor fades, nor fails the brightness of the day.

G. H. C.

A MIDSUMMER SAIL AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Who has not heard or read of the glories of this fairy land, where nature seems to have forgotten her stern realities, and has only designs for holidays and pleasure. In childhood's dreamy days we read of this sporting ground, wandered through its channels and sat upon its cliffs. We saw the setting sun paint wave, and bank, and tree, till it was half transformed into the ethereal. We had not dared to hope, at that time, visions would ever give place to realities.

For those who have never passed through these winding channels and skirted their varying shores, there awaits a repast which they have not yet known.

This American pleasure ground begins its display at Kingston, and while the river St. Lawrence decreases in width, it increases in variety for about forty miles to near Brockville, there the deep green waters mingle into one flood and roll heavily toward the sea. Here is where nature has enriched her beauties by mingling and intermingling, land and water, rocks and forests, rugged cliffs and sloping banks, in all the beautiful variety of which nature alone is capable. How beautifully nature can blend her parts! What master artist can paint *one* of these views in living colors and proportions; the mirky atmosphere of a midsummer day, growing thicker as it approaches the horizon; the delicate green of the waters, as they appear in the perspective of one of these channels, with the rippling waves glistening in the sun, and the shadows of the rising shores, with their myriad shades of green, looking up from the depths below; the old rocks with sharp angles and jagged sides, with bush and vine clinging to their weather-beaten cracks; the high sloping banks, or the low sedgy shore, and all the infinite variety of outline, bay, point, ravine and shoal, where the scattered wrecks of rocks lie strewn about in endless confusion. Then think of the thousands of these scenes that nature has not *painted* but really *made* and spread out for our enjoyment.

Leaving Kingston we pass through a narrow strait separat-

ing Cedar Island from the main shore, and from that time until we return under the shining stars that wink down at their faces in the waves below, our eyes are dazzled and our souls absorbed in the scenes spread out before us.

These banks and coves have put on their holiday attire. Here a tent spreads its white wings to the summer breeze, while youths and maidens, in their light airy suits, shake their hats and handkerchiefs at our passing boat. The union jack floating at the top of their tent waves to us their happy wishes. The drooping branches of the old elms close by spread a grateful shade on the soft grassy bank, where the limpid waves lap with their soft tongues the rows of pebbles that line the shelving beach. Farther on, a little bay stretches back beneath the overhanging boughs of its leafy shores as if seeking the refreshing coolness of their shades. The panting cattle chew the cud beneath the neighboring grove, while the little creek close by steals secretly down the woody slopes, murmuring on its way past mossy stones, till it leaps into the great river.

The water-lilies wade out into the shallows till they rest their broad palms upon the surface of the water, and, submerged up to the chin, turn their white and yellow faces up to smile at us as we pass. Now we begin to enter where the islands increase in number and diminish in size. The scene becomes enchanting. We must hasten to take in the view on every side. How can we see or enjoy so much in so short a time! Every pulse of our engine's heart is thrusting us on to other and varying views, increasing, if possible, in interest. Here we are passing a long sloping bank, rising quickly to the height of a hundred feet and beautifully covered with its forest mantle of many colors, from the sombre green of the spruce and pine to the more cheery shades of the maple and birch.

"The sloping uplands deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride."

Avenues and vistas stretch to left and to right, in front and behind, and we are lost in a maze of channels and islands. The channels—wide and narrow, crooked and straight, widening and narrowing, deep and shallow, with high and low banks, and variety infinite.

How we would like to pursue them all to their utmost crannies and climb their rugged sides, pulling ourselves up by the bushes and trees, till we could sit upon their topmost pinnacles and let the soul bask in their beauties and swell with admiring emotion. The gentle summer breezes, moist with the freshness of the green waters and fragrant with the rustic verdure of their craggy shores, lightly bowed the heads of the cedars to welcome us to their scenes. The little waves leaped up to kiss the fair brow of the landscape, as if in love with its beauty. The echoes from our steamer's whistle chase each other in sportive glee up the rugged slopes and through the sylvan glades, laughing back at us, till they hide themselves behind some old mossy rock or by the bubbling spring. This is Echo Point, not far from Fiddler's Elbow, where superstitious people declare that on a bright summer's afternoon they can hear distinctly the sweet strains of a violin. Some have even said they can see the picture of an old man and his fiddle at the head of the island. Here the boat has to make so sudden a turn that it seems we had come to the end of our course. If left to our own invention in the lost channel, we should be like the belated traveller in the unbroken forest, not knowing whither to go. A story is told that during the French and Indian wars a vessel was lost here and never again heard of.

Often, on one side of our boat, the bank will be beautifully covered with the primeval forest, while on the other the undulating rocks rise out of the water with their bare sides parching in the sun. But even here Nature has striven with commendable zeal to soften their hard-hearted bosoms with mosses and lichens and shrubs. A few small trees grasp with their fingers the cracks of the rocks which so scantily supply their stunted growth, and with genial effort attempt to drive dull monotony from her ancient solitary reign.

Man, too, in sympathy with Nature's sportive mood, comes here to spend his holiday, away from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where the clatter and din of the mirky street gives place to exhilarating freshness.

Here the fantastic cottages, built in all the various designs of the freaks of architecture, peep through the avenues or groves and smile from the lap of their spacious lawns. Some look

down from the side of the jutting crags, where they nestle in the side of the rising rocks to see their pretty faces mirrored in the waters below. Their inmates, dressed in all the gay colors of summer birds, scatter themselves about beneath the shades, or sit in gossiping groups on the balconies and verandas, waving their hats and aprons at the passing tourists, while every pinnae lifts its flag to the playful breeze.

Surely this is the land where men have ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest. Edenic bliss has once again returned in this small place to smile upon our earth, and men no more eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, but seek to fill each passing hour with varying merriment. Thus "idly busy" roll their days away. Innumerable skiffs and yachts glide about among these islands. Some skim over the water with light wings like the summer swallow, others ply the waters with dripping oars shining in the sun. So here, as little children frisk about their parents' path, running hither and thither, plucking flowers along the way, proud of their nimbleness,— little steam yachts, well decked with flags, skip from point to point and sport with our steamer's course, and hurry to and fro as if to mock our more patient speed.

Gay colors and holiday scenes have here clasped hands and gone courting together. The highly colored paint of the cottages, the flags at the tops of the poles on cottage, hotel and boats, and the brightly colored suits of the yachts' crews, all vie with each other for attention.

Even the old gray rocks have sprung into life, and speak out from their bold faces the names of the adjacent houses: "Point Vivian," "Riverside," "Island Royal," "Hill Crest," "St. Helena," "Fern Cliff."

Rustic bridges, proudly arching over the narrow channels among the branches of the old trees leaning over the edge of the bank to catch a view of their graceful forms in the silent waters, could tell many a tale of lovers sitting beneath the lengthening shadow of ebbing day, till silent twilight crept over the scene and the gentle moonbeams bathed the mossy banks.

Here are the parks where the wealth of American luxuriance has been lavished, to supplement from art the rich bequests of nature. Here are the rows of cottages brightly decorated,

the great summer hotels with their thousands of tourists, where all the ends of the earth meet "to hear or tell some new thing," and the great preachers come to exhibit the depth and height of human thought.

Here is the Presbyterian camp at Westminster Park, the Methodist at Thousand Park Island and the Baptist at Round Island Park.

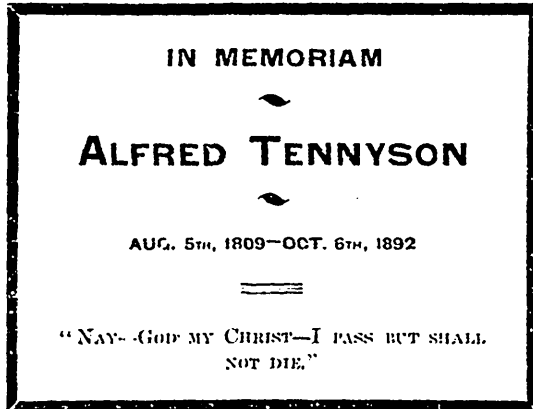
But who can tell of all these sights and impressions? Any attempt at description seems to pale before the reality of its beauty. Now the day is far spent and we beat our way back along the American channel. The slanting rays of the sun gleam like a stream of fire across the western waves. It is slowly sinking into a pillow of dreamy haze. Its dazzling beams are each moment being shorn of their power, and with bold round face, he takes one last look into the mirrored waves before he sinks to his evening rest and closes his great calm eye in peaceful slumber.

The outlines of the wooded shore grow dim, while the lighthouse raises its torch on each dangerous point and shoal. Our eyes have become tired of seeing, and gentle twilight draws down her veil, to close us in to our own little floating world and make us think of home. Our thoughts are now upon the old limestone city and we are looking for its electric stars to gleam out upon the dark waters to welcome us back from the land of flitting pleasure to the sober reality of life. They soon break on our expecting eyes, and with a few more beats of our faithful steamer's heart we are beside the wharf, and the day is done.

J. E. CHUTE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Gouin system of acquiring a conversational knowledge of any language, about which a good deal has been written of late, and by which little Jack Stead is making such triumphant progress, is, without doubt, a very excellent system. There is no reason why a specially trained and intelligent teacher, with abundance of time to devote to a few pupils, so that each and all of them can be kept steadily practising at frequent intervals, cannot by such a system produce striking results, in a comparatively short time. Granting, however, that this system may have some superior features of its own, the true secret of rapid success, by this or any other method, is constant, individual practice. None of the methods will, we fear, give brilliant results where, as in our High Schools, only two or three hours a week are allowed, and that too with large classes.



THE efforts of the Prison Reform Conference, convened by the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, deserve the support of all Christian men and women. The Minister of Education for Canada, has given a sympathetic response to the recommendations of the Association. It is hoped the Government of Ontario will do likewise. Our legislators seem to be waiting for the moving of popular opinion. We can hardly err in expressing the belief that the best sentiment of the country

is entirely in sympathy with the proposed reforms. Let us have them, and the sooner the better. It is a dreadful thing for society to tolerate immoral and inhumane practices in its penal system; and one cannot command words sufficiently condemnatory of practices which mingle the unfortunate and the insane with criminals, in the prisons of this province. Shame on us!

THE voluntary surrender of the exercise of independence and freedom is a novel thing in the history of teaching universities. Victoria, with its list of honored graduates, has consented, at least for a time, to carry on its work in federation with the University of Toronto. The beautiful new building in Queen's Park was, at its opening, thronged with old alumni and members of the Methodist body. The Lieutenant-Governor and representatives of the universities were present. The occasion was one of much interest. Dr. Carman, who presided, said that if federation proved unsatisfactory, Victoria would run up its old flag of independence. It was a very pleasing and graceful act on the part of Mr. Massey, to present a cheque for forty thousand dollars to endow a new professorship. The Methodists are quite able to place Victoria in a position of affluence and power, and we trust Mr. Massey's example will be freely copied by the Methodists of Ontario. In truth, the well-to-do in every denomination should see to it, that university education under healthful auspices, shall not want for means in this Canada of ours. As an older settler in the Park, McMaster may be permitted to extend a hearty welcome, and to wish for Victoria a prosperous and enlarged future.

It was a great delight to us all to hear Secretary McDiarmid at the public meeting of our Fyfe Missionary Society. This, if we mistake not, was his first public appearance since entering upon the duties of his office. It is peculiarly fitting that the first stroke should have been under the auspices of the Missionary Society, which lies so close to the heart of all our denomination, in fact and in promise. The Secretary's words had the right ring. It is clear that he will be true to all our denominational interests, and that means much for the compactness and intelligence of our denominational life. The writer had the experience last May of following at two weeks' distance, Superintendent McEwen's visitation of the churches of one Association, and it was a delight to find the blessing that had been left behind, in the quickened interest, not only in Home Missions, but in other departments of work as well. His visit made that of his successor all the more pleasant, and in every

church there was heard nothing but words of appreciation of his words and work. And we are persuaded Bro. McDiarmid's influence will be equally wholesome and helpful all round. The constant-visitation of our churches by these two men is one of the most promising things in our denominational outlook.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. GRIGG, ED.

A Reverie of the Editor.

Around me extend a long line of College Journals; the Brotherhood of the Student Editors of the continent are here met in noisy silent conclave. They crack the best college jokes; they chuckle inaudibly; every leaf quivers with laughter as some college quirk goes the rounds. What numberless dormitories contributed their happy secrets to these jovial father confessors; thousands of acres of campus have been scoured for interesting news. A small world of unselfish effort has been expended by amateur journalists, in colleges all over the continent, to send hither this splendid delegation, and this jolly assemblage of rubicund faces shall be grave with affairs of state, and direct American destinies to-morrow. Meanwhile *vive la compagnie*.

Then there are the thousands of the dear wrinkled faces of the old folk at home, who bend over the pages sent them by the boy at College. You dear old souls peering out through dimmed eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles, and whispering your too kind praises through thin and concaved lips, while love quickens your dulling ears and rouses the lumbering love of humor. Stay with us!

Then there are the girls of the boys of the colleges, who scour the nooks and corners of all these college papers for familiar names! Hail ye nymphs of raven hair or gold, and sparkling eyes and laughing lips and cheeks of heavenly bloom. Ye Celas, Dianemes, Anthreas, Lucastas, Dianas, under whatever name or sign or configuration, still admirable. Remember us, our feeble goodnesses in your graces, and in your orisons be all our sins remembered.

A POINTER.—A wise old man said to a young brother, "When you go to preach in the city, take your best coat; when into the country, take your best sermon."—*Christian at Work*.

BIOLOGICAL.—*The Argosy* of Mount Alliston has the following on the origin of flies:

The Freshies make the *butter-fly*.
 The Sophomores make the *horse-fly*.
 The Juniors make the *sparks-fly*.
 The Seniors make the *shoo-fly*.
 The Professors make the *fire-fly*.

A BROTHER POET'S TRIBUTE.—The following lines are selected from Oliver Wendell Holmes' tribute to Whittier :

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine,
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings ;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

But loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A life-long record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

"AS ITERS SEE US."—"THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY for November is a particularly good number."—*Grip*.

"THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is well gotten up, and contains about 60 pages of first-class reading."—*University Monthly*.

"THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is an unusually well written and ambitious College Journal."—*Globe*.

"It presents the appearance of a standard magazine rather than that of a College Journal."—*Empire*.

We are grateful for these and many other generous notices, and will endeavor to justify them in future.

STUDY POLITICAL ECONOMY !—An age like the present ought to develop splendid political economists. On every side questions that come under this head are meeting the people and demanding their attention. These questions should be met and mastered, not from a political standpoint, but from an economic and business standpoint. The world needs men educated in this line of thought. Some think that it is not necessary to study such subjects unless one expects to become an "office seeker." This view is erroneous. Those who seek no office are most useful to humanity if they possess such knowledge.—"*Athenæum*," *West Virginia Univ.*

THIS RECOMMENDS THE MCMMASTER POLICY.—It would not be our place, even if we were so disposed, to regard and speak of federation as a mistake. Nevertheless, the most sanguine putting of the case cannot avoid the fact that federation was a forced result. Forced by what? By the contemptible lack of interest manifested by the Methodist connexion of this country in the welfare of their most prominent educational institution. The idea that one-fifth of the people of this country could not endow and maintain to perpetuity one great university! It is strange that the hundreds of Victoria's clever graduates throughout the country have not been able to create more of an enthusiasm in her behalf. How explain the anomaly that scores and scores of Methodist young men are paying fees and doing credit to institutions, if not inimical to, at least competitors of, ours?

While we hope that prosperity ever increasing may attend her in her new capacity, let Methodists bestir themselves, and if the time should ever come that Victoria sees it to be her mission to stand in the lists once more alone, may she not be held back by any craven fear of poverty.—"*Acta Victoriana*," *Victoria Univ.*

A F.A.D.—A great many of our exchanges burden their columns with a mass of "locals," which, by reason of their obscurity, can be of no interest whatever to any outside the school represented by the paper. Moreover, the arrangement of them must follow the configuration of a right-angled triangle, the first local being monosyllabic, for instance, "Rats," or "Hush"; the next may contain two words, and so on until the line is used. These are intended to be humorous, laconic, and epigrammatic. They cannot, being so evidently forced, contain any of these elements, and are, for the most part, a silly and disgraceful waste of space.

COLLEGE BRIEFS.—Harvard has 295 Elective Courses: Tuft's College is to admit women: Rev. W. Whittington, a classmate of R. W. Emerson's, Harvard, '21, died Aug. '21.—*Free Lance*: Cornell sophomores have organized a class for the reading of Greek authors *at sight*.

Freshman year—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year—"Much Ado about Nothing"

Junior year—"As you Like it."

Senior year—"All's Well that Ends Well."

—*Cornell Era, Ex.*

The faculty of Leland Stanford University has demanded the resignations of the entire Editorial Board of the *Polo Otto* on account of certain articles published: Heidelberg University prohibits football, but tolerates duelling: Western Reserve University has appointed Harry, son of the late President Garfield, to a chair: Marietta College published a Columbus number.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. WARNICKER, EDITOR.

At the University of Chicago, chapel is held at 12.30 p.m. daily and is compulsory.

Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has appointed Prof. Froude to the Chair of History, made vacant by the death of Dr. Freeman.

The University of Chicago has adopted orange as the University color.

The revenues of Oxford and Cambridge represent a capital of about \$75,000,000. The University of Leipsic is worth nearly \$20,000,000.

We learn that a young Scotch lady has carried off the honors in the London University. There were 1,600 male students.—*Ex.*

A young country editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken aback when the preacher announced his text. "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."—*Ex.*

"MERIT RECEIVES RECOGNITION more adequately to-day than ever before." Such was the conclusion reached in the public debate of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College, held Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President's inaugural address, an essay on "The Influence of the Roman Empire," and a reading from Artemus Ward, together with music by the Glee Club and the Banjo and Guitar Club, contributed to make a most enjoyable programme. The presentation of the prizes won at the Annual Athletic Sports and Cross Country Run added much interest to the occasion.

The Seventeenth Public Meeting of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President of the Society, Mr. W. R. McIntosh, B.A., read an excellent essay on "The Rational Basis of Missions," which was warmly received by his interested audience. "'Field Notes' of the West," was the subject of a paper interestingly and well handled by Mr. J. H. Courtney, and Rev. C. W. Gordon, B.A., drew forth repeated expressions of approbation as he spoke on "Mission Work on the 'Great Divide.'" The selections by the Quartette and Glee Club were excellently rendered.

Some of our students attended "Ye Old English Fayre" recently held at the Pavilion. They went presumably with a view to instruction as well as pleasure, considering it a good opportunity to study England in Shakespere's time in some of its phases. They returned, possibly with full heads, certainly with empty purses, declaring that judging by the prices charged for relics and edibles by the picturesque maidens in the quaint little booths that tempted the passer by at every step Old England must have been a very expensive place to live in.

Wanted, the author of the following beautiful little poem entitled:—"Daily Reflections of Miss McK——, on her way Home."

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
That short horn cow I see,
In vain, I glance the other way,
She always looks at me.
There's some hyena in her blood;
There's fury in her "ee,"
She might mistake me for her cud,
And then where should I be?

The poem is full of rich pathos, and poetic imagery. The figure of the reflective lady being slowly munched by the said "short horn" is very touching.

Chesterfield spoke of Christ as the first true gentleman. The Golden Rule of Jesus followed may be said to insure every-day

ideal deportment. But there is a great neglect on our part in applying the Golden Rule to the details of life. Just here the rules of etiquette come in, they are merely applications of manhood (John 7-12) to what are thought the trifling affairs of life's routine. College students should not be oblivious of the fact that "the efficiency and usefulness of a liberal education are dwarfed unless developed under the genial influence of proper decorum." It is a suggestive old saying "that a man's manners are his fortune." One will find that the most desirable positions are reached by men of the most agreeable manners. Fortune joins society in smiling upon *amiable* men. No man, no gentleman, can afford to be without an easy and correct deportment in dining-room, parlor, or on the street. Like any other accomplishment it gives the bearer *entree* into better circles of society, and wider fields of usefulness. If we object that perhaps our sphere may be humble, let us remember that the gentleman is not out of place anywhere, while the boor is out of place everywhere, and in whatever circle we move our aim should be to improve its tone.

The opening of Walmer Road's new and spacious edifice was a grand success. It was not the beginning of the church's history, but it was the beginning of their life and work in a building so commodious that there is abundance of room for the company to become numerous. We hope their pastor, Mr. Harris, who has done such an excellent work already, will soon see it thronged with people. This church is in a growing part of the city, and there is evident promise of continual development. For these opening services there could not have been selected a more suitable man than Dr. Gordon, of Boston. He is a man of learning, culture and wisdom. With him these are all upon the altar of consecration, and the whole man is imbued with the power of the Holy Spirit. As you hear him you are impressed strongly with his profound faith in the Gospel, and with his consciousness of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. On Sunday morning he told us how we ought to behave ourselves, not in the edifice, but in the assembly of God's people, which is the real church. We are to behave not as masters but as servants; not as teachers but as learners; not as agents but as instruments. His illustrations made the truth beautifully clear and forceful. Then, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights he preached the Gospel in a clear, simple and impressive way that captivated the Christian heart, and made others to see Jesus.

He gave a series of three lectures, especially adapted for students, on the Holy Spirit in missions, which were full of interest and instruction. Dr. Gordon is thoroughly at home when he talks on missions. Rev. Hartwell Pratt, an eminent American evangelist, followed these opening services with a series of Gospel meetings, in which he was aided by the singing of Mr. W. G. Tyzzer.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

PROF. T. : "Mr. K., your sermon is to be read in class, January, 7th." Mr. K. : "Let's see : that's after Christmas, isn't it?"

DURING the past month visits have been made to the University by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, and D. E. Thomson. Short addresses were given, pointed, practical, and well seasoned with humor.

SEVERAL lovers of Tennyson were heard expressing their appreciation of the recent open literary entertainment by the Heliconians, which consisted of well-rendered recitations from the poems, and thoughtful essays on the life and character of the poet, interspersed with enjoyable instrumental and vocal music. The young ladies of Moulton are to be congratuated on the high literary standard of their society, and on their successful efforts to maintain it.

SHOULD any friend of the higher education of women wish to aid the cause, let such a one place in the ladies' room a set of Encyclopædia Britannica, and an unabridged dictionary, for their sole and especial use. He will be considered a benefactor, since the lady students will be spared the present frequent inconvenience of having to interrupt their studies to repair to the general library to consult a dictionary, and saved the trial of always finding some one else with the particular volume of encyclopædia that they require.

QUITE a number of the students were pleased to respond to the invitation of the "Heliconian" to attend its open meeting on Nov. 4th. We felt that the programme, which was excellent both in character and execution, was worthy of a larger gathering, although the audience room was densely packed. However, we were pleased to hear that a more commodious chapel room is to be added in the near future. We noticed with satisfaction that the literary element predominated over the musical, still we felt that we would like to have heard a little more music. The social chat at its close was much appreciated.

THE sickness of our friend and fellow-student, Mr. Ed. Seldon, has caused a jar upon the feelings of the students and professors of McMaster University, for here

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear."

To Seldon we feel especially tender, for to some of us he has been a close friend since we first entered "Old Woodstock College" together, and to all of us he is known as one of our most pleasing acquaintances. He is talented, spiritual, and loving. He was taken sick on the 31st of October, with a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, and

after a week of illness the doctor advised his removal to the hospital. While there he has been gradually gaining strength, and will soon be able to be out again. The last few days the boys have been accepting his invitation to visit him. We understand that he intends to leave us, and seek the more favorable climate of Colorado. We are sorry to lose him from the school, but sincerely hope that the change of climate may restore him completely. We can assure him of our good wishes and prayers while he is away, and warm welcome when he returns.

THE ladies recently met to re-organize the Modern Language Club. Miss McKay was elected to the responsible position of president, which she filled last year so ably. Miss Dryden was chosen for the post of Vice-President; the financial interests of the club were entrusted to Miss Timpany, as Treasurer; Miss Wells was re-elected Secretary; and the dread office of Critic was bestowed upon Miss McLaurin; and to the new and important position of Pianist, Miss Johnson was chosen by acclamation. The proceedings were enthusiastic, but brief; several important discussions being unavoidably deferred, and after appointing a Programme Committee to arrange for the next literary gathering, the members of the club dispersed after the customary closing ceremony.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY has a "yell." There is nothing strange about that. It was to be expected from the moment young fellows began to enter the arts department. It is characteristic of colleges to have a "yell" now-a-days. It is a promoter of *esprit de corps*, and of that we can never have too much. As yells go, we consider ours one of which to be proud. It has, with all its crudeness, the true ring of loyalty to Alma Mater, and the power of kindling enthusiasm in the breast of every McMaster student. That some idea may be formed of what it is, and its worth to us be thereby appreciated, let anyone imagine fifty fellows shouting in spirited unison:

Boom on Mac!
 Boom on Star!
 Boom! Fitz! Boom!
 on
 Mac-Mas-Tar!

THE Student Volunteer Missionary Band has re-organized for the year under the leadership of Mr. Merrill. The ranks of the Band are depleted by the removal of several members of last year, but others are richer by our loss. Two men are in the University of Chicago, one in Medical College at Kingston, and another—E. Norman, B.A.—in active missionary service in the French work in connection with Feller Institute. The Band follows these men with prayer. Notwithstanding this loss, the Band now numbers ten members. The year's programme will include a weekly meeting for the purpose of lifting up our eyes upon the great harvest field, and for prayer that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers, and may richly bless missionary effort.

On the evening of Friday, Nov. 4th, Professor McKay favored the "L. and T. S." with an admirable talk on "Light," which he illustrated with experiments. After explaining many facts of Physics, the Professor described several novel and exceedingly interesting theories concerning the relation existing between the chording of sounds and harmonizing of colors. The experiments with the physical apparatus were very beautiful. The Society feel much indebted to Mr. McKay for the instructive and very entertaining address.

On Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, Mr. F. Keller of Chicago, travelling agent of the S. V. M. F. M. took tea with us. Mr. Keller is a graduate of Yale University, 1892, and is himself a volunteer for foreign mission work. After tea we adjourned to the Chapel room, where we had the pleasure of listening to an interesting address on the above subject. Mr. Keller illustrated and enforced his remarks by a missionary map of the world showing the progress of the gospel in various lands. He impressed the students generally with a sense of his earnest zeal, humble simplicity and whole-hearted devotion to the work. At the conclusion of his address the Student Volunteer Band organized for the ensuing year with B. W. Merrill as chairman, and C. B. Freeman as Secretary. One new member has already been enrolled, and we hope to see still more join our ranks during the College term.

Our annual football match with Woodstock College came off at Woodstock, Saturday, Nov. 12th, and resulted in a tie: 2 to 2. It must be said, however, that the score does not represent the game. Woodstock certainly played the better game. This is attributable to their superior facilities for practice, for one has only to glance down the list of names that compose our team to see that, with proper training, it is one which could win laurels upon many a field. J. B. Paterson, our centre forward, unfortunately had his shoulder dislocated at the end of the first half. His place was taken by Walter Daniel.

WOODSTOCK.			McMASTER.
McCrimmon,		<i>Goal.</i>	McNeil,
Lobb,	}	<i>Backs.</i>	{ Schutt,
Hoyt,			{ Therrien,
Torrie,	}	<i>Half-Backs.</i>	{ Goble,
McIntyre,			{ Stillwell,
Petherbridge,			{ Vichert,
Allan,	}	<i>Right Wing.</i>	{ Brown,
Welch,			{ Mode,
Robertson,		<i>Centre.</i>	Paterson,
Huggart,	}	<i>Left Wing.</i>	{ Doolittle,
Scarlet,			{ Merrill,

Some time since, in the dim vistas of the past, a few shrubs enclosed nest which an industrious turkey had taken possession of as a suitable

place in which to carry on her trade. Ten good sized eggs constituted her stock-in-trade, and these she at once proceeded to turn into young turkeys. With what success you might have witnessed had you been privileged to occupy a seat in the dining-room of McMaster University on Thanksgiving day. The student intellect had been greatly exercised for some time previous, in the vain attempt to discover the programme of Thanksgiving dinner. What a relief then to find upon our arrival in the old room at 1.15 p.m. on Thursday, the veritable Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce ! What a feeling of satisfaction was observable upon the faces of the assembled throng as they gazed upon the festive board, laden with its appetizing burden ! But ah ! how quickly did that burden disappear when once the skill and valor of those hungry knights had been kindled for the fray. Here a wing, there a leg, yonder a whole breast passes from view and disappears within the recesses of some capacious cavern, which apparently resembles a point in that it has no definable length or breadth. But there were only ten eggs in the nest, and only ten turkeys was the result. Hence the supply of turkey came to an end, not however, before the hunger of the hungriest man had been satisfied, and his bread basket filled to its fullest capacity.

φάγος.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THE students of Moulton wish to express the most sincere sympathy with Miss Mabel Woolverton, on the death of her little brother, Gordon. He was ill but a few hours, and died on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Those who saw him when he was here in the spring, will never forget his bright, manly little face, and winning ways.

A JOLLIER crowd of girls never sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner than the sweet sixteen who remained in the College during the holidays. Everything that our taste could wish for was spread before us. Miss Smiley presided, and proposed the following toasts, which were responded to by the following young ladies : "Thanksgiving Dinner," by Miss Dryden ; the "Union Jack," by Miss Wilson ; the "Stars and Stripes," by Miss Johnson ; "Moulton," by Miss Rainey ; "McMaster," Miss Van Zile ; "The President Elect," by Miss Daniels ; "La Belle France," by Miss Shanks.

WE, of Moulton College, consider ourselves exceptionally favored in that we are permitted to enjoy two Thanksgiving Days each year. We count several Americans in our number, and on the 24th we all united with them, to the extent, at least, of partaking of a genuine Thanksgiving dinner, in observing their national holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace whose friendly feeling toward our American neighbors is well known, were our guests, and the whole occasion was one of thorough good cheer. At the close of the merry meal the girls from both sides of the line joined heartily in singing the two national

anthems. We are glad that such opportunities occur now and then of expressing the spirit of international courtesy and generosity which prevails in our household.

It is not every college in Ontario that can boast of an omnibus—Moulton has one, and that one is of marvellous beauty. Has anyone seen a carriage with one wheel, two legs, two handles and a man behind? That is Moulton's omnibus. A passer-by cannot help noticing it on account of its color. He experiences a shock when he meets it. It is an electric blue. On the outside, in white letters, is painted MOULTON COLLEGE. Moulton College is not in the omnibus, nor is the omnibus Moulton College. It is simply a case of synecdoche. Moulton girls do not often ride in their omnibus, but they often pass it on the street and gaze upon it with mingled feelings of pride and affection.

THE MASQUERADE. When Moulton goes in for a good time she usually attains her end. Especially is this the case when the time of our annual masquerade approaches. Then even the most dignified and studious allow thoughts of the coming festivities to intrude. First of all comes the momentous question to be decided as to the character to be assumed. And then what hurryings to and fro, and what mysterious looks for nearly a week beforehand. Some of us were foolish enough, on the occasion of our recent masquerade, to don our costumes immediately after dinner, and thus have the felicity of being slowly roasted before the festivities proper commenced. However, eight o'clock found us all safely in the library, each one busying herself in trying to identify her neighbor. Then, exciting moment! came the march down to the dining-room! We must have presented a spectacle to defy the pen of the most ready writer. Marie Antoinette marching down hand in hand with Topsy and Sappho formed an equally incongruous pair. The ridiculous and the beautiful were well blended, and seldom before has our dining-room been the scene of so much unalloyed happiness. Unalloyed? Ah, no. Not quite; for was it not saddening to find that excitement had taken away our appetites? However, we managed fairly to do justice to Miss Harper's spread. When at last we reluctantly quitted the dining room, it was with "Weary steps and slow" that we ascended the stairs. Though these frolics are veritable oases in the desert of dry study, yet we are glad they do not come oftener, for the next day, ah! they are what we rue!

THOSE CURLING TONGS.

She stands at the mirror and curls her hair
 With curling tongs nice and hot,
 And thinks what a far-sighted girl she was
 When those curling tongs she bought.

Five minutes later, with lip all burnt,
 And eye screwed up with pain;
 She walks the floor and swears she won't
 Use curling tongs again.

WOODSTOCK.

THE "Juveniles" and the "Seniors" played a football match, resulting in a score of seven to one in favor of the "juniors." It is rumored that they are to play again.

ON the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of November, the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance of Canada, held its annual meetings in Woodstock. Some of us here have never before had such a spiritual treat as these meetings brought us. The speakers were men true and tried in their respective departments of Christian work. Mission work at home and abroad was dealt with from its different points of view, by men who had for months prepared for the occasion. These papers coming as they did, from men and women of all denominations, were stimulating and broad. The devotional spirit seized every delegate so firmly that his influence as he goes about his work in the future will be augmented very much. As the report of the meeting will soon be out, we forbear giving a detailed account of the meeting.

THE "Whiskers" and the "Downs" are at it again. Annually they play football for the championship of the school. They played this year with the result of two goals to none in favor of the "Whiskers." A week later another match was played, resulting in six to nothing in favor of the "Downs." A great addition to the ranks of the "Downs" followed this last event. Some of the "Whiskers," thinking no doubt, that those without were better than those with mustaches, shaved off those appendages from their faces, but in vain, for they were not allowed to join the forces of the "Downs." They are now growing fresh crops.

AFTER practising until they were able to put up quite a game, the first football team went down to Galt, October 29th, to play a friendly match with the team there. The snow which had fallen made the ground almost unfit for playing, but the game was played. One thing that was a great disadvantage to the Woodstock boys, was the short field on which they had to play, it being fully ten yards shorter than their own ground at home. In spite of this fact, and also that the goal keeper stood in about two inches of mud, a remarkably tight game was played, resulting in a score of three to nothing in favor of Galt. This was considered by all who witnessed the match, good, since some of the Woodstock boys were new players, while everyone knows the degree of proficiency to which the Galt players have attained.

AT a joint meeting of the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies, on November 8th, it was decided to hold an "Open Meeting," on December 9th. All who have ever attended Woodstock College, all who live in the town of Woodstock, and all who have had the privilege of attending one of these open meetings in the past, know what pleasant times are always spent at them. In fact, when one of these interesting events

is announced, everyone is asking "When does it come off?" and when told the time, they wait anxiously the appointed time. Well, all necessary arrangements have been made, and we are assured that this meeting will come up to the high standard already attained by this College in this line. An interesting programme has been prepared, and by the way they are practising, we know the boys are determined on success.

At our weekly college prayer-meeting of October 20th, we had the pleasure of listening to Bro. Hughson, of Coaticook. The meeting happened to be a Judson Missionary Society prayer-meeting, and Bro. Hughson very kindly came from the Convention at Brantford, to address us. He spoke on "Thought and the cultivation of it," and considering it in connection with mission work, he gave us some advice which we shall treasure for all time. A higher ideal was brought before us, giving us something to strive for. The proper books and the proper use of books in connection with the cultivation of our minds and our abilities for thinking, were plainly shown us, and in all we received many valuable lessons. At the same meeting we had the pleasure also of listening to some words of encouragement from Bro. T. A. P. Frost, one of our old boys, on "The hope that is set before us." It did our hearts good to hear such earnest words from one so zealous.

We are pleased to note that the old barbaric customs, so long retained and practised by civilized nations on Halloween, are gradually but nevertheless surely passing away, to join themselves with the relics of the past. People are at last awakening to the fact that deeds committed on this night, however lightly looked on in the past, and though no doubt winked at, and considered in those bygone ages to be quite a joke, are now held, and looked upon to be as much a misdemeanor as any committed on other nights, or at other times. We are glad to see the lack there was in Woodstock College of attempts to rake up long dead habits. We know not whether putting salt in a person's bed, upsetting a bed, or treating a boy to an involuntary bath, are included in the above category, we only know they are still indulged in, though to a limited extent. In the town, this night is remembered by the sight of sundry articles in rather conspicuous and unaccustomed places.

On the evening of Nov. 4th we had an "At Home" at the College, or, more particularly speaking, in the dining-room. An "At Home"! All the old boys of Woodstock know what that means. In this case it meant an oyster supper, given by the faculty, and, after disposing of it, the carrying out of a short but interesting programme. The masters, with their wives, were there, as well as some other ladies. When all had finished their repast, a toast to the "new boys" was proposed by Mr. Pady in a few suitable words. Mr. Williams seconded the toast, speaking of the influence each boy had, and hoping that influence for good might be exerted by all alike. They were answered by Mr. Jones on behalf of the new boys, who was followed by Mr. Newcomb.

A toast to "the Ladies" was then proposed by Mr. Manthorne, and seconded by Mr. Lobb.

The last toast was proposed by Mr. McFarlane, and seconded by Mr. Bovington, to "the Faculty." Shortly after this quite a number adjourned to the First Baptist Church, to a social, where a nice, pleasant evening was spent.

A very interesting event took place in our chapel room a few days ago. I refer to an auction sale. The magazines and papers with which our reading room is so well supplied monthly, weekly, and daily, have been accumulating so rapidly of late, that all room in which to store them has been used, so the faculty decided to dispose of them at auction. Accordingly, a list of all papers to be sold, with their original prices, having been posted up a few days before, that too much might not be paid for them, they were sold as intimated at auction. All who were interested assembled in the chapel room, and there one of the students sold the magazines, etc.

Bidding was brisk, so that the expectations of all were fondly realized, all the papers, with the exception of one or two, being disposed of. The money thus obtained, we understand, is to be used towards making our reading room still more attractive, by the addition of more magazines, papers, &c.

GRANDE LIGNE.

THANKSGIVING DAY was a holiday for the school. Some of the scholars went home and stayed till Monday.

There was quite a lot of snow that day, which furnished a great deal of pleasure to some of our scholars.

The ladies signalized the day by forming what they called a Free Mason society, from which we may hear later.

LAST Sunday our English students enjoyed a treat, in the shape of an excellent English sermon by Pastor Parent. This is a privilege that we enjoy only once a month, consequently it is just that much more appreciated.

THE halls of Feller Institute resound with music this year of kinds almost as diverse as in the days of King Nebuchadnezzar. The banjo, violin, cornet, piano and organ, with occasional strains from our male quartette and chorus choir, falling pleasantly on the ear, tend to cheer and encourage the sometimes weary student and teacher.

FRIDAY is recitation day. Of course, we all enjoy the recitations. Doubtless the authors of the selections would enjoy them too, if they could hear them. We sometimes wonder, however, if something new in the line of recitations could not be found. We imagine that Sir John Moore must be getting tired of being resurrected and buried

again so often. We should think also that the boy will get scorched if he persists in standing upon the burning deck much longer.

MISS MINNIE TENNY, of St. Johns, has been engaged to come and give gymnastic lessons in our large gymnasium, to the boys and girls of the Institute. The first lesson was given November 19, at ten o'clock a.m. Although the domestic work is almost entirely done by the girls, every one will agree that dish-washing, etc., does not greatly conduce to the development of either strength or grace of body. It is to be hoped that these few lessons will meet this want.

OUR VISITORS.—During the past few weeks we have been pleased to welcome as visitors, the Rev. Mr. Bosworth, of Tilsonburg; Mr. Geo. Edwards, of Thurso; Rev. Mr. McEwen, of Vankleek Hill; Rev. Mr. Craig, Missionary from India; and Mr. Lafleur, of Montreal.

Mr. Craig was on his return journey to India, and it was with intensest interest that we listened to his words, and then bade him God-speed. Mr. Lafleur's visit was to consult with Messrs. Parent, Gregoire, and Therrien, regarding the preparation for the press of the Maskinongé correspondence which is shortly to be issued in book form.

On the 10th Nov., Feller Institute was favored with a visit from Rev. Mr. Craig, our missionary from India. This being our evening for prayer, it was gladly given up to Mr. Craig, who gave a very interesting address on the great work being done in India. He also spoke of the immediate need of more laborers for that immense field of darkness. Though living in "Darkest Canada" ourselves, it is indeed true that we should remember those who are in still deeper ignorance. The friends of Grande Ligne wish our consecrated brother, God-speed, and pray that he may receive that wisdom from on high which he needs to carry on his work.

WE are much pleased to-day to receive the November number of the *McMASTER MONTHLY*. As we read its bright cheery "college notes," we feel like grasping the hands of our Ontario fellow-students, and saying, "Yes! we have something in common with you after all. We are all treading the same paths, only you have passed on in front of us. You are our big brothers, and we reverence you. True, we live at a distance, and are nearly all French, but we think you won't slight us on that account. We are trying to speak English, and to make the distance between McMaster Hall and Grande Ligne shorter. Help us. By the way, though, what have you done with our boys that we sent you last year? We see that Therrien is still in a poetic mood. How about Schutt and McFaul? We have some more boys to send you soon, and we want to know that you will treat them well.