



Susan W. McMaster

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SUSAN MOULTON McMASTER.

"What an amount of assurance these dissenters have!" said the late Lord Houghton, on being taken, at his own request, to view the beautiful exterior of Jarvis St. Baptist Church,—not dreaming that his host for a day was a dissenter of the dissenters, an Ontario Baptist, with the blood of Alexander Carson in his spiritual veins.

Since that time, the assurance of "mine host" has given to the Baptist denomination of Ontario and Quebec McMaster University, and that of "mine hostess" has founded Moulton College as its academic department, for the education of young women. If anyone has ever imagined that the name of "Moulton" has been accorded too prominent a place in connection with the University, I am sure that even an outline knowledge of the personal history of Susan Moulton McMaster, and of Rev. Ebenezer Moulton, whose lineal descendant she is, must lead any such to hope that the coming years of our University life may see the name of Moulton even more conspicuously linked with that of McMaster than it is at present.

Let me rapidly set down two or three facts which cannot fail to kindle the imagination of thoughtful Canadian Baptists even as far east as the Atlantic coasts. In 1763, Ebenezer Moulton left New England for Nova Scotia, where he enjoyed

full freedom to preach the gospel as he found it in the New Testament. So far as known, he was the first minister to declare in that Province—then embracing virtually the present Maritime Provinces—the distinctive principles of the Baptists. Strange to say, by the prophetic finger of God as it would now seem in review of our Baptist educational history from the vantage ground of to-day, he preached with power and effect in the very place which, sixty-five years after, became the seat of Horton Academy, and, a little later, of Acadia University,—the educational institutions of the Baptists of the present Maritime Provinces. One hundred and eighteen years after Elder Moulton preached at Horton (now Wolfville), the Baptists by the sea having multiplied wonderfully, and having through much self-denial established the most influential schools of higher learning in the Maritime Provinces, Senator McMaster, under the gracious inspiration of his wife Susan Moulton, provided means for the creation of Toronto Baptist College. Viewed in the light of the facts I am stating, and indeed from every point of view, it was meet that of the young men trained at Acadia, so able a man as Professor Wells should have been given as a laborious helper of Dr. Fyfe in his great work in Woodstock College. From personal knowledge I can say that Professor Wells' biography of Dr. Fyfe awakened a most tender feeling in Senator McMaster's heart for the educational aims, in all their breadth and fulness, for which his old friend Dr. Fyfe had toiled so unweariedly. About seven years after Toronto Baptist College was founded, having a clear vision of the growing needs of the denomination and the vast import of Christian education to the activities of our churches and to the country at large, the Senator rescued the educational work of the late Dr. Fyfe at Woodstock from its peril and opened yet wider educational doors by the founding of McMaster University. Shortly after his lamented death, Susan Moulton McMaster, by the gift of twenty-six thousand dollars, founded Moulton College, in which the Bible should be a text-book, and none but members of evangelical churches should be on its teaching staff, and whose students should have access in perpetuity to the classes of the University. Mrs. McMaster thus fittingly and beautifully linked her own name with that of her departed husband in the great and needy work

of Christian Education in charge of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, and at the same time enshrined the historic name of one who suffered for our principles, and gave them their earliest publication in the Maritime Provinces.*

To one of Mrs. McMaster's swift and practical mind, quick feeling, ardent temperament, buoyant spirits and great energy, life could hardly be otherwise than full of ceaseless and intense activity. In the fulness of her prime she came to Toronto, in 1871, having married in that year the Hon. William McMaster. Retaining then, as now, a strong affection for the land of her birth and education, she at once freely gave her best to Canadian life, and bore a goodly part in the manifold activities of Jarvis Street Church. Every winter hundreds of the Young People's Association were entertained in the McMaster mansion, the only enquiry being, "Are they worthy for the Master's sake?" Indeed, during all the years of her home keeping, "Salve!" greeted all who crossed the threshold of her house. A

* Gardner's History of the Town of Wales (Mass.) contains the following "Memorandum":—

Rev. Ebenezer Moulton was among the primary settlers of this Town; came hither from Salem about 1728; was then married and had one child. He made his settlement on the place elsewhere in this Record described as the "Oliver Wales Tavern Stand," and was the pious occupant of that place, and cultivator of its soil. He was of a religious frame of mind, an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic disseminator of the sentiments of the Baptists, then, or formerly, called Anabaptists, a sect then uncommon in this region. He was energetically engaged in inculcating those sentiments not only here, but in the neighbouring Towns; and through him and his labors chiefly, and instrumentally, were originated the Baptist Church and Society of this Town in 1730, and the first of the order established in all this region of country. He was not then a regularly constituted minister of his denomination, but was a sort of self-made evangelist or religious teacher, and officiated as such for the infant Church and Society here established under his auspices. Thus matters continued with him and the people here till Nov. 4, 1731, when he was formally ordained to the Gospel Ministry, and set over the Church here as their Pastor and guide in spiritual matters. He filled the pastorate of this Church more than 20 years, or till 1763; then he went to Nova Scotia. He was absent from here a number of years, during a part of which he has been reported to have officiated as Chaplain of the British Navy. Near twenty years after thus going herefrom, he returned, having buried his consort in his absence, and in a little time he died and was buried. Upon going from here in 1763 he took his family with him, after which none of his children ever returned hither, at least not to make a permanent or lengthy stay. In the above sketch is an omission of one fact in Mr. Moulton's history. On one occasion, at the close of one of his earnest and enthusiastic discourses in the Town of Sturbridge, he was arrested and thrown into prison for a brief term as a religious fanatic or heretic, a promoter of sedition and disturber of the public tranquility. The persecuting spirit was then exhibiting a ramp.

The Rev. Charles Tupper writes, Nov. 1, 1828, to the *Baptist Magazine* for the Maritime Provinces:

It appears that there were very few of the Baptist denomination among the first emigrants by whom this province was settled after it was taken from the French and ceded to the British. There was, however, a small number among those who came from New England, one of whom, Mr. Moulton, was a Baptist minister, who was probably the first that preached in Nova Scotia. He began to labor in Horton (now Wolfville) about the year 1763, and his exertions were crowned with success, a church was formed, consisting of Baptists and Congregationalists. He did not, however, continue long in the province.

The early churches in Nova Scotia had a mixed membership, which led to much discussion, issuing in their present organization on the basis of strict communion. There is a record, also, in the Church Book, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, of Mr. Moulton having preached and baptized in that town.

prophet's chamber welcomed our ministers from near or far, and indeed, clergymen of all denominations. Many students of the Provincial University, and from Toronto Baptist College, found a cordial welcome at her fireside, specially those far from the influences of home. At all her social entertainments, of whatever nature, she jealously discarded the use of wines. In fact, she did not permit their use socially, medicinally, nor for culinary purposes. She early came under the influence of the temperance reform, chiefly through the lectures of J. B. Gough, and is to-day an earnest advocate of total abstinence. Her force of character has often been put to the test in this matter. Not infrequently, especially when entertaining distinguished guests from the old country, she has known what it is to assume the responsibility of being thought wanting in hospitality rather than do violence to her convictions. On one occasion a young English Lord said to her after dinner: "I am proud of being the guest of a lady who has the strength to maintain in practice her convictions. I thank you, and I shall never forget it." All moral reforms have ever found in her a willing helper, but the work of Home Missions in the Western and Southern States has appealed most largely to her beneficence. The lack of money and service in this behalf, in view of the great masses to be reached with the gospel, has deeply impressed her. She has unbounded faith in the doctrine of salvation from sin through the redemptive work of Jesus Christ, and nothing less than the proclamation of this gospel can, she believes, save any people or land from corruption or decay. I have heard her speak in terms of unqualified admiration of Spurgeon's gospel message, saying that while listening to him she lost all consciousness of the great preacher in the vision and appropriation of the Saviour whom he so gloriously declared.

Some time after settling at Rathmally, her Toronto country home, when taking their usual evening walk on the hill, she suggested to the Senator that he give Rathmally, with its sixty-eight acres of land, and the grand old Homstead, for the purposes of a Theological Seminary. She renewed this suggestion from time to time, and never ceased to cherish the hope that beautiful Rathmally should be devoted to the preparation of young men for the gospel ministry. She finally obtained a

partial promise that it should be as she wished. When Dr. Castle came to Toronto on a visit, she enlisted his interest in the project, which finally resulted in the erection of McMaster Hall in Queen's Park. She found that theological education had made a large place for itself in her heart, and she counted it a privilege to assist a number of young men in their preparation for the ministry, most of whom are to-day useful pastors. She contributed \$2000 to the library in McMaster Hall, and \$1500 anonymously as a loan fund in aid of students for the ministry. Her donation to this latter fund will be permanently designated The Moulton Loan Fund.

The first husband of Susan Moulton was James Fraser, of Saginaw Valley, Michigan. In 1850, she left the quiet of a New England village for a wider and more adventurous field where the tireless energy of her young life found full scope. Its new scenes and new life were in almost violent contrast with those she had left behind, but they filled her with great joy. Riding through trackless forests on a trusty steed in spring and autumn, and driving over frozen rivers in winter to bring comfort and cheer to her husband's tenants and employes, were stimulating experiences for her. Many of the people of the country came from the east, having education and means. The society was congenial and the work was pleasant. She organized literary societies, and was actively identified with everything of social importance connected with the advancement of the life of the people. She bore an active part in religious work, teaching a class of girls in Bay City, whom she also invited to her home weekly for prayer. All of these girls publicly acknowledged the Saviour. The fifteen years spent in the Saginaw Valley were busy and profitable ones. It was entirely characteristic of her that she one day informed a member of the Baptist church in Bay City, that if he would place an excellent bell in the tower of the church without any one knowing it, except the workmen engaged, before it should be heard pealing forth a summons to worship on Sunday morning, she would meet the expense incurred. Although the church was in the centre of the city and closely surrounded with dwellings, the offer was accepted. A car was procured from an adjoining town for entrance by night. No sound of hammer was heard, and when the stillness of Sun-

day morning was broken by the pealing of a sonorous bell overhead, people rushed to their doors and windows in blank astonishment. Her husband had given the site and largely contributed to the erection of the first Baptist church within forty miles of their home. He died in 1865, and Susan Moulton returned east a widow, and lived in New York and Newburgh. She had two children, a son who died in infancy, and a daughter, now Mrs. George Blackstock of Toronto. There were three daughters born to Mr. Fraser by his first wife, all of whom are now living. He was a man of noble character, of great physical endurance, indomitable energy and industry, of strong hopefulness and uniform cheerfulness. His large sympathy and open handed liberality made him the friend of the needy and desolate. The impress of his forceful life appears on many important enterprises in the Saginaw Valley. The growth of Bay City rendered necessary a new location of the church. A beautiful new building, towards which his widow largely contributed and for which she procured an organ of much purity and power, was erected,—the building, organ, and bell being memorial of James Fraser.

Susan Moulton was born in Connecticut, of highly respected and dearly beloved parents. They were married in the old Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I. Her father was for a time a merchant in New York, and retired to a beautiful and quiet village on Long Island Sound. Her mother was the daughter of an India sea-captain of Rhode Island: and it has been said of her that she was never known to injure character or reputation by an insidious or malicious remark. Her daughter Susan was converted when about eight years old. The hymns which they sung at the special services she attended at the time,—“Awaked by Sinai’s awful sound,” “Come trembling Sinner,” “Lo, on a narrow neck of land,” “Come, ye sinners poor and needy,” are fresh in her mind to-day, as is also a great deal of Scripture then learned. But the Congregational church in which she was reared did not happen to be a nursery for lambs, rather the contrary, and for many years she lost her joy and interest in the religious life. During a remarkable revival in Norwalk, Conn., she made a surrender of herself to her Saviour, and was baptized in a river in March, the water being covered with thin ice. “An ignorant prejudice amounting to

hatred," to use her own words to me, possessed her soul towards the Baptists; but from an earnest study of the New Testament with a desire for truth she was herself compelled to become a Baptist. She had the joy of seeing her four sisters baptized during the year, and later her father and mother also. It may be permitted me to say that these proved a remarkable group of sisters. Besides the subject of this sketch, the eldest became a consecrated Christian wife and mother; and the second, one of the most self-denying, beautiful characters, devoted to others, and reflecting in her strong life the image of her Lord. The new church recently organized at Newburgh, N. Y., is named "Moulton Memorial" in memory of her. The third, of strong religious character and clear views, is the widow of Rev. James Scott,—a faithful and honored pastor of Newburgh church, called from active service in the prime of life to his eternal rest,—now residing with her daughters, Mrs. A. R. McMaster and Mary, in Toronto. The youngest, the late wife of deacon J. T. Lawson of Newburgh, was a gentle, loving disciple of the Master, greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends.

Susan's later school days were spent at Ipswich, Mass., at a school founded by Mary Lyon, and conducted on what was known as the Abbott method. Among the texts studied at the school were Outlines of History, Butler's Analogy, Alexander's Evidences, Wayland's Moral Science, and Abercrombie's Mental Philosophy. It is no wonder that New England girls long since became aware of the ability of woman to receive discipline in studies of the higher education. In common with many others, Susan Moulton chafed under the ban that forbade girls to rank in equality with their brothers in literary pursuits. Later in life she joyfully hailed the founding of Vassar College, of which she had intimate knowledge, and followed the fortunes of Wellesley and Smith with peculiar interest.

All who have had the privilege of personal intercourse with Mrs. McMaster know her intense devotion to every worthy object upon which her heart is fixed. Her passionate love for music has been a source of great pleasure to herself and to others. She often says that one of the greatest enjoyments of life was hearing Jenny Lind sing, and that although she has heard many of the best artists she has never heard the equal of

the "Swedish Nightingale." The beautiful organ in the church at Bay City, and in Jarvis Street church, as well as her gifts in assisting in the purchase of others, are the beneficent outcome of her musical taste. The annual gatherings of the denomination in Canada and the United States are noted by her with concern. Her recent visit to Scotland found her searching out the few Baptists to be found there, and while in England she could not forego a visit to the widow of C. H. Spurgeon, or listening to the gospel from the lips of Alexander McLaren. Scarcely had she arrived in Toronto than she was found in her loved Moulton College, in the midst of teachers and pupils, who alike hail her visits as times of special delight. Her words of personal counsel are one of the helpful influences in which the College so richly shares. Her presence in the University is regarded by students and professors, now as in former years, as an event to be greatly coveted, and a precious reminder of her departed husband and our great benefactor. May the names and memories of husband and wife be grandly and indissolubly linked throughout all the growing future of Canadian Baptists with Moulton College and McMaster University:

THEODORE H. RAND.

O LOVE-LIT HEART!

[AU REVOIR.]

O love-lit heart, my laureate of the night,
 Unchiding, though the clouds veil deep the stars!
 Thy heavenly patience evermore debars,
 With angel pleadings, every path of flight
 By which my tempted soul would leave the height;
 Thy earnest voice has accent caught from Mars—
 Nay, not from him, but One who bears the scars
 Of conflict sore, whose brows are crowned with light.

Now are the bridals of the leafy wood,
 O'er dusky brooks the golden sunbars fall,
 Birds fan the moonbeams in the balmy dark—
 Look me! the banners of the Holy Rood
 Shake in the battle's roar; sweet duty's call
 Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark.

July.

R.

*τὰ πάντα ἐν Χριστῷ συνέστηκεν.**

O Christ, in whom all things consist,
The everlasting bond of ease
In worlds around, in human thought,
In life and death's great mysteries :

To Thee, their Master, open wide
The blinding chambers of the sun ;
And earth no flower has, but, lo !
Its hidden life and Thine are one.

All that man is of mortal, Thou,
His weakness, his temptations, Thine :
All that God is—yea God himself
Is not more gloriously divine.

Thy breath outgoing giveth life,
Returning, Lord of death Thou art :
O welcome life—more welcome death
That draws us to th' eternal heart :

O Christ, without Thee who would dare
Truth's wildering quest with human powers !
But holding Thee, who holdest all,
The mightiest truth of God is ours.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Written for Founder's Day, 1892.

THE REFORMATION FROM A BAPTIST POINT OF VIEW.*

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century, like any other great historical movement, may be approached in three ways. We may go back into the remote past and trace minutely the course of events that has here and now found its culmination; we may show that the seed-sowing and the soil being as they were, the harvest is precisely what might have been expected. Or, we may take the movement as we find it, analyze it into its constituent elements, trace the motives and aims of leaders and led, trace the immediate and remote moral and spiritual effects, test everything by the eternal principles of right and truth, as determined by conscience and the written Word. Or, again, we may view the movement as a link in the chain of the accomplishment of the divine purposes, knowing that the Almighty is able to make evil forces to co-operate with good thereunto. This last process we ought always to apply, so essential is it to the proper understanding of the ways of God to men. But we must beware of supposing that this process in any way precludes the first or the second process suggested. The knowledge that divine Providence has overruled a particular course of events for the accomplishment of beneficent ends by no means bars criticism of the actors; no more does it affect the fact that this series of events is itself the product of antecedent evil commingled with antecedent good.

And here we must remember that the cause of God on earth progresses not in straight lines, like a railroad train across yonder prairie, but like yonder tossing ship on yonder surging ocean. It makes progress from age to age, but, owing to the perversity of men, not clear and constant progress. Sometimes it seems to lose ground; but, after all, the apparent loss is transmuted by divine alchemy into means of future gain.

Further, it is not enough that the actors in any great movement be shown to have been sincere. We are to judge according to the eternal principles of right and truth, not according to the conceptions of right and truth that may have been in the minds of such actors

* First delivered as a lecture at Point Chautauqua, in 1850, and published in the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, for January 1854.

My abhorrence of Moloch worship is not diminished, but rather increased, by my belief that parents often throw their children into the red-hot arms of the image *conscientiously*. The Inquisition is rendered none the less sickening by the certainty that many of its agents felt that in acting the part of incarnate devils they were doing God service.

And here, also, let me warn the reader against a tendency which Baptists share with others, but which in Baptists is more stultifying than in others, towards a blind hero-worship of certain religious teachers of the sixteenth century. Why, it is no uncommon thing to hear Baptist orators descant upon the virtues of these leaders in language which, *nominihus mutatis*, might properly be applied to the apostles! and that, too, when these very men would not have hesitated to urge our extermination by fire, sword, or water, if we had been their contemporaries, as they did urge the extermination of our brethren in Christ, and some of whose moral teachings were highly objectionable. Let us test the titles of popular religious heroes to our adoration. In so far as they apprehended the Spirit of Christ, and manifested this Spirit in their words and in their deeds, let us honor them. If, however, we find contemporaries who more perfectly apprehended Christ, and who more perfectly manifested his Spirit in word and in deed, let us not hesitate to make these our heroes, although they may not have drawn to the support of their cause the unregenerate mighty of this world, and although they may have been hunted down like wild beasts by the men who, on the theory that might makes right, are generally regarded as the great champions of the truth. *Christ* did not convert men by nations, neither did *Paul*. *Mohammed* and *Charlemagne* did. *Hübmaier* did not make Protestants by nations. *Luther* did. *Christ* made individual earnest Christians. *Charlemagne* made hypocrites and cringing slaves to external forms. *Hübmaier* made, with divine help, *self-sacrificing Christians*. *Luther* made *self-indulgent Protestants!*

We need not apply at length this third method of considering our subject. All the world recognizes the fact that the Protestant revolution of the sixteenth century forms a most important factor in the working out of our modern civilization and enlightenment, with its freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, with its spiritual religion as opposed to a religion of dead forms, with its apostolic missionary endeavor as opposed to mediæval religious conquest. This we never weary of rejoicing in and thanking God for. Nay, I maintain that the fundamental principle of the Protestant revolution was the emancipation of the human mind from human authority, far as this was from being consciously recognized by the Protestant leaders.

This is my unwavering conviction. Just so I believe that the capture of Christian Constantinople by the Turks was a factor that can not be estimated too highly in the working out of the divine plan of Christian liberty and enlightenment. No thanks to the Turk. No thanks *a priori* to the leaders of the Protestant revolution. We are thus, I trust, in a position to put a fair estimate upon each individual, in accordance with historical facts, and we shall not be tempted to reverence an individual for the sole reason that he sustained an important relation to a movement which has, on the whole, resulted in good.

To understand the Reformation, we must know wherein the need for reform lay. To appreciate this need we must have in mind, in broad outline at least, the course of events that led to the ecclesiastical rottenness of the sixteenth century, and that made the Protestant revolution possible.

From the close of the apostolic age onwards, Christianity, the universal and absolute religion, soon conscious of its destined universality and absoluteness, shrank not from the stupendous task of realizing this universality and vindicating this absoluteness. Though it sprang up in the midst of Judaism, Christianity was not Judaism, still less did it have in common with paganism. Paganism and Judaism alike must be transformed, must be Christianized. Ere long it is perfectly evident that Christianity is absorbing paganism and Judaism far more rapidly than it can possibly assimilate them. The stomach of Christianity, sensitive at first, vomited forth these nauseating elements in the shape of Ebionism and Gnosticism. But this power of throwing off noxious elements became gradually less and less, until finally Judaism and paganism became part and parcel of the current Christianity. Persecution, while on the one hand it retarded this process, tended, on the other hand, to foster among Christians an overweening desire for such an amount of external power and prosperity as should render persecution impossible, and should give free scope to the world-subduing religion of Christ. The mighty fabric of the Roman Empire may early have suggested to Christian thinkers the idea of a great world-wide ecclesiastical organization, as pure and beneficent as the empire was tyrannical and corrupt. When Constantine decided that his interest lay in the adoption of Christianity as the religion of the State, it was not the pure, simple, spiritual Christianity that Christ had established and that Paul had preached, whose representatives so promptly assumed the attitude of courtiers, and showed themselves at once such adepts in court intrigue. It was Christianity corrupted by two centuries of contact and conflict with heathenism and Judaism. No abrupt turn was made in

the Church's stream of tendency by this imperial recognition. Catholicity, at the expense of holiness, had been for a century the leading feature of ecclesiastical policy. Now, almost the entire pagan populace was dumped into the Church, and the small amount of holiness that remained was driven, from sheer dread of losing itself in this seething mass of rotteness, to withdraw itself to the deserts, and there to devote itself to fruitless strivings after a state of impeccability. The earnest elements of Christianity having thus become *Buddhist*, the guidance of active Christian effort was left largely to worldly-minded, half-pagan bishops. The Roman hierarchy, with its claims of absolute spiritual and absolute civil authority, was a logical result of the sacerdotalism that was already growing apace in the Nicene age: that diabolical theory, in accordance with which a certain class of men, by virtue of ordination, have the spiritual power that Christ has given to his Church, and that, too, apart from all consideration of personal character. The Church is holy, priests are representatives and the only representatives of the Church; therefore, priests, as priests, are holy, and have power to mediate between God and man. Personally, the priest may be a libertine or an unbeliever. His priestly power is not thereby affected.

Moreover, the theory, in accordance with which the end justifies the means, was early developed in the interest of the aggressive hierarchy. The well-being of the Church, now identified with external power, came to be regarded as, of necessity, the thing of supreme importance to God and man. All laws, human and divine, may and must be set aside, therefore, if the interests of the Church require it, and the hierarchy is to decide as to what the interests of the Church require. This principle already acted on for centuries was formulated by Peter Damiani about 1050, and employed with great success by Hildebrand and succeeding popes.

Armed with these principles, with these claims, with the superstitious reverence always accorded to priestcraft by ignorance, the hierarchy was free to use all possible means for its own aggrandizement, and was enabled, by the beginning of the thirteenth century, to well-nigh realize its audacious claims.

The Christian germ was almost lost in this baleful accumulation of human and satanic machinery; but it was not wholly lost, neither, indeed, could it be in accordance with Christ's promises. It was perfectly sure, sooner or later, to come forward with new vigor, to cast off this accumulation of corruption, and to go onward in its Christ-appointed mission of spiritually subduing the world.

The reformation of the Church was not inaugurated by Luther, nor

by the representatives of the New Learning, nor yet by Wiclif or Huss. It began much earlier. We see the so-called heretical (properly *Biblical*) parties protesting with terrible earnestness against the corrupt hierarchy just when this hierarchy is attaining to the summit of its power; rigid insistence on uniformity of belief and worship bringing out and greatly increasing the latent Christian life. The very means that the hierarchy successfully employed for its aggrandizement—crusades, inquisition, political intrigue, scholastic theology, indulgences, etc.—co-operated in their after effects for its overthrow. A system so utterly anti-Christian could maintain itself only by the complete dethronement of conscience in its subjects. So long as human nature retains any of this God-implanted faculty of discerning between right and wrong, no such system can long survive its complete establishment.

These Biblical opponents of the hierarchy persecuted, scattered, and for the time almost exterminated; the hierarchy made still more arrogant and unscrupulous by its cruel triumph; the papacy captured by the king of France and made subservient to French interests; the papal schism having resulted from efforts to free the papacy from French thraldom; the national spirit having already, from various causes, been developed; it would have been strange if *Christian patriots* had not arisen in the various states of Europe to cry out against the extortions and oppressions to which their fatherlands were subjected by a foreign and unfriendly hierarchy, and it would have been still stranger if such patriotic churchmen had not met with a hearty response from all classes of society. Such movements were the Wiclifite in England and the Hussite in Bohemia. In these movements the following elements entered: (1.) *Patriotic*.—Directed chiefly against the fleecing of the people by foreign priests, who performed no service in return for their extorted revenues. (2.) *Realistic*.—The leaders of these movements were realists; they believed in the reality of the one universal Church, corresponding to an exalted ideal. The Church of their day had apostatized, financial corruption lay at the root of the degeneracy of the age, the corrupt hierarchy represented in their view Antichrist. They sought to purge the Church of corruption while maintaining a hierarchy. A reform based upon realism could not be radical, could be only transient. Unless the roots of hierarchy are destroyed, it avails little to lop off here an excrescence and there an excrescence. (3.) *Biblical*.—The Biblical element was partially apprehended, but was shorn of its power by the realism just mentioned.

These movements offered, for a time, stout resistance to ecclesiastical tyranny. But they were destined to be swept away in the tide of corruption which they made no adequate effort to stay.

Then came the *Mystics*, men of profoundly speculative minds, led by despair of reforming and spiritualizing the Church, and through the study of the Neo-platonic writings to an exaggeration of the importance and capacity of the inner life—to a pantheistic identification of man with God. Here the vital idea, taken apart from its pantheistic setting, is the need of a personal appropriation of Christ. Outward forms are of no account. We must become united with God. God being in us and we in God. By contemplating God we become one with God. By contemplating Christ we become one with Christ. The pantheistic element was so transcendental as to affect comparatively few. The tendency toward striving after individual and conscious union with Christ had a much wider influence. But mysticism was indifferent to external order, and could not of itself bring about a radical reform.

Next came the *Revival of Learning*, with its contempt for scholasticism, its temporary return to Platonic paganism, its restoration of the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, its contempt for human authority, and its consequent promotion of freedom of thought.

Here, then, we have five grand elements of opposition to the corrupt hierarchy: The Biblical, the Realistic, the Patriotic, the Mystical, the Humanistic. From the Realistic not much could be expected. Its antagonism to the Biblical would be likely to more than counterbalance its power for good; the Patriotic was likely to be contaminated by avarice, and to introduce a vast amount of corruption into any religious movement with which it might be connected. The position of Humanism in a religious reformation could only be an ancillary one, yet its aid was absolutely indispensable. Singly, each of these elements had entered the arena, and each had failed of immediate success. The time was coming when all of these elements of opposition were to combine, and the fabric of the hierarchy might well have trembled in the face of such a combination.

We might form a useful and interesting classification of the various reforming parties of the sixteenth century, on the basis of the degree in which these elements entered into each. We should say, e. g., that the Erasmic movement was preponderatingly Humanistic. The Biblical element was, theoretically at least, taken account of by Erasmus, but with so little earnestness as to be of trifling moment—there was no mysticism, no patriotism, little financial interest. The Lutheran Reformation represents a combination of all five of the reformatory forces, with a marvellous capacity to shift ground from one to another, according to the exigencies of the time. Few religious leaders ever expressed greater devotion to the Scriptures than Luther, and in contro-

versy with the Romanists, he made the Scriptures the only rule of faith and practice. Yet we shall see that even Scriptures must adapt themselves to his theories or suffer the penalty of decanonization, and church authority was of some account when rites retained by him were shown to lack clear Scriptural authorization. So, also, Luther was, from the first, impelled largely by patriotic motives. Nothing contributed more to his success than the contagion of his patriotism. "There never has been a German," writes the Catholic historian Döllinger, "who so intuitively understood his fellow-countrymen, and who, in return, has been so thoroughly understood: nay, whose spirit, I should say, has been so completely imbibed by his nation, as this Augustinian friar of Wittenberg. The mind and the spirit of the Germans were under his control like the lyre in the hands of a musician." Like Wiclif and Huss he believed, at the outset, in a universal organic church, with a single head, and desired only to restore the existing church to a state of purity. Again, Luther was greatly indebted to mediæval Mysticism. His personal absorption in religious matters, as well as some features of his theology, are due to this influence. Again, Luther owed much to Humanism, and was himself essentially a Humanist. His contempt for Aristotle and the Schoolmen, his devotion to the study of the Scriptures in the original languages, his love of freedom (for himself), resulted directly from Humanistic influence. Luther's enormous power and success were due largely to the fact that he combined in his own person all the reformatory elements that had come down to him from the past.

In Zwingli and Cœcolampadius, leaders of the Swiss reformation, the Patriotic, the Humanistic, and the Biblical elements prevailed, the second in a stronger form, and the third less intensely than with Luther. We see in them almost none of Luther's Churchly Realism, and almost no Mysticism.

In Calvin the Patriotic spirit has become cosmopolitan zeal for the spread of the Gospel. He could say, "to the French first," but he was sure to add, "and also to all the world"—at least "to all Europe." He was Humanistic to the extent of fully appreciating the importance of classical and philological learning; but Humanistic indifference and Humanistic liberalism found no place in Calvin. He was Biblical, intensely Biblical, as he understood the Bible: yet he interpreted the Bible by Augustine, rather than tested Augustine by the Bible. The Bible, as he understood it—that is, the Augustinian system of doctrine as elaborated by himself—was to Calvin no loosely fitting garment, which he could assume or doff as expediency might dictate, but rather bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh. He would have died for these views, just as he did live and labor for them.

The Socinians represent Humanism with its Erasmic external respect for authority laid aside. They had all of Luther's contempt for extra-Lutheran authority; and, in addition to this, a contempt for Luther's own. They had no remnant of Realism, no Mysticism. They respected Biblical authority, but insisted on interpreting the Scriptures in accordance with the requirements of reason. Their apprehension of the Scriptures was not profound, and their religious zeal rarely led them to court persecution.

With the Anabaptists the Biblical principle, apprehended on its positive and on its negative side, held the first place. This was combined with Mysticism (in some cases a purely Biblical Mysticism, in other cases a Neo-platonic, semi-panteistic Mysticism), and, in some cases, with pre-millenarianism; the false Mysticism, when it preponderated, leading to the rejection of fundamental doctrines—denial of the importance of the written Word in comparison with the divine *Logos* always present to enlighten the believer, indifference to external ordinances, modification of the commonly received views of the person and work of Christ, etc.; the pre-millenarianism sometimes leading to fanaticism, and to an utter wrecking of Christian life. Pre-millenarianism, in connection with a desperate and frenzied socialistic movement, is responsible for the Münstster kingdom, with its horrors.

Such were the instruments. Now, just what was to be accomplished? Ecclesiastical theory and practice were to be thoroughly purified. What were the fundamental errors of the mediæval system that needed to be eradicated? I conceive that there were three. First and foremost, *Sacerdotalism*. Given Sacerdotalism, and what follows? If priests as representatives of the holy Catholic Church, are, without reference to personal character, mediators between God and man, have power to bind and to loose on conditions imposed by themselves, men are no longer responsible to God for their lives, but to men. Holiness before God is of infinitely less importance than scrupulous obedience to the regulations of the priests. Religion thus comes to be a mere matter of outward form. From Sacerdotalism flowed, as naturally as a stream from its source, superstitious adoration of images, shrines, etc., all forms of ritualism, the practical repudiation of Scripture authority, the domination of Church over State, the obliteration of moral law as founded on the nature of God.

The second great evil of the mediæval system was the *union of Church and State*, the idea that the Church and State are coincident. *Cæsaro-papacy* is almost as objectionable as papacy. We shall have occasion later to see the disastrous consequences of such union, especially for the Church.

Thirdly, the practical *annulling of Scripture authority*, which, as has been said, resulted from Sacerdotalism.

For anything like a complete reformation of Christianity at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the abolition of the union of Church and State, the destruction of Sacerdotalism, and the reinstatement of the Scriptures in their position of paramount authority, would have been absolutely necessary.

Let us take Lutheranism as the most influential element in the Protestant revolution, and is fairly representative of the entire politico-ecclesiastical movement, and test it by the categories that have been laid down. Did Lutheranism employ, to the best advantage, the pure elements of opposition to the hierarchy that had come down from the past, rejecting the vitiating elements? Did Lutheranism secure the ends whose accomplishment was indispensable to a pure reformation—the reinstatement of the Scriptures as the guide of faith and practice the abolition of Sacerdotalism, the abolition of the unhallowed union of Church and State? We shall see.

I said that in Lutheranism the five elements of opposition to the hierarchy were combined. Yet these elements could not possibly be combined harmoniously. The pure elements could not fail to be vitiated by combination with the impure. The final result could not be pure. If a given movement be purely Biblical, it may be at the same time Mystical, for there is a Biblical Mysticism; it may be at the same time Biblical, Mystical, and Humanistic, in a measure; but Biblical, Mystical, Humanistic, Realistic, Political, it could not possibly be without inner inconsistencies and incoherences. Hence we find the character, the actions, and the writings of Luther—his writings furnish an almost perfect index to his character, all sorts of inconsistencies. Luther could be Biblical when it suited his purpose. When he would refute the claims of the hierarchy no man could urge the supreme authority of the Scripture more vigorously than he. But does he always so urge it? Let us see. When James is quoted against his favorite doctrine of justification by faith alone—with marvelous audacity worthy even of his legitimate successors of the modern Tübingen school, he turns upon the luckless epistle and denounces it as a "right strawy epistle." So, also, he contrasted the Gospel according to St. John with the other Gospels, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. So, also, the Book of Revelation was not of such a character as divine inspiration would have given. Other books of Scripture fared no better. Again, when he came into controversy with rigid adherents of the Biblical principle, he no longer held that that only is allowable in ecclesiastical practice which

is sanctioned by Scripture, but that it is sufficient if prevalent practices are not *distinctly forbidden* by Scripture. His Roman Catholic opponents were not slow to see Luther's inconsistencies, and they made vigorous use of them in their polemics.

Again, Luther apprehended the great Biblical doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers, and the consequent right of every Christian to interpret the Scriptures according to his own judgment, enlightened by the Spirit. Yet, practically, he made his own interpretation the only admissible one, and did not hesitate to revile and persecute those that arrived at results different from his own.

Again, Luther apprehended that most important Biblical doctrine, justification by faith. He saw in the failure to recognize this doctrine, the ground of all papal corruptions. Instead of tempering this doctrine by the complementary teachings of the Scriptures he really made it the supreme criterion of truth. Whatever Scripture could not be made to teach justification by faith alone was for Luther no Scripture at all.

So, also, while professing to give the first place to Scripture, he practically put Augustine in the first place, interpreting Scripture by Augustinian dogma rather than Augustinian dogma by Scripture. It is evident, therefore, that Luther did not hold to the Biblical principle purely and consistently.

How fared it with the Mystical? There is no doubt that the writings of the German Mystics had an important place in Luther's own individual development. I shall not call in question the fact that he remained persistently a man of profound spiritual life, that his personal religion was and remained of an inward character. But I am still more fully convinced of the fact that the Mystical element was almost entirely lost to his followers. The general effect of his preaching, so far as I can judge from his own statements and those of his most intimate friends, compared with those of his opponents, was not in the direction of personal religious experience, but rather of a dead faith and a blind assurance. The preaching and writings of Luther were destructive, not constructive. He could, by his denunciations, undermine papal authority, and bring the doctrine of salvation by works into utmost contempt; but, if I mistake not, he failed signally to develop an apostolical in the place of a monkish piety in his followers. I think, then, we may say that the Mystical element among the reformatory forces was not made the most of by Luther and his followers—certainly little of it appeared among his followers. It was almost supplanted by the doctrine of justification by faith alone, generally apprehended in a semi-antinomian way.

How far was the Humanistic element utilized? Certainly Lutheranism would not have appeared when it did, nor as it did, without Humanism. Certainly Humanism had an important place in the personal development of Luther, and especially of Melancthon, Zwingli, and Calvin. It was Humanism that led Luther from 1512 onwards to combat with so much zeal Aristotle and the scholastic theology. It was Humanism that led him to study the Scriptures in their original languages. It was Humanism that furnished him with many of his ablest supporters. But this is an altogether different thing from saying that Humanism here found its full utilization. Humanism was liberal and tolerant. Humanists thought for themselves, and were willing, for the most part, to accord to others the same privilege. True, this toleration sprang largely from religious indifferentism; but whatever its source, it was a thing sadly needed in that generation. The Reformers were, for the most part, intolerant. They believed that the truth should have free course; but then each one was perfectly confident that he had apprehended the entire scope of the knowable, and was far from recognizing the right of others to think and teach *per se*—that is, contrary to his own views.

Again, Humanists were averse to dogmatizing. Lutherans had no sooner thoroughly overthrown Scholasticism than they introduced an era of Protestant Scholasticism, with the same deadening and despiritualizing effect as had marked that of the Middle Ages.

Humanists believed in bringing about reformation through the sheer force of the truth. They did not object to reforms introduced by State authority, but neither did they urge such religious revolutions. The new learning, thought Erasmus, will clear away all superstition and darkness. This done, abuses will vanish in the face of enlightened public opinion. The Reformers had far more faith in external compulsion, far less in the inherent power of the truth. Thus we see that neither the Biblical nor the Mystical, nor yet the Humanistic element, was fully apprehended and made to yield all the fruit that was in it, by Luther and his followers.

The fourth element, the Realistic hierarchical, is to be conceived of rather as a negative than as a positive force, rather as Ephraim's fetters than as Hermes' wings to a thorough reformation of the Church. Under this head I mean to include all the anti-Scriptural and Romanizing elements that clogged the Protestant Revolution. In as far as this prevailed, the Biblical, Mystical and Humanistic were sure to suffer. I think I can show that more of the accretions of Romanism remained amongst the Reformers than most readers suspect.

1. The most vicious point in Luther's system was the maintenance of the union of Church and State. As the uniting of Church and State had done more than everything else together to corrupt the Church; as this union always furnished the most unyielding obstacle to reform; so its retention by Luther made it absolutely impossible that any thorough reformation of the Church should find place. The impossibility of a purely religious reformation of a State Church lies in the following considerations:

First, the political relations of States are such that they rarely move without reference to temporal interests. Religion may furnish the ostensible motive, but when we are admitted into the confidence of the negotiators in politico-religious movements we shall almost always see that the matter of lands and dollars furnishes the decisive moment.

Secondly, admitting, as a possibility, the purely *religious* motives of the authorities in any politico-religious movement, the consciences of the people and their religious ideas are not the consciences and ideas of the authorities. The people, as a body, were at that time very likely to conform outwardly to the ecclesiastical arrangements of their rulers; yet, who would be so credulous as to think that the entire spiritual status of a nation could be changed in a day or in a year? The Spirit of God worketh not in this wise.

Thirdly, the very process of transferring a people suddenly from one communion to another, without any exercise of volition on their part, tends to foster in their minds the notion that religion is a mere matter of outward form. We might almost say that the heathen themselves are more accessible to purely religious influences than those brought up to believe that they are Christians by virtue of their membership in a State Church, apart from any choice of their own. A sense of carnal security is thus engendered antagonistic to any earnest efforts for salvation.

The leaders of the Protestant Revolution made Protestants by States as far as possible. Temporal advantages furnished the chief motive to most of the rulers. A thoroughly corrupt Christianity could not fail to be the result.

I believe that all the possible ill effects of a politico-religious reformation were realized in the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century.

2. Infant baptism has always gone hand in hand with State Churches. It is difficult to conceive how an ecclesiastical establishment could be maintained without infant baptism or its equivalent. We should think, if the facts did not show us so plainly the contrary, that the doctrine of justification by faith alone would displace infant

baptism. But no. The *Establishment* must be maintained. The rejection of infant baptism implies insistence on a baptism of believers. Only the baptized are properly members of the Church. Even adults would not all receive baptism on professed faith unless they were actually compelled to do so. Infant baptism must, therefore, be retained as the *necessary concomitant of a State Church*. But what becomes of justification by faith? Baptism, if it symbolize any thing, symbolizes regeneration. It would be ridiculous to make the symbol to forerun the fact by a series of years. Luther saw the difficulty; but he was sufficient for the emergency. "Yes," said he, "justification *is* by faith alone. No outward rite, apart from faith, has any efficacy." Why, it was against *opera operata* that he was laying out all his strength. Yet baptism is the symbol of regeneration, and baptism must be administered to infants, or else the State Church falls. With an audacity truly sublime, the great reformer declares that infants are regenerated in connection with baptism, and that they are *simultaneously justified by personal faith*. An infant eight days old believe! "Prove the contrary, if you can!" triumphantly ejaculates Luther, and his point is gained. If this kind of personal faith is said to justify infants, is it wonderful that those of maturer years learned to take a somewhat superficial view of the faith that justifies?

3. In the very idea of a religious establishment is implied the maintenance of the establishment. The toleration of dissent is antagonistic to the integrity—nay, to the very existence—of an establishment. The idea that two forms of Christianity could, with any good results, exist side by side in a given state, seemed almost as preposterous to Luther as it did to Philip II or to Catherine de Medici. Though schismatic themselves, the Reformers had a horror of schism almost as decided as that of the Romanists. The tendency of Protestantism to individualism and endless sectarianism was a reproach which Romanists delighted to heap upon Protestants; and the Reformers did not know enough to admit the fact, and to justify it. The necessity for uniformity of religion felt by civil and religious leaders alike, and the necessity of giving the lie to Roman Catholic reproaches, led the Protestant civil rulers, with the hearty co-operation of the Protestant religious leaders, to persecute to the death those that dared dissent from the established religion.

I maintain that it was the most natural thing in the world, circumstances being as they were, that a Reformation should be attempted and carried out, just as it was attempted and carried out. A political revolution seems to have been inevitable. Religious affairs were already

so intermingled with political affairs that we can hardly conceive of a great political revolution which should not involve the overthrow of the hierarchy. It was the most natural thing in the world that the movement should have begun from the religious side. Considering that the hierarchy was sure to make use of civil and ecclesiastical power combined for the suppression of any movement that threatened its overthrow, it was perfectly natural that the religious and the political reformers should have clung close together, or rather that the two elements should have been combined in the same individuals. Again, it was natural that the politico-religious reformers should have striven to retain full control of the movement, to keep the ranks solid. It was natural that the political elements during the times of outward danger should have greatly preponderated over the religious. It was natural that deserters from the ranks on the one side or the other should be hunted down and slain. All this was natural, was to be expected. But in a religious movement we demand not what is *natural*, but what is *CHRISTIAN*; not the methods of the practical politician, but the methods appointed by Christ. We demand that the men to whom we pay homage as apostles of Christ be swayed not by worldly motives, but by purely Christian motives. We demand faith, not in the arm of flesh, but in the Lord, such faith as does the right regardless of consequences, assured that God will take care of the consequences.

Let us then sum up concisely the achievements of Luther: (1.) He overthrew the papal authority in Germany. (2.) He secured the recognition of the doctrine of justification by faith, and thereby overthrew a vast amount of mediæval superstition, to a great extent sacerdotalism, on which the whole mediæval system rested. (3.) He greatly promoted individualism,—freedom of thought on the part of individuals; although this was not his desire, and he fought against it with might and main.

These things he accomplished in part voluntarily, in part involuntarily. Thus, I trust, we have seen alike the defects and the merits of the movement.

But the *truth* was not without its witnesses in that generation. Hosts of men were to be found among those that came under the influence of the leaders of the Revolution, who laid hold with eagerness upon the Biblical aspect of the movement, and who had faith enough to adhere firmly even unto death to the teachings of the Bible. They believed that the New Testament sets forth a church of the regenerate. They read Christ's words, "My kingdom is not of this world," and they had faith enough to take Christ at his word. These men were the choicest fruit of the Protestant Revolution, men of learning and

profundity of thought, men of conscience, consistent men, men who could abide no dallying with the truth. Luther and Zwingli had professed to make the Bible the supreme and all-sufficient guide. These men demand something more than outward profession. They recognized the principle as true, and they demanded that it be unconditionally adhered to. If the Bible be the standard, they argued, why retain papal forms which have no sanction in the Bible; why allow the unregenerate and evidently irreligious to partake of the ordinances of the Church side by side with the truly regenerate; why baptize infants, seeing that there is no Scriptural authority for it, and that it is utterly antagonistic to pure church-membership? At Zürich these consistent reformers early became dissatisfied with the temporizing course that Zwingli was pursuing. They urged upon him the necessity of abolishing every vestige of popery. They urged upon him the unsuitableness, the unscripturalness of carrying on a religious movement in subserviency to the civil magistracy. Zwingli justified his course in retaining the unregenerate in the Church by a perversion of Christ's saying, "He that is not against us is for us;" and of the parable, wherein it is commanded to let the tares grow with the wheat till the harvest. He answered in a similar way their objections to his subserviency to the civil magistrates. He admitted that adult baptism was preferable to infant baptism, and that baptism was commonly bestowed in the early Church only after candidates had been instructed in the Word, and were able to give an account of their faith. But Zwingli's faith was weak. He could not consent to forego the patronage of the mighty. When the earnest Christian men of Zürich withdrew themselves from the established Church, and instituted worship of their own, making re-baptism a condition of entrance, Zwingli saw at once that in this separation was involved the rejection of infant baptism, and he set himself to defend infant baptism, and to malign and persecute the men of God who dared to be loyal in the face of danger and death.

"The truth is immortal," wrote Dr. Balthazar Hübmaier, the great Baptist leader of the sixteenth century, on the title-pages of all his books.* He thought he possessed, and he did possess, the truth. He preached the truth, he lived the truth, he died heroically at the stake for the truth. The principles that he taught were too exalted for his age. He was hunted down by Protestant and burned by Roman Catholic Scribes and Pharisees. But these principles, the supreme lordship of Christ, the supreme authority of Scripture, the necessity of

*I have used the language of this paragraph in an article entitled, "Baptist Churches Apostolical," printed in Jenkins' "Baptist Doctrines."

regenerate Church membership, the independence of the local Church, absolute freedom of conscience and freedom in maintaining religious thought and feeling in religious life and in Church organization, have, in their marvelous extension and general recognition, justified abundantly the faith of this man of God.

It is never really expedient to sacrifice the truth. Let us teach the truth, let us live the truth, let us suffer for the truth, if need be, and our reward will not be wanting when we come to stand before Him who is the Author of truth, nay, who is the truth himself. Verily, the truth is immortal!

Hübmaier or Luther—which? The man that, at the very beginning of his career, could write the ablest plea of the age for liberty of conscience, who showed forth an apostolic faith and suffered an apostolic martyrdom, or the man who put himself at the head of a politico-religious movement, who drove to despair and to death such as refused to yield to his *ipse dixit*, whose controversial language was more becoming to a fish-woman than to a theologian, who did not blush to hold out the most unworthy inducements to those whose alliance he would gain, whose arrogance was equalled only by his exceeding bitterness of spirit?

ALBERT H. NEWMAN

Students' Quarter.

ACROSTIC.

In heaven's twilight from celestial towers,
 So runs the mediæval legend, bells
 Angelic summon from a myriad bowers
 Bright spirits blest: Elysian hills and dells
 Echo their vesper ringing.
 Love! to thy life may this sweet power belong
 Love's slumbering to wake, and Virtue, Prayer and Song,
 A sweet-chimed peal out flinging.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

A VISIT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

To one who has never visited the White Mountains and seen the wonder and grandeur of their lofty heights a description by an eyewitness may seem exaggerated. As I wished to see them from the best possible points, I decided to take the Maine Central railroad. Leaving Boston one fine afternoon in July, we proceeded by the B. & M. to the town of North Conway in New Hampshire, in order to make connection with the M. C. After staying over night in this pretty village, which is quite a summer resort, we took the M. C. train next morning for Crawford's, a ride of about an hour and a half. Speeding along we passed Intervale, Glen, and Bartlett, the last station before we began to ascend the mountains. Here the engine was taken off, and a heavier one, with better climbing powers, substituted.

The day being fine an open observation car was attached, in which, comfortably seated, we pulled out of Bartlett at 7.30 a.m. To Sawyer's River, a distance of five miles, we ran at full speed, there being nothing of importance to necessitate our travelling slowly. Then gradually we approach and enter the hills. Behind and above them is seen height rising upon height, outlined clearly against the sky, and seeming to make a connection between earth and heaven. Wonderful are these piles of granite, which have given to this state its name—the "Granite State."

Suddenly rounding a curve we enter into the mountains and our sightseeing begins. On our left, but a few feet from us, a huge mass towers above us. Looking down to our right we are almost shocked to find that the track runs along a shelf cut into the side of the solid rock. Upward we go to Avalanche, passing a couple of sawmills which are doing a thriving business. Here in a slight depression the train stopped at a tank to take water. Improving the opportunity some of us get off and learn that the name Avalanche was given to this place because some years since a huge mass of snow rolled down the mountain side and striking a summer hotel at the base completely demolished it, with the exception of a small porch. Luckily the inmates were in this part and so escaped.

The spot upon which I stood while this house was pointed

out to me, was over a thousand feet above it. Warned by the bell we sprang aboard, and once more began our ascent. And now the grandeur increases! Deep down below us we can see what seems a purling brook, but in reality is a wild mountain torrent. Across this valley and about three miles from us Bald Mountain raises his lofty head, and on each side and behind him many others, making a huge wall along the ravine.

The track still runs on a narrow ledge. Presently we reach a spot where great care in handling the engine is required, the Frankenstein trestle. This is an iron structure nearly four hundred feet long, built across a gulch to connect two mountains. The danger arises from its peculiar shape, that of a half moon. It is capable of sustaining seventy tons to the foot. Having safely crossed this we go on through the heart of the mountains, past Wiley Brook and finally reach the celebrated Crawford Notch. Here, cut through the solid granite, runs the track, while thousands of feet below is the valley and thousands above towers the mountain summit. Peak piled upon peak, height upon height they rise, till one is lost in wonder and awe, as he beholds this grand display of nature, and wishes that he were a Wordsworth, that he might picture it to those who, perhaps, may never see it. Here, on a level plane, the highest point reached by the railroad, is the "Crawford House," a celebrated summer resort.

Passing this, we descend gradually for four miles to the famous "Fabyan House," which we find filled with tourists. Here we take up our quarters. The railroad to Mount Washington runs through Fabyans, and trains leave twice a day for the mountain top. The car in which we were to make the ascent seemed to us a very strange affair, being quite low forward and high behind, as was also the engine. This we found was in order to accommodate them to the grade, for, as we began to climb we found ourselves, as usual, placed on the level.

Nearly an hour is occupied in the ascent. Some places were so steep that we seemed to be going up almost perpendicularly, but when we reached the top, what a sight met our eyes! Stretching out far and near was the grand scenery we all had been expecting. It was a sight beyond description. With my feeble pen I will not attempt it.

During our stay of three weeks at Fabyan's we visited many of the peaks, saw the Old Man of the Mountains, the hermit at Crawford's, and all that was of interest, and returned to Boston feeling well repaid for the time and effort expended.

J. I. MANTHORNE.

IN THE SILENCE.

Sometimes the vexing murmur loses, lulls,
And hearing faints,—
The wild rough world sways darkly by in throes
Of pain and 'plaints.

And I am compassed by the calm of God,
Who tells me, "Rest!
Be still, and know my Being. I am He
In Whom thou'rt blest."

And lo! before me seems a Brightness dim
To reach and wane,—
Joy! Heaven! A quick uprising,—then I find
The world again.

G. H. CLARKE.

A MINISTER'S ROMANCE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

A house in Brooklyn.

A bright fire blazing in the grate of the study.

Books in various bindings, and of more various contents, ranged up and along the walls.

On the carpet five or six newspapers and as many magazines thrown in orderly disorder.

In the centre of the room a writing table; on it several books of reference, half-finished sermons and outlines of stories.

And at this table a man.

The marble clock on the mantel was striking three.

"Did the postman bring all of these?" said the Rev. Leonard Morgan to the retiring servant who had just handed him two letters and a card, a visiting card.

"No, sir, only the letters. But they both came to the door at the same time."

"And you told the gentleman—"

"That you were engaged."

"And then?"

"Then he wrote something on his card, handed it in, and walked away."

"Oh! yes, yes—I see," said Mr. Morgan. "I did not notice that there was anything written on it."

Looking at the card again he read the printed name: "Mr. Harold Granton," and underneath in lead pencil: "Will call again at five."

"Why, of course; that explains the matter," said the clergyman. "All right, Tom, let me know as soon as he calls; and then tell cook to prepare dinner."

It was not very often that the Brooklyn preacher met any of his old college chums from Philadelphia, and the prospect of a chat with Harold Granton, who for years had been his bosom friend, gave him no little pleasure.

He began to wait almost impatiently for five o'clock. How many things Harold and he would have to talk about!

"Let me see," he said half-aloud as he read over the announcements for the Saturday press, which he had just filled in on the blank form used for that purpose, "morning subject: 'Christ's First Miracle,' and evening subject: 'The Mission of the Nazarene.' Yes, those are correct. And both sermons completed to-day; and it is only Friday! I am ready for Sunday in good time this week. Now I will have a little leisure. But I have forgotten to open those two letters."

On doing so he was pleased to find that the first contained a cheque for a pleasing amount from his publisher. Mr. Morgan, in addition to being a preacher, was also a novelist. And he was something more than pleased to find that the second contained an invitation to Mrs. Clarence Tupper's *At Home*, which he had heard was to be held in about a week.

"Now," thought he, "I will surely meet my queen; Mrs. Tupper is the one she always comes to our church with. I wish I could have *Corithaeni of Naples* printed by then. The last of the eleven chapters is nearly finished; why not complete it now?"

So, suiting the action to the thought, he took out the manuscript and commenced to write.

Scarcely a paragraph had been added, however, when his thoughts began to be more taken up with the heroine than with the story—if such a thing be possible. And it was in this case. For, although the scenes of the story were imaginative and were laid in the fourteenth century, yet the heroine was a real personage and lived in the nineteenth.

Little more than a year ago Mr. Morgan had come to Brooklyn, and at that time he almost regretted that the Presbyterian church had not monastic orders like the Episcopalian. But these mediæval longings soon spread their wings, and before Leonard had time to realize it they had flown, and he—he was in love!

Ah, Cupid, you have much to answer for!

But to *Corithaeni*—for he nearly always thought of his queen by this name—the minister had never yet spoken. Nor did he even know her real name; for on account of his position he did not like to make inquiries which might arouse anyone's interest in his intentions. With the exception of the few evenings that this young lady had attended his church in the

company of Mrs. Tupper, he had seen her only on the street. True he had gone to several evening parties of various kinds in the hope of meeting her there, and each time was disappointed: but at this one he felt sure she would be present.

Was he to be disappointed again? Who can tell?

Sometimes as Leonard sat in his study, toying with his pen, he used to write little fanciful tales—full of meaning though—about the one who dwelt, unconsciously to herself, in his fond admiration. This was what he was now doing. Could you have read his day-dream as he sat there writing it you would have seen that it was about a young man—none other than Leonard himself, of course—standing beside a river and looking up at the thousand stars that shone in the night sky. But to this young man one star seemed brighter and more beautiful than any other; and as he stood and watched it, suddenly the star became a queen! And then this queen came and stood beside him, and they talked a long, long while as they walked together by the river. And then, in due time, after the manner of tales, the queen became the young man's bride.

After reading this over and telling himself how foolish he was to write such nonsense, he folded it up, and—

Knock, knock!

"Come in," he answered.

"It is five o'clock, sir," said the servant, "and the door bell has just rung."

"Well, if it is Mr. Granton just ask him to come in here, Tom."

Then Leonard tossed his tale into the grate, and sat watching the flames as he awaited the entrance of his friend.

Punctual to the minute Mr. Granton had come.

Each expressed his joy at seeing the other in that hearty way peculiar to students. Even if one was an eloquent preacher and the other a wealthy merchant, they both felt, for a few minutes at least, that they were boys again.

For a while they laughed and joked about the innocent capers of their college days; and soon six o'clock had come, so they retired to the dining-room.

Here things material and immaterial provided both kinds of refreshment.

For an hour after dinner was over they sat and talked about the old professors, and about the students, where they were now and what they were doing in life, and about many other matters of interest mainly to themselves.

When they adjourned to the study again the bells in Mr. Morgan's church near by were ringing. There was a service there that evening at eight, although he did not have to be present until nine.

Their conversation was quieter now as they recounted the pleasant scenes of boyhood. Then gradually all gaiety passed away, and the faces of both men became thoughtful, almost serious, as they spoke of their early youth and the changes that had taken place since that happy time. It seemed as if Leonard knew what his companion wished to speak of.

Both were silent.

At length Harold spoke.

"Leonard," he said, "do you—do you remember Ethel?"

No answer.

Leonard's eyes were closed. All the past was passing through his mind: the early part of his college days when in Philadelphia, where they both lived, he met Ethel and learned to love her, then that starry night when he saw in her deep blue eyes her unvoiced thoughts of him—and his heart-warm lips gave and felt love's first sweet kiss, and he made and heard the vows that seemed and were so sacred. And then he thought of the story he had written at that time, making her the model for a heroine who was at once noble and beautiful, both in countenance and character. But how brief was his dream! One year of happiness—and all was ended.

Misunderstanding, pride and independence—these tell the story.

Lovers' quarrels are usually childish, and often causeless: Leonard Morgan's was no exception.

For years his faith in Ethel had led him on, telling him that all might yet come right—even as she had said when skating that bright New Year's morning: "All is for the best." But though he hoped this, he also doubted it sometimes.

And so the years went by. How dreary they must have been!

His was a strong passionate nature, and with such love is not a garment that can be thrown aside at will. No; it became part of his very being, and inseparably entwined with his life. Yet some thought him cold and hard; but this—if it were true at all, and it was not—was simply the result of his trying to be self-controlled and self-contained. In reality the fault—for some consider it a fault—was that his love was too intense. His affections could not be divided: with him it was one or none.

It is true that during his college course and more so now that he was attaining eminence as an author and preacher, not a few young ladies sought his acquaintance. Some of these were most estimable; some were mere flirts. But his heart was no longer his to bestow. And so for the former he felt sorry; for the latter—well, it is enough to say that for flirts he had no respect whatever. Neither has any man of worth. Why? Because flirts too often make the wives who prove unfaithful to their husbands.

And so during all these years he had been true to Ethel. And her memory had kept him pure, and helped him to struggle along ambition's uphill path.

"Leonard," said Harold again, "I would not ask you such a question only you know that she is my cousin and that I was your friend, and will be now if you will let me."

Then, as the clergyman's dark sad eyes looked earnestly into his companion's came the answer:

"Yes, Harold, I do remember her."

"And have you forgiven the past?"

"I have—many years ago; and thought that Ethel had, perhaps, forgiven me,—and—and—forgotten me."

"Forgotten you," repeated Harold, taking his hand. "No, that I fear can never be. Leonard, it was she who suggested my calling upon you during my visit to Brooklyn, saying as I bade her good-bye: 'Ask him to forgive me, and tell him I am the same as on that happy day when we both confessed our love.' And so I have come to you, Leonard."

Then for a while both were silent again.

"And now," he continued, "may I ask one question more."

"Yes, Harold, for her sake," was the reply.

"Leonard, you told me you have forgiven her: tell me—do you—love her?"

But the minister could find no words.

His friend waited.

"You will tell me?" he pleaded.

"Yes, Harold, I will tell you, tell you all. How I tried to undo what separated us, you know already; but Ethel would not. And yet for four long years I never ceased to think of her as I had always done before. She was my soul's goddess; and, in hope I waited. But why prolong the story? Harold, there was a time when one word from Ethel would have brought me to her side again; but that time has gone. Yet the past is not dead—but it lives in a sealed heart—and as Ethel told me once, perhaps I was a boy then: but I am no longer. And now with all a MAN'S love, I have given myself to another."

In a few minutes Mr. Granton had taken leave. Those at the church wondered why the minister did not come. But that evening Leonard Morgan scarcely stirred from his chair as he sat thinking far into the night.

Again he seemed to hear the music and the words of the song called "Pansy" which he had mailed to her that New Year's evening long ago, and seemed to see the flower that accompanied it. Then he took up a magazine lying open on the table at a poem he had read that morning. But he little thought that Ethel was its author. Again he read it:

"SOMETIMES.

Sometimes I long in utter loneliness
 To see thy face;
 Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless
 This empty place;
 Sometimes I hear thy voice in accents glad
 Or tender tone;
 And then I feel that it is doubly sad
 To be alone!

Ah, Life is now a weary thing to me,
 For gazing on,
 I have no hope nor thought of meeting thee,
 Beneath the sun.
 My life would lose what most I care to keep.
 Should I forget?
 And yet, remembering, I can but weep
 With vain regret.

For I have lost by my own wayward pride
 Thy care and love.
 I only hope that I may reach thy side,
 In Heaven above ;
 I only pray that thou may'st find it sweet,
 And not in vain,
 To know that all my life until we meet,
 Is one long pain !"

How strong are these heart-questions! Laughed at by philosophy, untouched by religion, yet these are at once the power that makes or mars our human lives, and form the master passion that rules nearly all mankind.

Sunday came with all its brightness and its glory. The church of which the Rev. Leonard Morgan was minister was attracting larger congregations every Sabbath. And on this evening it was crowded to the very doors. Never before, the people said, had he been so earnest and so eloquent; and that night many a man and woman was persuaded to become a follower of the Nazarene.

During the week, in addition to preparing sermons, pastoral work, and novel-writing, Mr. Morgan had much to do. His church had a mission down in the tenement house district to which he went every Tuesday. It was on his way home from there late one night, just a month after his arrival in Brooklyn, that he first conceived the idea of writing the story entitled *Corthaeni of Naples*. He saw a young lady, who had been walking with another, leave the sidewalk, hurry across the pavement and rescue a little street-waif from the blows of its drunken mother. He heard her call the woman by name. This led him to the conclusion that the young lady was probably from some church up in some other part of the city which had a mission in this neighborhood. With her friend and the boy clinging to her, she was standing in the lamplight as he passed. He looked into her face; their eyes met. And in hers he saw that warm and mellow light which speaks of a soul within burning with human kindness. And this was how he first met her whom he now thought of as his queen, and wrote of as Corthaeni.

And yet about his love for her he felt there was something strange and mysterious. What was it?

How slowly this week seemed to go by!

They often passed on the street, but nothing more.

At last the looked-for night came, and Mr. Morgan found himself among the guests at Mrs. Tupper's At Home. He was introduced to quite a few literary people; but although he usually found such persons to be kindred spirits and their society most congenial, yet to night they seemed to be quite tiresome. The truth was he had come with one object, and that object was not a literary one. Accordingly he felt very thankful when Mrs. Tupper came and led him, with several others, to another room. It was the library.

And there before him, stood—his queen!

"Miss Gray, Mr. Morgan," said the hostess, "Mr. Morgan. Miss Gray."

This name set Leonard thinking: could she possibly be a relative of the one whom he had been speaking to Harold about? But he had never heard the Grays speak of having any relatives in Brooklyn; and then Gray was quite a common name. However he would find out. How awkward it would be if she knew the story of his youth! More than once young ladies had told him that they saw in his dark brown eyes the story of some past romance. What if this one should think she saw it too? But he would be bright, and chase away all sadness from those tell-tale eyes—if there was any sadness in them, and he could never see any.

"You are interested in floriculture, I think, Mr. Morgan," continued Mrs. Tupper, "and I know Miss Gray is too. Come, let me show you our conservatory."

And so they followed her to the flower-room—flower palace Leonard would have said, for queens usually live in palaces; and he was with his queen.

Here they talked a long while, alone among the flowers; in her presence he was happy. And who can tell but what she too felt that secret pleasure which all girls love and deny, the pleasure of being fondly looked upon by noble eyes.

As she sat there among the lilies in the palm shadows, Leonard thought she lacked only one thing, and that one thing was—a crown.

At length he inquired if she had any relatives of the same name in Philadelphia.

"Not now," she answered; and he started slightly. "But years ago I lived there myself."

Who could she be ?

"Would you mind if I asked what may be your Christian name," he ventured.

"My name is Ethel."

"Ethel?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Leonard, I am Ethel Gray."

Then he drew her to him.

"Ethel," he said, "O Ethel, my queen! After all these years I have found you. And I love you; I love you, Ethel, more than words can tell. Do you—love me?"

And he heard a sweet voice answer softly, "Yes."

Then for a time there was that silence which is so often the language of the purest and most passionate love. And as Ethel rested her head on her lover's breast, and Leonard pressed his lips to those of his soul's joy, they sat clasped in one long embrace, each listening while the other whispered those words which lovers long so much to hear, and told of the past dark years and spoke of the brightening future.

Then from the drawing-room came soft music winging through the palm trees and the flowers, and they caught those words which both remembered so well as they heard a pretty girl-voice singing :

* * PANSY.

* O tell me not of the form or hue,
The royal purple or golden eye ;
But tell me the thought of the pansy's heart --
Love cannot die.

That so wherever I fondly gaze
Upon thy passionate upturned face
I may hear thee whisper of constancy --
Love's fairest grace.

O tell me not of a new-found love,
As summers blush and fade away ;
But still of the o'd, the tried and true --
Renewed to-day."

* * * * *

Four months have passed.

It is morning.

Yes, it is another New Year's morning.

And again from the church tower the bells are ringing.

And they ring above the orange blossoms: for beneath them stand the Rev. Leonard Morgan and Ethel his bride.

Thus, in happy marriage, closed—A MINISTER'S ROMANCE.

W. J. THOROLD.

* The poem "Pansy" was written for this story by O. G. LANGFORD.

LITTLE S.

Only a little sunbeam
Came shimmering on the wall,
But it made me glad, and it made me sing
Of Jesus, the Light of all.

Only a little shadow
That fell across my path,
But it made me sad, as it whispered low
Of sorrow and pain and death.

Only a little songlet
Fell lightly on my ear,
But it wakened a thousand love thoughts
Of many a bygone year.

Only a little tear-drop
In the eye of a loving friend,
But it stirred my soul with a deep desire
My little help to lend.

Only a little snowdrop
In the garden beside my bower,
But its pure white sweetness and modest mien
Make me wish I were a flower.

Only a little brooklet
Rippling along its way,
But its mirthful song and its dazzling light
Made me wish I were half as gay.

Away in eternal sunlight,
Away in the region of bliss,
Mid the harps and the songs of the angels,
It may be I'll think of this.

And the glory will be the brighter,
And the music will be more sweet,
The memory of sorrow and shadow
Will make the bliss complete.

O. G. LANGFORD.

THE BERMUDA OR SOMERS' ISLANDS.

Only three days from New York to the land of the lily and the rose! Bermuda, as few people seem to know, is not one island, but a group of three hundred and sixty-five islands. There is a legend that every leap year one springs up to make the three hundred and sixty-six. They are so situated as to resemble a horse-shoe in shape, and are bounded by two sets of reefs, one eight miles out and the other fifteen. Here and there the coral rock juts above the surface of the sea, but at other places it is entirely submerged, and it is therefore always necessary to have a pilot when approaching the islands.

Vessels generally anchor in Hamilton Harbour. It is customary for them to approach the harbour on Saturday night, and as they near the land, the first sight that meets the eye is the light at St. David's Head. A little later is seen the light at Gibb's Hill, at one time the second highest in the world.

There are different theories concerning the geological formation of the islands. One is that they are part of the mythical mountain range of Atlantis, and that the island is a peak of volcanic origin. It is believed that there have been three eruptions and three subsidences, Harrington Sound being the crater. Ages after these disturbances, when all traces of volcanic action were extinct, the little zoophyte, who is too wise to venture to build near any recent volcanic formation, helped to form this little island world. There are three different kinds of rock: volcanic, the main foundation: the drift rock, which in its shape gives evidence of the motion of the waves that threw it up in its plastic state: and the shore rock and sand which is yet to harden.

The principal natural features of Bermuda are the caves, the reefs, and the sea-flower gardens between the bounding reefs and at Castle Harbour. The Queen's White Hall near the Natural Arch at Tuckers' Town, is one of the most beautiful of the caves. Entering by a ladder (the only possible means of access), we see pillars of white stalactite and stalagmite, with ferns growing in abundance. Three other sets of caves are

entered by row-boats. They are illuminated by candles. At the mouth of one of the caves is a tropical jungle of vines and various trees,—coffee, changeable rose, and fiddlewood. The last mentioned is the only tree in Bermuda that sheds its leaves, or takes on the autumnal colors, except the wild grape—not a vine as might be supposed, but a genuine tree—which has its leaves off for two weeks in May.

The ground is fertile. The chief articles of food produced are onions, arrowroot, melons, potatoes. The onion season lasts from April until June: then the streets of Hamilton are crowded with the horse and donkey carts from all parts of the islands, bringing boxes of onions to the steamer, while in the fields men, women and children are packing them. The lilies are planted in August and taken up in July for shipment and transplanting. The bulbs are packed in cedar sawdust, and the blossoms in pasteboard compartments with damp paper or cotton wool.

The principal tree is the cedar or juniper tree, which looks very much like the spruce at a distance. The palms with their feathery leaves, the ponsietta with its flaming red blossoms, the ponsianna with its stone-like trunk and green umbrella-shaped top, the oleander and frangipanni with their waxy leaves and stocks, and pink and white blossoms,—all fill the air with their fragrance, and make it a delight to live and breathe.

The fruits are not so abundant as in the West Indies, but they are very delicious. The avocado pear, cherrymoyia, sugar apple, loquat, banana, paw-paw, and serenau cherry, are the ones most adapted to that climate, and the most common. Flowers are in bloom all the year: roses grow to trees, only resting in March and June, and geraniums, lantana, and other plants so cherished in the North grow nearly wild. Imagine, if you can, a field of five or six acres of Easter lilies in bloom. Among the pleasures to be enjoyed while visiting Bermuda is the taking of a tug to the reefs on a clear day, with row boats, nippers, water-glasses and darkies, to obtain sponges, corals, sea-rods and fans. Fishing is done with only the hook and line, and it affords great sport. During the summer and winter there are boat-races, and gymkanahs which consist of dingy and swimming races, walking greasy poles, and other sports dear to the heart of the negro.

The capital is Hamilton, a town with fine shops, good streets and hotels. Few of the streets have sidewalks. The houses are built of Bermuda stone, which is white, due to the presence of carbonate of lime. They are usually square with verandahs all round, and the roofs are kept whitewashed, as rainwater is used for every purpose. St. Georges, the old capital, is very quaint; it reminds one of oriental towns. The streets, with two exceptions, are narrow, only allowing room for one carriage. St. Peter's Church has a sacramental service presented by King William and Mary.

The island is divided into nine parishes. The Episcopal church is the established church. The Methodist ranks next, then the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic. The colored people have three or four churches of their own, generally having good preachers and music. The colored people, forming two-thirds of the inhabitants, are a very easy-going and happy people. The white men look on the uneducated blacks as little better than dogs—although none of the learned professions are without their colored representatives. The Bermudian is noted for his hospitality, and socially the island is very gay, as it is a military and naval station, and a resort for tourists six months of the year.

The climate is the most equable in the world, the temperature from November to April ranging from 50° to 77°. Christmas is one of the pleasantest times; the flowers are in their glory, and it is warm enough for white dresses. Many wear thin clothing all the year. Such pleasures, together with the picturesqueness of the islands, make Bermuda seem like a dream of Paradise.

E. L. F.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL Christendom on this side the Atlantic will watch with keen, sad interest the "Sturm auf das Apostolicum," so suddenly precipitated on the Protestantism of the Fatherland by recent utterances, especially by the explicit denial on the part of Professor Harnack, of the Berlin University, of the credal statement that our Lord was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Harnack's position is that such a dogma is neither an essential content of the Apostles' Creed nor in the centre of Christianity. Verily the times are serious. "God is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat."

WE welcome *The American Journal of Psychology* among the recent additions to the periodicals taken by our library. Much interest attaches to its summary of the recent literature on Smell and Taste, senses hitherto considered as unpsychological because affective rather than presentative. It is something, however, that at last the proof seems to be complete that with the destruction of the organ of taste the power of smell is also destroyed. The reference in the Journal to the French work in which it is proposed to treat pessimism under the head of psychiatry is encouraging to all who believe in the saneness and supremacy of the true and the beautiful and the good. Let the Journal be faithfully read by our students.

IN his address on the occasion of the formal opening of McMaster University, Mr. Willmott, our Lecturer in Science, referring to his experience of the evils of extreme party politics, struck a clear note when he expressed his conviction that the influence of our schools and colleges would ere long bring about a better condition of things in that respect in Canada. Will not the men now studying history and political science in our universities go forth into the activities of life with high aims and noble ideals before them, something higher, may we not hope, than mere party strength and the holding of the reins and profits of power? Is it possible that students, already taught in our High Schools to appreciate the enlightened and liberal views of John Richard Green, can study through all the years of their course, and under the guidance of highly educated, Christian teachers, all that is noblest and best in literature and science, and ever afterwards, in any way, counten-

ance political unrighteousness either in high or in low places? We believe not, and hope yet to see the end of the humiliating tales of political selfishness and dishonor that have too long defiled the columns of our secular press.

THE *Globe* of November 26, publishes an excellent paper by Mr. A. Chibald Blue on "Our Race and its Destiny," in which the writer maintains the great superiority of the character, instincts and institutions of the English speaking nations of the world, supporting his theories by numerous quotations from the foremost historians and essayists of the day. He emphasizes the wonderfully solvent power of these nations, the rapidity with which they assimilate the masses of immigration constantly being thrown upon their shores from almost all other nations. Before two centuries have passed the aggregate population of England, Canada, Australia and the United States of America will far exceed that of any other race. If these nations, possessing in common so many of the best qualities and of the noblest institutions mankind has ever yet developed, can be united by high and common interests, they will yet control the political, and, to a certain extent, even the material and spiritual destinies of the world. Mankind will then be infinitely better and happier than when the world owned the sway of imperial or papal Rome.

THE chief aims of our University Courses in Modern Languages should be, just as in English, to enable students to cultivate as wide an acquaintance as possible with the best productions in the literature of these languages, and teach them to read these works with pleasure and profit, so that they will desire to continue their study in after life. To obtain satisfactory results in this direction, within the limits of the course, it is highly important that students shall have thoroughly mastered the elements of grammar before matriculation. In fact, they should begin the study of French or German, as far as practicable, with the same advantage as in English; and here, too, the great aim should be to become acquainted with the lives and masterpieces of the great writers. In many of the colleges in the United States, indeed, foreign languages are studied just in this way. Students are not troubled greatly with technical grammar or prose exercises, but they are encouraged to read widely to ascertain what there is that is worth reviewing, and thus lay the foundation for future courses of study.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. GRIGG, ED.

BIG.—Chicago University has received an additional bequest of \$750,000.

THE GIRLS IN IT.—The University of Heidelberg has recently adopted co-education.

GOLD CURE.—Mephisto (meditatively), "I should judge now from the way that last arrival smelts down that he was one of these Gold Cure victims I've heard so much about lately."—*Grip*.

KIND!—One of the latest editions to our exchange list is the *McMASTER MONTHLY MAGAZINE*, a monthly magazine of fifty-six pages. It is one of the best edited and finest-looking magazines on our list.—*Colorado Collegian*.

A NOTABLE BUILDING.—University College, Toronto, has been described by the eminent novelist, Black, as, "The only college building in America worthy a place in the classic streets of Oxford."—*Varsity*.

A RAY OF HESPERUS—

Red lips they never grow weary—
 No never—of tempting the boys all the while.
 Blue eyes, they never stop sparkling
 No never—they'll conquer the world by their wile.

—*The Hesperus*: Denver Coll.

HOME.—Like the bird of India, which, by means of clay, fastens the glow worm to the branches above her nest that it may afford her and her little ones light through the dark night, so man by industry and sobriety may attach to his home an abiding sunshine; making it the centre of life, its solace and its refuge, around which may cluster every endearing association.—*Free Lance*.

PURGATORY.—*The Owl*, for November, contains an interesting article from the pen of the very Rev. Aencas Dawson, LL.D. It is based on the phrase used by the late Dr. Macleod, "Education beyond the grave." It is used to substantiate a belief in the existence of Purgatory. It is evidently a perversion of Dr. McLeod's meaning, since *education* is persistently confounded with *expiation*.

SHALL WE SPEAK OR WRITE?—*Trinity University Review* has a short editorial on spoken vs. written sermons. Power with either

method is lodged in the man. The speaker should consider himself and his audience. Some readers are much more powerful than some extemporisers, and *vice versa*. Ultimately effective pulpit work depends more largely upon the condition of the speaker's own heart than is usually allowed.

The Free Lance publishes in the October number an excellent little paper on the German university at Göttingen. It says: "It is a university famous for the great men who have lived and studied within its walls. 'Twas here that Gauss deduced his celebrated mathematical formulæ; that the brothers Grimm discovered the famous Law which in philology bears their name; that the Philosopher Lotze conceived his idea of the soul; and here it was that Wœhler worked out that famous synthetical preparation of Uræ, which so startled the entire scientific world. The laboratories of chemistry, mineralogy and zoology are complete in every detail, each department having a new and extensive building. The university library is found on the Alle Strasse, and contains more than 500,000 printed volumes, and over 5,000 manuscripts; among the latter are some of the most valuable papers in Germany."

RICH IN VERSE.—*The Brunonian*, of Dec. 30, is a very interesting Christmas number. It is especially rich in verse, sustaining well the reputation in this department, which it has so long held. We copy the following:

Sail on, thou ship of state!

Sail on!

Though hard luck pursues me and gives me rough knocks,
Though papa won't answer my pleas for his rocks,
Though I flunk at exams. and get into a box,
Still never mind me!

Sail on!

Sail on, thou ship of state!

Sail on!

Though often I've longed for a nice easy berth,
Which thou, in thy wisdom, hadst seen I was worth,
I might just as well say I wanted the earth,
So never mind me!

Sail on!

Sail on, thou ship of state!

Sail on!

Though here I sit, dreaming in youth's giddy prime,
That some day the hill of Parnassus I'll climb,
I wouldn't advise you to wait for that time,
Pray, never mind me!

Sail on!

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. WARNICKER, ED.

As things are now, the columns of *ACTA* are filled—*Acta Victoriana*.

POPE LEO is a poet of the Virgilian school. He writes in Latin verse with great facility; and a volume of his poems is to be made public shortly.

BLUE EYES AND GREAT MEN.—According to the 'Optician, blue eyes have always predominated among the great men of the world—Socrates, Shakespeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon, and Renan all had blue eyes. The eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, and Buckner are also of this color, and all the Presidents of the United States except General Harrison enjoyed the same cerulean color in their optics.

Quite frequently incidents are occurring which call our attention, at least indirectly, to a fact which is becoming somewhat plain to all. We speak of the tendency to a secularizing of the pulpit and its offices, of the tendency which, in the first instance, is placing prominent pulpits up to be knocked down to the highest bidder, and which then leads the preacher to publish a program of his services well nigh outstripping theatrical notices in their strong coloring. This leads a preacher, perhaps gifted with a fatal fluency of speech, to make scientific and philosophical common-places take the place of honest, sturdy utterance; and finally, in its most advanced stages, leads the preacher to relegate the entire evangelistic element to after-meetings, etc., so that the flow may not be broken.

It is a question whether, before long, the sober common-sense of any given community will not, with absolute nausea, revolt against such a contemptible travesty of the duties of the pulpit.

A NEW LEAF.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
 The lesson was done—
 "Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said:
 "I have spoiled this one."
 In place of the leaf, so stained and blotted,
 I gave him a new one all unspotted,
 And into his bright eyes smiled—
 "Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
 The old year was done—
 "Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
 I have spoiled this one."
 He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
 And gave me a new one all unspotted,
 And into my sad heart smiled—
 "Do better now my child."

"A MARTYR MEDITATING" would have been suggested at once to the artistic onlooker (if any such had happened upon me) as I leaned dismally back in my armchair the other evening, with a rueful countenance, prominently placed pedal elongations, and hands clasped tightly about my bursting cranium. Thus I reclined, but that unreasonably obstinate, grey-eyed lady Pallas Athene hazarded not an approach. I waited long, sleepless, watchful, anxious. But at length :—"She cometh not," I said, "thou art fickle, Athene, and by my troth, haughty dame, I will no more this blind observance of thy uncertain humour. I myself, forsooth, alone and undeterred, will essay the arduous task. And yet, aha! my lord-editor perchance may wax wroth at the result. Gramercy, if I can but make it so!" Now it so happened that the intellectual goddess, intensely annoyed at these irreverent remarks, bade Somnus, son of Nox, appear. He comes and *knocks* the *son* with one insidious swoop into the land of Nod. Here I beheld a wondrous prodigy. The floating phosphenes resolved themselves into a spacious and lofty building, imposing and beautiful in the extreme. Breathless I entered the portals, which were adorned with a tasteful crest, consisting of four connected arcs, encircling mystic runes. Above the whole was written : "Arts College, McMaster University." In the entrance-hall flitted a juvenile freshman arrayed in a flowing gown. "Your name?" I said, dreamily. "Percy," he began. "Enough," I exclaimed, "I have heard of you, but never understood,—till now! *Per se*, yes, I thank you." The interior arrangements were superb, but I devoted little attention to them and turned instinctively towards the old familiar bulletin-board. These legends were affixed :—"This time-table, provisional only"; "Super-specialists in Mathematics finish fourth dimension to-day"; Notice to Freshmen :—"If you don't see the salt, ask for it"; "Sub-demon-startor in Geology is absent to-day"; "Football-match to-night at 8 o'clock,—Electric light,—Grand stand,—University band in attendance,—in the lower college field. Come!" Below all was—"The Executive of the Land T. S., having devoted thorough and exhaustive consideration to the selection of a new subject for debate next evening, have the honor of announcing as follows, 'Resolved, that annexation would be beneficial to the Dominion of Canada,'"—Here I groaned involuntarily. The indignant and startled Somnus sneaked off in a very cowardly manner. The prodigy collapsed, and the armchair nearly followed suit.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

AND now there has risen in the Junior Year that old question that has filled the thoughts and directed the pens of so many scholars, and will never cease to perplex the eager student while Shakespeare's plays are read—"Was Hamlet mad?"

A NUMBER of the students repaired, Tennyson in hand, to Association Hall a few evenings ago, to hear Prof. Alexander, of Toronto University lecture on "In Memoriam." They came away feeling well repaid, having greatly enjoyed his masterful and thoughtful interpretation of the poem.

(LITERARY.) *Annexation or Independence.*—Which? This serious question has been lately taken into consideration by the members of the Modern Language Club. Independence gained the day, as it is wont to do with 19th century women, and the little society will still preserve its individuality, and strive to gain a place and a name for itself in our University.

PROF.—"Mr. S., please take that lump out of your mouth and you will recite better."

Mr. S.—"Can't sir."

PROF.—"Why?"

Mr. S.—"It's a gumboil sir."

1ST. STUDENT OF CHURCH HISTORY.—"I am really afraid Mr. — is developing Gnostic tendencies."

2ND. STUDENT.—"Why so?"

1ST. STUDENT.—"Because of late he keeps the knob of his cane in his mouth so much."

2ND. STUDENT. after a severe mental struggle—"Ah! I see *gnaw-stick*—wretch!"

The Rev. Alexander White of the class '92 has accepted a call from the Claremont church. This church has had for its pastors some of our most eminent men, yet we do not fear for Mr. White. We feel assured he will keep up the high standard of preaching and Christian life which has characterized his predecessors. The MONTHLY wishes him every success in his new charge.

ANNEXATION.—The evening of December 9 saw the "Lit. and Theol. Soc." in the throes of political excitement. Theologues and Arts men stood shoulder to shoulder for or against Canada's individual existence. Schutt's picture of blue ruin was graphically drawn; but, though his efforts were well seconded, he failed to convince Tarr and

his doughty supporters that annexation was a consummation devoutly to be wished. Thus Canada is saved once more. The vote stood 22 to 13 against annexation.

AMONG the discussions at the recent meeting of the city Baptist Young People's Mission, held in Walmer Road church, one of especial interest was on the relation of the student to the devotional meetings of the church. The busy student's side of the matter was well represented by one of our number, while another laid emphasis on the danger of cultivating the intellectual life at the expense of the spiritual nature. The matter is a suggestive one, and one that must be settled by each student with his own conscience.

LET us wave our caps and give three hearty cheers for McMaster '96; cheers that will vibrate their jolly harmony into every inch of the space within our noble institution. As an accompaniment the deep-swelling notes of "Boom on Mac" would give the music soul-inspiring volume. You wonder at this enthusiasm, do you? Well, then, let us explain. Our Freshmen make a large class this term. Perhaps you are aware of this. Very well. But they are also proportionally large in enterprise; which, by the way you may not know. The fact of the matter is, they have come to the conclusion that, "in union is strength," and to obtain the strength they have made the union. It is the first Arts year of McMaster that has banded itself into an organization. On Saturday, December 10th, the members of the year assembled; debated; resolved; and when an adjournment was made the organization was found to be complete. It had as President, John C. Sycamore; as Vice-President, Robert Adams; and as Secretary, James B. Paterson. Furthermore, it has assumed the appellation of McMaster '96.

*Wrote this
Jan 5th 1893*

B. Y. P. U.—The annual meeting of the B. Y. P. U., of Toronto, was held on Friday, December 16th, in the Walmer Road Baptist church. The large attendance and manifest interest testify to the success of the Union. The afternoon session was spent in discussions regarding the Y. P. Society, ten minutes being allowed for each topic. There was a free expression of opinions, and many suggestions helpful and practical were thrown out. Mr. Wallace then gave his "Illustration from outline study," and fairly captured his audience. Over three hundred people then sat down to a temporary repast furnished by the good people of Walmer Road. In the evening the audience nearly filled the large auditorium of the new church. The popular president, Mr. Harry L. Stark, spoke of the success of the past year, the first year of the Union's existence, and the bright prospects of the future. He was enthusiastically re-elected president for the ensuing year. A delightful programme followed, consisting of three minute addresses on live subjects connected with the young people's work. They were mostly pointed, brilliant and spiritual, coming from consecrated hearts. A promising feature was their intensely evangelistic tone. Every one felt that the meeting was a brilliant success, and went away stimulated to a fresh consecration.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

We invite inspection of the new carpet in "Harmony Hall." Its soft velvety texture, its rich coloring and artistic pattern make it particularly fitting for a hall with such a name. We scarcely dare tread on it for fear of marring its beauty, which feeling accounts for the light foot-falls and dainty steps in that corridor.

Extracts from *The Heliconian*—Major no longer haunts the dining room at meal-time, for he has espied in each corner objects that appear like formidable rivals, at the sight of which he slinks away in abject terror. They are two beautiful specimens of the canine race—the ones that formerly adorned the front lawn—and since they have retired to the dining-room he has invariably said: "Two is company, three is none."

The Toronto people were favored during the latter part of last month with a visit from Bishop Vincent of Chautauqua. A number of the Moulton girls took advantage of their privileges, as Moulton girls are apt to do, by going to hear him lecture on "Tom and his Teachers." It was most instructive and entertaining, and quite as applicable to girls as to "Tom." The next morning Bishop Vincent addressed us in our chapel. Those who heard him the last time he visited us, went in confidence of getting something valuable to carry away, and they were not disappointed. His advice was so sound and practical that it will be sure to be remembered. We are very grateful to him for spending a part of his time with us, and for leaving us so many good thoughts.

Prof. Trotter was present not long ago at one of our Tuesday evening prayer meetings and gave us one of his refreshing talks. His subject was taken from Proverbs: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." He compared the heart to the city reservoir, and the different channels of life to the system of pipes which lead from it in every direction. If the water in the reservoir is pure, the supply in the remotest home will be clean and wholesome; if contaminated, no amount of cleansing of pipes will avail. So with the heart. But how shall we keep it pure? The answer to this question lies in a seeming paradox: *we are to keep it by giving it away*. Only by giving the heart to God can it be kept, by Him, in the state necessary to control rightly all the issues of life.

WHEN the Millennium comes the Moulton students confidently expect to have new limits set for the daily walks. If some one would only smuggle a new street in, Moulton would rise with one accord and call her benefactor blessed. A student coming to the College, and taking her sixty minutes stroll for the first time, exclaims at the generous portion of the Queen City which it is given us to explore, unaided by our beloved preceptresses. Alas! after three year's residence, and a walk

The evening's entertainment was pronounced by many of our guests to be the best ever given at Moulton. The Art Exhibit, though perhaps not so large as usual, was, as always, a credit to the department, and received much commendation. A new and very pleasing feature of this evening was the Emotional Tableaux, under Miss Hart's direction, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages connected with the lighting, were highly successful.

WOODSTOCK.

WE are pleased to chronicle the revival of a good old custom of Woodstock, and one which of late years has been allowed to connect itself with the history of the past. We refer to the Sunday evening prayer meeting. This is held after all the regular services in the town are over, and is a splendid way of closing the Sabbath. Its effects have been felt already.

CHRISTMAS exams. are fast drawing near, and that worst of all features of school life has commenced. We mean "cramming," or, in other words, trying to learn in a few hours what has been neglected during the former part of the term. True, the studies are hard, indeed much more difficult than they have been in past years, yet that is no reason for a person overtaking his strength in trying to make up for lost opportunities.

"RUGBY FOOTBALL" seems to be gaining favor with the students here. Nearly every afternoon they may be seen on the *campus* pulling, tugging, and kicking, while the cry of "forward" now and then proclaims a foul. Although every one who has played it declares himself interested, yet all seem to prefer "Association," and do not wish Rugby to take its place.

DURING the last week or so, the question to be heard on all sides was, "When will the 'Gym.' be opened?" This arose from the fact that this very necessary building was undergoing repairs. It is now in good condition and presents quite an attractive appearance, besides affording an excellent opportunity for everyone to obtain the requisite amount of exercise. Health can be retained only by exercise, and the reputation of Woodstock College for turning out strong, robust men is well known.

WE were pleased to have with us at our last "Judson Missionary Society" meeting, Mr. Lebeau, of Grande Ligne, who spoke very encouragingly of the work being done in Quebec. He first gave us some idea of the state of the Province, and the work of evangelization as carried on at Grande Ligne ten years ago, and then told us of its present condition. Rapid progress has been made, as the number of workers now actively engaged testifies. Within the past few years,

seventeen have been added to the staff of missionaries. One very interesting, and at the same time encouraging, feature, is that the young men and women are doing God's work in this part of His vineyard, instead of old men, assuring us by their enthusiasm and zeal of glorious results in the future.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE is an institution that has stood for a great number of years, and has sent forth upon this world's arena men who are to-day filling positions that can be filled only by those who are educated and who are what the world calls "smart." Of such men Woodstock is proud, but to the students now attending the College belongs a peculiar power. We, who are now filling these old halls with our presence and noise, have often wondered why the men who were here in the past did not invent a College "yell." Is Woodstock not worthy of one? I need but refer to what has already been stated. Well, she now has a "yell," one that will in future bring to mind the boys of 1892-93. Now, instead of Ta-rah-rah boom-de-ray, may be heard:

W. B. C.
Re, Rah, Re.
C-O-L-L-E-G-E.

Bizz! Boom!! Bah!!!

echoing through the corridors.

On Thursday evening, December 8th, it was the privilege of the people of Woodstock to listen to a remarkably able address on "Imperial Federation," delivered in the Town Hall, by Mr. Parkin. This being a subject in which everyone is interested at present, many of the boys went to hear this great advocate of closer union with the home land. The expectations of all were fully realized, and we know that many who had before upheld independence or annexation have been converted to the side of federation. Canada's true position in relation to the rest of the world, and her condition as a dependancy of Britain, were clearly shown. It was also demonstrated how impossible it is for Canada to remain under British protection, deriving great benefit from her thereby, without bearing some share of the burden and responsibility. Canada's national interests are at stake. Her people must arouse themselves to a realization of their greatness, and their needs. As the fourth commercial nation in the world she should rise out of her present state and by imperial federation form a more real part of the British Empire. The idea of annexation with the United States was shown in its true light, and the impossibility of Canada reaping benefit from it in the social, political, moral, judicial or commercial line. We would advise everyone who can, to hear Mr. Parkin, who is not an Englishman, but a Canadian, having been born in New Brunswick. That he has his country's welfare at heart, is clearly seen from his earnestness, and the zeal with which he advocates this important political and national question.

One afternoon a week or more since, instead of attending classes the last hour, all the students were gathered in the chapel. There a

pleasant surprise awaited them. Mr. Cole, the Travelling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Eliot, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Woodstock, were present. After the latter had read the 119th Psalm and led in prayer. Mr. Cole was introduced by the Principal, and given a hearty welcome by the students. Although he did not come prepared to address the students, since Prof. Hunt, B.A., of Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, was expected to be present, he said a few things which were of interest to all. He spoke of the influence of church members and ministers on all with whom they came in contact. Beginning with Abraham he traced the "Power of the word of God on, and in, individual life," through all ages up to the present, "Taking those men who heard the word and let it influence them so that they were enabled to do great deeds for the Lord, he showed what every Christian should do. He held up Earl Stratford, John Bunyan, Richard Weaver, and others as worthy examples of those who had "heard the word and believed it." Mr. Cole was not through speaking, when Prof. Hunt arrived. He spoke on the Y. M. C. A. work in the world and the progress made by this organization since the first College Y. M. C. A. was formed in the University of Virginia, thirty four years ago. To-day there are four hundred college and university Y. M. C. Associations in America, and fifty in Europe, all doing good work. He spoke of the aims of this Body: 1st To win the college men for Christ; 2nd To guard men; 3rd To train men; 4th to develop men, and 5th To hold up before men the ideal of the perfect man. As to whether this object is attained, he referred to the Northfield Convention at Moody's Summer School. The Y. M. C. A., Prof. Hunt said, forms another link in the chain that binds all colleges together. Inter-collegiate relations are athletic and literary and to these may be added Christian. The latter tie is as strong, if not stronger than any other, as the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance clearly proves.

GRANDE LIGNE.

OUR brass band is still improving the quantity, as well as the quality, of its strains. We are expecting books, drums, cymbals, etc., with which we hope soon to be able to create sweet melody that will charm the hearts of all our hearers.

IT is with great pleasure we announce that Rev. Mr. Bosworth, who lately visited us, has accepted a call to collect for the Grande Ligne Mission. We all feel that he is just the man for this work and wish him God speed in his arduous undertaking.

WE are still receiving additions to the number of our students, some new and some old. Last week we were pleased to welcome back again our old friend Mr. Malboeuf, the champion gymnast of last year. We are expecting a number of others after Christmas.

WE notice by the *Montreal Star*, that the McMaster boys have in

solemn conclave decided that the future destiny of Canada is to be annexed to the United States. In this decision, however, you are anticipated by the debating society of Grande Ligne. With us Annexation gained the day over Independence by a plurality of two votes.

ENGLISHMEN are noted as big eaters. We think, however, that we have here a Frenchman who can keep pace with most of them. One of our boys has distinguished himself by disposing of seventeen slices of bread at one meal. Now, Woodstock and McMaster, you are ahead of us in some other things, but can you show a healthier state of affairs than that? Perhaps Moulton would like to try.

Last week our worthy Principal had the pleasure of visiting and addressing the Ladies' Association of Brooklyn, N.Y. He reports a most enthusiastic reception and an almost royal entertainment. Grande Ligne does not lack for friends in Brooklyn. It is assuredly very gratifying to us to know that the work of the mission is so much appreciated by our Baptist sisters of this the American "City of Churches."

OUR monthly temperance meeting came off on the 9th inst. The Secretary reports forty-five new members to our society since the opening of school. At this rate it will soon be a disgrace to be seen without the "blue ribbon." Our programme was one of unusual interest, from the male trio and banjo solo, to the thrilling temperance oration by Mr. E. Norman, and the closing number, a most affecting night scene in a bar room.

LAST Saturday's mail brought a neat parcel of programmes, which since that time have not ceased to arouse the greatest interest amongst the students. Every one of the old pupils knew that it meant that a fine "musicale," was to take place on Friday, the 16th; and that as Miss Scofield had so well succeeded in charming them in the past years, with her most interesting and well-selected concerts, so Mrs. Arthur Scofield Massé would not fall short of their expectations this year. The freshmen on the other hand seemed not to know how to take it. One of them very anxiously inquired of one of the teachers, "Is it true that next Friday the boys are going with the girls?" For programme later.

The hot air pump used for the purpose of raising the water to the tank in the upper flat of this school having given way, the boys and also their professors had a hand in working the air and hand pump. The first of which required from four to five to keep in motion, the second two. There was a change of hands at the expiration of about every three minutes, and if any one could have seen the pumps in motion, and also the drops of water wiped from the brows of the workers, during the space of the two days which the pump was broken, would not have wondered at the signs of relief which were noticeable when our most worthy engineer succeeded in repairing the parts which had been damaged.

Of all amusing and interesting events that the girls of Feller Institute have had for their own pleasure and amusement, the afternoon wedding of Nov. 26th outshines everything. The feminine sex supplied all necessary positions. The costumes were elegant; the bride looking very sweet in simple white muslin and orange blossoms, as she with downcast eyes went up to meet her future partner, on her father's arm. The service was conducted by a "very able clergyman," the ceremony being one of the most solemn and impressive ever witnessed. At its close and while Mendelssohn's Wedding March was pealing forth, the happy pair received the congratulations of their friends, and the whole party adjourned to the refreshment room. This constituted the wedding tour, the honey-moon being spent in these classic halls where they still pursue their daily avocations.

THE Temperance Society, in connection with Feller Institute, was organized in February, 1888, by the pupils and teachers. Since that time, meetings have been held every month during the school-year, when a literary and musical programme is executed. The list of membership now numbers two hundred and fifty-six names, of whom one hundred and fifty-four are "for life." Others have signed for the length of term most convenient for them, as, for instance, three-eighths of a year, in the case of a young man who reckoned that this would bring him just to the close of the school year, when he would again like to be free. This modest little society has prevented many boys and girls from tasting the "social glass" during their holidays, and God alone knows how much lasting good it has already done, and will continue to do.

DEBATE.—An amusing debate took place on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 24th, among the younger boys, having for subject, "Which is the most useful to man, the dog or the cat?" At 2.30 the door was opened and the anxious crowd hastened in. The two opponents occupied the floor first, the colleagues then came up successively and returned to their seats amid great applause. Many arguments were brought up, amongst which were some of the most ridiculous. Sentences of the most awkward construction often made the apartment ring with laughter. This occupied an hour and a half. Then fifteen minutes were allowed to whoever wished to speak on the subject. Several rose, namely Messrs. Snay, Bullock, Nicol, but Mr. Philodean seeing the cat abused, gave a very eloquent speech defending the same. But after all Mr. Philodean was sorry for it, for when the time came to decide, he cast his vote on the opposite side. The dog was the winner.