



*Yours in the precious blood  
of the sacrifice of Christ  
John Belmondo*

THE  
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1894.

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JOHN GILMOUR.

John Gilmour was born in Ayr. Ayr is of interest to most Scotchmen because it is the town of "Rabbie Burns." It was of greater interest to the growing boy because it is a sea-port and because the sea had for him a peculiar fascination. His birthday was the fourth of August, 1792. His parents were not particularly remarkable. His mother was rich in affection and common sense, and his father, an intimate friend of Robert Burns, was a quiet, reserved man of dignified bearing and a little inclined to think that fortune had not dealt fairly with a man of his abilities. There were several other members of the family, to whom, however, no special interest attaches. In his early youth the boy shewed distinct signs of remarkable conscientiousness, and of yearnings after God; but by his ninth year the premonitory symptoms of the saint and preacher had disappeared, and the reckless sailor in him had asserted control—a control which it held until, after eleven years of reckless godlessness, he was made free indeed. His "goodness was as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it went away." The year 1807 was a very important one for him. He had begun at the almost incredibly early age of nine to go to sea, drawn, against his parents' wishes, by the spell of a powerful sailor instinct; and between that time and 1807 he had devoted himself with

panting ardour to the art of navigation, had developed surprising habits of reckless dissipation, and had gone intermittently to school. But in 1807 his mother died. His father was quite disconsolate and exacted from him a promise not to take a long voyage that winter. He, accordingly, engaged with a ship sailing to Ireland, but from an imagined slight he impetuously followed the promptings of an impulsive temper and, in a pique, shipped in the spring of 1808, with a vessel bound for Quebec. This was not his first voyage to America. The eventfulness lay in the return. Those were days when the great Napoleon was making the seas dangerous for British ships, and was influencing the destinies of men whom he never saw. Having in a gale become separated from the man-of-war that was to protect her, the *Cumberland* was making her own timid way across the Atlantic. On the first of January, 1809, the day was fine and the light wind was playing gently with the sails. They had taken soundings and rejoiced in the prospect of soon reaching home. But their high hopes were dashed to the ground. A French privateer hove in sight, bore down upon them, and, after the usual formalities, polite and otherwise, took the whole ship's crew to France as prisoners of war. They were landed at St. Malos, where crowds of ill disposed people watched them come ashore. John Gilmour was, with others, confined in a round tower, and he kept cursing his Maker as he had steadily done since the sudden reverse to his fortunes; for he had had high hopes of promotion and a brilliant career. Now he was a prisoner, and his future was in the hands of others. But it proved that God was taking away the objects of his ambition to give him something better: for in France he became a child of G d. After remaining in the castle at St. Malos about a fortnight, during which time they made three desperate but unsuccessful attempts to escape, they received orders to march for the interior—to Arras, in Artois, a distance of about four hundred miles. This was for them a formidable undertaking. Many perished by the way, and very few escaped attacks of fever. At length they reached Arras, which now became Mr. Gilmour's home for over five years. There were already there some three thousand fellow-countrymen when the new party arrived, and the citadel, surrounded by a yard of about twenty acres, became

their austere dwelling place. The prisoners were allowed to go occasionally to town, and the youth whose fortunes we are following, at times seized these occasions to spend in reckless dissipation the money received from friends in Scotland. The people in the town and country were very kind, and this, with the companionship of their fellow prisoners, made the captivity less dreary than might at first appear. It was during his residence in Arras that Mr. Gilmour obtained the thorough mastery of French that proved useful in his subsequent labors in Canada. A severe attack of fever did not prove sufficient warning to induce him, on his recovery, to leave the companionship of atheistic and ungodly associates. Indeed he became more careless than ever. For the first three years of his imprisonment he paid no special attention to religion. His recklessness led him into some escapades that nearly cost him his life, but this energetic conduct was only the somewhat vigorous relaxation that occupied his leisure at a time when he gave to reading and study some ten hours a day. He belonged to a reading club that was known as the "Infidel Club," because of its free handling of religious questions, and its supreme contempt for religious people and religious meetings. But the soul was soon to tremble round to its resting place, attracted by the magnetic power of its Polar Star.

It is one of the most interesting subjects connected with what may be termed the psychology of the spiritual life, to notice how in intense natures there is an undercurrent which God is directing towards Himself, while the surface of the stream seems to be foaming and thundering to destruction. The case of Mr. Gilmour affords an example. From an apparently unknown cause he began to feel an unaccountable uneasiness and could find rest in nothing. Then followed the struggle of the soul to the light—a struggle made difficult by the bantering of the men with whom he had till now associated, and, to a still greater degree, by his ignorance of the way of salvation—an ignorance which none of the Christians in the prison helped to dispel, because they had no inkling of the craving for salvation which the godless youth was experiencing. He tried to find relief in outward reformation, in the struggle with the metaphysics of speculative theology, in the endeavor to gain clear intellectual concep-

tions of the Holy Ghost, and last of all, in his utter despair, in the hope that by exemplary conduct, he might at least gain the easiest place in hell. These struggles alternated with humiliating falls into his former evil conduct, even when he was beginning to flatter himself on his victories. He was on the verge of despair when, while returning from a religious service, a young man with whom he was walking assured him, in a quiet sober way, that God was willing to save any sinner who would believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. He trusted God and became a new creature.

He at once left the reading club and chose for his companions the Christian men of the prison, and now the unreasonable expectations which he, like many other young Christians, entertained, as to Christian perfection, were bitterly disappointed. He became, however, more reasonable when he found how hard the old Adam died in himself. The question of the ordinances now pressed itself upon him. He had been reared as a Presbyterian and had looked with contempt upon the people called Baptists or Anabaptists. His own study of the New Testament, however, convinced him of the truth of the position he had once despised and he became a Baptist in belief, although, evidently owing to lack of opportunity in the French prison, he was not baptised until after his return to Scotland.

The order for the relief of the prisoners came at last, and the separation of those who had enjoyed sweet Christian fellowship was keenly painful, even if, by their very separation, they were regaining their liberty. After an eventful and, at times, painful and exhausting journey through France and England and Scotland, Mr. Gilmour reached his old home one evening in the spring of 1814. He had been absent six years. In the meantime his father had died, and a brother's hospitality was substituted for a father's welcome.

His wanderings in search of adventure were now at an end. He had reached Ayr exhausted in body, and, what was worse, in spiritual ill health, because of the experiences through which he had passed, and in which he had neglected the simple laws of spiritual growth. For the delightful experience of being borne along by the intense joy of the new found peace, he had now to learn to substitute the strength that comes from an intelligent

and steady observance of the laws that govern spiritual life. His soul had yielded a rich crop from the virgin soil, and he was falling into the error of supposing that the strength of this soil could maintain itself without new accessions of nourishment. He declined a position as master of a vessel of which his brother was part owner, for he was afraid that the prolonged absence from the means of grace which a voyage at sea then entailed, would ill suit the needs of his spiritual life which required, as he well knew, all the help he could obtain from without. He, therefore, settled in Irvine, near Ayr, and toiled bravely and hard. Here he was baptised in June, 1814, but the joy of his spiritual life was far from ecstatic. He had to fight for every inch he gained.

The claims of the ministry now began to be pressed upon him by his own convictions and the advice of others. For a time he resisted, for the honor of serving God in this way seemed at first too great for one of his spiritual attainments. The decision was, however, at last formed, he having first set apart a day for fasting and prayer, and he went in 1816 to study under Dr. Steadman at Horton College (now Rawdon) in Bradford. His course lasted four years, and by neglecting the safeguards which every student needs to set, he found towards the end of his course that his zeal had somewhat abated and that he had become a prey to metaphysical doubts. This has always been a common, though distinctly unnecessary danger of student life. The means to avoid it are simple, but they must be faithfully employed, and Mr. Gilmour had not employed them. Yet "he faced his doubts and gathered strength."

After his graduation he supplied the church at Greenock for five months in the absence of the pastor. His brief ministry there was blessed to the conversion of some of the unconverted, and to the edification of the church. His experience as a sailor he also turned to good account in preaching to the crews of the ships in harbor. In February, 1821, he went to Aberdeen, and he was the first Baptist pastor who ever labored there. As he was a perfect stranger in the city and had no Board to support him, his undertaking shewed his intrepid courage, especially as he might have secured churches in England where he could have been comfortable and happy. He engaged a hall and announced

through the press that he would begin preaching on a certain day. The work opened in an encouraging way, the people being attracted at first by the novelty of the venture and afterwards by Mr. Gilmour's agreeable and original way of preaching. Soon the first Baptist church in Aberdeen was organized with Mr. Gilmour as pastor, those interested in the step having agreed to appoint a day for fasting and prayer and so form themselves into a church. This pastorate lasted till 1830, and it was one in which he "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," his efforts being seconded by a loyal band of workers. In 1822 he married Janet Walker, of Irvine, a woman who, with a somewhat weak constitution, possessed superior mental and spiritual endowments, an extraordinary wealth of affection, and a distinct talent for poetry. Mrs. Gilmour lived till 1852, and these thirty years of their married life were years of unalloyed happiness. Mr. Gilmour never wearied in acknowledging the help which came to him through her gentle and elevating influence.

In 1830 he resigned his charge in Aberdeen to undertake work in Montreal, a number of indications pointing in that direction, the most prominent being a visit from Mr. John Edwards, well known in Eastern Canada, who, after being directed by the Messrs. Haldane to the pastor of the Baptist church in Aberdeen as a suitable man for the work in Canada for which he was seeking laborers, sought out Mr. Gilmour and assured him that his duty lay in Canada. He carried also with him a letter from Mr. Ebenezer Muir to whom Mr. Gilmour had said good-bye some years before, at Greenock. The Aberdeen pastor, therefore, resigned his charge and said farewell amid many tears. He was now about to identify his fortunes with those of the New World. After a voyage of nearly six weeks, he landed in Montreal in September, 1830. Here also he had the honor of doing pioneer work and of collecting the constituent members of the first Baptist church organized in Montreal. He began preaching in Bruce's school house in McGill Street, two days after landing. About a year later a church of twenty-five members was formed, with Mr. Gilmour as pastor. A lot on St. Helen Street was purchased and a chapel erected upon it, the site being to-day indicated by a marble slab on the

wall of the warehouse of Gault Bros. & Co., on the corner of St. Helen and Recollet Streets. But the pastor's labors were not confined to Montreal, for many places in the vicinity enjoyed visits from him at this time. During Mr. Gilmour's pastorate, the well-remembered outbreak of cholera occurred in Montreal. He stood to his post, and with undaunted courage visited the sick and buried the dead who were smitten by the scourge. In regard to the church itself good and permanent work was done, although its inner life was not uneventful. The experience of Aberdeen has been repeated in Montreal, and the St. Helen Street Church has surviving daughters that cherish affectionate memories of their mother.

Mr. Gilmour's health becoming uncertain, he resigned his charge in 1835, the membership of the church having by this time increased from 25 to 119. Removing from Montreal, he made his headquarters at Clarence on the Ottawa River, and this now became the centre of earnest and untiring missionary efforts, the results of which are still felt in Eastern Canada. During this stay at Clarence the memorable revival occurred. Mr. Edwards was pastor of the church at the time and he was assisted in the special work by Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Fraser, the latter having walked through the woods all the way from Breadalbane, in order to help in the preaching.

In the spring of 1836, at the meeting of an Association in Montreal, he made a proposal for a forward movement which contemplated the establishing of a college and the founding of a Home Missionary Society, and in speaking to the question he recommended the appointment of some one to visit Great Britain and lay the claims of Canada before the people there in order to gather funds for the proposed objects. The proposition was agreed to, and Mr. Gilmour himself was unanimously appointed to visit Great Britain. The task was not an agreeable one, and his natural shrinking from it was reinforced by his own feeble health at that time. But, recognizing the voice of Providence in the choice of his brethren, he accepted the appointment and set out on his mission. He was absent about a year, and his work proved successful. Home Missionary work was opened with new vigour, and the Montreal Baptist College was established. The College did not prove an unquali-



field success, and has long since "fallen on sleep," but it did good work in its day, with such scholars on its staff as Dr. Cramp and Dr. Davies; and some of its saintly graduates "remain unto this present," as links of blessing between the past and the present.

His health becoming restored by the autumn of the year of his return, Mr. Gilmour, out of several openings that offered, chose an appointment under the New England Company, whose duties were the care of two bands of Indians, living in the vicinity of Peterborough, involving a paternal and spiritual oversight. He therefore took up his residence in Peterborough in November, 1837, and this became his home till the time of his death. He attended with scrupulous diligence and conscientiousness to the duties of his position, but his natural energy was so great that his labors overflowed the banks of his ordinary duties and spread far and wide throughout Ontario. Naturally the county of Peterborough claimed his first attention, and here again he became a pioneer, preaching in the log school houses and in the dwellings of the settlers. The earliest Baptist churches in the county were organized by him, and the church in the township of Smith, four miles from Peterborough, paid his memory a graceful tribute in calling the new chapel, opened in 1890, the Gilmour Memorial Church. The work in the county of Peterborough also supplied the nucleus for the Baptist church in Zorra. But his labors were not bounded by even these limits, for there are few sections of Ontario that he did not visit, and where he has not left behind men who have gratefully remembered his labors in preaching the gospel and helping to organize churches. The needy state of the country at that time made it no injustice to the work to render these valuable services gratuitously. But in a short sketch space would fail to tell of all the streams of benediction that issued from his home in Peterborough to gladden with spiritual verdure many hearts that responded to the truth which he preached. When the Canadian Baptist Union was formed he was made its first President, his grasp of affairs and natural buoyancy of spirits marking him as a leader. It is true that even this period of his life's history was not without its stormy passages, in which his convictions in matters of church order came into

conflict with the equally settled and conscientious convictions of others who disagreed with him. But no one ever found him other than a magnanimous and chivalrous opponent, and there were few who did not admire the man and the gentleman in the knight with whom they tilted in the lists.

The severest wrench to his life came in 1852, when, his own sun now approaching the west, his wife fell under Death's sickle. For his remaining seventeen years his heart responded to the winds of life as the pensive strings of an Aeolian harp to the breezes that sigh through them, so keenly did he feel the "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear." But even now he found solace in the tender care of his dutiful son and daughter-in-law, and in the dawning and developing intelligence of his growing grandchildren.

In the trees around his window, that opened to the sun and the air and a wide commanding view, the robins were piping their welcome to the spring one May morning in 1869, when the soul of John Gilmour went to hear another song that welcomed him to his Father's home. His body was buried in the cemetery at Peterborough, and it still lies where it was laid to rest. And the red leaves fall quietly on his grave every autumn and the green buds of hope shoot forth every spring on the trees that shade it, until that great consummation comes for which every soul longs that has a desire after holiness.

While the incidents of Mr. Gilmour's outward life were interesting because of their variety, those of his spiritual life were not less so. Few people who saw his calm and even bearing would imagine that he gained all his victories at the point of the sword. But up to the very end he had to war a constant warfare. Personally he was determined, prompt, reliable, high spirited and courageous. He had a keen sense of honor and great intensity. What he could not do with all his heart he left alone. He was a hard student, and his reading was varied and thorough. He had great buoyancy of spirits and yet, at the same time, a strain of Shakespearian melancholy. He was a gentleman in all his instincts, and had distinguished manners and an attractive appearance. These combined qualities gave him great influence with men of superior tastes and intellect. He had also what, for want of a better name, we call personal

magnetism, and this no doubt accounts for the distinct mental image of him which those who have received it still retain after many decades. In his inner spiritual life he was, like Paul and Augustine, always a penitent. "I have obtained mercy," he says, "but I cannot forget my sins." This penitence produced an ardent and chivalrous devotion to the Christ who had redeemed him. But so exalted was his life that he carried with him a spiritual magic that, for those who met him, seemed to transfigure the ordinary things of life. As a preacher he gave the chief place to salvation by grace and the need of the new birth, as did Paul and Augustine, to whose type he distinctly belonged. His voice was clear, melodious and commanding; his manner impressive, dignified and earnest. His language and imagery were chaste and forcible, his extensive travels and varied experience giving him a rich store of metaphor and illustration; while with his face, his voice and his gestures he could produce wonderful effects. His style was simple, bordering on the conversational, with occasional bursts of irresistible power and pathos. His sermons were original, instructive and persuasive, and withal not tedious. In Aberdeen one youth was overheard saying in the street, one Sunday evening, to his companion: "Let us go and hear Gilmour; he's short." Behind all this stood the unblemished character of the man who spoke.

His influence was felt, and is still felt, in various departments of our work. At a time when it was most needed he gave encouragement and help to the work at Grande Ligne: his whole life in Canada was a succession of effort in Home Missions, and he has influenced the homes that reared some of our most prominent men. Apart from his connection with the Montreal Baptist College, he has had large influence on our educational work in other ways also. He baptised Robert Fyfe in the St. Lawrence and was for many years his valued adviser; he influenced the home that reared the late D. A. McGregor: and he gave timely and much appreciated spiritual counsel to one, who has held a prominent position in McMaster University.

Our obligation is great to those who make for us clear distinctions in theological thought: it is great to those whose liberality provides means for the carrying forward of Christ's work: and it is great to those whose words and example incite us to

renewed zeal in the cause of our Master. But, perhaps, greater than all these, because of its more subtle influence, is the debt we owe to the man who catches some rays from the Word made flesh, and, embodying them in his life, shews us what a Christian life is. This debt we owe to John Gilmour. The magnetic forces which he, through God's grace, generated, have long since lost themselves in the larger force of combined human action, as the smaller streams surrender their identity to contribute to that larger body that makes up our great lakes and our magnificent St. Lawrence. But as long as one mind continues to influence another and to transmit its religious enthusiasm to the generations that follow, so long will Mr. Gilmour's influence be felt in Canada by men who "desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

J. L. GILMOUR.

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THE GHOST FLOWER.\*

Like Israel's seer I come from out the earth  
 Confronting with the question air and sky,  
*Why dost thou bring me up?* White ghost am I  
 Of that which was God's beauty at its birth.  
 In eld the sun kissed me to ruby red,  
 I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,  
 The August stars dropped down their golden dew,  
 And skyey balms exhaled about my bed.  
 Alas, I loved the darkness, not the light!  
 The deadly shadows, not the bending blue,  
 Spoke to my tranc'd heart, made false seem true,  
 And drowned my spirit in the deeps of night.  
*O Painter of the flowers, O God most sweet,*  
*Dost say my spirit for the light is meet?*

THEODORE H. RAND.

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\*The *monotropa uniflora*,—a true flower, not a fungus. It grows in the deep shadows, the entire flower and stalk being colorless and wax-like. It has white, wax-like bracts in place of green leaves. The cup nods, and stalk and flower together form an interrogation point, (which fact, it will be observed, determines the cast of the sonnet). The flower is widely known in the Maritime Provinces as the *Ghost Flower*, but is often called the *Indian Pipe*.

## HORATIUS BONAR.

## I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

Horatius Bonar was born in Edinburgh, Dec. 19, 1808. He had the great advantage of coming of a godly stock in whose blood the love of poesy ran, his grandfather, Rev. James Bonar, having published hymns in 1765. It was also no mean advantage to be born and brought up in the city of Edinburgh, crowded, as it is, with objects of historical interest, and rich in that which, in nature and in art, is calculated to stir poetic thought. He was educated in the High School and the University there, and had the crowning privilege, in his Theological course, of being a pupil of the illustrious Chalmers. There, too, he enjoyed fellowship with Robert Murray McCheyne, whose saintly influence followed him through life. What arsenals of power the college chair and the college hall may be!

He was ordained in 1837 to the pastorate of Kelso on the Tweed. The surroundings of Kelso are among the loveliest in all the Scottish Lowlands, and have inspired more than one sweet singer—among them Mary Lundie Duncan, the daughter of his predecessor, Rev. James Lundie. These scenes could not fail to appeal powerfully to the kindred soul of Bonar. That kinship of soul found happy expression in his marriage to Jane Catherine Lundie, Mrs. Duncan's sister. The sympathy and inspiration of such a wife must have done much towards stimulating that steady flow of verse with which he enriched the world during the next twenty-five years.

In Kelso he was abundant in labor, and soon began that literary activity which has made his name so familiar to us all. His zeal was fired by constant correspondence with McCheyne, then minister in Dundee, and his brother A. A. Bonar of Glasgow. In 1839 he began the publication of the Kelso Tracts, one of which, "Believe and Live," attained a sale of nearly a million copies. They had much to do with extending the revival which began at Kilsyth in 1839, a revival from which Dundee and Kelso reaped rich results.

In 1843 he did himself the imperishable honor of joining heartily in the Free Church secession, and remained throughout

life one of its leading lights. His pastorate in Kelso lasted until 1866, when he became minister of "Chalmers Memorial" church in Edinburgh. There he continued until his death in 1889.

Most of his volumes in prose and verse were published during his stay in Kelso. In Edinburgh he devoted himself chiefly to journalistic work. His prose works avoid theological subtleties and refinements, and aim at immediate, practical helpfulness in Christian living. They are simple and scriptural, and marked by "intense spirituality and ardent devotion to the cause of Christ." Most of his best hymns appeared in the three series entitled "Hymns of Faith and Hope," 1857-1866. It is interesting to know that, while he was enriching the church at large with volume after volume of Christian song, his own church remained Psalm singers to the last.

Dr. Bonar's appearance in the pulpit was "grand, massive, almost imposing, but thoroughly genial and tender in every line and movement of the face and eye." A visitor in 1877 thus describes him :

"The striking feature of his face is a large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no ragged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace, and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet, and tranquil.' And anything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words "The Spirit and the Bride say, come,"—the last invitation of the Bible. It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality which to an American is so striking a feature of all foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation, warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Once he paused in his discourse, and addressed himself especially to the Sabbath school children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I am sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given."

## II. SOME OF HIS HYMNS.

There are in the American Baptist Hymnal 16 hymns from Bonar. The first is No. 127, "From the cross the blood is fall-

ing." The stanza here used has a strange charm for me, and I am easily won by it. Yet I think there is more than the mere music of the verse to attract one to this hymn. It has some evident defects, if one were disposed to close criticism. For example, I do not like the bald literalness of the opening line, and the second half of the third stanza seems rather far fetched. But like Faber's "Hark, hark, my soul, etc.," it is marked by a strangely impressive indefiniteness that rather disarms criticism. The fourth stanza is a truly noble one. In it great thoughts find fitting expression.

No. 213 is a very fair hymn to the Trinity. Such hymns easily run off either into the stiffly doctrinal, or else into some other theme. It was natural that Bonar should pass to the praises of the Redeemer—a theme so near his heart. It is a hymn that may readily degenerate into a weak jingle if carelessly read. For the same reason it requires stately music. "Vesper Hymn" would spoil it; whereas "Regent Square" clothes it in becoming dignity and majesty. No. 237 is on a congenial theme for Bonar. The hymn is thoroughly Scriptural in thought and has a good deal of the flavor of genuine song about it. "Fresh from the Throne of Glory (No. 243) is not suited to public worship. Few persons get any clear conception of its meaning. However it is full of movement and is catching—a feature which has carried it into popularity.

No. 356, "I was a wandering Sheep," has become a great favorite. And no wonder. For it catches the thought of the parable and expresses in beautiful simplicity some of the tenderest reflections of the devout soul. Its good fortune in being wedded to a taking tune will help to ensure it a lasting popularity, notwithstanding its manifest defect as a work of art. He has failed to work out uniformly the thought of the Shepherd and the Father. This has been felt as the variations in the hymn books show. For "He" in the second stanza, several editions have "They," and the fourth stanza is greatly changed. The new Canadian Baptist Hymnal has "They," and omits the fourth stanza. I feel sure that the English Baptist Hymnal has the original form—though the changes made in the American Baptist Hymnal improve it.

No. 357 is here credited to Dr. Bonar, but in Sankey's

'Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns' it is ascribed to Mrs. Bonar, with the indication that some changes have been made. If I am not mistaken, the hymn as Mrs. Bonar wrote it began "Pass away, earthly joy." If the changes were made by Dr. Bonar and were on a par with that made in the first line, we can understand how it may have been ascribed to either. As it stands it voices many a soul's experience. It is beautifully simple and quite poetic.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus," (No. 406) is plain, direct, practically helpful, and deservedly popular.

No. 421 "Thy way, not mine, O Lord" has long been one of my favorites—a little gem of thought. I prefer it however for private devotion.

No. 467 is founded on an old Greek hymn. It has real strength.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say" (No. 481) is among the very first hymns of this generation. It is a skilful amplification of three brief Scripture statements, naturally arranged and giving a touching and cheerful view of the inception and progress of the Christian life.

Passing over Nos. 503 and 550 we come to 631, "A few more Years shall roll," which ranks second in popularity of all Bonar's hymns. The third stanza is a free rendering of part of a Latin hymn by Abelard. No. 650 and 651 treat of the same theme, the Lord's second coming. The former has been adopted by the Church of England as an "Advent Hymn."

In No. 681 is a glimpse of heaven, and "The Lamb is the light of it." The rhythm is not so sonorous as that of No. 127, but the sentiment is just and uplifting.

Of these 16 hymns, 6 (356, 431, 467, 487, 631, 651) are also in the English Baptist Hymnal; 5 of the 6 are also in the new Canadian Baptist Hymnal and the American Lutheran Hymnal (651 being omitted); and 4 of the 5 are in Sankey's Standard Collection (431 being omitted).

Of the hymns not found in the American Baptist Hymnal I shall notice only the following:

"O Love of God, how strong and true," (No. 122 in Canadian Baptist Hymnal) makes a nearer approach to the grand and majestic than any of those in the American Hymnal. It is



a noble hymn. "I lay my sins on Jesus" (No. 359 in Canadian Baptist Hymnal) is the most popular of all Bonar's hymns. It has appeared in at least nine of the leading collections in Great Britain and in a great many in America. It first appeared in "Hymns of Faith and Hope," under the title "The Substitute," and is founded on the old Latin hymn

"Jesu, plene caritate,  
Manus tuae perforatae  
Laxant mea crimina."

In Sankey's collection, Lev. 16: 21, 22 is placed above it as a motto, I know not by whose authority. I cannot but wonder why this should have been left out of the American Baptist Hymnal, unless objection was taken on doctrinal grounds to the opening line. It is a sweet musical hymn and contains much precious truth. Would that we had more like it in our Sunday school collection.

"Help me, my God, to speak," and "Make use of me, my God," (Nos. 398 and 422 English Baptist Hymnal). remind one of Faber's simple, matter-of-fact style. No. 513 (English Baptist Hymnal) is of a kind rather rare in Bonar. This is quite spirited and full of bright joyous movement.

"I hear the words of love" (No. 538 Canadian Baptist Hymnal) is a lovely little hymn. The thought is clear and strong, and moves from the beginning to the end with naturalness and power.

"Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping" (No. 283 in Sankey, and found also in the Calvary selection) is strangely sweet and soothing. There is in it an unusually happy conjunction of congenial sentiment, rhythm and music. It has possessed me ever since I heard it first with a sort of heavenly witching. The man who wrote that had music in his soul.

### III. BONAR'S PLACE AS A HYMN WRITER.

The following facts will be helpful in reaching an opinion.

1. In the American Baptist Hymnal, out of a total of 704 hymns, 16 are from Bonar, who comes *eighth* on the list. Those ahead of him are Watts (109), Wesley (34), Doddridge (21), Montgomery (20), Miss Steele (19), Newton (19), and Mrs. Van Alstyne (Fanny J. Crosby, 17). Cowper follows with 14.

In the English Baptist Hymnal (total 920), Bonar has 20, being *sixth* on the list. Watts has 59, Wesley 50, Doddridge 39, Montgomery 32, Rawson 21, Newton 18, Cowper 14, Miss Steele 9, Mrs. Van Alstyne 1. The last figure shows that American hymns do not travel East as quickly as English hymns come West.

In the new Canadian Baptist Hymnal, out of a total of 750, 16 are Bonar's. He is bracketed *sixth* with Newton. Watts has 136, Wesley 37, Montgomery 25, Doddridge 22. Miss Steele 20, Newton 16, Kelly 15, Cowper 12, Lyte, Beddome, Rawson each 10, S. F. Smith, Miss Havergal, Mrs. Van Alstyne each 9.

In the American Lutheran Hymnal, Bonar ranks *eighth* with 9 out of a total of 601. Watts has 114, Wesley 44, Montgomery 24, Doddridge 23, Newton 20.

In Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns," out of 750 in all, 19 are from Bonar. Mrs. Van Alstyne has 57, P. P. Bliss 53, Watts 25, Wesley 20, Newton 13, Miss Havergal 9, Cowper 5, Montgomery 4, Doddridge 3. Many American composers who do not appear largely in the standard books are not noticed here. In the list as given Bonar stands *fifth*.

In the Calvary selection of 1086 hymns, Watts again leads with 150; Wesley has 55, Montgomery 39, Doddridge 36, Miss Steele 32, Newton 31, Bonar 23, Ray Palmer 22, Kelly 18, Cowper 13. Here again Bonar has *seventh* place.

In the Coronation Hymnal—just issued by Drs. Gordon and Pierson—out of 400 hymns, Watts leads, as usual, with 21; Wesley has 7, Montgomery 7; Miss Havergal 7, Doddridge 4, Newton 2, Miss Steele 2, Cowper 1, A. J. Gordon 15, Bonar 14. Here Bonar ranks *third* and (if the editor be omitted) he comes next to Watts.

2. As to matter, Bonar's hymns may be roughly classified as follows:

	Am. Bp.	Eng. Bp.	Can. Bp.	Cal'v'y.	Am. Lu.	S's & S's.	Coronation.	Total.
Praise.....	1	1	2	1	0	0	1	6
The Gospel...	3	5	3	4	1	4	3	23
Christian Life	7	11	9	12	7	11	5	62
Ordinances...	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	4
Last Things..	4	2	2	5	1	4	4	22

The former set of facts shows very clearly that Bonar is the

leading hymn-writer of his generation, and that he is likely to remain for many years to come among the leading names in English hymnology. To-day he may be ranked *seventh*, possibly *sixth*.

The latter set calls attention to *the range of his thought*.

His hymns consist chiefly of warm expressions of Christian experience. Not infrequently he looks back and sings of the cross and redemption; and, again, he looks forward and delights in the coming of the Lord or in the joys of heaven. But he has scarcely any general hymns of praise. In that department Watts completely distances all others: about half of all such hymns in the books named above are from his pen. Bonar is rather like Wesley and Doddridge in this respect. The title which he gave to the volume from which most of these hymns are taken, "Hymns of Faith and Hope," is in full accord with this fact. He is well styled "The Poet of the Sanctuary."

Another fact is to be noticed, quite marked in the hymns we have been considering. They strike a good average excellence. He has written many good hymns, few, if any, that may be called great. Few men have written as many good hymns as he: many have written one hymn greater than any of his.

In loftiness of thought and grandeur of expression he cannot be compared with Watts. Nor has anything come from his pen at all comparable with Wesley's "Jesus Lover of my Soul." Here and there we find a stanza characterized by majesty of thought and worthy expression, but he never sustains that throughout a hymn. Duffield says "He has had the rare fortune to express the deepest of Christian feelings, and the loftiest of Christian praise." With the former part of the statement I can agree: to the latter, for reasons already indicated, I demur.

Let us thank God for his long and beautiful life, for his abounding labors with tongue and pen, and especially for the sweet songs in which he gives us words to tell out the passion of our souls in their most sacred hours. And let us be glad that he whose soul broke into music at the thought of the coming glory, now basks in the Lamb's everlasting light.

J. H. FARMER.

## Students' Quarter.

### PROFIT-SHARING.

This is an age of conflict between laborer and capitalist, an age when capitalist and laborer are becoming more and more widely separated. Not so much, perhaps, that the laborer is degenerating or reaping less from his toil, as that the capitalist is receiving almost all the benefit of improvement in machinery, transportation, ease of communication, and all other advantages accruing from the increased facility in production. Instead of the employees, who are in the greatest need of betterment, being elevated and made comfortable, the majority of them have been left in the squalor of their poverty, the degradation of their ignorance, and the stupor of their crushed condition. Not, however, so crushed as to be incapable of feeling somewhat of their need, nor so ignorant as to suffer their poverty without a cry for something better. Their cry has found expression in anarchic movements, strikes, labor unions and socialistic conventions; it has sounded out from platform and pulpit, through daily press and leading magazines; the movement has marked itself by the decisive manner in which its strikes paralyze trade in the completeness of its labor organization, and in its alarming universality. This labor problem demands a solution, and, if it does not receive it, threatens to bring about a revolt. Various economic writers and philanthropists have endeavored to point out its cause or causes and to indicate remedies. Dr. Howard Crosby makes improvidence the great source of poverty—"improvidence, with regard to saving money, with regard to making a reputation, with regard to seizing opportunities, with regard to gaining useful knowledge." Improvidence is no doubt the immediate cause of poverty in many cases, but back of that there is a primary cause, which is in many instances a crushed and despairing spirit handed down, it may be, from broken spirited ancestors, and cherished by circumstances of poverty and sin. But apart from such, there are many whose poverty is in no way directly attributable to their improvidence. In any case two difficulties must be overcome if we are fully to remedy the unfair relations existing between workman and undertaker. Their must be found some means of bringing about a juster distribu-

tion of profits between laborer and capitalist, and this distribution must be effected in such a manner that it will in no way be conducive to improvidence on the part of the workman, but rather be productive of thrift, energy and self-respect, while it must not in the least cripple the productiveness of capital. As already indicated, various solutions of this complex problem have been proposed. Some are elaborate, socialistic theories which look well on paper and sound well from the rostrum, but which have failed to furnish satisfactory proof of their practicability and which under present conditions seem impossible of realization.

Co-operation has likewise been proposed as a solution, and although it has given promising results in some of its trials, still awaits further proof of its ability to adjust all the factors involved. Profit-sharing also presses upon us for our earnest investigation and consideration of what it has done and promises to do, in bringing about a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties that exist between capitalist and laborer.

Profit-sharing—the participation by the workman in the profits which he co-operates in producing—was first systematically and successfully applied in France by Edmond Jeau Leclaire, the proprietor of a large house-painting establishment. Leclaire was a self-made man who had himself risen through difficulties and having reached a position of competence, desired to elevate and help others. He was so influenced by the remark of a friend to the effect that nothing short of participation by the workman in the profits of the undertaker, would permanently reconcile employer and employee, that he devoted seven years to laying plans for the carrying out of this idea. In 1842 he introduced a system of participation, which, with some modifications, he continued until his death. During the thirty years in which he carried on his house-painting business according to this system, he gave in bonuses £44,000, and accumulated a private fortune of £48,000. Both of these amounts he considered had been realized by the increase in profits due to the application of profit-sharing to his business. The business was continued on the same lines after his death. Leaving out of the question the Mutual Aid Society, which is not at all essential to profit-sharing, we find that the managing partners receive salaries for superintendence, and interest at five per cent upon their capital, as well as one quarter part of the net profit remaining after interest and cost

of superintendence have been paid. A second quarter part goes to the Mutual Aid Society, and the remaining half of the net profit is divided among all the employees in proportion to the wages they have earned during the year.

But it is not essential to profit-sharing that the particular scheme of Leclair be followed in detail. Sometimes its only feature is to pay a certain dividend of the net profits to each workman at the end of the year. Sometimes it adds another feature, and holds in reserve a certain portion of the profits assigned to the workman which can only be drawn by him at the expiration of a term of years. In fact, profit-sharing may take almost as many forms as there are different undertakings. The scheme of M. Chaix, a great Parisian publisher and bookseller, furnishes a good example of profit-sharing, since it is simple and presents few exceptional features. His announcement was that each employee of the house, according to specified conditions as to length of previous service, was to receive a share in the net-profits realized by the house, the amount to be independently fixed in each successive year by M. Chaix himself. The sum thus allotted was to be divided into three equal parts to be separately dealt with as follows:—The first to be handed over each year in cash, the second to be paid to a pension and provident fund, the third to be available for beneficiaries only on attaining sixty years of age, or after twenty years of uninterrupted service in the house. The amount assigned to each was in proportion to his wages. The amounts reserved were supplemented by four per cent interest while they remained with the firm. As a rule, in profit-sharing houses, the workman receives the same in wages proper as is to be had in houses where participation is not in operation.

As this system was first successfully carried out in France, naturally it has been adopted there by a larger number of firms than elsewhere. But it has also been successfully operated in Germany, England and America. Where failure has occurred, it has been due not to the system itself but to causes extraneous to it. Some years ago the number of firms on the continent that had adopted profit-sharing exceeded one hundred. "In the United States, besides several houses which have made long trial of it such as Peace Dale (R. I.) Manufacturing Co., the Pillsbury Flour Mills of Minneapolis, the Westerly (R. I.) Granite Co., and

"the Wanamaker establishment in Philadelphia, the daily papers frequently report the entrance of other houses upon this system." It becomes more popular as it receives a wider trial.

Sedley Taylor said some twelve years ago that this principle had "been introduced with good results into agriculture; into the administration of banks and insurance offices; into iron-melting, type-founding and cotton-spinning; into the manufacture of tools, paper, chemicals, lucifer-matches, soap, card-board, and cigarette papers; into printing, engraving, cabinet-making, house-painting and plumbing; into stock-broking, bookselling, the wine trade, and haberdashery." Since that time there has been a remarkable growth of interest in profit-sharing and that list might now be greatly enlarged. It may be remarked that while it has been successfully applied to *all* these undertakings, yet it gives its *best* result when the cost of labor bears a high proportion to the total cost of production. "Such was the case with the house-painting establishment of Leclaire." But even in agriculture, where the cost of production depends chiefly upon capital, profit sharing has been applied with good results. The recent successful experiments of Albert Grey of Learmouth, England, is in point here. The previous tenant had been unable to meet his rent, so Grey decided to make a trial of profit-sharing. He did so, and during the best years has been able to pay 6½ per cent. on their wages to the laborers, and during the recent depression, 4 per cent. The community in which he has made his experiment has been most unfavorable to his scheme. In the first place, the laboring class of Learmouth are comparatively independent and are constantly moving from place to place. He has also been subjected to the most adverse criticism and opposition by the neighboring farmers. But almost contrary to our expectations and in the face of these difficulties, he has had sufficient success in his undertaking to warrant him in continuing and even extending his operations. He began his experiment on a farm of 1,763 acres, but is now farming 3,765 acres. We said in the early part of our paper that we were to seek a system which would lead to a juster distribution of profits between capitalist and laborer, and that this distribution should be brought about in such a manner as to elevate and educate the workman without in any way crippling the productiveness of capital. We believe we have

found such a system in profit-sharing. The numerous examples of its working which have given such satisfactory results to both employer and employee, the very few examples where it has been discarded, the ever growing interest in it, and above all, the ever increasing number who are adopting it with satisfactory results, all testify in the most convincing manner to what it can do, showing that it is no mere phantom for a few philanthropic enthusiasts, but a system which is really operative. In further support of this, let us call attention to some of the special benefits arising from profit-sharing as indicated by those who have had experience in its working. On the side of the employer four features, in his favor, are noticeable. "(1) Increased production, due to the cessation of all deliberate waste of time during the hours of work. (2) Diminution in the cost of superintendence, much of which could be dispensed with if it were no longer necessary to extort work by the force of detected idling and consequent dismissal. (3) Saving, to be effected by more thrift and thoughtful handling of materials, machinery, and appliances of all kinds. (4) Improvement in quality of production due, not only to bettered individual work, but also to advances in technical procedure suggested by the ingenuity of the artificer brought to bear fruitfully upon the facts of his daily experience." Establishments which previously only cleared themselves, would, when reaping such benefits from increased efficiency of labor, be able to allot a share in profits to their employees. The workman is also greatly benefited. Previous to the introduction of profit-sharing, he received only his wages. No matter how successful the business, and no matter how much he contributed to make the business profitable, he realized none of the profits, but saw his employer enriching himself on his extra care and ingenuity. Now, however, the employee receives something extra when business is successful, and when profits are large, he shares a proportionally large amount.

Nor is this immediate benefit the only one which comes to the laborer. The fact, that every honest effort brings with it results, that he has an interest in his employer's business, that his condition is no longer hopeless, stimulates him not only while he is with his employer, but when he is at home. He begins to carry out in his own home the same economy which he



exercises in his master's business. His wife catches his economic spirit and becomes energetic and provident in her habits. She endeavors to make the home comfortable and attractive. Crosby's cause of poverty—"improvidence"—would thus be wiped out, and the working-man placed on a basis of growth and development. These statements are not mere speculations, but the facts as gathered by the most careful students, such as Taylor and Gilman. In closing let me quote from President F. A. Walker. In 1879, with ten years of experience after publishing his "Wages Question," he wrote as follows:—

"It seems to me beyond dispute that profit-sharing, if generally introduced and carried out in good faith and good feeling, would secure a highly equitable division of the products of industry, and would be a cure for most of the 'labor troubles' from which we suffer. As to the entire feasibility of the scheme after a fair, full trial, I entertain no doubt, the sole condition being that the master and man shall really seek to meet each other, and to find the means of working together on the basis of the reasonable authority of the master as heretofore known and respected."

C. N. MITCHELL.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly!  
Flutter by,  
Under and over,  
Haunting the clover,  
Each flashing wing  
Fashioning  
Quivering glories,  
Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature!  
Swiftly to win a pure  
Realm of ideals,  
Hoping it heals.  
Who can tell best  
*What* is the quest?

Hoping is vain,  
Thinking is bane!  
Once again  
Flutter by,  
Butterfly!

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

## REST IN CONFLICT.

As a torn flag falls flapping by the mast,  
 As a poor bird borne helpless by the blast,  
 Or wounded warrior when the battle's past,—

My soul's aweary with the toilful strife;  
 Borne by fierce winds upon the sea of life,  
 Wounded and fallen while the danger's rife;

Saddened by failure, overcome with grief,  
 Peering the dim horizon for relief,  
 Whirled on bewildered as an autumn leaf.

Weird flashing lightnings blur my feeble sight,  
 Deep thunders pealing fill me with affright,  
 The darkness deepens deeper into night.

Wounded I seek for balm to heal my wound,  
 Weary I cry, "O where can rest be found"—  
 Wandering in wildering silence round and round.

Far in the distance dim a gleam of light  
 Falls, like a glow of glory, on my sight,  
 Swift soul-thrill tremors fill me with delight;

The morning star of hope arises high,  
 Soft murmurs of a restful peace are nigh,  
 Faith scans with searching gaze a leaden sky.

God of the storm, my soul may rest in thee!  
 Calm my disquiet, as on Galilee  
 Thy faintest whisper hushed the foaming sea.

"Not as the world" give thou thy peace to me,  
 But on thy tranquil bosom may I be  
 Borne upward, onward through eternity.

O. G. LANGFORD.

## REMINISCENCES OF A CANOE VOYAGE.

This is the time of year when the wandering camper returns to his city abode, laden with superfluous energy and with tales of adventure, rich and rare, which he longs to relate to an appreciative listener. One of the brotherhood of campers would fain follow the example of the fraternity by recounting the story of a week's voyage in a canoe.

There were six of us and our canoe, a large Indian birch-bark, easily carried all and left ample space for our numerous commodities, such as blankets, provisions, and weapons of offence and defence.

Doubtless the reader is unacquainted with us, so I shall take an early opportunity of giving him a formal introduction to each member of our party. First of all comes the Doctor, a gentleman of scientific and roving propensities, once a familiar character in Woodstock College, now a Professor in an American University. Physically he is very tall and slender, but possesses strength, endurance, and energy beyond what his appearance indicates. Ben, as I shall call him, is the Doctor's favourite student, and was spending the summer with his professor in the Muskoka lakes. A young man of many parts is Ben. During a short lifetime he has been a cow-boy, a railroad engineer, and an artilleryman in the U. S. army. Beyond these accomplishments, he is an "all round" athlete and a student of no mean ability. Mac., the third member, is a jolly, handsome, handy young Scotchman whose manly figure and curly blonde hair make him a favourite at first sight. Alex. and Artie, the former a lad of about sixteen summers, the latter a little fellow of about half that age, complete the party, with the exception of the writer, who spent about four months of his vacation doing nothing more profitable than accumulating muscle and sun-burn. Jolly and enthusiastic explorers were we all, and our craving for new and untraversed regions was fully satiated during this one week's voyage. Living as we did in the comparatively civilized portion of Muskoka, where the population becomes yearly more and more numerous, we began to long for the wilds of the north country, so the Doctor, who had heard of some excellent unworked mines about sixty miles northward, agitated the question

of making this lengthy trip. Our party was accordingly organized with two ends in view: primarily, to investigate the mines; and secondarily, but most important in the eyes of the majority, to have, as one of the boys expressed it, "a real jolly good time."

The morning which we had chosen for our departure was dark and gloomy, foreboding a rain-storm in the near future, so that when I arose reluctantly from my comfortable bed, I felt almost sorry that I had promised to go, and found myself hoping that the others would decide to postpone the trip until a more favorable season. But whatever hope I had entertained was soon banished, for before I had done justice to a scant breakfast of my own preparation, I heard the shrill whistle of the little steam launch, and a moment later saw her speeding around the point with the big birch-bark in tow. A few minutes sufficed to stow away my baggage. Again the whistle blew, and away sped the launch toward the unknown north. A pleasant ride of about nine miles brought us to a point near the head of Lake Joseph, whence our first portage was to be made. After unloading our baggage upon the rocky shore, and bidding farewell to our friends, we watched the little launch steam off homeward until she was lost to view among the islands; then the Doctor, delegating himself as official scout, started out confidently to find the portage to Clear Lake, which, according to the map, was about half a mile distant.

For over an hour we patiently awaited the Doctor's return, and had almost decided to organize a search party, when a lusty yell rang through the woods and a few seconds later we saw a tall familiar form sauntering along among the trees. By the contented expression on his countenance we at once surmised that he had met with success, and were assured of it when he called: "Shoulder up, boys! it's a pretty rough road and longer than the map says, but we're good for it." In response to this encouraging order, up went baggage and canoe, Ben and I shouldering the latter, and the Doctor going ahead as guide. For an hour we plodded on through tangled underbrush, over fallen logs, and along roads which had once deserved that name, but were now little better than jungles. Our courage was almost beginning to desert us, when the Doctor relieved us by signalling that water was in sight. Mac and the boys hurried

ahead, and in a few minutes we heard a cry in front: "Hold on boys! Stay where you are!" We felt disinclined to stay where we were, with a heavy canoe on our shoulders, so we dismounted it and went ahead. The scene which met our eyes was, to say the least, astonishing. The Doctor was standing straight and silent, while around him several uncouth forms, which we were able to identify as Mac. and the boys, were rolling about on the ground, uttering uncontrollable shrieks of laughter. In broken sentences, interspersed with peals of merriment from Mac., we were informed that we had returned by a very circuitous route to within a few yards of the place whence we had so confidently departed. Then two more voices were added to the chorus and two more forms performed the turf-rolling act on the shores of the "hard-to-leave" Lake Joseph, while the Doctor stood grim and silent, with a slight smile playing beneath his heavy blonde mustache. In pure deference to his feelings we at last forcibly calmed down, to give him an opportunity of explaining the situation. He failed to see anything laughable, and thought only of the time and energy uselessly expended. In explanation he informed us that he had followed a somewhat obscure path for over a mile, and had at last caught a glimpse of water. He naturally concluded that what he saw was Clear Lake. This journey had evidently taken him within a few yards of the spot where we were sitting, but as we were silently doing justice to a noon-day meal, he had heard nothing to apprise him of his whereabouts.

Nothing daunted by one failure, Ben and Mac. tried their luck as path-finders with much better success, returning within half an hour. They had followed a fairly good road for a mile, had found a lake, and had returned at a run. To shoulder our burdens again and transport them to Clear Lake was the work of less than half an hour, and we were soon paddling along the eastern shore in search of the outlet into the next lake.

Although we thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of the day, we found more labour in store for us than we had been led to expect. The information which the Doctor had received would have been valid in the spring or early summer, but in September all was different. The majority of the watercourses were either too shallow to allow of passage or were dried up entirely. The

necessity of portaging from lake to lake consumed much of our time and patience. About sun-down we arrived at a portage which the map gave as about half-a-mile in length, so we decided to cross before camping. We were entirely mistaken in our calculations, however, for the darkness came on very rapidly, leaving us still plodding through the woods. We could not camp on the road because there was no water, which is indispensable in camp. There was nothing left but to keep on travelling. Instead of half-a-mile, the portage proved to be much nearer two miles, and the darkness necessitated very slow progress. At last we came in sight of the lake, with a full moon casting its long, quivering reflection over the calm waters. This, then, was Little Black Lake, our first camping ground.

Expecting to find a good level spot where we might pitch our tent, we proceeded towards the shore. Imagine our disappointment when we found all the coast to be a roughly cultivated turnip-field, apparently endless in extent! The presence of this gleam of civilization in such an out-of-the-way place has always been to me a source of wonder and an insoluble problem.

Nowhere could we find a spot which was at once level and untilled. The process of tillage rendered the possibility of a comfortable bed a non-entity, so in the darkness we were obliged to take what presented itself. After the tent had been erected in the least cultivated piece of ground available, we sought a good place for a camp-fire, and cooked supper. Having partaken of this, we sat about the fire eating raw turnips for dessert, and telling stories to aid the digestion. After we had teased the Doctor about his extraordinary abilities as guide, that individual moved that we retire to our bed. The motion was seconded and carried by a majority of two and put in to immediate execution.

The night was cold, and the bed furrowed and lumpy. Little wonder that it was long before any of us obtained sleep. I at last wearily dozed off, and in my troubled dreams thought I was a turnip with an ambition to grow, but hindered by being obliged to carry a canoe through an endless maze of tents and other obstacles. Becoming discouraged in the attempt, I awoke to find Alex. quietly reposing on my chest. He was, of course, quickly jostled into his own proper furrow, while I lay there trying to accommodate the curves of my body to the undula-

tions of the soil ; not being a contortionist, however, I failed in the attempt and decided to leave my cultivated bed and seek better quarters. Gathering up my blanket, I strode over the prostrate forms between myself and the door of the tent, and laboriously found my way to the smouldering camp-fire some distance off. There was plenty of dry wood about, which I piled on liberally and soon had a delightfully warm fire, so comforting that I soon dropped off to sleep and did not awake until I became aware of something moving near me. Although slightly startled at first, my uneasiness was set at rest by a familiar voice. The intruder was Mac., who had seen my cheerful fire and had come out to help me to enjoy it. On towards two o'clock in the morning the Doctor and Alex. came out, leaving Ben and Artie in the tent wrapped in oblivion. Great difficulty was experienced in arousing Ben, even after sun-rise, but by sundry pokings and shakings on the part of the boys, he was finally induced to arise, grumbling about "a set of babies who had to get up and make a fire just because it was cold and their bed didn't suit them!" We let him grumble, and proceeded to prepare breakfast. While we were disposing of this meal, the Doctor startled us with the information that we were expected to travel forty miles that day, no time to be lost in starting. Again we were skimming' along over the water at our usual rate of speed. During the whole of this day we had a thoroughly delightful time. All the water connections were passable and some very beautiful.

The rivers afforded splendid sport of a Parisian nature, that of capturing the bull-frog in his native lair and depriving him of his nether appendages, which are considered a very great delicacy. In one stretch of river, a mile or so in extent, the frogs were larger and more numerous than I had even seen before. Since we were all fond of the French delicacy, we decided to procure a supply for our larder. Two of us devoted our entire attention to frogs, while the others paddled steadily through the lily-ponds. All we had to do was to sit, one on each side, to reach out and grasp the unsuspecting green-backs by the lower limbs, and, taking their lives by a painless method, to pile them up in the canoe. When the number of frogs began to mount up into the hundreds, we desisted from slaughter and

bethought ourselves of our hunger. Stopping for dinner, Ben dressed the batrachians and Mac. fried them, while the rest consumed them as fast as they were prepared. Then Ben and Mac. celebrated a protracted banquet alone. Anyone who is prejudiced against fried frog's legs would have had his prejudice entirely eradicated, had he sat round that fire with a dish of the dainty morsels before him.

After dinner we entered the famous Seguin River and paddled for several miles down its beautiful steep-banked stream. About sun-down we found such an excellent camping place that we decided to halt for the night. The chosen spot was situated in an expanse of the river, and, on account of its level, grassy banks, was especially adapted for a camp. In a level place near water, where the luxuriant beaver had made a soft, comfortable bed, the tent was pitched. To make the bed still more pleasant, the boys spent some time in transferring beaver hay from the outside to the inside of the tent. Back a few feet from the shore was the dense forest, affording facilities for building a bonfire of unlimited size. Around this cheerful blaze we sat until quite late, enjoying a musical and athletic programme. We were favoured with solos, both instrumental and vocal, whistling-concerts and stories of adventure, after which came a boxing-match between Ben and the Doctor. Both are excellent boxers and the sport was entirely scientific. When these festivities had subsided, we sought our comfortable beds where, with your permission, reader, the occupants shall repose until the next number of this magazine arrives.

H. H. NEWMAN.

*(To be continued.)*



## AN AUTHOR-FRIEND.

There is a quality of *heart* in certain books which brings us into feelings of immediate intimacy with their authors. It can be counterfeited neither by cleverness of thought nor trick of style. This force of true *personality* is seldom so strongly felt as in a perusal of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. What reader of his Breakfast Table Series has not felt toward that inspired writer-conversationalist, an ever-deepening friendship?

Saddening, as must be our first realization of death's call to the last figure of that grand New England group—Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and *Holmes*—we are not without our present solace. Though the life-worn octogenarian has finished his "good fight," there yet lives with us, in as real a sense as he ever lived, our friend, the Autocrat, Poet and Professor. Having touched his personality not merely through, but *in*, the written expressions of his thought, we shall have ever in our midst the presence of an enduring friend.

The mind of the writer will always revert with a glow of reminiscent gratefulness and pleasure to his first introduction into this, now long-established, friendship. It was one of those excessively hot June days, upon a week or so of which our erratic Canadian summer sometimes, expends the stored-up energy rightfully due to the next fortnight or two. A lazy-looking individual, he lay stretched upon the floor in a city dwelling, holding with languid grasp a small green volume. At length in perspiring indecision he opened at the first page, and directed his eyes drearily toward the opening sentences of the Autocrat.

The first paragraph, to a drowsy consciousness, seemed an appalling combination of psychology, mathematics, and metaphysics, but with sleepy perseverance he continued to the second. He too *stared* when "they all stared," and continued to do so as with growing attention, he turned each successive leaf. What a breakfast of intellectual ambrosia followed this arousing of his half-slumbering mentality! Interesting though instructive, amusing yet tender, playfully didactic but never pedantic, in manner at once delightfully contemplative and brightly

discursive,—it formed a feast whose “infinite variety,” was a constant preventive of a cloyed appetite. Of what a soul must this have been the expression!—broad as humanity in its sympathies, glowing with appreciative love for Nature’s beauty, poetical in its very essence, *practical* in the highest, truest sense.

The reader is no longer a grumbling loungee. Instead, he occupies a place at the Breakfast Table, listening and watching in silent contentment. He is introduced to them all—the Autocrat himself, “genially philosophical”; the divinity student, thoughtful and pleasant; the school mistress, sweet, modest and not *too* Minerva-like; the landlady, like all her tribe, a widow; her daughter, sentimental and novel-reading; the son and heir, Benjamin Franklin, a precocious school-boy; “the old man opposite,” matter-of-fact and kind; “the young fellow whom they call John,” strongly addicted to puns and cheroots; the relative in bombazine, severely old-fashioned and hopelessly narrow; as well as the absent friends, the poet and the professor.

All morning he continued his joys. Regretfully he left them for his own prosaic *dinner*. Back to the Breakfast Table he was, before dessert was even thought of. As each successive meal was finished (in his enjoyment he fairly gobbled them up, for he was one of your greedy eaters—of *print*, that is) his appetite diminished not, in the least. Ere long he discovered an additional pleasure, the tender “love-interest” of the Autocrat’s growing regard for “the little school-mistress;” and it is with a sigh of happy content, let us hope also, with nobler, truer views of life and fellow-man, that he leaves them “walking the long path in peace together.”

To each of us, this book and its successors must have brought some such experience of delight. Holmes has not in these scenes of every-day life constituted himself as showman his readers as audience, and his characters as actors upon an imaginary stage. All three are brought together. Each of us has felt himself one of that pleasant table company, and in parting, like the Autocrat, has “shaken hands all round the table,” or perhaps like the Professor, even “kissed his hand to them all.”

Who could refrain from loving one whose whole work is

permeated with sympathy and affection for his fellows? The closing words of the Breakfast Table series to us, his readers, his friends, seem the final message of his author-life. What could be more fitting, more endearing in its tender humility?—“To you, beloved, . . . to you, I look my last adieu as I bow myself out of sight, trusting my poor efforts to your alway kind remembrance.”

But surely the Holmes we have ever loved, we may still know so long as life, for us, remains in “this now,” and hope, when like his, it seeks “the great hereafter,” there too to love and know our *author-friend*.

S. R. TARR.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this issue, being No. 2 of the fourth volume of THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, we contribute a valuable and inspiring chapter to the history of the Baptist cause in Canada in our account of the life and labors of Rev. John Gilmour. This excellent paper, from the pen of his gifted grandson, will be read with peculiar interest by many who knew Mr. Gilmour personally, and even sat at his feet and learned; it will also be welcomed by all who take pride in the traditions of the zeal and self-sacrifice of our pioneer missionaries. Would that all young Canadian Baptists knew the story by heart. Who can study that face, bearing every mark of the true Christian gentleman, and reflect on what he was and did for the Master without feeling in his soul stronger aspirations after a holy and useful life?

THE chair of Modern History at Oxford has again been rendered vacant by the death of Prof. James Anthony Froude. The storms of controversy have time and again raged about this great writer's theological and historical works, and many a student has grieved to see how ruthlessly he attacked long cherished beliefs of the English people, now damaging beyond repair the reputation of some favorite hero, and again audaciously rehabilitating a moral monster, yet to the reading public generally he was the author who had written of the most glorious periods in English history, and invested his narrative with life and fascination such as had not been known since the days of Macaulay. He was regarded by some as the last of the great English historians of the age, those who remain being looked upon as fascinating chroniclers, rather than philosophic historians.

THE recent death of Oliver Wendell Holmes removes the last of a singularly gifted group of men who won lasting honors for American letters. Longfellow, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes,—the New England Pleiades! The constellation has set to human eyes, but the light of its shining will not soon pass away. Longfellow, the sweet and tender singer, who told in undying song the story of *Evangeline*; Bryant, the cultured and reflective poet, who wrote the immortal "*Thanatopsis*" while a youth of seventeen, and later "*The Water Fowl*"; Hawthorne, the weird and subtle master of romance, who penned the "*Marble Faun*"; Emerson, the transcendental philosopher, "imprisoned on his solitary peak," weighted with the poetic endowment, but unable to unburden his spirit freely in mellifluous numbers; Lowell, the bright, witty, meditative songster, diplomatist and publicist, writer of "*Birdofredom Sawin*," and "*Sir Launfal*," and minister at the Court of St. James; Whittier, the gracious ethical poet of faith and freedom, with fire in his soul; and Holmes, the sweetest, purest, most human of American humorists, writer of "*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*," "*The One-Hoss Shay*," and "*The Chambered Nautilus*"! Noble spirits, every one a master of English, except Whittier, and he not infrequently scarcely lagged behind the foremost of them all. With the setting of this brilliant constellation, has passed away the simple, open, easeful English of a former time. So far as literary tastes and style, quality of life and character are concerned, these men were more English than American, and will be so regarded by the critics of the future.

To the above editorial note from the same well-known pen, the editor appends the sonnet published by Chancellor Rand in the *Toronto Globe* of August 29th last:—

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(*Eighty-fifth birthday, August 29, 1894.*)

Long since thy wit and wisdom broke our fast,  
And, like a golden spear thrown by the sun,  
Smote the chill pools of life, all hushed and dun,  
To warm and gladsome founts of earth's repast.

As day wore on, full oft a trumpet blast  
Blew from thy wizard pipes of mirth and fun,  
And hurtled at high noon the festive pun,—  
The jesses from thy blithesome spirit cast.

The stainless beam is reddening rich and strong,  
Ere sounds the pleasant call for breaking bread  
At evening's meal, sweet supper of the wise:  
The Master's voice, like mother's cradle song,  
Breathe soft its loving murmurs overhead,  
Filled with the wafture of the starry skies!

THE new regulations governing the Junior Matriculation examinations are worthy of note. They will have a very considerable and, to our mind, a very beneficial, effect upon education in the universities as well as in the preparatory schools. After 1895 all candidates for Junior Matriculation will be required to pass in Latin, English, history, mathematics, French or German, and (1) Greek or (2) the second modern language with physical science. This adds considerably to the difficulty of the examination, but there is compensation provided therefor in the regulation allowing the examination to be divided into two parts, the first of which shall be taken before the second, and in a different year. Part I comprises arithmetic and mensuration, English grammar and rhetoric, physics and the history of Great Britain and Canada; and Part II, Greek, Latin, French, German, English composition, English literature, ancient history, algebra, geometry, and chemistry. This division of the examination is highly to be commended. In order to raise the standard of University work it is necessary to raise the standard of the entrance examination, and to do this under present circumstances is possible only by means of just such an arrangement as this division into parts. The added strength obtained by the carrying out of these regulations will be very beneficial to our work in McMaster. Our general course is a particularly stiff one, and a solid foundation is absolutely necessary to real and lasting success in the work of our University. In this connection we commend to the students in all our departments the remarks made by Principal Grant at the opening exercises of Queen's University. They were published in the local papers on Wednesday, Oct. 17th.

ANOTHER great investigator in the department of Physics, and one whose name is known and honored wherever that science finds a student, has, in the person of the late Prof. Helmholtz, been removed from the arena of speculation, research and the insatiable desire to know the truth, to the higher sphere where all mystery and perplexity are forever dispelled by the light of truth unveiled. We fear many a student who has worked and won high honors in the laboratory of the distinguished Professor will feel inclined to say with a sigh that the glory has departed from the famous science buildings on the banks of the Spree. On the banks of the Seine, in his secluded retreat of the Quai d'Anjou, another great German, Dr. Rudolf Koenig, has for years been making discoveries in physical science which have made him in some quarters the foremost man of the time. The world at large may now have more attention to bestow upon the investigations of this great acoustician.

## HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

## THE END OF THE SUMMER.

The birds laughed long and loud together  
 When fashion's followers sped away  
 At the first cool breath of autumn weather.  
 Why this is the time, cry the birds, to stay !  
 When the deep calm sea and the deep sky over  
 Both look their passion through sun-kissed space,  
 As a blue-eyed maid and her blue-eyed lover  
 Might each gaze into the other's face.

The shy little sumachs, in lonely places,  
 Bowed all summer in dust and heat,  
 Like clean-clad children with rain-washed faces,  
 Are dressed in scarlet from head to feet.  
 And never a flower had the boastful summer  
 In all the blossoms that decked her sod,  
 So royal hued as her later comer,  
 The purple chum of the Golden Rod.

Some chill grey dawn you note with grieving  
 That the king of autumn is on his way.  
 You see with a sorrowful slow believing  
 How the wanton woods have gone astray.  
 They wear the stain of bold caresses,  
 Of riotous revels with old King Frost ;  
 They dazzle all eyes with their gorgeous dresses,  
 Nor care that their green young leaves are lost.

A wet wind blows from the east one morning,  
 The wood's gay garments looked dragged out.  
 You hear a sound and your heart takes warning—  
 The birds are planning their winter route,  
 They wheel and settle, and scold and wrangle,  
 Their tempers are ruffled, their voices loud ;  
 Then whirr—and away in a feathered tangle  
 To fade in the south like a passing cloud.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

McMaster must indeed be a far famed Institution. A member of the Faculty received a letter last week from England addressed—— McMaster University, Canada.

Seniors who are studying education should read the able article in *The Methodist Magazine* for November on Pestalozzi and Froebel, by J. L. Hughes. The article embodies in a terse, vigorous style the important principles of education enunciated by those "two great apostles of childhood." Sophomores should read Prof. Tracy's article on the New Psychology. It is suggestive, easily grasped, and will well repay a careful reading.

THE central figure in American literature has "crossed the bar." As a poet he has sung sweetly, as a professor and philosopher he has

taught wisely, as a humorist, pure and true, he has won all hearts by his sunny, mirthful essays. In Oliver Wendell Holmes we had a part of Longfellow's simplicity, of Whittier's tenderness, and of Emerson's transcendental philosophy.

A great light has gone out. No! not gone out, for the light of his life can never be extinguished while the Christian Church sings his sublime hymn,

"Lord of all being, throned afar."

O. W. Holmes will be known for this hymn long after his famous autocrat series will have lost its peculiar interest. Fashions and customs change, and much that now cheers and charms in the autocrat and professor may grow old and out-of-date, but this noble hymn can never grow old: its lofty spiritual grandeur has secured for it a deathless life, and for its author a world's love.

Many will wonder at the strange coincidence that led the editor of the devotional series in the *Baptist Union* to select the following verse from this author for Sunday, Oct. 7th, the very day the great man was called home. Could a sweeter theme or a purer sentiment be desired for his swan song?

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!"

ALREADY our exchange table is scattered over with new arrivals from far and near. The first we pick up is the old *Varsity*—new-old indeed in its handsome cover. The contents are full of interest; the first page "In Memoriam," tells of the dear dead, who were once among the earnest students of the old school, three loving tributes are so tenderly written that even a stranger is touched with a feeling of sympathy. A valiant reply is made to the unworthy insinuation made by the *Star* that "The whole Faculty as now constituted is with one exception of an inferior order in point of scholarship and lecturing ability." Some strong letters are being written and some important reforms advocated, all of which will tend sooner or later to strengthen and establish the University upon a more substantial basis. The old cry of political influence is raised upon every new appointment until the real friends of the University are very weary of hearing this chesnut. In another column a suggestion is made that Toronto University shake herself free from political influence and suffrage and appeal to the general public for entire support. Many, it is said, would render substantial aid if it were not for the political influences that bear in upon every department.

THE genial face of our old friend and former teacher, T. P. Hall, M.A., Ph. D., greets us through an excellent photogravure picture in

the April number of the *Tabor College Monthly*. A short article accompanies the engraving telling of his life history. He has been very successful in scientific research and has won many admirers on this ground alone, but those of us who knew him esteem him for his sunny disposition and generous friendship even more than for his brilliant attainments.

In the April number of *Bishop College Monthly*, we have a plain straightforward statement of the bare facts of the outrage perpetrated at Wascom, upon Rev. D. Reddick. One's indignation rises to boiling point when he observes how our American cousins administer justice. That a Christian gentleman engaged in the work of uplifting his fellow man may be attacked and half murdered by ignorant, unfeeling ruffians without any other means of redress than the slow verdict of "public opinion," makes one glad he lives in Canada, where British fair-play obtains instead of mob-law.

The number opens with an article by M. McVicar, L.L.D., the first Chancellor of McMaster, upon "The Mission Schools of Texas" (colored). There is also an extensive report of the admirable new brick building 49x96 ft., four stories high, heated throughout by steam, lighted by electricity and provided with every convenience. There are 38 rooms including chapel room, laboratory, class rooms, library, offices, etc. The cost of the whole is over \$38,000 and is largely due to the self-denying energy of Rev. N. Wolverton, B.A., for some years Principal of Woodstock College. The Negroes of the South are fortunate indeed in having three men of such ability, experience and devotion as M. McVicar, Newton Wolverton and D. Reddick to serve them.

THE following sonnet was written for, and read upon the occasion of our first celebration of Founder's Day, December 22, 1891 :

The toiling Syrian strewed his acres, rilled  
 By artful streams, with generous seed; anon  
 Their golden-glimmering vestments gleamed upon  
 His watch-worn sight—a pledge of garner's filled.  
 A Hebrew youth, made prince, the garnered stores  
 From seven years' plenty yielded to the needs  
 Of Canaan destitute. Lean famine pleads,  
 He heaps their sacks from Egypt's threshing floors.

Our Founder, husbandman and prince in one,  
 Gift with large foresight and divine intent,  
 Wrought "ever in his great Taskmaster's eye:"  
 And when our day of famine had begun,  
 With open hand his princely treasures spent  
 That Learning's Halls might have DRAD FROM THE SKY.



## COLLEGE NEWS.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

THE weary Sophomore nightly "plugs away" at an enormous volume, entitled "Ladd's Descriptive and Explanatory Psychology." The size of the volume almost discourages him as he loses his place and turns over the seven hundred pages yet unread. Glancing up from his work at the clock, one evening at 10.45 p.m., he confused the hour and minute hands in such a way that his mind received the impression 8.55 p.m. He was heard to sigh languidly, "Oh! I wish it wouldn't get late so early!"

OUR Professor of Classics has returned to us with many new and modern ideas formulating themselves in his well-stocked brain. Among others, is an excellent plan to attempt to introduce the Roman pronunciation of Latin. An incident characteristic of his attempts occurred in the sophomore class a few days ago. A young lady was asked to compare the Latin adverb *felicitate* according to the new method. This is how she proceeded: "*Felikitare, felikior, fellikissime*" Wild was the laughter which followed, and many Sophs. secretly wondered what fellow had been so very fortunate as to perform the osculation.

THIS year, as we gather in the Ladies' Room day after day, the absence of familiar faces makes us feel that a new term has indeed begun. Three of our number have left us with their laurels; but, while we regret that this must be so, we are glad to know that they are now all imparting to others some of that knowledge which they gained during the past four years at our *Alma Mater*. Our feelings are not all regret, for we welcome many new faces among us, and especially are we glad to have Miss Timpany with us again. Not one of us who knew her in the past but is thankful that her health permits her to resume her studies. We trust that this year may be one of health and successful work for all.

WE are glad to welcome into all the departments of our University life a young man who has already won our best wishes and entire sympathy. Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A., who for the last few years has been preparing himself in England for his present work, comes to us now as a lecturer in English Literature. He has already given evidence of more than ordinary ability along this line. Besides his work in the class-room, he has entered heartily into our out-door sports and, being an old 'Varsity foot-ballist, is a valuable addition to McMaster's foot-ball talent. A happy combination of dignity in class-room and joviality outside is a characteristic of our new Lecturer, and it is to be hoped that, as his dignity increases, his joviality shall not decrease with it. We wish him every success, and are confident that he will prove his suitability for a professor's chair in the near future.

THE noble sixteen, our first graduates in arts. How we all envy them! Watchful and admiring eyes are constantly looking toward these earliest epistles. Where are they now?

CARSON CAMERON, B.A., has returned to complete the course in theology, and is taking almost two years in one. . . . JOHN R. CRESSWELL, B.A., is visiting his relatives at home in England. . . . B. W. N. GRIGG, B.A., is preaching in Las Animas, Colorado, and meeting with remarkable success. . . . MISS ANNIE MCKAY, B.A., is teaching mathematics in one of our academic departments, Moulton Ladies' College. . . . W. W. MCMASTER, B.A., has returned to pursue the course leading to the degree of B.Th. . . . HARRY L. MCNEILL, B.A., is fulfilling the governmental requirements for high-school teaching, at the School of Pedagogy. . . . CHARLES N. MITCHELL, B.A., has come back to become a thorough theologian. . . . WILLIAM POCOCK, B.A., is fulfilling the duties of minister at Dominionville. . . . HENRY A. PORTER, B.A., has returned from his successful summer at Sunderland, and is now a real theolog. . . . H. C. PRIEST, B.A., is also back at College taking the B.Th. course, and still continues pastor at Sheridan Ave. Church, where he has been so long. . . . I. J. REEVE, B.A., has returned to College, and is proceeding to a degree in theology. . . . EDGAR RUSSELL, B.A., is pastor of the church at Tiverton. . . . MISS MINNIE SMITH, B.A., is assistant teacher in the Gravenhurst High School. . . . HARRY E. STILLWELL, B.A., has returned, and is pursuing the prescribed studies in theology. . . . LEONARD A. THERNIEN, B.A., is preaching at Sorel, and assisting his father at the French Baptist Church, Montreal. He, happier than ever, enjoys the distinction of being the first of our graduates to become a benedict. . . . MISS E. P. WELLS, B.A., is teaching at Montreal, and perfecting her acquirements in French.

The noble sixteen—may their careers continue to be bright and grow broader. Success to them! They deserve it. May prosperity always be the reward of these first graduates in Arts, and of their loved *alma mater*!

NINE men graduated in theology last commencement, all stalwart defenders of the faith and faithful ministers of the gospel.

REV. GEORGE CROSS, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Carleton Place, Ont. . . . REV. THOMAS DOOLITTLE, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Thurso, Que. . . . REV. A. P. KENNEDY is pastor of the church at Markham, Ont. . . . REV. JOHN A. KENNEDY is pastor of the church at Athens, Ont. . . . REV. JAMES P. MCINTYRE, M.D., is pastor of the church at Moosejaw, N. W. T. . . . REV. S. S. WEAVER is pastor of the church at Norwood, Ont. . . . REV. HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Morden, Man. REV. W. A. GUNTON is pastor of the church at Barrie, Ont. . . . REV. C. W. KING is pastor of the Union St. Church, in the City of Kingston, Ont. We all wish these worthy nine every good. They endeared themselves to us and won our respect. May they find the supremest joy in their work, and prove a blessing to our church and a benediction to mankind!

Our foot-ball club is not the least enlivening circle about the University. At four-thirty each evening the halls resound with unanimous shouts from the merry freshmen, even down to the grave Senior—Football! Football! Our team is now well organized with W. S. McLay, B.A., Hon. President; J. B. Paterson, President; H. N. McKechnie, Vice-President; A. G. Baker, Custodian; L. Brown, Captain. We hope that our application for entrance into the inter-collegiate league will be accepted, and that during this fall series, McMaster's football team will do honor to her Alma Mater. Although we have suffered greatly from loss of old players, we are still on the turf. We miss very much W. Daniel, L. A. Therrien, J. W. Hoyt, and H. S. Hilkorne. We are glad to welcome W. S. McLay, B.A., our new lecturer in English, and B. W. Merrill, B.A., men who have both helped to pin laurels of victory about old 'Varsity's football banner. We ask every loyal-hearted student of the institution to help us to forward this department of our University life, and to be sharers in her hoped-for triumphs.

THE Literary and Scientific Society is again well-organized and equipped for efficient service, under the management of the following officers. The President, Mr. S. R. Tarr, although a very young man, is showing himself fully competent to attend to the duties of his responsible position. Mr. J. Russell and Mr. J. C. Sycamore were elected to the positions of First and Second Vice-Presidents. The duties of Secretary-Treasurer devolve upon Mr. H. H. Newman, and all the correspondence of the Society is to be done by Mr. J. B. Paterson. An able staff of councillors in the persons of Messrs. H. Porter, King, and Mode, form the remaining members of the Executive Committee. The editorial staff of the *McMASTER MONTHLY* was elected as follows: Messrs. Clarke, Langford, Porter, Matthews, Paterson, Newman, Thorold, Cameron, J. H., and Sycamore. The editors of the *Student* are Messrs. Cohoe and Eby. The Reading-room Committee are Messrs. Reeve, Eby, Schutt, C. H., Marshall, A. N., and Sycamore. One very excellent meeting has been held, and more are soon to follow.

NOTHING is a surer indication of development than organization, we are told, and accordingly we are glad to point out another instance which goes to prove a very high order of development at McMaster. Last week, the special students in Science, feeling the importance of their chosen subject and their own importance likewise, met and organized themselves into the "Natural Science Club of McMaster University." Great things may be expected from this Club in the near future. Their officers are as follows: Hon. Pres., Prof. A. B. Willmott; Pres., Mr. R. Routledge; Vice-Pres., Miss M. E. Dryden; Sec.-Treas., Mr. G. Simmons. They intend holding monthly meetings whose programmes shall be of such varied interest as gradually to draw the entire University into the special study of the Sciences. The present prevailing spirit of enthusiasm among them bids fair for their success.

THE Tennysonian Society is again doing efficient work under the following able staff of officers: President, Jno. F. Vichert; Vice-President, Y. A. King; Sec.-Treas., A. M. Overholt; Councillors, E. P. Churchill and Ben Olliel; Editors, T. G. Mathews and P. G. Mode. A most successful time is anticipated.

THE opening exercises of the University were held on Friday evening, October 12th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church. A large audience of those interested in the cause of Christian education assembled. Some were present from a distance. On the platform were Chancellor Rand, Professors Welton, Newman, Goodspeed and Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A. In the centre of the church were under-graduates of the University, most of them attired in the usual academic gown. Behind these were the students of Moulton Ladies' College.

In his eloquent chairman's address, after speaking most impressively of the ideals our three institutions cherish, and commenting on the work now in progress at Moulton, Woodstock and McMaster, Dr. Rand, in introducing the speaker of the evening, referred to the trend of moder philosophy and the attempt to revive Hegelianism in Germany.

Dr. Goodspeed's paper, had for its title: "Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism." It was a timely and scholarly discussion of an important subject. Withal it was occasionally quite popular and elicited much applause from the interested hearers. Cleverly indeed were the critics criticised. It was a delight to receive another assurance that the learned professorial opponents of orthodoxy have not all the erudition and all the wit in the possession of their forces to be used against truth. A full report of the paper appeared the following morning in the dailies of the city.

At the close of this discourse, the Chancellor introduced in most appreciative words the new lecturer in English literature, Walter S. McLay, B.A., who received the appointment two years ago and has since been perfecting his exceptional attainments by studies in England and Germany. Mr. McLay mentioned his gratitude to Chancellor Rand for the ample kindness shown him and then went on to express his hopes and determinations upon commencing the arduous but pleasant duties in connection with his department. The young lecturer's utterances at once won the sympathy and approval of the audience. And it seemed to be the most hearty wish and expectation of all that his efforts would be rewarded with unprecedented success. The singing of the National Anthem ended the Convocation.

"SOME Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism," was again taken up by Dr. Goodspeed in a supplementary paper on Friday evening, Oct. 26th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church.

**FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, Oct. 16th. In past years the Fyfe has been the centre of great spiritual blessing, and this college session bids fair to be in no way behind its predecessors in the prosperity of our missionary

organization. The meetings on 16th inst. were characterized by the enthusiasm which always marks "Missionary Day," and the Master Himself was in the gatherings. President Farmer occupied the chair at the morning session. After half an hour had been spent in social prayer, Mr. W. W. McMaster gave a short account of his summer's work at Beebe Plain, P. Q., and Mr. W. J. Pady spoke of his work at Peterboro mission during the vacation. Student experiences are always interesting, and these addresses were much enjoyed by the Society. Rev. Adam Burwash, B.A., Grande Ligne missionary, spoke of Roman Catholicism in Quebec, of the encroachments of the French in the Eastern Townships, the duty of Baptists to give them the gospel, and of successes and reverses in Quebec city. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.A., followed with an address of great spiritual power on the work of the Holy Spirit. Business was then taken up. The Executive reported that Dr. Goodspeed had been appointed permanent Chairman of the Committee on voluntary work, and the report of that Committee showed that missions had been opened on Rose Avenue and River Street, both with good prospects of success. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Chancellor T. H. Rand, *ex-officio*; President, Professor J. H. Farmer, B.A.; Vice-President, John McKinnon; Treasurer, Prof. D. M. Welton, D.D.; Recording Secretary, W. W. McMaster, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Priest, B.A.; on Executive Committee, Professors Goodspeed and Campbell, and Messrs. B. W. Merrill, B.A., R. Garside, B.A., C. J. Cameron, B.A., A. R. Park and W. J. Pady. In the afternoon the newly elected Vice-President, Mr. McKinnon, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises, Messrs. Merrill, Sycamore, and J. H. Cameron were appointed as delegates to the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, meeting at Belleville, Nov. 22. The President then took the chair. Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., of Brantford, addressed the Society on "The Place of Prayer in the Life of the Pastor." Rev. B. Davies spoke of Indian work in Manitoba, and C. J. Cameron, B.A., of his summer's work, with special reference to the young people. All of the addresses were interesting and helpful. Miss Ben-Oliel gave an account of work among the Jews of Jerusalem, and aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, and Rev. C. H. Day, M.A., spoke a few words of greeting to the Society. The meetings were largely attended, and were marked by deep spirituality and earnestness. It was a pleasure to welcome so many pastors and visiting brethren to this, the most unique feature of our college life.

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#### WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Until the very last moment we had reserved space for Woodstock College News. We are exceedingly anxious to bring out our magazine by the first day of the month, and so reluctantly close the pages before the Woodstock news arrives. We shall be glad to accord double space to Woodstock news in the December number if necessary.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

WE were glad to receive a visit from Mr. Massé, of Grande Ligne, and to hear his voice in the chapel, telling of the work there, and expressing his interest in the work here.

MANY inquiries are heard concerning the class of '95. We may say that it is not yet organized, but is hard at work, and likely to be. When organized it will number nine, and will be a good one, and worthy of Moulton College.

THE days of the fall term are flying quickly, filled as they are with work and play. Already visions of Thanksgiving and Christmas brighten our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. Classes are meeting regularly and working well. In fact, we are well started on the year's work, and can scarcely realize it.

THE Mission Circle this year has a membership of thirty. The officers are:—President, Miss M. Woolverton; Vice-President, Miss Stewart; Secretary, Miss Johnson; Treasurer, Miss J. Dryden. At a recent meeting of the Society, Miss Buchan gave an enjoyable and instructive talk on Bible Women, and this month we had interesting reports from our delegates to the Convention, held in Jarvis Street Church.

ON the second Sunday evening after the re-opening of the College, Rev. S. S. Bates preached the annual sermon to the students. He drew a beautiful picture of the life of one who lives "not to be ministered unto but to minister," and left with us a high ideal of what we might make our student life. To the old girls Bloor Street Church has grown to seem like a home, and all the teachers and students appreciate very highly the kindness and thoughtfulness of the pastor and people.

WE all regret Miss Smart's prolonged illness. With her usual perseverance and self-forgiveness, she continued her work for so long, that we did not realize her sickness until she was completely laid aside. We miss her cheerful presence around the school, and her voice in the chapel. All of us are glad to hear that she is somewhat better, and will give her a hearty welcome when she is able to take her old place among us.

OUR Tuesday evening prayer-meetings are largely attended, and deeply interesting. They are felt to be a great help and strength to us all. Rev. O. C. S. Wallace led the meeting one evening, and spoke very forcibly on the command, "Be of good courage." Perhaps no one but a student can understand the difficulties and discouragements of a student's life, and we greatly appreciated the words of advice and encouragement from one so rich in the wisdom, which has for its foundation the fear of the Lord.

THE Heliconian has, as usual, a large membership. The officers are :—President, Miss Maude Watterworth; Vice-President, Miss Kirk; Secretary, Miss Olive Matthews; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Fisher; Editors, Misses Holmes and Taylor; Executive, Misses Bishop, Cowan, and Minnie Somerville.

The following programme was rendered on Friday evening :—

Recitation,	Miss Jessie Dryden.
Question,—Is the "Arabian Nights" fit reading for children?	
Affirmative,	Miss Stewart.
Negative,	Miss Cowan.
Recitation,	Miss MacLean.
Vocal Solo,	Miss Taylor.
Paper,	Miss O. Matthews.
Recitation,	Miss Hart.
A Study in Black and White,	By the Girls' Own Artist.

MOULTON has had a large share in the late Conventions. We have been represented both here and in St. Thomas. A specially large number of students attended the farewell meeting for Miss Hatch and Miss McLeod, and our prayers and sympathies go with them on their way. Many firesides from a distance testified by paying us a visit, and we were glad to see them all. Our Principal was absent several days attending the St. Thomas Convention. We were glad to see her back, and interested in her account of a visit to Alma College.

WE were pleased to see a large number of new students entering in September. It is hoped that they bring with them high ideals, and that many of them shall reflect honor in the future on the College, which has been their second home. One evening soon after the opening of the school, the old girls invited the faculty and students to meet them in the reception-room. A very pleasant evening was spent there in social intercourse and in listening to a programme, the numbers of which were given by various "old girls." When the evening was over, general delight was expressed at the Moulton way of initiating new students. We were indebted to Miss Helmer, a former boarder, who is now studying at the Conservatory of Music, for some excellent selections.

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#### GRANDE LIGNE.

Along the musical line there has been progress, and our orchestra is in perfect working order. The staff of musicians is larger this year, and we hope to make our orchestra a success.

The Literary Society is doing grand work already, and the two factions are done away with, leaving but one society, called "The United Society of Feller Institute."

Once more the 2nd of October has come and gone, yes, gone for ever; but for the pupils of Feller Institute it is a day long to be

remembered for its having brought together over a hundred young people many of them strangers to one another. Never have the pupils been so prompt in arriving on the day appointed for the opening. About sixty of the old students are showing the "freshmen" what life is at Feller Institute. The latter seem to be of a good, cheery disposition, and all seem quite at home.

Again we have to thank Mr. C. S. J. Phillips and Mr. Thomas Bengough for their kindness in sending us books for the library. Mr. Phillips sends us some more of Sir John Lubbock's "One Hundred Books," and Mr. Bengough provides the "Penny Encyclopædia."

Among the boys there is a great variety. There are students from over six feet high to the tiny one scarce three feet. Among the ladies you find eyes of the deepest blue, hazel, brown, black, etc., smiles and dimples; a vision of white, pink and blue which remind you of a beautiful sunrise in the month of June. There are seventy-five boys and thirty-six girls hard at work, and with God's help we all mean this to be the best year ever spent at Grande Ligne.

There is no department of College work more important than "sports." We are glad that this special department has never been forgotten at Grande Ligne. The gymnasium has never been so well equipped as this year, nor has it been so well organized for the management of the few careless boys and the safety of the clubs, bells, bars, etc. The boys have appointed of their number a committee to see after this work, and it certainly will be done.

"As unto the bow the cord is  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him she obeys him,  
Though she draws him yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other."

We are glad to notice that our esteemed friend, Prof. Norman, has opened his eyes to the truth of the above lines, and has decided no longer to live the useless life of a bachelor. It is with pleasure that we welcome Mrs. Norman to our midst, to share our joys and sorrows in the vicissitudes of school life. Having had her cheerful presence with us in the past, we can the more heartily receive her among us in the present, knowing whereof we speak.

All the good things of a lifetime  
We would wish our friends new wedded;  
Hand in hand to walk together  
Facing fair and stormy weather,  
Each to each a helpmeet proving.

Football is in good shape this year, and there is a very good team. Baseball has been played also with good success. Although some are not American players, yet they make the runs about as fast as some of "the city boys," as they say. Sport, viz., tennis, which was unknown



here before, has been introduced this year. There is quite a large club, and still they come. What is the secret? Well, you must remember that there is also a club on "the other side," and you might see a few fellows out to the west on Saturday afternoon counting for some four of this much-admired club.

A visitor to Grande Ligne, who had not been here during the past year, would be quite surprised and delighted to see the improvement that has been made in the appearance of the surroundings. Hitherto vacant and unsightly lots have been beautified by the erection of pretty and comfortable residences. The Principal's residence, the parsonage, and Mr. Dutand's residence, give an air of progress and respectability that were wanting before. The isolation hospital and the new wing to the school (if they are ever built) will add still further to the appearance of the place. We hope these necessities will soon be provided.