



Your sincere
- friend -
- W. A. Crockett

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JOHN HARVARD CASTLE.

Fyfe, Torrance, Yule, Castle, McGregor: To those who knew the men and are interested in our educational work, what a group of cherished names this must ever be! To have lived in the presence of their example and shared the inspiration of their teaching and influence—this is much. To so have lived and wrought as to be worthy, when our day is past, of being mentioned with them—this would be much more.

Under the titles "Life and Labors of R. A. Fyfe," "Records of a Vanished Life," and "Memoir of D. A. McGregor," the stories of three of these lives are already preserved to us in written form. It would be well if some competent hand would gather up and re-set, in the pages of the MONTHLY, the facts of the late Professor Torrance's career, that to such extent at least his memoirs might be permanently recorded, and made easily accessible. That the story of Dr. Castle's life has not been elaborated into a book, is in accordance with the expressed wish of one whose preference could not be disregarded. Nor was there urgent need of such a means of perpetuating his memory. There are other substantial memorials of his name and work. In a large and real sense the Jarvis St. church and McMaster Hall are his monuments. There is moreover under consideration, at the present moment, a project for establishing some further memorial of him, which shall, through all time, link his name with McMaster

University, whose theological department he inaugurated, and for years presided over. This present sketch makes no pretensions to fulness; but that the opportunity should be taken thus early in the history of the MONTHLY to give his face and name such place as its pages afford will be deemed appropriate by all.

An outline of the chief events of his life may be briefly given. John Harvard Castle was born in Philadelphia in 1830. Converted under the ministry of the noted Dr. Lansing Burrows, he was baptized at the age of sixteen, and very soon consecrated his life to the gospel ministry. He pursued his studies successively at the Central High School, Philadelphia, Lewisburg (now Bucknell) University, and Rochester Theological Seminary, from which last-named institution he was graduated in 1853. His first pastorate was at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where he labored for two and a-half years. From Pottsville he was called to Newburgh, N. Y., the home at that time of her who in later years became Mrs. Wm. McMaster. When this second pastorate had reached the length of the former one, a call was accepted to the First Baptist church, West Philadelphia, where the pastoral relation was sustained for fourteen years—from 1859 to 1873. Then came the removal to Toronto, and a pastorate of eight years over the Bond St., later known as the Jarvis St., church. In 1881 this church in turn released him that he might accept the presidency of Toronto Baptist College, which position he held till 1889, when failing health constrained him to resign. He then took up his home in Rochester, N. Y. In the later months of 1889 he seemed to rally, and in February of 1890, though the disease had by no means relinquished its hold, he found himself with so strong an impulse for work that he consented to supply, for a season, the pulpit of the Fifth Baptist church, Philadelphia. For fifteen weeks he preached with unusual fervour and power, and with the keenest enjoyment. In June, however, he was again brought low, and after a surgical operation, which seemed at first successful, but from which serious complications set in, he fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of June 11th. Writing of the brief and happy term of service granted him at the very close, a friend said: "His experience in the Fifth church of Philadelphia during the last three months of his life was a happy one. All his preaching power revived

and took on a force almost unknown before. Friends, old and new, came about him. It was the land of Beulah, and thence he passed to the Paradise of God." The burial took place at Rochester, June 14th, when, among others, the following participated in the services: Rev. H. C. Peeples, Dr. A. H. Strong, Dr. W. N. Clarke, Dr. A. H. Newman, Dr. D. B. Thomas, Rev. J. W. A. Stewart.

Such was the mould of circumstance into which Dr. Castle's life was run. Such were the successive stages and turnings of the road along which his noble career was accomplished. What of the career itself? We are impressed most of all with its *remarkable usefulness*. This was a feature of the earlier years. Active ministerial life was begun at twenty-three. The pastorate at Pottsville was full of missionary labors. Of the years at Newburgh one writes, "Here the divine blessing attended his ministry in a remarkable degree. large numbers having been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and the church having been developed in every good way." During the long pastorate in Philadelphia, Dr. Castle was not only instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of souls, the development of a large and vigorous church, and the erection of a noble church building; he also for years rendered valuable service in the denominational work of the vicinity, and on the Boards of the American Baptist Publication Society, the Missionary Union, the Lewisburg University, the Crozer Theological Seminary, and other institutions.

But "in the midst of the years," he was not, as so many men are, a spent force, from whom nothing further could be expected. There came to him now a still larger opportunity, and right well did he improve it. Unquestionably his greatest usefulness was achieved in Canada. The story is a familiar one of how, on coming to Toronto as pastor, he found his charge housed in the plain, humble quarters of the old Bond St. meeting-house; how his ministry received immediate and continuous blessing in the conversion of many souls; how a new spirit of enterprise took possession of the church; how within three years he led them into the new and magnificent edifice on Jarvis St.; how the membership of the church was increased and its sphere enlarged, till it secured for itself and the Baptists of the city a command-

ing position of influence and respect. I say, this is a familiar story. Surely it has rarely been given to a man, in eight years of pastoral service, to achieve, under God, a work so great as that which Dr. Castle wrought while pastor in Toronto.

The climax of Dr. Castle's usefulness was reached in connection with Toronto Baptist College. The erection of McMaster Hall, on a plan at once generous and wise, was largely a work of his promotion. Under his direction, Toronto Baptist College, which has already accomplished a noble work, and is destined, in conjunction with its sister department, to become more and more an uplifting force in the life of the churches, was founded and organized, and for eight years he was its faithful and efficient head.

The words of Dr. Burrows, of Virginia, in a letter addressed to Dr. Castle in the February of the year he died, must be regarded as eminently beautiful and fitting. He wrote, "Forty years have passed since I buried you with Christ in baptism. If Sir Humphrey Davy could say, 'The greatest work of my life was finding Michael Faraday,' I fancy I may as truthfully say, 'The greatest work of my life was finding *John Harvard Castle*.' Your whole life has been useful and honored. In your quiet yet effective way you have been enabled to do more than most for the cause of Christ and for Christian education."

A stranger might with reason ask more particularly, "Who and what was the man who lived to so much purpose?" Even those who knew him well may ponder the inquiry as to personality and character with interest and profit. He was a man of opportunities. Yes, but much more. Humanly speaking, the conditions of success are two: capacity and opportunity. We all see now that opportunities of an unusual sort came to Dr. Castle. But to have seen them as they came; to have seized them, with a clear vision of the possibilities they opened; to have caused multitudes of unimaginative and doubting men to see them; to have awakened widespread expectation and enterprise; and to have led men with strong, swift steps through the open gate to great actual achievements—this means capacity of no mean order. What were some of the elements of it?

Some men have achieved great usefulness by the phenomenal force of their intellect, some by the power of their eloquence,

others by their flaming enthusiasm. The warmest admirers of Dr. Castle will promptly concede that not a few might be named as his superiors in any or all of these respects. In him we saw rather the harmonious blending of manifold gifts and graces. The gracious and commanding presence, the sagacious intellect, the rich full voice, the amiable disposition, were generous gifts of nature. To these were added, through the years, the ever ripening fruits of varied culture and experience: while the whole was moulded, and mellowed, and ennobled, by the free working of the grace of Jesus Christ. As we knew him in the latest, ripest years, it might appropriately be said of him—only that we must let grace speak as well as nature—

“ His life was gentle : and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man.”

Remembering what has just been said, and knowing further that Dr. Castle was in intellect, not speculative but practical, that he was full of sympathy, and was ever swayed by the motives of an earnest evangelicalism, it is not surprising that he achieved such marked success as a pastor, and pastoral preacher.

His distinction as a leader of men was in like manner traceable to many qualities. Perhaps by very instinct men yielded respect to his fine presence and gentlemanly bearing; but into a full explanation must enter the recognition of his native sagacity, his sound judgment, his disinterested motives, his power of persuasive speech, and his perfect self-control, whatever the crisis.

In the work of organizing and presiding over Toronto Baptist College, it may be granted that Dr. Castle came to his task with instincts rather pastoral than scholastic; but he came to it also with a personality so gracious and engaging, with experience so wide and varied, with administrative ability of so high an order, with such tact, and resource, and Christian devotion, that, in spite of clashing sentiments in the denomination, which at first made even students less kindly in their feelings than they might have been, he rapidly won the confidence of the students and the churches alike, and achieved, under God, a work of great and lasting importance.

If, in the analysis of character, I were to particularize, I

should say that Dr. Castle was pre-eminently the embodiment of Christian love. His face, his voice, his uniform bearing, were evidences of this. Witness also the fact that, by those who really knew him, he was universally beloved. Sheer ability, deeds of prowess, may command admiration; only a man who is the embodiment of unselfish love can ever be loved as Dr. Castle was. The extent to which he won and held the hearts of men was much more than ordinary. During his fourteen years of pastoral life in West Philadelphia, his soubriquet among his ministerial brethren was "John the beloved disciple." The church over which he presided during those fourteen years must have loved him well then, for when, after an absence of seventeen years, he returned to their vicinity, they received him with most tender regard, and on his death mourned him with genuine sorrow. At a memorial service, in which the Fifth Baptist church participated, their feelings towards him found touching expression. To-day a beautiful stone tablet in the church auditorium, and a prosperous mission, named the Castle Memorial Mission, exist to perpetuate his memory there. A letter which lies before me asks, and not without reason, "When did ever a church love so much, so long?" Nor were Dr. Castle's brethren in Canada less sensible of the quality of his spirit, or, as they came truly to know him, less warm in their love of him. His years of labor here covered a transition period, when denominational questions arose, of great moment, the wise solution of which was inevitably preceded by pronounced antagonisms of view, and the attrition of vigorous discussion. To rank with the non-combatants was not permitted him. He must speak; he must show his hand, he must risk opposition, and misunderstanding, and the sharp trial of the finer graces. He did not shrink. He gave; he took; but his brethren delight to say of him that no man contended with fairer weapons, that through all he was the man of love, loving his brethren sincerely, and ever more and more beloved by them. Not only in Toronto, but to the remotest country churches the name of Dr. Castle stands for a gracious, Christ-like man, and awakens feelings of deep affection. "He is truly great, that is great in charity." "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is LOVE."

T. TROTTER.

ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF TORONTO BAPTIST
COLLEGE, OCTOBER 1881.

This is a joyful hour. The dim anticipations, the vague hopes of past years, the ardent longings of many of our best people which seemed impossible of fulfilment, are this day a reality. A school for the training of our ministry, having its seat in Toronto, the focus of the intellectual, educational and commercial forces of the Province, is not a recent conception. Some of the wisest of our leaders who have passed from toil to their reward, saw clearly that the intense currents of city life, the multiplicity of its social, literary and religious opportunities ought to be utilized in the training of our rising ministry. But our limited numbers, our scanty means, the ever increasing demand with the settlement of the country for Home Missions, and the providences which directed us to embark in Foreign Missions, all seemed to forbid any attempt to enjoy an opportunity which in itself was so enticing; and some of the most loyal hearts among us, who had prayed, and toiled, and sacrificed for another institution, in their concern for its prosperity, were laudably jealous lest a movement to establish a seat of theological instruction here, might imperil a school around which already clustered tender and sacred associations. Although these honored brethren freely admitted the advantages of the Metropolis for a professional school, they shrank from the discussion of any proposal to secure them. But lo, what hath God wrought! The year which sees the completion and dedication of Toronto Baptist College, chronicles the payment of the first instalments of our endowment for Woodstock, the diminution of a debt which for years has been accumulating with alarming rapidity: and the session, which opens our work in Toronto, shows for the first time in eight years an increase in the number of students at Woodstock! Instead of a divided brotherhood, we have all taken both schools into our hearts, and consecrated ourselves afresh to the work of Christian education. The friends of Toronto are the friends of Woodstock! and among the best

friends of the enterprise which we inaugurate to-day are the graduates of the Canadian Literary Institute. The Lord hath led us by a way which we knew not of. Our great Educational Conference at Guelph in July of 1879, after protracted full and free discussion gave its unanimous assent to the removal of theological instruction to Toronto, on condition that suitable lands and buildings should be provided. That condition has been amply fulfilled. Fifty years ago there came to this country from the Green Island, a youth whose possessions were the lessons of a pious home, a vigorous frame, a clear head, a pure conscience, inflexible principles, and an indomitable will. He found employment, in which he made himself so useful that the youthful employee was soon a partner. Under his energy, industry, foresight and economy, business prospered, and the young immigrant became a power among the merchants of this Province. As his means accumulated, they entered into the productive resources of the country in many enterprises and financial institutions. Though not trained in State-craft, the country demanded his services in the halls of legislation. For his political sagacity, practical foresight, and unswerving principle he was made a Senator. He served his day and generation as the years went by, but scarcely knew why the Lord had given him such "power to get wealth." But he was already building better than he thought. A man of strong convictions, he embraced with all his heart the form of Gospel truth which his independent study of the New Testament taught him; and, while loving every lover of Jesus, he followed his principles as an act of simple loyalty to conscience and to Christ. Among the first to recognize the value of a mental culture for our ministry, he was one of the earliest promoters and staunchest supporters of the Institute at Woodstock. He gave the College there his full sympathy, though convinced that the course in theology should be taken where students feel soonest and strongest the throb of a broad, intense and manifold life. Purely and simply out of these convictions has grown the noble, substantial and convenient building which we this day dedicate to the use of Christ's church in preparing for effective service such young men as the Holy Ghost has separated unto the work of the ministry. We are not here to flatter, or even to praise our benefactor for his munificent gift

to the Baptist denomination. We are here to pour out our gratitude to God, who has permitted him the honor of doing what few could do, however strong their desire. We congratulate our brother that God gave him both the means and the heart to erect this building and to found this College, not by a provision in his will, but while he could see his work and mould the character of the College by his counsels. We are here to join our prayers with his that God would accept this offering by making it a fountain of pure sacred learning whose streams shall flow down the ages and refresh and gladden our country and the world. A nobler use for accumulated wealth could not be found than its consecration to the mental, moral, and spiritual improvement of all succeeding generations. Let us thank God that one characteristic of this age, which some vilify as selfish and degenerate, is the foundation of seats of learning by individual men whose energies and virtues have been crowned with wealth. All hail the Durants and Vassars, the Packers and Cornells, the Hopkins and Holloways, the Crozers and McMasters of our own day. Their wealth becomes perpetual and sublime.

I have said, fathers and brethren, that this is a joyful hour, bringing the fulfilment, and more than the fulfilment of our hopes, the happy consummation of plans and toils. But I more profoundly feel that this is a solemn hour. It surely is to those who are immediately concerned in the management of the College, its Trustees and Faculty. We realize that we are accepting a vast responsibility in becoming the teachers and trainers of our rising ministry. The stability, intelligence and progress of our churches are involved in our success in inspiring our young ministers with enthusiasm in their calling, filling their minds with sacred and wholesome doctrine, developing their ability as plain, earnest, direct and eloquent preachers of the gospel, and their tact as wise, enterprising and yet conservative administrators in the churches. We have not rashly assumed our office. We have considered its solemnity and responsibility. Movements of divine Providence have summoned us from other spheres of loved and useful labor to attempt to do precisely what we believe our brethren and our Master wish us to do for his church. We are not confident in our own strength, or ability or acquisitions. But where God manifestly calls his servants to a given

work, they may safely rely on him for guidance, wisdom and strength. Nor can we doubt the forbearance, patience, sympathy, prayers and support of our brethren through whose voice the divine voice has called us to this sacred task. "Through your prayer," brethren, "and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ," we anticipate for the College a future of usefulness. Our toils will be severe but pleasant, for the hope of preaching Christ to many churches and in many lands through the lips of ministers taught in these halls will be an inspiration to do our best. And when we put into the work our best endeavors, who will complain? Certainly not the Master. Will you?

You have told us what the churches expect of this institution. We have listened attentively and reverently to the solemn charge just delivered by your spokesman, our Rev. Bro. Munro. We do not think these expectations unreasonable. No effort shall be lacking on our part to realize them.

But bear with me, fathers and brethren, while in a few words I suggest that our expectations and responsibilities are mutual.

A Board of Trustees however wisely chosen, a Faculty however competent and faithful, a building however commodious, comfortable and elegant, a library however complete in its departments, cannot make a successful College without the good will, the cheering sympathy and practical support of the membership, and pastors of the churches. Next to the direct benediction of heaven, we are dependent on the benediction of our brethren. What, then, do we expect of you?

We must have your aid in creating a wide and deep interest in ministerial education. We have not dared to prescribe any definite attainments in secular learning as indispensable for entrance on the ministry. We find no such prescription in the Word of God. "The unlearned and ignorant men, who have been with Jesus" amazed and confounded proud and cultured ecclesiastics. "For God chose the foolish things of the world that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world that he might put to shame things that are strong." No,—we dare not insist on a definite standard of education, where the Lord did not insist on it. We may prefer Paul, the polished logician, the cultured and classic scholar.

But our Lord used the rough, uncouth Peter before he used Gamaliel's apt student. And in the history of our denomination on this continent and in the "old land," we have many instances where God has accomplished wonders for his church through strong, honest, whole-souled men who knew the Bible only in their mother tongue. And when the Master summons such again, whether from the farm, the anvil or the cobbler's bench, let not his church object. Nevertheless it is true that the ministry which creates stable, intelligent, enterprising churches,—which moulds and controls public sentiment for Christianity, which maintains its hold upon our children and keeps them from drifting away from the faith of their fathers to other communions, is a ministry thoroughly trained in secular and sacred learning. The ministry we wish for our children who are receiving education in public schools of unsurpassed excellence is a ministry pious, sound, and learned. The ablest are none too good to be our children's pastors. Any body of Christians in this year of grace that does not provide for a learned as well as godly ministry is sure to fall to the rear. We have no need to do this. Turn the faces of our brethren who are called to preach to our Institutions which under God can fit them for enlarged and permanent usefulness. Create a sentiment in our churches in favor of attainment as well as piety in those who are to be instructed in the most important and sacred things. Exhorters and evangelists have their place in awakening the thoughtless and pointing them to the Cross, but exhorters and evangelists never have, and never can, build up God's people in their most holy faith. Men enriched with knowledge and "apt to teach" are indispensable if our churches are to be intelligent, strong and stable. We wish, therefore, to see your choicest sons, the brightest in intellect, noblest in disposition, the fairest in their prospects, consecrated to a course of thorough preparation for the work of the ministry. There was a time when Christian fathers and mothers devoutly prayed the Lord to incline the hearts of their sons to the ministry. No higher honor, no sweeter privilege could they have than to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Are fathers and mothers to-day thus anxious for their sons, and the best of them, to enjoy the honor, endure the sacrifice, and bear the responsibility of a life separated from worldly gain and

worldly ambition, to preach "Christ crucified?" May God restore the day when the rich Christian and the poor Christian shall alike beg the Master to accept the dearest child as a herald of salvation.

We, who are directly entrusted with this special work, expect our brethren to accept the great gift this day made to them, not as an excuse for shifting to other shoulders the responsibility devolving on the whole body, but as an encouragement and inspiration to do larger and nobler things in the cause of Christian education. It would be a great mistake to look on this institution as complete. What we see is a grand beginning, but only a beginning. Many thousands of dollars could wisely be spent this day in Library and other facilities for our great work. True, we begin with property which many institutions have been thirty or forty years in securing, but for many years to come the necessities of the College will furnish splendid opportunities for all who wish to braid their means into the bond of influence between the passing present and a sublime future. Will the Baptists of Canada rest in their desires and aspirations, aye, rest in their consciences, until every chair of instruction is fully endowed? And, in the meantime, will they not most cheerfully and spontaneously contribute to the current expenses of the College? Let us have one institution for which our gratitude shall be so deep that our gifts shall flow towards it unsought, to the extent of its needs. It is hoped that with our increased facilities for the thorough education of our ministry, the cost to the denomination at large will not be greater than hitherto. The absolute cost will be greatly increased, but if our churches will do just what they have done in past years for the support of ministerial education, all beyond that sum will be provided within the Board.

Another matter of deep concern to the Institution is the question of Beneficiary Aid to needy students. And a difficult and delicate question it is. We want a manly and independent ministry. We wish to furnish our young men the largest opportunity to help themselves. We are persuaded that some institutions, in their eagerness to increase their roll of students, debase the ministry by an offer of large and indiscriminate assistance to all applicants. It should be a point of honor with every

student to decline help, except in those cases where it is impossible to continue his studies without it, and there are such cases. Here, for instance, are two students for the ministry of equal talent and standing. The one spends his long vacation on a field which is moderately remunerative; he supports himself and has enough over to carry him through the next session. But his fellow-student, just as able, and just as worthy, has labored with equal diligence and equal success on a field which has barely maintained him during the vacation. He brings back nothing but the experience he has gained and the sweet consciousness of unselfish labor. Now I submit that he can be just as honorable in accepting beneficiary aid as the other in declining it. Can we afford to have such a man abandon his studies under the pressure of want? Shall our penury tempt him to abandon his course and enter the ministry with only partial preparation? Shall we suffer his education to be impaired by long breaks in his course of study? He will be a life-long sufferer thereby,—but so will the churches. And if to avoid these painful and detrimental gaps in his course of study, he seeks some other institution which offers larger help to struggling students, shall we find fault with him? The remedy is in our own hands. Let us on the one hand deal bountifully with every worthy student for the ministry, making it honorable for him to accept our help within the limit of his actual needs,—and on the other hand let us cherish in our students that high sense of honor which would regard unnecessary beneficiary aid as nothing less than robbery of the churches. The best and most valued assistance is when we help the students to help themselves. We therefore ask the churches needing pulpit assistance either for home work or mission fields to remember that the natural source of supply for that work is the College,—and then, to compensate the student who is endeavoring to maintain himself at College, not on the principle that he is only a student and ought to be thankful for the opportunity, but on the honest Scriptural ground that “the laborer is worthy of his hire.” Thus you secure the labor and maintain a student for the one cost.

And finally we ask our brethren not to be too impatient for the mature fruitage of this Institution. It will require time to have our influence extensively felt. Nor must we be judged by

those students who only remain with us for a limited time and take a partial course. We can do something, we can do much, for men who remain with us for only a year, or two years, especially if they have learned their deficiencies through experience in the practical work of the ministry. No man shall be more welcome to our lecture rooms than the pastor, who having already entered on his work without adequate preparation, discovers his mistake or his misfortune, and determines so far as practicable to retrace his steps. But the youth who is too impatient to enter the ministry to take time for adequate mental training before entering on the study of Theology, shall find no refuge within these walls. Till Woodstock has done all it can for him, we do not wish to see his face. A youth too blind or too conceited to see that the minister of this age needs all that all the schools, Preparatory, University and Theological, can give him, is not the material on which we wish to work. Give Woodstock a good supply of quick, intelligent and godly young men to fit for the University, and then let Woodstock give them to us to enjoy the privileges of "McMaster Hall" while they complete first a University course,—and then the course of our Theological College, and you are at liberty to judge us by the career of our full graduates.

As we stand on the threshold of this new departure in the education of the Baptist ministry for Canada, we feel the solemn presence of sainted workers who were pioneers in this sainted cause. Do the glorified know what is transpiring on the earth? If so, no heart feels a keener thrill of joy and gratitude over this scene than the invisible form of that man, to whom, of all others, the Baptists of Canada are under the deepest obligation for his life sacrifice to ministerial education, Dr. Robert A. Fyfe. As we remember the disadvantages under which he wrought, his unselfish spirit, his tenacity of purpose, his purity of heart, his wide-sweeping love, we mention his name to-day in tender reverence. Would God that his hands had held the keys of power, which time reserved for others less able and less worthy. May the mantle of his influence fall on those who succeed him in his chosen and much loved work! Nor dare we let this moment pass without sad but sacred allusion to Dr. Fyfe's greatest pupil, through whom his spirit and his teaching would have been per-

petuated in this College, the late Rev. Professor John Torrance. Our hopes were set upon him. His keen intellect, subtle and penetrating, his clear logic, his accurate scholarship, his mastery of the Scriptures, his grasp of doctrine, his knowledge of the denomination, the profound esteem in which he was held, all made it fitting and essential that he should have a place on our staff of instruction. His election was enthusiastic and unanimous. His acceptance of the proffered chair prompt and hearty. He looked forward to his work with delight. He expressed his unqualified approval of the plan and course of instruction to be pursued in this College as set forth in our Prospectus. It was a dark day for the College when we learned that God had called him up higher. Were he with us to-day—is he not in spirit?—his joy would be full in the realization of plans, which always commanded his judgment. From the first Prof. Torrance favored the removal of the Theological Department to Toronto. God's ways are wise. The workmen die, but the work lives. Those who participate in this glad but solemn hour as chief actors will in turn pass to that land where all changes are from glory to glory. May our work be as well done as the work of our brethren "who rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

JOHN H. CASTLE.

THE DIACONATE.*

The first record of the appointment of deacons is in Acts, chap. vi, when the Apostles called on the church to choose out seven men, who were charged with the ministration of tables, *i.e.*, the daily distribution of food and alms to the widows who were poor and helpless.

Some churches believe in Apostolic succession, but with more reason may Baptist churches believe in Diaconal succession—going back to the very foundation of the Christian church. The office sprung out of the growing needs of the young church—needs that remain while human society lasts, so that the distinc-

* Part of a paper read at a Roll-call meeting of the Bloor St. church, Toronto.

tive functions of deaconship continue the same in essence, though modified by changing manners and progressive civilization.

Their first duty was to "serve tables;" and time as it passed on brought a three-fold division, by which they had the oversight of all the tables that any particular independent church had to provide for: that is, the Lord's table, the pastor's table, and the table of the poor.

The deacons are charged specially with the financial side of the church's life, and have in particular to consider and advise upon the best means of paying the pastor, maintaining the house of worship and its services, making provision for the administration of the ordinances, and relieving the needs of those who through age, accident, sickness or other providential disability have valid claims upon the Christian brotherhood.

In these temporalities the deacons are the choice and the representatives of the membership, and if the Scriptural directions given to guide the choice are observed, the best possible material in each church will be obtained.

According to the Scriptures, money matters are taken out of the pastor's hands—he, as one man, handling the people's contributions, would be placed in a delicate and undesirable position. Money matters are therefore relegated to this committee of members, who are to be not only men of decided piety, but of judgment in the management of their own households, of practical sagacity in the affairs of life and of good reputation in the world.

A diaconate thus composed will ensure the most judicious and effective and sympathetic administration of the church's finances, so as to keep the body on a sound business footing, and so to aid the needy as not to wound their feelings or cripple their endeavours towards self-support.

There is another aspect of deaconship which has been helpful and which has developed with the growth of the churches. The deaconship originated in a church dispute and stopped it. Many a church wrangle and unseemly dispute may be obviated by wise discretion on the part of the deacons, in consultation with the pastor, as to the conduct of church business. On the one hand, the pastor is animated and comforted by the opportunity of advising with a body of trusted men who are familiar with the affairs of the church and interested in the claims and

prosperity of the whole membership. On the other hand, the members have no reason to complain of the "one man power," but may well trust the combined judgment and discretion of the pastor and those whom they themselves elect from year to year to plan and arrange that all things be done decently and in order, so as to conserve and advance the best interests of the church community.

J. A. BOYD.

Students' Quarter.

HYMN TO THE SABBATH.

Hail, sacred morn! thou day of all the week the best,
 That to the Christian's soul's an emblem of its rest;
 Hail! for thou by th' Eternal One wast set apart
 To mark Creation's finished work; and bid the heart
 Of man from daily toil and care to cease,
 And worship in the name of Christ th' Eternal Prince of Peace.

All welcome thy return with holy song and chime,
 From icy Labrador to Afric's burning clime;
 Both bond and free with glad and joyful footsteps tread
 Their way to sacred courts, by holy impulse led,
 To sing His praise, who thy fair head with honour crowned.
 When sin and death in Jesus Christ the mighty victor found.

Long may it be ere those who trample in the dust
 Religion's sacred claim on thee, who fain would thrust
 Their chains on thy fair hand and foot, like fettered slave,
 To do their sordid will or hurl thee to the grave;
 But dwell thou still secure beneath the smile of heaven.
 Thou day of all the week the best, most holy of the seven.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

HOC STATUO.

"The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold desire."

'91 is dead; '92 is born! Just now the sad requiem of the old year, with its solemn exhortation, is blending into the nativity song of the new, with its joyous invitation. At this death of the old year and birth of the new, men register innumerable pledges; these vows are made under just such impulses as we have heard a bereaved friend, at the bier of a companion, remorseful over days misspent declare that he will retrieve them; or as we have seen a parent bending over the sacred cradle of his first child, resolve upon a purer life lest that immaculate soul, new from the skies, be sullied by his evil example. So we are impelled, bending as we now do, at once over the grave and cradle of a year, to make noble declarations.

A familiar adage seems to recognize an element of danger in the framing of many a vow to righteousness. As the husband determines this year to be kinder, the wife sweeter, the child more dutiful, the well-meaning and pious friends, in whose creed the old adage is an article, sighs—for, alas, in this New Year morn goodness, he catches a wafture of sulphur, and sees, perhaps, an evident token of perdition in his poor friend's ephemeral gravity.

It is current that "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be." But we cannot imagine his sable excellence so reduced as to act in the very incongruous role of instigator of these heavenly intentions. No! "Every good and perfect gift is from the Father of Lights."

By man, and man alone, of all God's earthly creation, can inborn and acquired inclinations be cast aside. The language of animalhood is "I feel—I do": while man may say, "I know—I do."

In this are we Godlike. The power to say, "I will," to good, and "I will not," to evil, is a kind of pledge of our likeness to Him who said, "I will, that star-flowers—and flower-stars and singing worlds be!"

That unhappy 'Scariot who, under the midnight shades of

dew-weeping cedars of Gethsemane, forever yielded his soul for a slave's price—even he while yet he could say, "I will not," had much of man and God within. But greedy avarice fed daily upon his divinity and left only what was akin to its own hellish nature. But there was a heaven possible to him, and there is a heaven possible to you and to me, while we can yet say "I will."

But poor heart! Times without number have you resolved, and as often failed. Light all gone, you feel your soul at the very gate of Avernus. Courage! Have you not often, looking seaward from some beetling shore, seen vessels struggling homeward against the heavy winds? In wide sweeps tacking, they make their wild foe their friend, and toilsome though their course may appear, anon you see sails furled, and anchor dropped in the calm of the bay. Friend, be not resolved *not* to resolve, because, forsooth, you have resolved and failed. You say, "My resolutions hitherto have been morning cloud and early dew." God's cloud and God's dew, my brother! Resolve! Every sincere attempt to renounce the old life is the soul's response to the far-flashing light, reaching out to cheer you, from the Father's home window. Says the great Rabbi "Forgive thy penitent brother seventy times seven." This means there is encouragement for the oft failing penitent to again resolve, if unhappily he has failed the four hundred and ninetieth time, in a single day. In the pearl of parables, the prodigal once a prince, yet compelled by the poverty following his debauchery into the most despised of degraded oriental callings, begins his eternal reformation with an "*I will.*" A good resolution, however, though not of the devil is no match for the devil. Earth knows few moral Cæsars

"Constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament."

But may we not be assured that our determination will endure, assailed by whatever temptation—"unshaked of motion"? We may. How?

The once grand, now crumbling walls of Thebes: the once stately, now wasting pillars of the Parthenon, the Coliseum in its huge grace decaying, the Alhambra of beauty exquisite even in

decay, these—like all the art beauty of which they are types, were once thought well-nigh indestructible. Slowly they are dissolving, already nearly entombed in the very soil upon which a few centuries ago they rose proud and majestic. *There is no innate power by which they can renew their old-time splendor.*

Look now upon those kingly cedars, the pride of Lebanon, sons of Amanus and Taurus, think what days of heat and nights of tempest they have known! How often they have toyed with the evening zephyrs and fought fierce contests, grappling with the torrid hurricanes! Yet, to-day they live as green of leaf and generous in shade as when Abraham and Lot first fondly looked upon them. They have outlasted the great marbles, down upon whose ruin they pityingly look, *because God's life was in them.*

These temples were sublime but mortal: symmetric in form but without life: creations of mallet and chisel. Such are loveless human lives though morally beautiful. But that soul's life is eternal that is susceptible to the tear-showers of God's sympathy and the sunshine of the Father's love. Receiving the life of the Divine into ourselves through Jesus Christ, we become partakers of His nature and every pure determination shall have an eternal life:

B. W. N. GREGG.

ZEROLA OF NAZARETH.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELLING ON THE DESERT.

Paran, though a sandy rocky desert, stretching from the borders of Egypt to those of Palestine, to a certain Hebrew woman in the time of our story had ever a loveliness and a sadness all its own. Here her forefathers had slept a thousand years; beside the cool waters the palm-trees threw soft waving shadows on their graves: beside the jagged rocks, safe from the noon-day sun, their last remains reposed, long covered by the sands,—for here her ancestors, despising the oppression of Pharaoh and his princes, had ceased to be a race of slaves,—here was Sinai, destined to be forever sacred to all the nations of the

world,—and many a holy tale the prophets and the priests had written in the Temple scrolls, made this desert hallowed in her memory.

Far, farther than the eye can see, the dreary waste lifts its barren almost lifeless bosom to the hot yet cold caresses of the desert winds as they grasping toss the sea-like sands and whistling moan and howl through the wild caverns of the mountains. Far to the east the cedars tall and proud extend their strong arms and shelter the raven and the nightingale: far to the north Mount Serbal's granite slopes, engraved with ancient writings and strange symbols, greet the first beams of the morning sun and welcome the first twinklings of the evening star.

Twilight brings a mysterious calmness to the desert, not the stillness of peaceful repose but rather a timid voiceless awakening: the very sands beneath your feet seem trembling to tell their dread secrets—well it is if your camel keeps from stumbling over some grim skeleton—well if your cheek recoils not from the fancied touch, the clammy kiss of some spectre seeming to rise from the dark graves and flit adown the lonely caverns. Here thoughts of all kinds crowd through the human mind,—thoughts simple and mysterious, noble and unworthy: sometimes angels from holier worlds than this, sometimes the enemies of men; thoughts of the dim dark past, of its sighings and its yearnings, of its victories and its triumphs, of its failures and its ruins; thoughts of the dimmer unknown future, thoughts of immortality, of its longings and its beckonings—for the soul shrinks from an eternal grave, and so pausing in the midst of this Forever to catch some echo of the Past, some whisper of the Future, feels the place whereon it stands is holy ground, feels its heart throb in unison with the great warm heart of humanity; thoughts of riches and of poverty, of the wealthy hundreds and the poor millions, of bright happy homes of pleasure and of sweetest hope, of dark miserable hovels of pain and despair, of children's faces curved with virtue, of others seared with vice,—and wonders if this be justice! Thoughts of love and thoughts of hate, thoughts of sorrow and of joy, thoughts of things and men, of being and of doing; thoughts worthy of the shadow, thoughts worthy of the sunlight. But memory is not always queen nor thought at all times king: the mind knows that He

who hears the raven's cry, hears also the carol of the nightingale, and so yielding to the charm of beauty, not less holy perhaps, feels the thrill of an Eastern night.

Paran was now in darkness, yet not silence; frequently the roar of a lion rang through the forest and echoed from the rocks of the desert, heard only by one, the woman travelling alone along the winding caravan road which at the foot of Mount Serbal, or among the shrivelled struggling herbage that fringed the parched sands of the desert proper, could easily be distinguished, but farther on amidst the black-and-white drifts was entirely lost. Though a leopard or a hyena sometimes rose and straggled or galloped off to right or left it was not because it had been awakened from its slumber by the tread of the camel, for on being reminded that it was not of the Bactrian but of the true Syrian breed, the reader will at once perceive that that would be as noiseless as stately, and further that in curvature of neck and color of body the dromedary would not be without some of the grace and charm of a white swan. The furnishings of this ship of the desert were almost of the usual kind, except that no ornaments of gold or silver shone or tinkled on either the harness of the camel or the litter of the rider.

Just when a short distance from the edge of the foliage bordering the trackless waste, the woman spoke to the camel. It careened a moment, then kneeled. Eager eyes glanced all around, scanned the tufts of arbutus and acacias languishing at the foot of Serbal. Yes, this was the very place: there was the granite boulder. So, placing her sandal upon the neck of the camel, the woman stepped upon the sand. As she walked toward the palm-tree, her flowing robes falling in folds almost to the black thongs of her sandals according to the custom among many nations of the East, there was a certain power of spirit—seemingly subdued by some gentle passion—surrounding her like an atmosphere which you could feel but not define. Soon she stood beside the granite; and that very boulder was the stone that marked her husband's grave. The night was beautiful: the blue hills standing dim in the distance like dark-clad sentinels, nightingales singing among the waving branches of the trees, purple clouds tinged with silvery light casting their shadows on old Mount Serbal and drifting ever onward toward the lovely land of Pales-

tine. And the stars were shining, and they shone upon the grave. The woman now was kneeling, kneeling beside the grave beneath the palm-tree and praying,—Mary the mother of Jesus was praying to Him whom she believed to be “too wise to err and too good to be unkind,” praying to God the Father of the Nazarene, and of all mankind.

Meanwhile the dromedary had arisen and was browsing on the camel-grass growing in the neighborhood, having wandered some little distance from the place where left by its rider.

The night was darker now, but more beautiful; a calming Presence seemed to give the desert that holy charm, that almost sacred stillness, wherein the soul of the traveller feels each blade of grass, each palm-tree leaf, the rocks, the hills and all the stars are whispering those beckoning truths that angel hands have engraved in eternal gold deep down in the unvoiced thought of every man and every woman.

Mary soon arose and saw where the camel had wandered to. Walking towards it she observed far up the mountain what seemed to have the appearance of a cross. Then all the past flashed through her mind: the star shining above Bethlehem announcing the birth of the Saviour of men, the flight from Herod across this same desert, and then the warm welcome friendship of the Egyptian woman, the childhood of the boy, the conception of his purpose in life, the manhood of the Man, then long happy years of sacrifice and self-devotion, of deeds of kindness prompted by love, and then—the cross. Again Mary stood with Zerola in the throng on that darkest night the world has ever known and beheld the Christ, her own son, die for his fellow-men, on the cross of Calvary.

But she must hasten back to Nazareth.

Soon the camel and its rider had travelled far over the desert. And in the eastern sky wandering beams of golden light looked like angels of the morning—for the day was coming—and the woman saw them, but was not glad. How could she be? Joseph in a desert grave—Zerola in a living tomb. Her husband buried by her own hands, when on the way to Egypt; her daughter exiled by her own people when on the way to Nazareth.

“Had Joseph lived,” thought Mary, “and had we seen the

Egyptian woman life would not look so rayless, almost hopeless: for we thought her letter meant that she could aid us in our search. But she too has gone: exiled to Rome! This has been a cruel, unjust world. Four yearning years seeking our daughter,—and she is not found. O Zerola, on earth I fear we shall meet—never—NEVER! O Father, teach me to forgive; teach me to say as Jesus did, ‘Thy will be done.’”

Thus did the traveller on the desert pass the night.

CHAPTER V.

HOME ONCE MORE.

It was morning in Nazareth. Nestling among the hills on the south of Lebanon, fertile Esdraelon stretching wide and far, lay the city. The sun, shining over the waving cedars, brightening the quiet streets through which the shepherds were at that hour leading their herds and flocks to the pasture-lands beyond, gave the city that peculiar charm which scarcely ever fails after long absence to make one's native place more dear, to call back the pretty scenes of childhood. It did not fail with Zerola: she felt its strange power. She was now walking along a street where years ago some few beside herself had seen her brother give a cup of cold water to a slave. Perhaps the prince—for so he proved to be—may have seen in after times the cross that now marked the spot where he had lain in chains and shown his wordless gratitude,—for to the followers of the Nazarene the cross, being so significant of sacrifice and self-devotion, had become the emblem of their religion. Zerola saw it as she passed thinking, “The sky was dark then, but now all is bright; and hope, ever cheering, still leads me on. Again in Palestine: what glad, what holy thoughts its hills and lakes suggest. Again in Nazareth, again to help my mother,—again to meet and embrace my lover.”

She hastened through the olive-groves, past the flat-roofed houses, of which the city mainly consisted, varied here and there by a pyramid roof or less frequently by a dome.

And as the girl, now a woman, walked along the winding

streets the people seemed to remember a bearing and a countenance not unknown.

Soon she stood before her home, and in a moment was walking quickly up the path to the house. There were the same flowers, the stars of Bethlehem and the lilies, struggling to lift their white and purple blossoms from out the foliage growing so green and tangled in the shadows of the old date-palm standing just in front of the door.

Four years in prison—now on the very threshold of home!

Should she go in immediately, or wait a moment and see if mother would come out? She waited, then entered; hurried through each room, glanced anxiously around, and in an instant realized it all,—the house was deserted, desolate. "My father, my mother have gone," she said aloud, half-shrinking from the words. "O God, tell me, where are they? O where is Thæon?"

But this was not the utterance of despair,—no, rather of decision. Such circumstances as the above only make weak natures still weaker: Zerola was made stronger. She arose quickly and went out through the door of the carpenter shop behind the house, without however, hearing the front door open at the same moment and a man enter. Walking through the garden this time she did not fail to observe its particularly untended and deserted appearance; and yet the very wildness of the foliage gave it a certain beauty which is not always rivalled by the most careful culture. Sitting down not far from the date-palm to consider what course had better be pursued the girl fancied she heard within the house a footstep, but dismissed the idea as one of her own imagination: and Paul, for the man was none other than the great apostle, little thought he was so near Zerola.

It was now nearing noon: scarcely a cloud was in the sky. The heat was becoming very oppressive; and Zerola, fairly exhausted by her long wearisome journey, lay down to rest awhile. And very soon she fell asleep.

Fortunately only the comparatively few who have been dwellers in a Roman prison of the first century have had that experience which would enable one even to picture indistinctly the dreams which would naturally present themselves to the mind of a girl so recently and strangely liberated. Indeed very few

have ever been buried in such a prison as Zerola. Therefore it will readily appear that sleep in a place like this was what she now most needed.

That very hour a woman riding on a camel might have been seen coming through the olive groves on the slopes of Nazareth towards the city. She was hastening anxiously onward, scarcely pausing to look to left or right. As she passed through the streets the respect of the people for her seemed almost to have the depth of reverence. Her very dignity added that charm of repose to her beauty which made them feel her countenance was but the expression of the soul within. She too saw the cross: but with what thoughts we may but faintly know, for the reader will have seen that the woman was Mary the mother of Jesus. After dismounting and securing the camel, she soon was walking up the pathway to her home. The lilies, the stars of Bethlehem and all the flowers seemed more lovely now: Mary felt and heard the holy messages trembling on the golden sunbeams, and whispering from the tender petals of the blossoms: for there are moments when the soul seems to be drifting on a dark though fear-lit sea, and then it will cling to the frail-est spar.

She was now about to open the door, but chanced to glance around.

"Surely that is a girl," she said, crossing to where the sleeper lay, "perhaps the daughter of some exiled prince, perhaps the lost one of some poor peasant. Some day my own child may lie even as this one,—would God that I might be the one to find her! But, whoever this may be, she is a child of our Father who is in Heaven."

Five years in a dungeon produce many changes. The woman knelt beside her, saying as she brushed the hair from the girl's brow, "I know, my child, thou hadst a mother once—if thou hast not now." And Mary took her in her arms, and kissed her,—kissed her with a mother's kiss.

Zerola awoke. Her eyes met Mary's. Those were piercing looks, of amazement, almost fear, then—recognition!

And together the mother and daughter looked to that God who sees the tears of the fatherless and hears the widow's prayer. And as they prayed each felt the holy calm of God's

eternal love—for both were saying: “O Father, thy will be done.”

Meanwhile the apostle had left the house and was walking through the garden. As he drew near they heard his footsteps, and turning around saw and recognized him. Zerola drew back: but Mary, with the forgiveness of a Nazarene, advancing took his hand and led him to her daughter. Her words were few, but they told enough.

When she had finished speaking Paul spoke to Zerola, but it was with the voice of a man across whose pathway in life has fallen some dark shadow. He looked upon the ground, saying in his very heart: “God, be merciful to me a sinner.” Then he felt a tender hand take his, and raising his eyes they met Zerola’s: and there was that in touch and voice and look which said, “The past is all forgotten, forgiveness lights the future.”

Looking at Mary, Zerola then asked, “Mother, where is Theon?”

Paul turned and walked away. In their conversation about the martyr, they had not mentioned his name. The apostle was filled with remorse. What a crime his bigotry had led him to commit! What sorrow he had brought to the home of his Saviour. Mary and Zerola had forgiven him: God had forgiven him: but he could not forgive himself. A small nature might easily have done so; but Paul’s was large, noble. He was a man.

That night he started for Rome, where he too was so soon to die a martyr’s death for the religion of the Nazarene.

When Mary answered her daughter’s question she thought Paul was out of hearing, but as he walked away he caught the words: “Zerola, when thou gavest the cup of cold water to the martyr on that morning in Jerusalem thou gavest it to Theon. Daughter thy lover is dead.”

Then kneeling down, Zerola prayed as never in her youthful day nor aged night.

If about a year after the events just narrated you had been passing along the slopes of Nazareth you might have seen, one evening as the twilight was darkening, a form kneeling in an olive-grove. And had you walked still nearer you might have been able to distinguish a countenance and a voice which you would at once have recognized.

The woman was thinking of a morning in Jerusalem, of the years in Rome, and of the return to Palestine. She had recovered from all the effects of her imprisonment, and now seemed more queenly, more lovely than ever before—for sorrow and love had graced with more than beauty the olive brow that only lacked a crown.

As the stars cast long golden whispers down to where she knelt beneath the waving olives, praying: "Father, forgive them, they knew not what they did," a holy purpose filled her soul; and as she arose she heard the disciples chanting near by, in a temple not made with hands, a hymn of the Nazarenes:

" We believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
We believe in Self-denial,
And its secret throbb of joy:
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—we do believe.

" We believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—we believe.

" We believe in Love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will.

That, beneath the deep infernal,
 Hath a depth that's deeper still :
 In its patience, its endurance
 To forbear and to retrieve,
 In the large and full assurance
 Of its triumphs,—we believe."

Possibly this poem breathes more of that spirit of sacrifice and self-devotion which has inspired every noble and holy life than do these pages wherein has been recorded the story of the sister and follower of that Saviour who, perhaps, was the One who caused the purpose of this night and the singing of this hymn to be but the prelude to the dawn of a brighter day.

A brighter day? Yes: for there, before her, stood—her lover.

" Zerola ! "

" Theon ! "

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

A brighter day? Yes: for it was the happy bridal morning of THEON AND ZEROLA OF NAZARETH.

W. J. THOROLD.

METHODS OF CITY MISSION WORK.

You have asked me to write a paper on "City Mission Work." The terms *City Mission Work*, are broad and somewhat ambiguous in their application, and at the outset will render it necessary to narrow them down to some specific kind of city mission work.

There are many kinds of city mission work done in our cities, by various agencies; for instance, the Soup-kitchen; the Ragged-schools; the News-boys' Home; the Refuge, etc. Then

there is a work done by our city churches,—the opening of a cause in some remote part of the city, with a view to its eventually becoming a church. These agencies are all good. They have the glory of God and the well-being of man, as their aim: but they will have no further part in the subject under discussion.

City Mission work is a church organization, planted in the midst of, and doing work among, the masses. The work of necessity must begin as a mission, in the general acceptance of the term, but the ideal to be realized is the organization of a church. I have little sympathy with any other agency for doing a permanent good.

The Y. M. C. A. might, perhaps, do a great deal towards moulding the lives of the young men of the lower classes; but it caters to those who need it least. Its location is usually in the "west end": its parlors gorgeous and its building an architectural pomp. The young man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, ten hours a day, is not in the mood to trudge in the evening from the east end of the city, to the Y. M. C. A., in the west. And besides, his hands are large and ingrained by menial work. He has no spotless shirt front, or immaculate white tie to exhibit: even his best trousers are patched, and as to his speech, the "upper set" are shocked as they hear it. There he stands with cap in hand, unshaven face and spikey hair. A red pocket handkerchief is tied in a sailor's knot around his neck: his feet are encased in the old orthodox English hob-nailed shoe, which on Sundays, by way of contrast, he greases.

A faultlessly dressed young man steps up to him, and to the query, "What is your occupation?" he replies that he is "a-diggin' sewers for the corporation," and that he finds "pickin' an shovelin' ruther hard wurk," but that he expects to better his condition soon, by "gettin' a job on a coal-barge." What wonder if they are both disappointed? The young men of the Y.M.C.A. will see little in him to admire. His bluntness and want of culture will constantly shock them. As for him, the change of environment is too sudden. The contrast between the magnificence of the Y.M.C.A., and his home of squalor is immeasurable; and so he eventually goes to his own place, which in most cases, is the pool-room and the dime museum. What he lacked was

preparation for the culture of the Y. M. C. A., a kind of catechumenate.

The Salvation Army is doing good, along the line of mission work. The organization is a noble one. But it is the writer's opinion, that there would be no need for this organization if the churches, in the past, had paid more attention to this particular work. After a careful study of this great body, both in England and Canada, the writer has come to the conclusion, that the methods pursued by the Salvation Army for uplifting the masses are incomplete. Its great lack is teaching. It assumes too much when it assumes, that it can take a man, whose birth-place was a den of infamy, and whose subsequent life has been a series of the worst sins, and convert him in one night; then expect the man to become a stalwart Christian, by merely giving him work to do. The man doesn't know God yet. What he needs at this juncture is teaching. This the Army does not give, nor does it pretend to give. Here then, is their great mistake; for no class of people are in need of this element so much as the people in question. They have no lower helps to aid them, for shame is obliterated; the nervous system shattered; the will powerless; the conscience silenced; hope dead. These must all be renewed and the only way to renew them is by wise and patient teaching. The excessive excitement witnessed at the meetings of the Salvation Army does almost as much harm to the body, as the use of strong drink. This is strong language I know, but the fact may be verified any day. The plan pursued by asylums for inebriates, is to calm the shattered nerves, not excite them, as does the army.

General Booth's new scheme may be an improvement on the *present* methods of mission work done by the Army; but its sphere of operation is limited to certain parts of England, and its outcome as yet vague.

The question now arises, if these organizations are imperfect in their methods of uplifting these people, what is the best method? The definition given above answers the question, viz.: A church organization planted in the midst of them; but with a building entirely different in structure from the ordinary church edifice. It should be so constructed that its utility would call forth admiration, not its grandeur.

In some cities, there are churches which cost from \$65,000 to \$100,000. Yet they are of little utility. All is solemn, dignified, stolid. And the worshippers are in keeping with their surroundings. The poor preacher would like to thunder out the message of the King of kings in a good round orotund: but the structure of the church will not allow him. He must, therefore, use a monotone. The very grandeur of the edifice is a barrier to its usefulness.

Now the church building for city mission work should be plain, commodious, useful, bright and cheery. Comfortable rooms for various purposes, it should contain. It should be open every evening. Its organization should embrace a night school for men, and a night school for women. A great number of this class are unable to read. The acquirement of this art would be one of the prime factors in the renewing process. There should be a library suitable to their powers of comprehension: a gymnasium; a reading room; a monthly lecture, on some live topic, illustrated or otherwise; a temperance society; a night set apart for the singing of hymns, glees, etc.: a children's night and a penny savings bank. If these agencies were set going in a city mission church, it would be doing business for God on wholesale lines. The ultimate aim of all this would be to bring the precious souls to Christ and union with the church. But it would not end there; it would stimulate an interest the young convert in bringing the lower helps into play. By coming in contact with this good work, and by the aid of God's Holy Spirit, he would gradually become conscious that he was only half alive: that there were possibilities which he might attain to, that he had never dreamed of before.

It can be seen at a glance, that so much work as this would call for a diversity of material to do it. Every member of the church would be at work suited to his abilities. Neither would there be any complexity in working such a large organization. It would simply need a chairman and mixed committee over each branch of the work, and the pastor, as general chairman. Anything else unforeseen at present, would adjust itself as it appeared. This seems to me to be the most effectual method of doing city mission work. It combines the best in Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army methods, and yet is an improvement on them both, in that it is a church organization.

We need such churches. Hundreds of Satanic agencies are on foot to entrap men and women. The bar-room is ablaze with light; the theatre comfortable and interesting, and the house of ill-fame terribly enticing.

But the church edifices wrapt in dignified slumber, preserve an eloquent silence. They are as costly as any of the Devil's agencies; yet one bar-room will work more ruin than any church can repair. What we need is *competition*. If Satan's agencies are attractive, why not make the church edifice of Jesus Christ legitimately attractive? Let us throw open wide its doors and make it more than attractive,—enticing.

JOHN B. WARNICKER.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

This is the village willows' darkling glade,
 A fresh'ning shelter 'neath the sultry heat,
 Where flutt'ring breezes, gather breath of shade,
 A quiet, cool repose for weary feet.

The willows green, whose archèd branches high,
 Bending to kiss each other's lips above,
 Tower in massive grandeur toward the sky,
 And murmur softly words of whispered love.

The passing stranger lifts his wondering eye
 At nature's charming curtained canopy,
 And listens to the rivulet hard by
 Absorbed in admiration's reverie.

Brightly the golden arrows of the dawn,
 Among the tapering leaves of whitened green,
 Stream, shoot and dart the silvered leaves among,
 And gild the quiet glade with glittering sheen.

The weary workman wends his onward way,
 And slacks his pace to gain the freshening breath,
 Fatigued and fainting with the toil of day,
 He cools his brow the grateful boughs beneath.

When evening settles down o'er vale and hill,
 And gathering shadows fall in sloping lines,
 Then strolling lovers wander forth at will,
 And whisper tender epithets, and loving rhymes.

Beneath the willows' shade where squirrels peep,
 No eye perceiving but the stars above,
 The massive trunks and spreading branches keep
 The secret whispered words of trustful love.

And when the velvet pall of night is spread,
 And twinkling diamonds stud the midnight sky,
 The rustling foliage, dark and still and dread,
 Whispers in silence to the passer-by :—

“ Though deep and dark the shadowy lines of life,
 And few and rare the sunbeams' cheering streak,
 Both shine and shadow come, and peace and strife,
 And each may kiss the fairest maiden's cheek.

“ Though bright may be the sun of life to-day,
 Soon will the shadow fall athwart your path,
 Sunshine and shadow all along the way,
 Until you tread the gloomy vale of death.”

Lord ! fill the measure of our life with shade,
 With shadows dark, or gleaming sunshine fill,
 But when the drama of our life is played,
 May we have wrought a part of Thy great will.

O. G. LANGFORD.

BEACHVILLE, Aug. 25, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McMaster University suffers a severe loss in the death of Principal Huston, of Woodstock College. The sad and unexpected event occurred on the 29th inst. Mr. Huston gave himself with great devotion to the duties of his position, and was greatly beloved by his students and fellow-laborers. He had a passion for boys, and put his life into the service of those entrusted to his care. His educational ideals were derived from Arnold and Thring, but in his more recent work were somewhat modified as he came into closer and deeper contact with the needs of men. The creation of a new life in the soul by the divine spirit—the life of faith on the Son of God seemed to him to be initial and essential to a true and full manhood. The work at Woodstock broadened on Mr. Huston's view. What, at first, may have seemed to him to be the development of a school for boys and young men, gradually disclosed intimate and commanding relations with the best aspirations of an earnest Christian denomination, and to be linked very closely with the development of a great Christian University. Our departed brother was a growing man, and it seemed as if thirty years of large and effective service were before him. His life was simple, humble, earnest, single. He endeared himself to all as he went in and out before them in the discharge of his daily duties. He wrought for his Master, and was ready, we doubt not, for higher service. We greatly deplore his removal. In our next issue we shall present a portrait of Mr. Huston, with a sketch of his life and work by Mr. N. S. McKechnie, B.A., one of his coadjutors in the Faculty of Woodstock College.

We have often wondered why the boys and girls of our High Schools and Academies, having barely mastered the most elementary inflexional forms of Latin and Greek, should be set at once to struggle with Cæsar or Xenophon, while their schoolmates in the modern language classes, though having far simpler forms to deal with, are permitted to spend another year in progressive reading exercises before being introduced to any of the more difficult standard texts. In old country classical schools—the German, for example—pupils are drilled for two years, at least, in grammar and simple translation and composition before being allowed to see even the easiest authors. The result is that these pupils come to the study of the more difficult authors with such a

thorough preparation as to make the reading of them easy, pleasant and rapid, and to render possible, within the limits of a college course, that wide and familiar acquaintance with classic literature everywhere manifest in the writings of old world scholars. We believe the result would be much more satisfactory if longer time were given in our High Schools to the reading and study of easy selections (say in the course for the Primary Examination), so that the pupil might become perfectly familiar with the ordinary prose constructions, and acquire a good vocabulary of common words and idioms, before being asked to grapple with the polished style of Cicero or Xenophon, not to speak of Horace or Homer, which should never be taken up in High Schools at all. We do not consider Bradley's Arnold's Prose Composition a good book for High School work, because it is a cumbersome book, and does not promote the end we have in view. It attempts altogether too much for the average pupil, crowds idiom after idiom upon his attention, without giving sufficient exercise in their proper use to enable him to grasp their meaning and fix them in his memory. The High School French and German Grammars, on the other hand, giving fewer idioms, but more copious exercises in the use of common words and phrases, are well adapted to familiarize the pupil with the language of everyday life, and we see no reason why the best results should not follow an intelligent use of these books and the methods they represent. Of course teachers and pupils must take ample time to go over these exercises and even many others, fully and thoroughly. No method, not even the most "natural," will do much for the pupil without patient and long continued exercise.

At a meeting of the American Society of Church History (1890), Rev. Henry M. McCracken, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of New York, read a paper on "The Place of Church History in the College Course of Study." The article received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Society, and it was voted that copies be sent to the authorities of the universities and colleges throughout the United States, accompanied by a request that the matter of giving to Church History the place in the ordinary college curriculum, claimed for it by the writer of the paper, be taken into earnest consideration. A few disconnected sentences will give some idea of Dr. McCracken's position, but will not convey an adequate impression of the cogency of the argument of the article as a whole: "No man can be said to be trained in history and philosophy who has no thorough knowledge of the organization that grew

up in the Hebrew nation and became the power which took possession of the Roman Empire and of the Roman world." "There can be no broad study of history and philosophy without study of the Bible and Church History." "The student's knowledge of his own countrymen will be sadly defective without a thorough knowledge of the religion of his countrymen, and the historical explanation of the diversities of those religions." "No eminent American statesman has lacked a fair knowledge of Church History." "A college graduate's knowledge in general literature, in case he has little or no knowledge of the history of religion, leaves him a one-sided, disproportioned mind." "The omission of the study of the Bible and of the Church in the course of education is well fitted to produce an important effect upon the religious growth of the student. He has been urged to give his utmost mental strength to many histories and many sciences. He has never been asked to apply it to the scientific study of the Bible or of Christianity. Is it strange if he makes this argument, then, within his own mind: 'These are subjects upon which the beliefs or opinions of my teachers will not bear examination.' No man is in reality prepared for an intelligent study of the arguments for and against Christian belief unless he has thoroughly acquainted himself first with the Bible and with Christian history." "I have received more expressions of obligations for what I have done in impressing the history and the men of Christianity upon my students, than for all my labor, ten times as severe, in teaching them psychology, ethics and history of philosophy."

The authorities of McMaster University have been among the first to give to the Bible and to Church History alike, full recognition as a valuable and necessary means of culture, and to accord to each a prominent place in the Arts curriculum.

The McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY is attracting attention. Many of our friends are expressing themselves very kindly. One writes:—"I was much consoled by your editorial on 'Migration over the line,' I am glad to learn that all our young men do not drift over into the Great Republic." Another writes:—"I was so pleased with the MONTHLY that I sat up at night and read it all through. I am looking forward with much pleasure for the next number:" Another says:—"I think your magazine is attractive, creditable and readable. I still think you may make it more readable, and would suggest the addition of articles of a general character, not strictly denominational." These suggestions we appreciate as much as the very kind words we receive.

Our next number will be issued very shortly, and will contain an excellent portrait of the late Principal W H. Huston, and a sketch of his life by Mr. N. S. McKechnie.

At the recent meeting of the American Society of Church History, in Washington, Rev. S. M. Jackson, the secretary of the Committee appointed to arrange for the preparation and publication of a series of denominational histories, submitted a report, of which we give the substance. The series is to be published by the Christian Literature Company, of New York. The following writers have been secured: Congregationalist, Prof. Williston Walker, Ph. D., of Hartford Seminary; Baptist, Prof. A. H. Newman; Lutheran, Prof. H. E. Jacobs, D.D., Philadelphia; Methodist, Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D., of *The Christian Advocate*, New York; Presbyterian, Prof. R. E. Thompson, D.D., University of Pennsylvania; Protestant Episcopal, Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, of New York; Roman Catholic, Prof. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., of the Catholic University, of Washington, D.C.; Unitarian, Prof. J. H. Allen, D.D., LL.D., editor of *The Unitarian Review*; Universalist, Rev. R. Eddy, D.D., editor of *The Universalist Quarterly*; Reformed German, Prof. J. H. Dubbs, of Lancaster, Penn.; Reformed Dutch, Rev. E. T. Corwin, D.D., New Brunswick, N.J.; Moravian, Prof. J. T. Hamilton, of Bethlehem, Penn.; Disciples, Rev. B. B. Tyler, of New York. The Editing Committee consists of Prof. Dr. Philip Schaff; Bishop Henry C. Potter; Bishop Hurst; Prof. Dr. G. P. Fisher; Prof. Dr. Wolff, and Rev. S. M. Jackson. The series will form about ten octavo volumes, of five hundred pages each, an entire volume being allowed for each of the larger denominations.

Sunday, January 31, 1892, is a date that Baptists have cause to remember for many a year. That afternoon many of us were engaged in the sad duty of paying our last tributes of respect to our beloved and honored brother, the late Principal Huston. The same evening, at 8.45 o'clock, Professor Manly, of the S. B. Seminary, Louisville, passed away; and before midnight Charles H. Spurgeon closed his earthly labors. To-day all these, we doubt not, are "present with the Lord." Of Principal Huston, something has already been said, and much will be said in our next issue; of Spurgeon's work we all know; the object of this note is to say a word about the man whom Southern Baptists mourn to-day.

Basil Manly was the worthy son of a worthy father. The latter, long a prominent figure among Southern Baptists, and several times president of their convention, is regarded by Dr. Broadus as one of the three greatest college presidents the Baptists of America have yet produced—the others being Wayland, of Brown, and Anderson, of Rochester. The son enjoyed thorough university and theological courses; was ordained in 1843 at the age of twenty-two; preached with great acceptance for the next six years, his last charge being the First Church Richmond, Va. From this he was taken to become first president of the Richmond Female Institute. In 1859, Dr. Manly became one of the original professors of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. To that work the rest of his life was given, except the years 1871-79, during which he was president of Georgetown College, Ky. Dr. Manly was a man of exceptionally large and varied attainments. His scholarship was, at the same time, as accurate as it was wide. Along with his genius for scholarship, he possessed uncommon executive ability. All who know the history of Baptist church extension in Louisville during the past few years, know what a talent Dr. Manly had for bringing things to pass. But, if we mistake not, that for which he will be longest and most warmly remembered, is his beautiful Christian character. He had strength in many directions, but the thing in the man that most impressed one was his unaffected kindness, his winning geniality, the purity and nobility of his life, and the simple, strong, joyous faith in Jesus Christ. We join our friends in Louisville in sorrow over the loss of such a man; and yet, with them, rejoice in all he was to the world through the grace of Jesus Christ.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

DURING the Christmas vacation Dr. Jesse B. Thomas, of Newton Centre, Mass., who has been called to the Chancellorship of McMaster, trod our classic halls for the first time and was made acquainted with the aims and methods of our University.

OWING to the unavoidable absence of O. G. Langford on Friday evenings, he has resigned his position as Musical Director of the College Glee Club, and W. S. McAlpine succeeds him in that office. H. P. Whidden, teacher of elocution, ably fills Mr. Langford's position as first tenor of the College Quartette.

The club recently enjoyed an evening at the Kew Beach Mission.

MISS ROGERS, from Moulton College, has recently entered our Arts Course, making a welcome addition to the little band that meets daily in the ladies' room. As the first American lady to enter our University, we greet her heartily.

A NUMBER of our music-loving students, forgetting "the cares that infest the day," might have been seen on the evening of Patti's concert among the large audience that listened spell-bound to the melody that fell from the lips of that matchless singer. It was a treat that comes but rarely in a life time, and one which more of us would fain have enjoyed; but, unfortunately, some of our fair godmothers failed to materialize on the occasion.

THE ladies have decided that their French and German conversational days are a great success. Under the pressure of brilliant ideas and important information that must be imparted to her companions, during the brief respite between lectures devoted to refreshment and recreation, each becomes astonishingly eloquent in the foreign tongue, and words pour forth with "uniformly increasing velocity," unretarded by friction or the force of gravity.

THE members of the Modern Language Club read the ingenious description in the last monthly of the method in which they are supposed to have elected their officers, with feelings of admiration for the lively powers of fancy possessed by the writer (for whom they have no hesitation in predicting a brilliant career in the line of popular fiction). Had he been an eye-witness of the interesting scene, and afterwards drawn a picture the exact opposite of what he saw, he could not have got further from the facts of the case. Nothing short of imagination of the most penetrative quality could adequately body forth the shape of that election which was, we believe, unprecedented in the history of such proceedings for originality, unanimity and dispatch.

ONCE again we must chronicle the departure from among us of one of the boys. This time it is Mr. A. B. Reekie. His going away was a surprise to us, but we gave him no less hearty good-bye. We accompanied him down the stairway with the usual clamor; circled about him; sang the good-bye songs with old-time vigor; and surely the warm, hearty hand-clasps and words of regret must have assured him we were sorry to see him go. Now that he is gone to his far away prairie home, at Alcester, Man., we can only say even what we sang that night, "God be with him till we meet again."

MR. T. C. ROBINSON, one of our students, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Beachville Church. We congratulate the people there on having secured a pastor so earnest and consecrated.

AT the first of the term there was agitation for a French table, so that those who were students of French might become fluent speakers of that sprightly tongue. In a full meeting of the students, in the face

of those opposed to it on the ground that an old custom was being dethroned, by their pertinacity and eloquence the agitators won their suit. The French table was sacred to the chosen ones. Delighted with their victory, they thought, no doubt, of one day rivalling the loquacity of a typical Frenchman. But a change has come over the spirit of the French table, for what mortal would not grow sad of heart if he had but a dozen sentences in which to express his desires? How those few words are mauled! Old "Comment ça va?" has become like a certain "ancient" personage as "long and lean and lank as is the ribbed sea sand." And poor "Il fait froid," is now only a ghastly, worn skeleton, crying with hollow voice for rest. On the faces of those of the French table is a weary look. About them, on every side, the tide of talk rises and falls. Oh, sweet, attractive, cheery chat from which they are exiled! Oh, slow-dragging term, when will it end! This is a spectator's view of the French table.

ELOCUTION has at last found a place on our time-table. The subject has already become of interest and profit. H. P. Whidden, B.A., our student professor, has won the confidence of all by showing his wisdom in modesty and meekness. His system and method of teaching commands itself to common sense; the aim being to prevent aping and preserve the individuality and naturalness of expression.

The graduating class are receiving his special attention, as their remaining days at college are few.

(Extract from a letter.)

SOME of us are passionately fond of mathematics, and some of us are not. I am a unit in the latter sum. Accordingly, when at the beginning of the term it was announced from the rostrum that the teacher in mathematics would be unable to meet his classes for a week or two, I, while assuming a look of commiseration, felt, to phrase it à la backwards, a kind of a sneakin' satisfaction as visions of commutations and abbreviations of that particularly odious subject pleasantly appeared. But my retribution was at hand. I had no sooner begun to congratulate myself that the hand of Providence had been laid on that particular chair when I felt the cube root of the hated grippe squarely seizing on my own "innards" and swiftly creeping by arithmetical, geometrical and *tri*-harmonic progressions all at once from pleura to broncha, from œsophagus to cerebrum, and soon by rapid marches which celo velo would reel in registering, seized on every cell of my unhappy body.

I adopted the usual policy: spent ten foolhardy days "fighting it off," and, in a melancholy way, "laughing it off;" stayed in two consecutive days; felt a little better on the third, and walked down as far as Queen; rode back in car--an unusual luxury for a student in my profession. I remember little of that ride; generally there are a number of pretty faces, but given the grippe, Venus and a witch of Macbeth are indistinguishable even to a young man. While waiting in a bleak wind for a transfer at the corner of Bloor and George, the fiend com-

pleted his conquest and I was "all his ane." And here let me say, if any gentle reader should be so unhappy, which may his stars forbid, as to be o'ertaken of this demon, let him not delude himself with fond hopes. In the words of the New England poet, let him

"Trust no future however pleasant ;
Throw up the sponge, jump into bed,
Sweat sweat in the dripping present,
Grippe within and grip o'erhead."

TWO POST CARDS.

ROME, ITALY, Dec. 31, '91.

DEAR BRO.—What a wonderful city! It is true, "See Rome and die." Delightful, wandering among the ruined palaces of emperors and others famous in history! The Colosseum is grand. Am well; go to Naples to-day. Sail the 3rd on *Victoria*, P. and O. line, from Brindisi for Bombay. Love to boys.

GEO. H. BROCK.

PORT SAID, EGYPT, Jan. 6, '92.

DEAR BRO.—Arrived here well. Start in two hours. Am delighted with trip over Mediterranean from Brindisi. Was sick a little. It is warm here. What a crowd of queer people! Everybody wants to sell you something. Love to boys.

GEO. H. BROCK.

P.S.—Many of passengers are riding on donkies.

LA GRANDE LIGNE Mission is gaining a warm place in the hearts of the students. This feeling has been deepened during the past month by the presence with us of Pres. Ayer and Rev. A. L. Therrien and Rev. A. E. de St. Dalmas. Having come into personal contact with these warm advocates of French Evangelization, we have caught somewhat of their ardor and enthusiasm.

THE attendance at our Mission in Little York is small but encouraging. Our meetings have been held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, but we hope, in the near future, to secure a hall which will be a permanent place of worship for us.

THE Mission at New Toronto is thriving, and the interest has been well sustained. The little hall, which will comfortably accommodate fifty persons, is generally well filled. The people are rejoiced at having a service of their own, which removes the necessity of their trudging a mile and a half to Mimico. While the mission, like the village itself, is yet in its infancy, it is the means of giving the gospel to many mechanics and others boarding in the place who would otherwise attend no divine service, our mission being the only preaching service. The people have lately shown their appreciation of the work and the workers by opening their homes for the entertainment of the students.

KEW BEACH MISSION.—On the last Sunday in November, 1891, Messrs. J. E. Chute and A. P. McDonald started out, in Apostolic fashion, to walk to Kew Beach, some six miles from the Hall, for the purpose of beginning a Baptist mission in that place. They arrived at their destination in due time, and, judging from their report of the proceedings, the day proved a profitable one, both to themselves and to those who attended their services. On that day the work began—it still continues. Services are held every Sunday in the Fire Hall at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m., a Sunday school at 3 p.m., with steadily increasing numbers, and with an interest that is ever growing deeper. On January 15th, the Sunday school held a festival, at which all were invited to be present. The club of the Hall very kindly assisted in the programme, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Once again the holidays are over, the last student back, the classes reorganized, and the College, with anchor weighed and sails set, is gliding peacefully on towards the first of May. Before this desirable state of affairs was brought about, however, the Literary and Theological Society had to be re-officered. Mr. Murduck was nominated for president, and great were the expectations he raised in our hearts as he unfolded his plans for the future. His platform was constructed of solid planks. Taxes should be reduced; the College "yell" completed, and the University colors arranged. He took a decided stand in favor of co-education. The ladies should be seen in the society meetings. The ladies of the College were noble ladies, there was not their equal on the continent, if on any continent. The society needed the ladies, and, above all, the ladies needed the society. If he were elected, he would do his utmost to bring these things to pass. It was a pathetic appeal. Every eye was dim; and suppressed sobs were heard on all sides. As we gazed at the man we thought him inspired. His eyes flashed fire; his body writhed under the powerful feeling that swayed it. Such a triumph of oratory has seldom been seen; it was enough to make the dust of Demosthenes dance with delight.

As he sat down there was but one feeling that predominated every mind—Mr. Murduck must be president.

FIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—More than usual interest centered in the Missionary Day this month. The day of prayer for colleges being fixed for the 29th inst., the Executive Committee deemed it advisable to hold our regular missionary meeting on that date, devoting the morning service to missions and the afternoon to special prayer for educational work. Accordingly, the society met at 10 a.m., Dr. Rand presiding. After devotional exercises, an instructive paper was read by Mr. J. B. Warnicker, on "Methods of City Mission Work." This paper will be found elsewhere in our monthly and will repay a careful perusal.

Professor Clark followed with an address on the "German Baptists." The history of the cause in Germany was briefly sketched. The churches at Hamburg, Altona and Berlin became very real. Prof. Clarke's description of the early days of the Hamburg Theological Seminary, and of its present importance, lent a peculiar charm to an address delivered to students.

Mr. E. J. Stobo, jr., read a paper on "French Colportage," giving some idea of the territory and work of the Quebec Auxiliary Bible Society. Numerous incidents connected with the work were related. Our hearts were drawn out as never before to that part of Quebec where the blackness of Romanism is more dense, and we were impressed more forcibly with the responsibility resting upon us as a denomination so carry the Gospel to those "who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Five minute reports from our missions at New Toronto, Little York, Woodbine and Pape Ave. were received, showing the work at all the stations to be encouraging. Dr. Goodspeed was appointed to interview the Home Mission Board in reference to the support of student missionaries for the summer at these points. At the afternoon session Dr. Goodspeed presided, and after devotional exercises read a letter from Bro. Burwash, giving an account of the work at present going on at Maskinongè. He addressed the meeting on the subject of "Christian Education," pointing out the immense power institutions of learning possess for moulding the thoughts and moral and religious life of the nation. Referring to the temptations to which students are especially subjected, he showed how they might be met. Several of the Professors followed, and after a season of prayer the Doxology brought to a close a gathering of much spiritual power and interest.

THE LECTURE ON PETROLEUM.—One evening this month, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on petroleum, delivered by Mr. A. E. de St. Dalmas; who, having been at one time a resident of Petrolea became greatly interested in the oil wells and their working.

The lecturer had many small models of the instruments used in making the bore, thus giving a clear idea of the whole process. He reminded us of the immense size of some of these instruments used for the work. The oil is formed in Petrolea at a depth of about 475 feet, 90 feet of which is clay, then the rock is reached. All sorts of ingenious tools have been made (such as dogs and fishing lines). We were warned, however, not to try this kind of fishing line in a stream as it would be useless, the fish would not bite. The lecturer showed specimens of the oil as it is first obtained; described the various processes of refinement, and told of the vapors it gives off and the substances left behind in the still. Some of the things derived from petroleum are gas, benzine, coke, wax, of which candles are made, etc. When the oil first goes into the still, it is very black and dirty, but when it is refined and ready for the market, it is white and pure and quite inviting, that is, at a distance, for distance certainly lends enchantment to the odor.

After the lecture, we were allowed to question the speaker, and to examine the specimens of vaseline, coke, soap, etc. The young ladies made free use of both privileges. After having heard such an able discourse on this subject, we shall be more interested in petroleum, to which we are indebted for so many of our modern conveniences.

It is to be hoped that when the lecturer reached home, he missed none of his candles. We noticed several of the young ladies casting longing, lingering glances at them, doubtless thinking of what an acquisition they would be to a midnight feast.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

The clerk of the weather furnishes the following probabilities for the next three months at Moulton : Low temperature, strong north winds of mathematics and Latin, with occasional local showers caused by homesickness, followed by high midnight gales and heavy storms of exams.

SONG OF THE VIRGILITE.

Oh happy days of by-gone years,
Come back again to me,
And give in place of bitter tears,
The joy that used to be.

Give back to me my Cæsar,
Or the Harkness verb and noun,
And I will dance the heel and toe
In my calisthenic gown.

Why is the *Nanlalika* like a leg of mutton? Because it is a *joint production*.

Why is Sherbourne Street more pleasant than the next one east? Because the next one is *Blecker*.

The spacious halls of the College were wrapped in spectre-like gloom. The back stairs had stopped snoring, and were holding their breath with a creepy sensation down their backs of approaching calamity.

It came.

Slowly, gently at first, but with a sinister persistence that has no parallel in the annals of crime.

The white porcelain knob on the door of Miss C.'s room turned a little to the right, then to the left—once ! twice ! thrice !

It certainly turned ; for Miss C. heard it as distinctly as she heard the muttered imprecation which followed. Then a sound like the scratching of a match on the door-casing broke upon the ear.

"At last," murmured Miss C., "is a real, live burglar almost within my grasp ;" and her smile of satisfaction illuminated the darkness for a distance of several rods, more or less.

She sat up.

She crept out of bed.

She was half way to the door when a thought struck her with such force that she lost her balance and would have fallen, but for another idea which struck her the next moment on the other side.

"What if he should have a gun !" And then—

"I'll just take a look at him before I catch him."

She tiptoed into the next room, softly opened the door into the hall, and peeped out.

The next instant he was upon her. She could feel his hot breath upon her cheek, and a pair of flaming eye-balls glared at her out of the surrounding darkness like bale-fires in a swamp. One arm was laid

threateningly on hers—she could feel the other creeping up to her throat, and at the same moment some cold instrument passed over her head, not sharp, but wet, with—oh, horrors! could it be blood? A piercing shriek awoke the echoes of the silent house.

“Major!!!”

It was a shriek of laughter, and Major, the burglar, barked for joy, and recounted, at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five revolutions a minute, the only *tale* he could tell.

The day of prayer was observed by Moulton as in former years. Lessons were dismissed for the day. In the morning there was a service in the chapel, conducted by Prof. Farmer, and in the afternoon a prayer meeting, led by Miss Smiley. Prof. Farmer's address in the morning was upon “Christ's right place in Education.” In his remarks, he spoke about how necessary it was that all persons who taught should be thoroughly Christain, and in all departments of learning that the ideal of a Christ-like life should be constantly brought forward. Miss Smiley, in view of Prof. Huston's severe illness, spoke in the afternoon of Christ's victory over death and the grave.

We were all glad to welcome Miss Smiley back to Moulton. We trust she will soon be entirely recovered from the effects of La Grippe, and able to take her customary place amongst us.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 12th, we had the first prayer-meeting of the term. Professor Trotter, of McMaster Hall, addressed the meeting. His subject was one suggested by the time of year, viz. : New Year's Resolutions. He told us why these were so often broken, and pointed out the only sure way of keeping them. We enjoyed his talk, and felt that our meeting had been very profitable.

La Grippe has troubled us but little, for which we are very thankful. Only two cases have occurred in the College. These were promptly isolated, and means were taken to prevent the spread of the disease. As one of the students remarked, the proper thing to do was to “check your grip.”

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Since last number the boys have had their holidays. And a welcome breathing space it was; for, since the beginning of last term, they had to work like Trojans, if, by any means, they might satisfy their ambitious teachers. The most of them appeared to have profited by their rest. A few, however, brought the grip back with them, and have not yet fully recovered from its effects.

That the lectures of this year have been an unqualified success, is the verdict of all who have had the pleasure of listening to them. Prof. Farmer entertained us on the 15th inst. with a pleasing description of his trip to Europe. Mr. Farmer has a happy way of interesting

both young and old, in his unassuming, conversational style. The limited time at his disposal only permitted him to speak of a part of his journeyings. We should be pleased to hear him again.

"Oh solitude where are thy charms that sages have seen in thy face?"

The College sick room has had an occupant for the last four weeks. Mr. Seager put in his term of three weeks with the mumps. Now your correspondent has been thrust into the same inner prison, after having been pronounced by the college physician to be too cheeky to remain with the other boys. A notice on the door signed "Faculty," reads: "Mumps! students are requested *not* to enter this room." One might as well be in jail were it not for the kindly visits of the good matron of the College, Mrs. Peters. Her kindness and faithfulness has now become a proverb. The last occupant speaks highly of her kindness, and now the writer of this would like to do honor to whom honor is due. If all the honor lies in acting well our part, then Mrs. Peters is twice crowned with honor, for truly, a mother could not be more attentive and considerate.

Mr. Robertson has not been well for some weeks past, though he courageously hung out to attend his classes. He is now at last compelled to go away for a few days' rest. We trust he will soon be able to resume his work with his old time vigor and vim.

Our College orchestra now numbers seventeen. They have already won for themselves glory at entertainments in the town and surrounding country. Of course they are a noisy crew, as every musical body generally is. We do not object, however, when their noise is tuned to the sweet strains of music, but when, in the silent watches of the night, our spirits are enjoying the sweet dream lands of nod, they come tramping in with the deep bassed echoing tread of their number elevens, like a charge of the Heavy Brigade—well, their music hath not charms "to calm the savage breast."

OUR PRINCIPAL'S DEATH.—Our hearts are sad: the worst has come. While life lasted we hoped on, but the fatal fever has done its work, and now our faithful principal is no more with us. Truly, he gave his life for our school. How surely he was undertaking more work than his body could long endure is now quite evident. Often did we students remark, "How can he perform so much?" But there is a limit to all human capacity, and it is ours now to learn the lesson. Still, it remains a law of the kingdom in which we labor, that we must die to live. No fruit shall grow "to guerdon in after days," but to those who have planted their life to moulder and die in the soil of God's great vineyard.

All that medical skill could do was done for Principal Huston, but of no avail, the Lord declared that all His divine will through his life on earth was now accomplished, and that our Principal's work was finished, and students humbly bowed in submission, saying, "Thou knowest best, Thy will be done."

The sorrow at the loss of Mr. Huston seems universal. The town showed its appreciation of his worth in its expressions of sympathy through the press, the tender words in the home of the bereaved and in the College, and by the vast crowd that followed the remains to the grave. The funeral service was held in the chapel room of the College. Rev. Mr. Dadson presided, and Rev. Mr. Barker, Prof. Bates, Dr. Rand, Mr. Carlyle, P.S.I., Prof. Farmer and Mr. Thomson took part in the exercises. All spoke of his power, his kindness, his devotion, his high ideals, and splendid qualifications for the work in which he was engaged. Mr. Dadson said that he was a man noted for modesty and power, and that the world, the College and the church, was to-day poorer because of his death.

Mr. Bates beautifully said that we had met to celebrate the coronation of him who now wears the crown. A devoted man, consistent in church work, and full of zeal in the interests of the College was called up higher. A man characterized by lofty ideals, broad sympathies, and a deep love for young men.

Dr. Rand spoke of his fitness for the work of a principal, his generous spirit and broad views. He besought young men to take up the life so well begun and complete it in theirs.

Mr. Carlyle had in Mr. Huston a warm, personal friend. He spoke of his sympathies for educational work outside of the College, and eulogized his patience, his perseverance and his heroism.

Prof. Farmer said that the life of Principal Huston was not broken off like a bar of steel. It had not ceased when removed from time. He believed that he had been called to a more exalted and fuller service. He thought he saw an illustration of his life in some of those high Alpine mountains where the base was visible but the summit, the crowning glory, was lost sight of in the mists that cut off our vision. The beginnings of Mr. Huston's life was seen here, but the glorious part of it was beyond our view.

Mr. Thomson closed his earnest and feeling remarks by urging on his hearers the seriousness of living. It was a more serious thing to live than to die. Death ended Mr. Huston's responsibilities, but with life ours yet remained.

The tender sympathy of friends could be seen in the rich and handsome floral offerings. The corpse seemed to sleep in a bed of flowers. The following made floral tributes: Moulton College Faculty, a book, Moulton students bunches of cream roses, sister of Principal Huston, a pillow, Master Allan, Calla lillies, A. C. White, a star, McMaster Faculty, a wreath, McMaster University Students, a pillow, Woodstock College Students, a pillow.

The funeral was the largest ever seen in Woodstock, excepting the burial of the victims of the St. George disaster. The procession was over a mile in length, while the streets were lined. The College, the Collegiate, and the Y.M.C.A., marched in bodies.

The pall bearers were Prof. Clarke and Prof. McKechnie, Dr. Rand and Dr. Goodspeed, H. H. Hurley and J. McCaw, students.

The remains were born to the Baptist burying ground, and laid to rest in hope of a glorious resurrection on the great day.
