

5376
1404

THE
M^CMASTER UNIVERSITY
MONTHLY

VOL. VII.

OCT., 1897. TO MAY, 1898

TORONTO
DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
1898

Managing Editor

WALTER S. W. McLAY, B.A.

Publishing Committee

W. S. W. McLAY, B.A.	S. R. TARR, M.A.	MISS THRALL.
M. S. CLARK, M.A.	WM. PARTRIDGE	MISS MARION TAYLOR.
E. NORMAN, B.A.		

A. B. COHOF	} <i>College News</i> {	W. B. H. TEARLES	} <i>Students' Quarter.</i>
S. E. GRIGG		D. BOVINGTON	
MISS E. WHITESIDE			

L. BROWN, B.A., *Here and There*

M. C. McLEAN, *Advertising Dept.* | C. L. BROWN, *Subscription Dept.*

I. G. MATTHEWS, B.A., *Business Manager*

CONTENTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
Graduates in Arts, 1897.....	opposite 1
Graduates in Theology, 1897.....	" 10
Abraham L. McCrimmon.....	" 49
William Buck.....	" 97
Decoration of "Founder's Day, 1897," by G. H. Campbell '00.....	" 145
Alexander Grant.....	" 194
Augustus H. Strong.....	" 241
Hector McLean.....	" 289
Nathan E. Wood.....	" 337

POETRY.

Adieu to the Old Year.....	P. S. V. Yule.....	102
Alexander Grant.....	B. W. N. Grigg.....	205
"Founder's Day" (Decorated).....	Theodore H. Rand.....	opposite 145
"Glory-Roses".....	Theodore H. Rand.....	294
Immanence.....	B. W. N. Grigg.....	1
Like unto Him.....	M. A. Maitland.....	303
Quatrain.....	M. A. Maitland.....	199
Song of the Pee-Dee-Dee.....	P. S. V. Yule.....	250
The Bride o' the Sun.....	Blanche Bishop.....	157
The Incarnation.....	D. M. W.....	57
The Twin Flower.....	Theodore H. Rand.....	27
Transcendence.....	B. W. N. Grigg.....	115
Winter Flowers.....	Blanche Bishop.....	244
"Worship the Lord".....	M. A. Maitland.....	58

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

Abraham L. McCrimmon.....	R. R. McKay.....	49
Alexander Grant.....	D. E. Thomson.....	193
Augustus Hopkins Strong.....	J. W. A. Stewart.....	241
A Last Word.....	G. Herbert Clarke.....	253
"Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada".....	Wallace P. Cohoe.....	346
"Humours of '37".....	Rev. Thos. Wilson.....	158
Hector McLean.....	A. N. Frith.....	289
Joel Chaudler and Plantation Folk-Lore.....	Clara G. Sale.....	152
Morals and Life.....	Theodore H. Rand.....	300
Mother Goose as a Poet.....	Blanche Bishop.....	340
Nathan E. Wood, D.D.....	Charles A. Eaton.....	337
Our Educational Principles and Ideals.....	Theodore H. Rand.....	51, 110

	PAGE
Principal Systems of Hindu Philosophy.....J. G. Brown.....	59
Some Impressions of Cambridge, I.....Eleanor P. McKay.....	200
Some Impressions of Cambridge, II.....Eleanor P. McKay.....	295
The Cradle of English Christianity.....R. W. Sawtell.....	18
The Twin Flower.....	28
The Chancellor's Address.....	30
The Scene of Barrie's Stories.....Rev. Thos. Wilson.....	207
The Inner Life.....P. S. Campbell.....	245
William Buck.....D. Hutchinson.....	97
What Are We Here For?.....A. P. McDiarmid.....	145

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES.

A Canadian Poet.....George L. Sprague.....	268
A Southern Homestead.....H. W. Newman.....	215
Abraham Lincoln.....A. B. Cohoe.....	251
Adonais and In Memoriam.....A. Grace Her.....	259
Christianity and Business.....R. C. Matthews.....	314
"Death" (Poem).....Ethel M. Patterson.....	258
Education of the Negro.....F. N. Goble.....	121
Francis E. Willard.....Bessie N. Newman.....	360
George Hayward Murdoch.....R. D. G.....	77
Glimpses of an Heroic Life.....J. S. Lafair.....	263
Griselda.....Ernestine R. Whiteside.....	175
Hamlet's Character as it appeared to Claudius (Poem).....G. Herbert Clarke, M.A.....	163
Impressions of Visiting Scientists.....W. E. Robertson.....	72
Mrs. Browning and Her Ideal.....Mary E. Burnette, B.A.....	12
Private School Life in England.....F. M. Armstrong.....	218
Report of Fye Missionary Society.....I. G. Matthews.....	124
Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional".....Ernestine R. Whiteside.....	116
The Cleveland Convention.....G. J. Menge.....	309
The Chronicle of the Class of '97.....Minnie D. Eby.....	2
"The Hero of the Drama of Genesis".....W. B. H. T.....	356
The Italian Renaissance.....S. R. Tarr, M.A.....	65
The Mission of Socrates.....F. T. Tapscott, B.A.....	210, 255
The Theological Class of '97.....O. G. Langford, B.A.....	10
"Victoria Dei Gratia Regina (Poem).....J. Harry King.....	75
What an Alumna can do for McMaster.....Eliza P. Wells, B.A.....	304
Editorial Notes.....33, 79, 126, 180, 221, 272, 318, 362	
Book Reviews.....36, 82, 130, 181, 224, 274,.....	323
Here and There.....37, 85, 133, 183, 227, 285, 329,.....	381
College News.....40, 88, 136, 185, 230, 277, 325, 366	

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1897.

IMMANENCE.

A vagrant child stood at a palace gate
And gazed with trembling wonder through the bars—
 Delight new-born with dumb amazement wars;
 He fears to stay, yet, fearing, still doth wait,
Enchanted lingering. Now the hour grows late—
When with a glittering pageant nothing mars,
 Herald and body-guard bedecked with stars,
 The soul of all, the prince, comes home in state.

I, wonder-lost, one matchless Autumn day
Gazed on the glory of the earth and sky—
 The splendor meaningless that round me lay—
 “ A Kingless palace, nothing more ”; I cry—
Christ's white-haired seneschal bespoke me then—
“ *Ta panta en Christo sunesteken.* ”*

B. W. N. GRIGG.

Montreal.

*Motto of McMaster University: "In Christ all things hold together."

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CLASS OF '97.

The student of men and their manners must always find the life and development of a university class a very interesting detail. While a comparatively small class does not afford so great a variety of different characters, the possible greater intimacy of the internal relations brings out other elements of greater interest.

There are classes and classes. A class may be an organized body with definite common aims, or it may be a loosely connected number of students with nothing in common but the study which claims them from hour to hour. The class that exercises an influence on the life of the university is the class that, with definite purpose, draws together in close organization, and acts for the greatest good of all its members, and of the university of which it forms a part. Such a class the class of '97 strove to be. Coming to McMaster primarily for the intellectual culture which it affords, the men and women of '97 made use too of the social and religious advantages offered them. And with the broadening of their own lives they sought to assist their fellow students and others with whom they came in contact. And everywhere, and at all times, they endeavored so to extend the attraction of their Alma Mater that others might be drawn to seek her nurture.

Throughout the summer of 1893 there was a silent preparation for the event of the year. Letters flew to and from the Chancellor, the possibilities of the profit of a university course were carefully conned, resources were consulted and ways and means were devised. Some had examinations to pass, some had a long summer's work to put in, and all who expected to belong to '97 were busy in some way, for no drone of life's hive ever sheltered in class '97, McMaster.

At last! The long summer's silence of the Hall was broken. There came a rattle of drays, a thump of fallen trunks, a slamming of doors, a tramping on the stairs and in the halls, a sound of talking and laughter, and a general hubbub everywhere. And amidst it all, here with lordly stride, there with demure step, with conciliatory smile or self-assertive tone, a rustle of girls'



W.J. PADY



A.C. CAMPBELL



J.T. MARSHALL



H.C. MOORE



J.J. PATTERSON



T.N. RITCHIE



M.D. EBY



J.I. MANTHORNE



E.M. HENDRID



J.A. TILLER



I.T. TAPSCOTT



W.R. TELFORD



H.C. BURETTE



J.L. CAMERON



E.W. BROWN



J.F. VICHERT



H.H. MACDONNIE



I.C. MATTHEWS



J.H. MURDOCH



G.H. SHELBY



E.P. CHURCHILL



A.M. GERNOLT



H.F. WOOLVERTON



H.D. GEORGE



H.B. TAPSCOTT

gowns and a shuffle of boys' feet, suddenly, mysteriously, but not unexpectedly, there was the class of '97.

What class '97 thought of itself in those first days I do not know. But after-acquaintance with the class justifies the view that its estimate was not too low. The sophomores and juniors said it was the 'cheekiest' freshman class they had ever seen. But it must be remembered that the juniors had had only one previous experience, and the sophomores were naturally somewhat prejudiced in their own favor. The seniors assumed a dignified demeanor and welcomed the class meditatively. Its advent reminded them that they had come a long way since their freshman days, and that their course was nearly run. The thought could not but be saddening. What the professors thought will no doubt appear when their memoirs are published. In the meantime we must be content with a hint dropped at the last collation, when one of the professors said that each class, on entering, seems more backward and hopeless than its predecessor.

Class '97 set to work with great seriousness. As the largest class which had yet entered the university, responsibility weighed heavily on them. Not only did they have to preserve the dignity of the university, and to honor its traditions, but they had to strike out in new directions to prove their own worth. Moreover the unusually large proportion of women in the class put every man on his mettle.

Within a week or two after their entrance on college life, the class, following the example of '95 and '96, organized under an efficient staff of officers, Mr. J. H. Cameron being chosen as first president. The first work of the executive was preparation for a class rally. This innovation in the history of McMaster was made for the purpose of bringing the members of the class into more intimate contact than mere meetings as a class permitted. Dr. and Mrs. Newman most hospitably lent their home for the occasion. The rally was so decided a success that its annual recurrence was a foregone conclusion. Other classes followed the precedent so established, and class rallies are now part of the routine procedure of the college year.

'97's next effort was directed to the formation of a junior literary society wherein the members of first and second years might be free to make their first plunges into oratory, music,

debate, etc. After some opposition from the General Literary Society, '97, with the aid of '96, launched the *Tennysonian*. Although almost overwhelmed in the storm that soon arose it is still in active service.

The question of gowns or no gowns occasioned serious and prolonged debate at McMaster. Some modestly inclined to the opinion that the Arch-Enemy invented them, and to wear them was to assume the mark of the beast. The controversy was finally decided by decision of the authorities that students should wear gowns if they wished. '97 took very kindly to the gown. We recommend it as graceful, comfortable and economical. Its friendly folds have helped cover more than one moment of embarrassment: and given comfort in cold classrooms in winter.

Rumors are still afloat of the literary exploits of class '97 during this first year. I have been told of great conquests made by means of that classical weapon, the crib. More than one of the class got a fall in the wrestle with mathematics. And in the guerilla warfare of Old Testament English the strange questions which agitated the theologically-inclined members of the class, occasioned frequent hot skirmishes. Everywhere the impetuosity of the freshman manifested itself and carried him gaily forward toward the sophomore stage.

As the college year drew to a close, the class found that there had been a new season added to the usual four, a strange period known as "cram and exam. time." Manfully they faced its dark uncertainty. Paper after paper was left behind, until all were passed. After every trial comes a respite, and peace settled down on all hearts after the results were known. All that still remained to do was to see that the closing exercises were properly conducted, and to assist McMaster's first arts class to graduate suitably.

Having duly performed all its duties, Class '97 separated and scattered far and wide over Canada for the summer. Two circular letters kept the various members in touch, and served as a bridge between the two sessions.

The return of October re-opened McMaster's doors to welcome back her children. Most numerous of the host came class '97. A half-dozen of its members could not return to the joyous

company, but three or four new ones joined its standard. The lost were sincerely regretted, while the new were cordially welcomed.

As sophomores '97 had a new rôle to play. They speedily arrived at perfection in the part. They took a condescending interest in the new freshman class, subjected their conduct to a friendly surveillance, and gave them advice on any and every occasion. By virtue of greater numbers they patronized the juniors whose precedents they often refused to follow. And they even calmly contemplated the day when, as seniors, the lustre of their achievements should put '95 into the shade. Sophomores will be sophomores, you know. The class met at an early date for the annual election of officers. Mr. W. J. Pady was chosen president for the session. A new precedent was established by the election of a member of the faculty, Dr. Newman, as honorary president. It had formerly been the custom to elect a lady member of the class to that office. Other classes have followed the example of '97 in this matter, and the custom is now general.

One of the earliest events of the term, and one which will never wholly fade from the remembrance of the students, was the address on "Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism," delivered at the opening exercises of the University. It will be interesting to follow the development of the theological opinions of the members of the class in order to trace the influence of the higher criticism on each as the years pass away.

Lessons did not lie so heavy on '97's heart as they did the year before. The result of the spring examinations had inspired a greater degree of self-confidence. Latin was a joyous sport, for practice had given the manly mind skill in the use of—well, dictionaries and other helps. Even the introduction of the Roman pronunciation did not affright. Psychology caused many sleepy nights and hungry noons, but what of that! Mathematics gave *energy* and *force* to character: and, without doubt, the study of English as prescribed by the calendar, formed the basis of the marked emotional development of members of the class. The poetic faculty, in several instances, sprouted quite visibly.

Many functions required the attention and attendance of Class '97. The anniversary of the first rally was celebrated by

holding another equally successful. Then came "At Homes," where '97 forgot logic in gossip, of course dignified and instructive gossip. And now and again a celebrated lecturer exercised an irresistible attraction over sophomores as well as others.

As the year drew to its close, the cephalo-megalia, which had at one time threatened to become chronic, rapidly disappeared. Examinations removed all except the ineffaceable brain trace. Closing exercises and a class picnic ended a busy year, a happy year.

The session of '95-'96 ushered in juniorhood. During the intervening months change had been at work in McMaster. The Chancellor and two professors had responded to the call of other fields of activity. A new chancellor, a professor and two fellows appeared on the scene as the curtain rose on the new term. Change had affected '97 too. Five of its first members withdrew from its friendly circle, which closed to embrace a new comer.

The class reorganized under Mr. H. N. McKechnie as president. Professor McKay was the unanimous choice for honorary president. Under such patronage the class was assured of a successful year. In the junior year paths begin to diverge somewhat as special studies demand more attention, but together the class of '97 penetrated the fog of the controversy over Hamlet's sanity, braved the broad sea of constitutional history, wandered through the labyrinth of philosophy where lay many a snare even for wary feet, and together made a pilgrimage through New Testament history. The social side of life was not neglected. The rally, various receptions, a sleigh-ride, and other social meetings served to vary the somewhat monotonous round of study, and sent the class back to grapple, with fresh vigor, with the problems presented to them.

This year brought strange and unprecedented events to pass in the University, and in them all '97 played their part. A conversazione at McMaster had been regarded as a most improbable occurrence because we had no large place of assembly; but Founder's Night, 1895, found McMaster decked in undreamed-of gala attire, and a conversazione—yes, and with promenades—was no dream but a fact, as can be proven by many witnesses.

Graduation dinners were not unknown in the annals of McMaster University. Nominally given by the students, no

woman student had ever been present on such an occasion. This year, largely owing to the efforts of the men of '97, veracious history chronicles the presence of the women students at that feast. This fact is the more remarkable when we remember that it was during this year that a reverend and venerable gentleman who came to lecture before the University, refused to have the girls present, alleging that it would distract attention from his remarks.

A final innovation was the postponement of examinations to two weeks later than ever before. Perhaps that had something to do with the excellent standing of the members of '97.

Quickly fled the summer days. Whether graduating essays hastened or retarded them, I cannot decide. Their heavy shadow must have had some influence. When October regathered the scattered members of '97, the tally showed only one man missing. Twenty-five strong, Class '97 took upon them the duties and privileges of seniorhood.

In addition to their various specials, weighty subjects demanded the attention of the class this year. Flood after flood of theistic argument poured over us. We sputtered and floundered, and down came another flood. Then metaphysics took us up and knocked over every idea of reality we had ever ventured to entertain. Then came Spencer in friendly guise and informed us that these hard knocks were Nature's love-pats to keep us from dangers that might seriously harm. And ever and anon the threatening spectres of graduating essays stalked grimly before us. Sometimes '97 got reckless. T! 's was especially noticeable in the football season. The football fever seized us. We were after pins. '98, '99 '00 and Theology were after them too. Umbrellas waved and fog horns blew for the victory of '97 over all their competitors.

The rally this year took the form of a dinner and reception. It was held in the Hall in order that the class might have the pleasure of entertaining the friends who had so kindly opened their homes for the rally during the former years. The function was honored by the presence of the Chancellor, and our honorary president, Dr. TenBroeke, and their wives. Under the able management of President Tiller the evening passed only too swiftly. The final rally of Class '97 as undergraduates had

become history. Founder's day came and passed. The last term! Weeks seemed but hours, so fast they sped. St. Valentine's day, St. Patrick's day, Easter, examinations! ! Ah!

The closing exercises assumed more importance than they had ever seemed to possess before, because in a sense they belonged to us. Graduation dinner formed the prelude. The Alumni meeting might be styled an interlude in a minor key. And then came the pompous theme which ended in a graduation march. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Now that the class is scattered the chronicler may say a few words about various points not yet mentioned. As a class we had neither pin nor color, nor badge, nor motto of any kind. It was decided early in our course that we would be sufficiently distinguished without any such assistant.

Our men and women gave no small assistance to the numerous societies of the University. They worked faithfully in the interest of the various literary societies. The Mathematical Society was cherished by some, the Philosophical Society drew the care of others. The Natural Science Club and the Camelot Club were devotedly tended by the same ones or others. Every society felt the influence of members of '97 in a greater or less degree, more especially because of the youth of most of the societies, and the comparative smallness of the classes of preceding years. But all that the class did for the societies was bountifully repaid by the benefit derived from them. And by no means least among the societies was the monthly Fyfe meeting. Whether we attended or whether we did not, the day was always welcome, and utilized. During our last year, as occupying the highest offices in the various societies, the class was especially active in their working.

This chronicle would not be complete without mention of the various talents exhibited by the class. There were those who were gifted with fluency of speech. Their participation has on more than one occasion proven effective in debating contests. THE MONTHLY bears witness to the good quality of the essayists of the class. The Glee Club gladly received the musical contingent. And the excellent work of the societies testifies to the executive ability of many.

How much we owe to our University and its Faculty we cannot now reckon. We do know that it is much, and earnestly we thank them for their efforts on our behalf, which time alone can teach us properly to estimate. Their example has given lessons which we shall not forget.

Sadly it must be recorded that, though most of the class stood the four years' strain fairly well, two class-mates, Mr. Tiller and Mr. Murdoch,* had their health so seriously impaired that they had to leave several months before the term closed. Their work, however, had been such that the Senate saw fit to grant them diplomas and they are still of '97.

Three songs have been used by the class at various periods of its existence. The third and last will be heard again when the class holds its first reunion. On scientific theory somewhere in space may still be heard by properly attuned ears, the song sung at the collation.

"Hark! the sound of joyful voices,
Blending now in sounding chorus,
Telling of the earnest forces
Joined in union long.
'Tis the Class of Ninety-Seven,
Sturdy men and noble women,
Eager, in the work that waits them,
Now to do their part.

Loose the folds asunder!
Flag we conquer under!
Our Alma Mater! Greater and greater!
Ever be thy fame!
Ninety-seven, faithful ever,
Faint and faltering never, never!
Death alone our hearts shall sever,
Ninety-seven for aye!

In thy halls, O Alma Mater,
Gladly have we sought thy favor.
'Thou hast given of thy treasure
Ever true and pure.
In the years of life and labor
May we strive with strong endeavor,
And our work and honor ever
Grow from more to more."

This song is our history and our aspiration.

MINNIE D. EBY,

Chronicles.

* Since the above was written Mr. Murdoch has died. A reference to his sad event will be found on another page.—ED.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS OF 1897.

On the eleventh day of May eighteen nine-seven, McMaster University sent out seven men to preach the Gospel. For periods varying in length from three to six years, these men had drunk of the fountains which her life supplies and had formed tastes and ambitions more or less in accord with the ideal of their Alma Mater. What may this mean in reflex influence to the College? What directly to the Baptist denomination? What to Canada? What to the Kingdom of God? The work of a few men widely scattered over a great country may not count for much, as men by their narrow vision estimate things, but if these men are truly working, pouring a flood of light and life into the great maelstrom of human sin and darkness, it will tell in time, yea in eternity for "the day shall declare it."

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Why? "For it is God that worketh in you." Every man who is wrought upon by the Divine Spirit stands as an example of what the grace of God can do. There is much need therefore for fear and trembling lest the inner workings of the Holy One be marred. Even so, men who graduate from the halls of McMaster stand forth as exponents of her thought. In a very real sense they represent what McMaster can do in the development of thinking power and the formation of character.

McMaster has her ideal; it is nobly expressed in the Pauline apothegm: "In Christ all things stand together." McMaster stands for the expression of a life, noble, exalted, divine. No elaborated code of principles and precepts could express this, it can only be known by living and loving contact. Those who are here set for the moulding of men are themselves moulded clay in the hands of the Divine Potter, and both teachers and taught live in daily communication with Him.

A University stands for the impartation of Truth; whatever is most worthy of being known may properly find place in a University curriculum. Truth, however, consists of that which is discovered and that which is revealed, and the emphasis of a university may lie wholly upon one side of truth. McMaster lays her emphasis upon the greater truths, viz: those which



A. B. REEKIE. W. S. McALPINE, B.A., B.Th. E. RUSSELL, B.A., B.Th. M. BAGHDASERIAN. W. H. WALLACE.
D. W. TERRY, B.A., B.Th.

have been revealed by God to men. She stands as the exponent and advocate of the message from Jehovah delivered both at Sinai and Calvary. This does not mean that the physical sciences must be less effectively taught or less fearlessly investigated; truth has nothing to fear from the study of complementary truth, light only enhances light, and true light cannot be misleading. That university which teaches only the scientific discoveries of men may do a great work for the mental development of its students, but can never reach the highest point of culture while the moral and spiritual faculties are neglected. The revealed truth from God fills its most important place. Geology, zoology, astronomy may make men strong in intellect, may teach men to think with rapidity and precision, but unaided they will never lead men to love one another and in lowliness of mind each to esteem other better than himself.

Those who have gone out to represent this thought, that all knowledge must be acquired in the light of the divine revelation, have a message that will contrast strangely with the general trend of humanity's thinking. They are to represent Jesus Christ as the divine Life Giver, the great World Physician to heal the woes of the human heart and to remove the burden from the weary. In proportion as they possess this life themselves will their message be received, for men are still ready to say, "Physician heal thyself." It becomes of consequence then to enquire, are these men faithfully representing Him whose life alone can uplift this world and make it live anew? It is too soon to write their history; the next ten or twelve years will be their day of opportunity. If they all feel the measureless significance of living for Him their toil will not be in vain, and the record will be surely kept.

We have penetrated into the deep dark woods of philosophy, and have blazed a pathway through to the clearing beyond. We wound a weary way through long labyrinths of metaphysical speculation till no words seemed so appropriate as those of Solomon, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." We tugged away at Greek and Hebrew till the divine life of the Sacred Book throbbed up against our hearts with the quick pulsation of the very words in which the message was penned by the sages of old—all this in varying moods of temper and spirit, and yet

how little it all seems! The more is known the less one's estimation of his own acquisitions. Who knows anything? Who can know? And to know Him is the divinest study, and this is still before us.

If one may voice the feeling of the others the keenest regret is that the college days are over. There are no strong, mighty thinkers now at our elbow to solve the perplexing problems, they must be faced alone, and yet not alone, for He is ever near. Perhaps this is the one great disadvantage of college life, one learns to lean upon the strong and finding them so strong and true he grows, like ivy, clinging to the sturdy oaks about him. But this is over, and one must turn his face to Him alone and with courage born of fellowship with Him address himself to his life problem in hope.

O. G. LANGFORD.

MRS. BROWNING AND HER IDEAL.

"The artists also are idealists."—*Aurora Leigh.*

Without her impassioned faith in God, it is hard to see how Elizabeth Barrett Browning could have lived and worked. We take cognizance of it, and in so doing put our finger on the very pulse of the machine. For in her inevitable consciousness of high poetic power was interwoven an equal sense of responsibility for the use of it. Her steadfast intention to use the gift nobly for the praise of the great Giver and the uplifting of her fellow-creatures, never failed.

Shelley, in his "Julian and Maddalo," says that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." But suffering must be experienced by a nature capable of being refined and exalted thereby. It will then bring it into closer sympathy and relationship with the world of causes, the creative world, the spiritual world. True poetry is an expression of this sympathy and relationship. Mrs. Browning's history was that of a bird in a cage, not only from the physical fact that she was for many years of her life an invalid, but mentally and morally also she was caged by imaginary social fictions, by certain ingrained

habits of thought. Yet she saw with painful persistence and in horrible contrast the infinite possibilities of human nature and the limitations of low realities. She was a passionate idealist.

The fact that the poem "Aurora Leigh" is to a great extent designedly autobiographical gives us an opportunity of finding in this romance her ideals. It is her own heart that beats in her verse. Rarely does she succeed in embodying a conception from which she stands apart. In this poem, especially, the poetess herself displays an abounding vitality. Aurora, through whom Mrs. Browning speaks, was a half English, half Italian girl, born in Italy. Her father was an "austere Englishman," her mother a Florentine, who died when her daughter was scarcely more than two years old. When thirteen, Aurora's father died. She was taken to foggy England, consigned to the guardianship of a prim maiden aunt, who educated the child in a most harsh way, which excited the profoundest disgust in Aurora. Life was dreary. She found relief by poring over her father's books in the garret. She tells us,

" At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets."

Then she knew her vocation ; she would reform the world with art. The story henceforth is one of the doubts, hopes and fears of a poet aspirant. Was Aurora a true poet, or was she one of those feebler, more delicate poetic natures that have not real poetic power ? Was she able to " support the intolerable strain and stress of the Universal ? " Every potential poet must pass through suffering, must be prepared for the divine apostleship. Listen to her experience,

" With some struggle, indeed,
Among the breakers, some hard swimming through
The deeps, I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, ' God save me, if there's any God ! '
But, even so, God saved me ; and being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth."

Aurora strove to keep her aim sublime. But into her life came the influence of an opposite thinker, a socialist, a philanthropist, a cousin, a lover, who was convinced that the one desire of life should be to regenerate mankind, to improve the

condition of the working classes. Aurora maintained that her power to uplift and to purify was exercised through the imaginations and affections. He cared for bodily good, she for the soul's good; he loved his social theory, she loved art for art's sake. She counted her mission higher than his, and yet, after ten years of trial, full confession made by both reveals complete failure for the socialist and only partial success for the poetess.

He failed because he tried all other ways to uplift men, to care for them, to strengthen their morals, "except just God's way." The great, glorious truth is:

"Not even Christ Himself
Can save man else than as He holds man's soul."

Then, on the other hand, Aurora only failed in not recognizing the subtle impulse of good, in not being inflated by that divine breath, Love, necessary to a poet whose longing and desire is to alleviate the sorrows, wrongs and oppressions of humanity.

"Art is much, but love is more,
Art symbolizes Heaven, but love is God,
And makes Heaven."

Again, we know Mrs. Browning's ideal poet to have not only the glorious mission of doing good to individual souls, but also the purpose of representing the "living, throbbing age."

"This is living art,
Which thus presents and thus records true life."

No, we say. In poetry things are not depicted as they really are. The process of refining and purifying is necessary to purge out the grosser matter, which is abhorrent to art and revolting to the taste. It is rather in prose that we look for the faithful picture of a poet's own time, for the truthful account of the "living, throbbing age."

But looking at this question from an individual standpoint, Mrs. Browning was right. In the true poet there is an earnest, sympathetic spirit revealed. In his or her mind lies that vague yet general conception of true manhood and womanhood, which makes for him or her the ideal which always floats, if it is a true one, ever before, ever changes, ever allures the poet

imitator. A poet seeks to point to others his or her ideals in life.

“The artist’s part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost,—never felt the less
Because he sings it.”

It is one of the gifts of a lyrical poet to present fragmentary visions, half the beauty of which lies in that vagueness which enables us to fit them into our own life or any life.

Another wondrous truth is proclaimed in this poem. Aurora on returning to the land of her birth says :

“I could hear my own soul speak,
. . . . for Nature comes sometimes
And says, ‘I am ambassador for God.’”

The same thought is conspicuous in the poem “A Musical Instrument.” “The great god Pan,” as the name imports, represents the All of Things or Nature in the fullest sense. What a beautiful thought it is too! How much it meant for Wordsworth whose high mission as a poet was, to reveal the absolute relations of Nature to the human spirit, as they had never before been revealed. Just so firm were the convictions of this poetess who declares :

“The artist must
Hold firmly by the natural to reach
The spiritual beyond it, to pierce through
To the ideal.”

Leaving her most lengthy work, we find in her smaller poems Mrs. Browning’s greatest success as an artist. Her strength did not lie in sustained effort, in philosophical construction, or in patriotic fervor, unbounded as it seemed. It was in the true lyrical gift, in her shorter poems, those bursts of irrepressible feeling. Her womanhood is revealed in the depth of her tenderness and the passion of her sympathy. As long as the weakness of the poor and injured little ones, with their burden of toil and sorrow, appeal for protection, so long will her “Cry of the Children” find a response in the human heart. What could be more pitiful than this moan?

“For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
 Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning
 And the walls turn in their places—

 And sometimes we could pray,
 ‘O ye wheels, breaking out in a mad moaning!
 ‘Stop! be silent for to-day!’”

Because the pleading is in behalf of a particular portion of the race, instead of the entire family, it is unspeakably more affecting. Verily, as one writer has said, the cry of a factory child coming through a woman's has gone to a nation's heart.

Yet Mrs. Browning's fame rests almost entirely on the inspiration due to her own hope and passionate desires, her joys and sorrows. Lyrical poetry is suggestive of personal experience which she artfully veiled in the designation of the “Portuguese Sonnets.” Her character harmonized perfectly with her work. Hardly can we read three pages without becoming aware of an air breathing on us from some region higher and fairer than the common world of men. Her intensely real religious feeling was too broadly human to repel even those who did not share her beliefs. She gave glimpses of faith which must remain full of beauty. An apt phrase describes her happy consciousness of the Father's ceaseless care.

“Earth's crammed with Heaven
 And every common bush asire with God
 But only he who sees takes off his shoes.”

She brought into her poetry more direct religious utterance than is usual with poets. The poem “De Profundis” especially, reveals the trustfulness which never seemed to fail her even in her saddest moments.

How beautifully she shows the tender love of a mother for her child in the lyric “Isobel's child,” the sweet affection of sister for sister in the poem “Bertha in the Lane,” the mutual sympathy of poet for poet, humanity for humanity in the sad verses of “Cowper's Grave.”

In her humility our Queen of Poets called herself “a poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through the dark, and leaning up a cypress tree.” Oh, what beautiful songs she has sung! Inspired by the genius of suffering she found her refuge in the

clouds. A lyric poet, a woman, will suggest ideals beyond her imagination, or at least give us the inner working of those ideals. This Mrs. Browning does; she speaks to women as no man would have done. She works out her own ideal in touching with a poetic finger lowliest as well as loftiest. The simplest childish experiences are fraught with the profoundest meanings, the sublimest visions of imagination seemed linked with tender interest. She teaches by her own experiences. She brings the tenderness of her own affections into appeals for universal pity and love. Her life experiences had been too sad, her heart was too tender to permit her to stand aloof from passions of the world and paint them passionlessly.

We are told that every poet has his audience. Shakespeare shot at the world and did not miss it, Byron at smarting melancholy souls, Shelley at poets, Wordsworth at the children of nature. These Mrs. Browning surpasses in the quality of suffering transformed into far-sighted compassion. She brings the inspiring light of poetry into the closest closeness of human sympathy, into the utmost tenderness of human pity, into the profoundest depths of human sorrow. She has given to woman a high standard of womanly virtue and a treasury of poetical precept. She has spoken from the ranks of women putting into words their secret longings after high ideals, finding fit expression for all those finer feelings which are apt to float hazily above the common cares and thoughts of life. Elizabeth Barret Browning loved

" Art for art,
And good for God Himself, the essential Good."

MARY E. BURNETTE.

THE CRADLE OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY.

A recent pilgrimage of over ten thousand adherents of the Anglican Church to the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, Somersetshire, England, has brought this ancient, historic shrine so prominently before the British public, that the readers of the *McMASTER MONTHLY* may possibly pardon the repetition of an "oft told story" on this occasion.

The student in English history will search in vain for a more interesting and deeply exciting subject than Glastonbury Abbey and its environs. The earliest historians named it "the first ground of God: the first ground of the saints; the rise and fountain of all religion in Britain: the mother of saints: the burying place of saints: and site of the first Christian church."

It must be remembered however, that its early history fades away into antiquity and is involved in the mists of tradition and superstition. Malmsbury, the historian, who died in 1142, says that in his day there was written evidence of the erection of the first church (said to have been built by Joseph of Arimathea), and that it was composed of osiers matted together all around. Recent excavations in the turfey moorland near Glastonbury, once covered by the sea, have uncovered seventy rude huts supposed to have been erected by the ancient Britons, in the wattle style, as baskets are woven, and plastered inside and out with clay. The huts were burned, but the clay protected the form in the burning: hence the preservation for 2000 years.

Glastonbury at that time was insular, and called the "Isle of Avalon"—the Isle of Apples,—it being noted for the luxuriant growth of that fruit. The Welsh named it *Ynis-witzen*, meaning the Isle of Glass or blue waters. Certain it is that at the time of Joseph's visit it was an island surrounded with sea water. There is still, in St. Benedict's church, a record of the "breach of the sea flood on the 20th of January, 1606." In November, 1703, in consequence of a tremendous storm, Glastonbury became an island again, and the same occurred, to a large extent, during my last visit there in 1894. It is a well established fact that the sea is receding from the western shores of England, and encroaching on the east. Rich fertile valleys—probably the finest

grazing lands in England, including the noted cheddar cheese pastures—now extend from this former isle of Avalon to Burnham, on the Bristol channel, fourteen miles distant. Rivers and ditches have reclaimed it: and many treasures of ancient curiosities recovered in the digging, are now to be found in museums all over England.

The traditional tale of the journey of Joseph of Arimathea is as follows: His life was in imminent danger from the Jewish priests, on account of his care of the corpse of Jesus, and he, with St. Philip, Lazarus, Mary, Martha, and their servant Marcella, and many others, were placed on a vessel, without rudder, oars or sails, and sent adrift to an almost certain watery grave. However, here the truth of the proverb was exemplified, "Man proposes: God disposes." Driven about with the winds and tides, they safely reached Marseilles, in France. Philip remained preaching the Gospel; but Joseph, being instructed in a dream, sailed on to Britain, taking his son and ten other faithful companions, to convert the pagan inhabitants. They sailed around the coast of Cornwall, and up the Bristol Channel to the Isle of Avalon, landing at the foot of a steep hill; having climbed the steep acclivity to the summit. Joseph planted his walking-staff in the ground, and said: "We are weary—all." From this circumstance the hill has been called Weary-all Hill to the present day. It is further stated that they were soon surrounded by the native Britons and threatened with destruction. The little band of Christians fell upon their knees and prayed, when the staff immediately budded and put forth leaves. This so impressed the natives that they at once began to worship the invaders as gods: thus their lives were spared, and an influence established favorable to evangelization.

The thorn grew into a tree, and continued to thrive and bloom at Christmas, as well as in May, till the year 1750, when a Protestant soldier of Charles I. cut it down, believing it to be simply a relic of Roman superstition. The spot where it grew is now marked by a monumental stone bearing this inscription: J. A. A.D. XXXI. Many off-shoots of this wondrous thorn are still to be found in the neighborhood: one (I remember as early as 1832) grew near my grandmother's residence, five miles from Weary-all Hill, and bloomed at Christmas. Later, when living

near the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, I have seen them in bloom; and on the 26th of December, 1894, I saw the buds of one daily expanding, cold as the weather was. It would be in full blossom at old Christmas day. This rare variety of the hawthorn, with its cross-like branches, has done a great deal in keeping up the traditional mists of Joseph and the first church on the Isle of Avalon; and, largely legendary as it is, will continue to excite and interest lovers of English literature.

The legends referring to the life of Joseph, tell us that visions were vouchsafed to him, and that he was commanded to erect a chapel, in honor of the Virgin Mary, on the spot where in later years the Abbey was built. This he did, constructing a building 26 x 60 in the wattle style of the period, plastering with clay and covering it with rushes. A representation of this church is to be found in the British Museum, copied from a brass plate that had long been religiously preserved, affixed to a pillar in St. Benedict's church. It had three openings for windows on each side and one in the east and the west ends, with a door near the west angle on two sides.

With this as a centre these early disciples branched out in every direction on the main land, preaching the Gospel and establishing mission stations: one of the first being at Wells, five miles north, where, subsequently, a cathedral was erected and a bishopric established.

During the early persecutions the Isle of Avalon escaped, but in the reign of Diocletian the inhabitants thereon were included. An imperial edict had been published, ordering every church to be levelled, all copies of the Holy Scriptures to be burned: every Christian to be outlawed and rendered incapable of filling any public office or post of honor.

The oldest of England's church historians, Gildas, (who died A.D. 512, and was buried near the altar of the Abbey Church), gives an instructive yet mournful account of the sufferings of the believers: "The chosen pastors of God's church were slaughtered, together with their innocent sheep, in order that not a vestige of Christ's religion, if possible, might remain. . . . What glorious crowns of martyrdom were then won! What raving fury was displayed by the persecutors! What patience on the part of the suffering saints!" It seems like the irony of fate

that in after years, in the same land, the descendants of these persecuted people should become the persecutors and butchers of others, who dared to worship God according to dictates of their own conscience, in a way different from themselves.

During the period of persecutions, and until the departure of the Romans from Britain, and also during the incursions of the Danes, the monastery of Glastonbury remained without any remarkable progressive advantages, even if it did not wane in piety and power; but after this declension of the Christian religion, there was a striking revival of success. An application had been made A.D. 166 by Lucious, a monarch of this western portion of Britain, to the bishop of Rome; who then sent devoted disciples of the cross, and who restored St. Joseph's chapel and again converted, to the true faith, many of the ancient Britons.

On the lofty summit of the Tor they founded another chapel, and dedicated it to St. Michael the Archangel. The hill at that time was wooded to the summit, 600 feet high, and was the home of wolves, so much so that until their extermination in after times, the monks had to go there in bands for protection against the savage and rapacious animals.

That illustrious, far-famed prince, King Arthur, immortalized by writers and poets, bestowed upon the Abbey great favors. After the fatal battle with his cruel nephew Mordred, his corpse it is said, was brought to Glastonbury. He was entombed without memorial, but King Henry, after his return from Ireland, went to Glastonbury and had a search made. When they had dug about six feet a flat stone was discovered, with a broad, leaden cross fixed on the underside. Removing the lead an inscription was found on its inside surface as follows: "Here lies entombed King Arthur in the Avalonian Island." Digging lower, to nine feet, a rude coffin, hewn out of solid oak, was found, and this contained his relics. These were afterwards transferred into the church, covered with a magnificent tomb, and became a shrine, where many a pilgrim brought his gifts and made his vows.

One writer says that in A.D. 433 St. Patrick returning from his unsuccessful mission to Ireland, visited Glastonbury and found twelve hermits living here apart in caves, instructed them to live together in common, appointed himself their Abbot, and

held the position thirty-nine years, and was buried in the church.

History is more clear in regard to the monks in the days of the renowned King Ine, A.D. 688, who not only erected the most beautiful and costly building here, but founded the first church of which there is any history, at Wells. He also endowed the Abbey at Glastonbury liberally. He founded a school at Rome for the education of British subjects. He instituted "Peter's pence"—first called "King's alms"—and taxed the people to the utmost of their ability. After a successful reign of thirty-seven years he returned to Rome, A.D. 726, assumed the habit of a monk and died A.D. 728. King Ine's Monastery maintained a great reputation until, with many others, it was ravaged and dispoiled by the Danes in the 9th century.

Edward I, with his consort Eleanora, paid, in the sixth year of his reign a visit to the Abbey and there celebrated, at his own expense, the feast of Easter. This royal visit was highly favorable to the affairs of the monastery. With great skill the Abbot displayed and maintained his supremacy—"the altar above the throne." He would neither allow the king's knights to govern the feast, nor would he allow the king to hold an Assize Court within his jurisdiction, called the "twelve-hides." The monarch, instead of feeling his dignity compromised, continued to manifest especial favors to this haughty Abbot.

One of the most noted of the early Abbots was Dunstan—minister, monk, bishop and archbishop. He largely reformed the habits of the monks, introduced the Benedictine rule, and became the first Abbot of such rule in England. He at once set about the erection of a great plan of buildings on the same site, and of which some of the ruins are still in existence. A fire place is pointed out to visitors where the roar of the fire is still to be heard, as in his day when he heated the tongs with which:

"St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
Once pulled the devil by the nose
With red-hot tongues, which made him roar
That he was heard three miles or more."

Henry of Blois, brother to King Stephen, presided over the Abbey 45 years, and left a sum of money to the Sacristan's fund

for the maintenance of a wax candle to be burnt before the image of the Virgin Mary in the *vestusta ecclesia* perpetually.

In the year 1184 the whole monastery was destroyed by fire and all the treasures and ornaments therein. King Henry II issued a new charter, asking for aid to rebuild more magnificently than ever; and erected the major ecclesia, 400 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth. This is a part of the ruins now to be seen; beautiful in conception and perfect in architecture it must have been. The most elaborate gem of the whole was St. Joseph's Chapel, built on the site of the original wattle-work building.

In A.D. 1276 a fearful earthquake destroyed a large portion of the Abbey and threw down the Chapel of St. Michael on the Tor Hill, leaving only the tower as it stands to-day.

Abbots Freemont, Chinnock, Beere and Whiting were among the most noted of the sixty abbots who presided over the affairs of this ancient institution, and added greatly to its buildings and wealth. The latter erected the octagonal kitchen, now in good preservation, where they formerly roasted an ox whole, for the numerous retainers of the Abbey.

When Henry VIII. seized the supremacy of the church in his realm, this Abbot boldly withstood the monarch. The oath of supremacy was offered to him at Wells; but he refused to surrender. He was seized and ordered to prepare for death. Supplicating for a day's reprieve to take leave of his brethren, he was refused and ignominiously dragged upon a sledge to the summit of the Tor, where, with the treasurer and sub-treasurer of the Abbey, he was cruelly hanged and quartered. The four quarters were sent to bleach at Wells, Ilchester, Bath and Bridgewater, whilst his head was placed over his own gate.

At the present time this neighborhood abounds in relics of a by-gone age, when the church of Rome was predominant in the land; but this once prevailing religion is now no stronger there than in other country towns. It has a plain chapel, and an organization of sisters, such as are met everywhere. There are two fine old churches—erected before the Reformation. In one, St. Benedict's, the services are as evangelical as any to be found, but the other, St. John's is now presided over by a priest who ought to be in a Romish church: for he practices nearly all the old ritual thereof.

A reference has been made to the martyrdom of the last abbot, Whiting, on Tor Hill. Two years ago a pilgrimage of Roman Catholics from all parts of Britain and the Continent was made to Glastonbury. Whole trains were chartered to carry the votaries to this ancient meeting place of the saints, and the site of the first church, and provision was made for the encampment and feeding of the multitude. Rules were also formulated for the guidance of the pilgrims during the encampment and worship. It was expected, and apparently hoped, that persecution and opposition would be offered, but the town's people merely gazed at it as they would at any other such novel sight. An enormous procession of nearly 10,000, headed by an hundred priests, in garbs such as were used prior to the Reformation, traversed the town to the shrine on Tor Hill, where the hanging of their saint took place, and where the encampment was held. Here, where Whiting was quartered more than three centuries ago, they held high mass, and continued a long time in prayer for a swift return of the ancient power and grandeur of the "True religion," with the Pope as the earthly representative, who, by the way, had granted them special indulgences on this occasion.

That such pilgrimages will be continued we cannot doubt, and every effort will be made to carry out the prayers so openly and fervently uttered upon this mount, for the restoration of their religion in its former glory and power and the recovery of their ancient churches and endowments. The Romanists admit that the ritualists of the Anglican Church are doing a work for them, which they could not themselves do, and their rapid increase, of late years, is largely due to this cause. Under the leadership of Cardinal Vaughan they have now become aggressive, and, as he says: "Our object is to convert the thirty millions of English heretics."

Non-conformists are now awakening to the fact that their liberties, so long enjoyed, are again becoming endangered, and they must be prepared to meet them. What will be the result, time alone will tell; but this we know, that Rome never gives up, even in adversity, and, with such marked progress as she has been making of late, she will persevere till she attains her ends, if at all possible.

On the other hand, we learn by the recent Lambeth conference, that the Anglican Church has taken strong ground for united action and more aggressive work; and, as a counter demonstration, they accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Wells to make a pilgrimage to the "cradle of English Christianity." Of the 200 bishops from all parts of the Empire, 120 were present, 1,000 clergymen, and 200 choristers, all in the various garbs of their respective offices, together with about 9,000 adherents. They met at Glastonbury in the month of August, and formed a procession, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked bare-headed in the burning sun, accompanied by a gorgeous ecclesiastical assemblage, such as was never seen in England before, with appropriate banners, bands and choral music. They paraded the streets of the ancient town, finally meeting in the ruins of the *Ecclesia vestusta*, where photographs were taken of the immense gathering, and religious services rendered, such as probably never before reverberated within the hallowed walls.

This was followed by an address by the Archbishop. During his remarks, he emphasized the fact that the church of England never was a Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation. It was always the *Ecclesia Anglicana, Anglorum Ecclesia*.

The bishop of Stepney was the chief orator of the day. He reviewed the whole history of English Christianity from the days of the apostles. I make a quotation or two from his very lengthy address:

"We meet to-day in fairy land, the fairy land of the earliest Christianity in Britain. In fairy land we know better than to spoil our enjoyment by curious enquiry. Our wisdom is of the heart, not of the head. We glide upon the glassy glades, whispering softly to ourselves, that of all the credulous people on the face of the earth, the most credulous are the sceptics; that it is a more difficult and less worthy effort to disbelieve than to believe. To-day we do neither; we accept and we enjoy. There flits before us the form of one weary with long travel by land and sea, leaving at last his storm-tossed boat and planting his feet and his hawthorn staff on dry land once more. And our fairy guide tells us: 'This man went unto

Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.' And if our look betrays our thought, the fairy logic crushes us at once, 'The thorn is blossoming still.' And then we remember that at the Council of Basle, in 1431, the English Church had high precedence among churches as dating from apostolic times, as founded by Joseph of Arimathea. And we remember too that Queen Elizabeth and her Archbishop (Parker) held the same view."

All through his long and eloquent address, he presented dazzling pictures of early Celtic and British Christianity in the days of the kings of Wessex, representing it as entirely distinct from the Romish Church, and attempting to prove the priority of the Anglican church. With this we are not particularly concerned; but it may be said that the pilgrimage and all its ceremonies have served to bring before the minds of English-speaking people the old, old story of the cross, the burial, and the resurrection of the Saviour of mankind.

R. W. SAWTELL.

Woodstock, Oct., 1897.

THE TWIN FLOWER.

When a child I saw thee
 In the wooded dells,
 Saw thy beryl bells
 Swinging, swinging to the notes of morning thrush ;
 Wonder, wonder filled me
 As the night that hovers
 In thy fir tree covers
 Answered, answered quick with hyaline ablush.

Dreamed and dreamed I often
 Of the beryl bells
 In the wooded dells
 Swinging, swinging to the echo of thy name ;
 Felt life's hardness soften
 In the light clysiian
 Of the youthful vision—
 Woodsy darkness all ablush for very shame.

Ah, to-day I saw thee
 In the wooded dells,
 Saw the beryl bells
 Glowing, glowing to the thrush's even song,
 Singing, singing sweetly ;
 And I wonder, wonder
 That from thee asunder
 Yearful, yearful life has holden me so long.

Dawn and sunset flower
 By the firs and fells
 In the wooded dells
 Twinning, twinning by the glow of vested flame,
 Lights of morn and even hour,
Know the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers,
Rose of Sharon ever blushes with its fame !

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE TWIN FLOWER.

It is through the courtesy of *The Baptist Union*, of Chicago, and particularly of Mr. G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., that THE MONTHLY is able to present to its readers Dr. Rand's beautiful poem "The Twin Flower." Dr. Rand spent the summer at Partridge Island, Nova Scotia, and "The Twin Flower" is one of the fruits of his daily and hourly communion with Nature in his beloved Acadian land. We think we take no risk in predicting that it will prove to be one of Dr. Rand's best-liked poems.

In sending it for publication Dr. Rand wrote a short personal note to Mr. Clarke, and the latter, with an editor's instinct for what would please his readers, published a certain portion of it along with the poem. We count ourselves fortunate in being able to reprint it, and thereby to afford our readers the same pleasure as the readers of *The Baptist Union* enjoyed. For ourselves we hardly know which pleases us most, the poem itself or the "poet's sweet comment," and we shall not be surprised if many who read both may find themselves in the same happy dilemma. Only a person of true poetic sensibility could have written such exquisite prose, and none but one with the "vision and faculty divine" could have produced the happy combination of soft, rippling music, sweet images of fresh woodland beauty, and fine spiritual quality of thought that in the poem makes such an impression of loveliness on the reader. But we shall allow Dr. Rand to speak for himself in both poetry and prose. It is as follows that he expresses himself concerning the flower that inspired his muse to song:

"I do not suppose I have any poem specially suitable for *The Union*, but some of its readers might be pleased with the enclosed "Twin Flower." If you think so, the contribution is cheerfully made. Perhaps a Chicago editor, or shall I say city readers? never heard of the *Linnæa*—the Twin Flower, though it lifts its little bells in mossy woods, all the way from Nova Scotia to Minnesota. Ay me! Blessed are the boys and girls who wake to life in the lap of nature's wonderland—God's wonderland! The Twin Flower, then, is a slender, creeping and

trailing little evergreen, with round-oval leaves, and forked threadlike uprights, each bearing a delicate and nodding flower that trembles to the slightest airs. These flower-bells are pink in color, as pure as that of the pink beryl gem—as that of a windy dawn or sunset at Minas Basin; and it is no poetic license to say that the atmosphere of the dusky woods where the flower grows in matted plots takes the beautiful hue of the flower—“hyaline ablush.” It is to me the most graceful and *spirituel* of all wild flowers—so delicate in tint and form and motion; and its tangle of small bells seems ready to break at any moment into heavenly chiming. Its fragrance is not less delicate and charming than are its color and form. It blooms from mid June to mid July. The flower was dedicated to the immortal Linnæus (Carl von Linné), the Swedish botanist, who first scientifically described it, and with whom it was the favorite of all flowers.

“Tell us the *occasion* of the poem—how you came to write it, etc. That is what interests.’ I imagine that is what you are saying, with some impatience. I wonder what the dear flower in its blush of beauty would say, if it heard *that!* It reads itself out, the sweetest of poems, without note or comment. Mine pales beside it, but the occasion and meaning are open to the eye of any sympathetic reader: A man whose head is showing silver streaks, and whose life has been consumed of strenuous practical affairs, finds himself in the sweet woods where, as a child, he loved to roam, and where he first came upon the Twin Flower. Here, after so many years, he again sees it in all the glory of its sweet being, and his spirit glows with emotion at the sight. He had never forgotten the first meeting with it—how could he? The morning thrush was singing then; the evening thrush is singing now. It was his life’s day-dawn then; it is nearing his life’s sunset now. In the pure pink of one of the uplifted bells he sees the dawn, in the pure pink of its twin bell he sees the sunset—“lights of morn and even hour.” In the hush of this glowing silence of beauty, he does not fear the night that is to follow the near setting of life’s sun. Nay! The joy of his faith takes voice, and he tells the beauteous flower the rosy message of divine love which he cannot stay in his own breast. The Twin Flower blushes

—' the Night that hovers
In the fir tree covers.'

But another Flower, the altogether lovely Rose of Sharon, ever
blushes "with its fame,"

—' the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers'

of the grave, and heralds the great dawn."

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.*

The Colleges and Universities of Canada and the United States, almost without exception, report a large attendance this year. I am happy to state that McMaster University, in its several departments, shares the general prosperity. The enrolment in Woodstock and Moulton Colleges is greater than last year, and the enrolment in the University proper is considerably in advance of that of the corresponding date one year ago. This is the more gratifying in view of the fact that the attendance last year was remarkably large. There is good reason to believe that within a few years the extensive accommodations at Woodstock and Moulton Colleges will be taxed to their utmost. Already McMaster Hall is inadequate for the uses of our rapidly growing classes.

Since we met on an occasion like this, one year ago, there has been a remarkable change in the thoughts and aspirations of Canadian people. As a result of circumstances which need not be noted here and now, there has been a rapid and wonderful growth of what may be termed the Canadian national consciousness. The resources of the country are better understood, and the prospects of growth and greatness are more appreciated than ever before. That the next twenty-five years will witness a great incoming of population, and the large development of a national life is assured. All this puts new responsibilities upon the Universities, where the leaders of thought and life are expected to be trained. McMaster University recognizes her share in this new responsibility and welcomes the obligation thereby imposed. Speaking for my colleagues, and for the

*Report of the address delivered by the Chancellor at the opening exercises of the University, October 15th, 1897.

Faculties of our affiliated Colleges and, I dare to believe, for the students also, I would affirm our purpose, with the help of Him whose we are and whom we serve, to avail ourselves conscientiously of the great opportunities for service which the new conditions have made or shall make.

In a new country there are certain dangers in the realm of educational method and ideal which should be carefully avoided. If these dangers are to be avoided they must be first of all recognized. I may be permitted to point out three of these, though the present occasion gives opportunity to mention them only, and not to enlarge upon them. There is a danger that the refinement of a true culture will be despised or lightly regarded. In our country men may be found who have a contempt of learning for learning's sake. The beauty and grace and fragrance of an educated life are deemed of little or no value, and they work only for such learning as will commend itself to them at once on utilitarian grounds. Related to this danger is another which is very real and formidable in this province to-day. I refer to the danger of premature specialization. In the early educational attempts of a new country early specialization may be justifiable, and, even in later years, men who discover their vocation when they are past their youth may be excused if they hurry into special lines of study in preparation for their profession. But any system of education which encourages young men to begin to specialize before they have laid a broad foundation of general culture is that far defective. In our province to-day there exists the anomaly in some educational institutions of advanced graduate work being accepted from undergraduate students as a contribution towards their Bachelor's degree. McMaster University undertakes in her measure and to the full extent of her opportunity to avoid each of the two dangers which have been now mentioned, realizing that He who has filled the world with beauty and melody will approve of that training which has regard to a true refinement as well as to immediate utility. We undertake to do what we are able to awaken in our students an appreciation of culture in its beauty and grace. We insist also that graduates of our University shall have done a reasonable amount of work on those subjects which are recognized universally as belonging to a liberal

education, and that even the specialists, to whom abundant opportunities to acquire proficiency in their particular departments are given, shall have a training which shall make them broad minded men, in fact, men of real education.

Another danger should be avoided, namely, the danger of forgetting Christ, who is the Teacher of teachers, the Leader of leaders, and the Lord of lords. During that period in a young man's life in which his knowledge is broadening, his aspirations rising, and the discovery of his own powers being made, it is of the greatest importance that he should recognize the relation to his powers, aspirations and achievements of the Perfect Man. It is our undertaking in every department of McMaster University to hold before our thought and the thought of the students, whatever his course of study, that he owes it to himself to study this perfect Model, to draw inspiration from this great Teacher, and to be in subjection to this gracious Lord. In the past we have been aided in carrying out our ideals by the sympathy and encouragement of true, wise, unwavering friends of the University, many of whom are in this audience to-night. In behalf of my colleagues and the whole student body I thank them for their devotion to this educational work, and bespeak their continued sympathy and support.

Addressing the students a week ago last Tuesday I referred to several matters relating to the University and to the professors, some of which might be of interest to this audience to-night. Time, however, will not permit me to make mention of these matters, since I wish to give ample time to the lecturer of the evening. Lately we have welcomed two of our professors on their return from distant places. One of these had been encountering hardships and perils within our own province in attempting, successfully, to explore a newly discovered portion of our great mineral treasures. The other had spent a year in the old world, pursuing advanced studies in a department of knowledge which he believes outshines every other, and in which he has already won recognition, and has gained the right to speak with authority. To our Professor of Mathematics we shall have the satisfaction of listening to-night. I have great pleasure in introducing Professor McKay, who will speak to us on "The Story of the Solar System."

Editorial Notes.

In resuming our editorial responsibilities for another year, we take advantage of the occasion to say a few words concerning our magazine and its prospects. THE MONTHLY is now entering upon the seventh year of its existence, and as it does so we desire to assure our readers that all connected with its publication are more than ever determined to make it altogether worthy of McMaster University. We know that it is by no means an ideal magazine; we even freely confess that it is far from being as good as it might be. And yet as we look back at the experience of the past six years and consider the adverse circumstances under which the various editorial and business boards have labored, we venture to say that the wonder is that it has been as good as it has, rather than that it has not attained an ideal degree of excellence. We suspect that few of our candid friends have any idea of the incessant labor and watchful foresight required for the publication of THE MONTHLY. From the editor's standpoint the greatest difficulty is in procuring suitable articles. We have to solicit practically every article we publish. In many cases, indeed, we have not only to persuade our friends to write something for us, but also to suggest subjects upon which to write. Never yet have we enjoyed the delightful sensation of receiving an unsolicited article suitable for publication, though we cherish the fond hope that some day that pleasure may be granted us. We venture to make a prediction, however. The day will surely come when it will be an honorable privilege to contribute to the columns of the McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, and then those who now devote time and labor in its behalf will have the satisfaction of knowing that they helped in some small measure, at least, to bring about that happy result.

But *reconnons à nos moutons*. THE MONTHLY is primarily a student publication. From the business standpoint it is wholly such. The students have made themselves responsible for its financial obligations, and it is a pleasure to record in this public way our unstinted admiration of the manner in which the various business managers have discharged their responsibilities in this regard. It has been no easy task to make both ends meet, and even yet there is a considerable debt to be written off. It is our earnest hope that by this time next year we may be able to begin with a clean financial sheet.

In addition to assuming the large financial responsibility involved, the students have to supply the reading matter for almost two-thirds of

the magazine. Under any circumstances this would be a difficult undertaking; it is much more difficult when it has to be done amid the stress of lectures, studies, athletics, social functions, and all the other events that go to make up college life. But the student editors never waver in their duty to *THE MONTHLY*, and to them and the undergraduates and young graduates who contribute articles is due a very large share of whatever success it has achieved in the past. They have been aided by the young ladies at Moulton College and the young men at Woodstock and Grande Ligne, whose representatives have sent interesting monthly notes and have thereby sustained a very valuable department of *THE MONTHLY*.

As for the future, we hope to make the coming year even more successful than any of the past six. First and foremost we shall endeavor to issue *THE MONTHLY* regularly about the fifteenth of each month. This may sometimes be impossible, but we are going to do our uttermost to achieve that end. We confess we have failed this month, but that was to be expected under the circumstances. We begin this volume with an October, instead of a June, number, as in the past. To a large extent it is the production of the graduating classes of '97, and it will, therefore, be of special interest to all friends of the University. They will welcome the photogravures of the two classes, and will read with interest the accompanying articles.

Every subscriber should receive with this number an indexed "Table of Contents," of the past year. This will be useful to all who keep and bind their *MONTHLIES*, the number of which persons is, we are glad to observe, large and growing. In this connection we have to express our regret that from time to time copies of *THE MONTHLY* do not reach their destination. We are unable to say whose fault this is, though we have a shrewd suspicion that the postal authorities are not wholly without blame. We have gone carefully over our subscription list during the past summer, and have rectified various errors therein, and we hope that in future no copies will be delayed or go astray. In case any subscriber should fail to receive his copy before the end of any month, he will confer a favor on the management by reporting the matter at once. Another copy will be gladly sent him, and an explanation will be asked of the post office department. Furthermore, should any subscriber find any of the eight numbers of last year missing through its not having reached him, he may have one gratis by applying to us.

THE Faculty and students unite in welcoming Professor McKay back to their midst. During his prolonged absence in England he was greatly missed in every sphere of our University life, and his return to

the active duties of the professorship has been an occasion of rejoicing to all connected with the University. It is a keen satisfaction to the Faculty to know that, after a year spent at Cambridge, Professor McKay is more profoundly convinced than ever that McMaster's ideals are based on sound educational principles and that in her sphere she is doing work of a high order of usefulness. It fell to the professor's lot to deliver the scholastic address at the opening exercises of the University. It is superfluous to say that he discharged that responsibility with honor to himself and to the University. His subject was "The Story of the Solar System." His address did not aim at being a popular statement of the wonders and beauties of the heavens, but a scholarly account of the development of astronomical theory. And yet it was characterized by such clearness of exposition—a quality, that goes far to explain Professor McKay's success and popularity as a teacher of mathematics—that it was clear as noonday to the large audience present on the occasion. We shall not be able to publish the address in *THE MONTHLY*, but during the year we hope to give our readers an opportunity to see Cambridge through Professor McKay's spectacles.

THE prospects for Woodstock and Moulton are very bright. Mr. McCrimmon, who was Acting-Principal last year, has accepted the principalship, and will devote himself wholly to advancing our denominational interests at that exceedingly important point of our educational system. Next month we shall publish a photogravure of Principal McCrimmon, and a short sketch of his life and character. Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., who for the past two years has been lecturing at the University, has been appointed Science Master at Woodstock and has already entered upon his work there. This is in every way an excellent appointment.

At Moulton College there have been several changes, due to resignations of members of last year's staff. The department of music has been placed under the directorship of Mr. A. S. Vogt, whose name is the best guarantee of its excellence. With Mr. Vogt as director and a staff of five teachers under him, Moulton College is in a position to offer musical advantages unexcelled by any similar institution in Canada. The vacancies made by the resignations of Miss Wells and Miss Mann have been filled by Miss Thrall and Miss Pickering. Miss Thrall is a graduate of Woodstock College and the Normal College, and Miss Pickering of Smith College, one of the large universities for women in the United States. Miss Lyon, who takes Miss Smart's place as resident teacher of music, has studied in Italy and France as well as at home and comes to her work with the highest recommendations.

THE academic work in connection with our various educational system began promptly and is now in full swing. The attendance at the University is larger than that of any preceding year, and the same satisfactory condition of affairs prevails at both Woodstock and Moulton. The members of the University Faculty have all returned in the best of health, a matter of congratulation to all concerned for the interests of the University. We regret to say that three or four students have been unable to return owing to being stricken with typhoid fever. They are progressing favorably, however, and their recovery is, we trust, only a matter of time.

FOR over three years George H. Murdoch shared in the varied life of McMaster University, winning the good will and affection of us all. A year ago we all regarded him as the embodiment of physical health and vigor, and never suspected that he would be the first of the class of '97 to be called home. But so the All-Wise Father has willed it. On the 24th of September, after about eight months' illness, he passed away at his home in Waterford, Ont. We beg to tender to Dr. and Mrs. Murdoch our sincere sympathy. To see an eldest son, not yet twenty years old, just after college graduation taken from them is no common sorrow. Yet we cannot but be glad and thankful with them that, as he consciously faced the other world, his spirit knew such quiet submissiveness to the will of God and such peace and rest through Christ the Saviour. Surely all of us, teachers and students, may learn afresh the uncertainty of life and the supreme importance of the things that are "unseen and eternal."

Book Reviews.

INTRODUCTORY TO QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS.*

In the general plan the authors have departed from the stereotyped methods. The result is, that the greatest error of the old procedure has been successfully avoided. The tendency has been in the past for the student to follow the tables of separation to the disregard of the principles underlying the reactions contained in them, and to a lack of attention paid to the chemical characteristics of the different metals. This difficulty is overcome by doing away with the old style of table, which made the work of a student often little short of a me-

*INTRODUCTION TO QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS. By W. Lash Millar, Ph. D. and F. J. Smale, Ph. D. Toronto:

chanical process, and substituting in its stead a table which makes constant reference to the text a necessity. The advantage of this is at once manifest. By this means the student not only acquires the art of qualitative analysis but also obtains a thorough knowledge of the principles and facts which make such a system possible. Much valuable matter is presented in the text regarding the occurrence, chemical and physical properties, the chemical relations, the compounds and their characteristics of each metal. In the introduction the authors, in a simple explanatory way deal with the principles underlying the process of qualitative analysis in such a way as to make an ordinarily difficulty presentable subject appear both clear and interesting. The book deserves the heartiest support of those who are interested in the subject. We predict for it a ready demand.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, EDITOR.

JOHNS-HOPKINS has excluded women.

GREEK will no longer be required for admission to Columbia University.

THE largest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt. It has 10,000 students.

It is stated that the chapel exercises at Cornell are so interesting, and the attendance is so large, that seats have to be reserved for the students.

MR. J. W. RUSSELL, B.A., of the class of '95, has received an appointment on the staff of Woodstock College. Mr. Russell served with acceptance for one year as fellow in mathematics in his Alma Mater previous to this appointment.

THE AMERICAN CHESS MAGAZINE is one of the latest published in the literary world. As its name shows it is devoted to the noble game of chess. The first number contained an account of the recent international chess match between the house of Representatives and the English House of Commons; also an article on 'Chess at the Colleges.'

'OUR YOUNG PEOPLE' has now in publication a very interesting and instructive series of articles on "Glimpses of Early Canada." Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, M.A., a graduate of '95, is the author. The October number contains the second of this series entitled 'Founders of New France.' It gives the history of French colonization from 1597 to 1635.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 A broken and a contrite heart,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
 Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling, in London Times.*

WE print this excellent poem by Rudyard Kipling that it may be preserved to our readers in permanent form for future reference.

ATHLETICS at Harvard are regulated by a committee composed of three members of the faculty, and three graduates, all appointed by the corporation, and three undergraduates elected by a meeting of the presidents of the classes and representatives of the different athletic organizations.—*Exchange.*

GRIDLEY BRYANT, a civil engineer, in 1826, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the nearest tide-water. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost \$50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought-iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.—*Ex.*

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Art weary with life's struggle, friend?
 Too faint to more pursue?
 The sun which brightens all the world
 Makes all the shadows too.
 Often from the selfsame fountain
 Joys and woes alike descend,
 And the strength we gain in struggling
 Makes us victors in the end.

—*Ex.*

MIDSUMMER.

A slow hawk drifts athwart the azure sky
 Lost, almost, in the liquid ether sea;
 Within the thicket dryly, ceaselessly,
 Strident cicadas their long revels keep
 As in the old Greek days; in lang'rous sleep
 The far hills swoon; the slow, sweet-thieving bee
 Clings to the hedgerow blossom; lazily
 Up the lush meadows twin cloud shadows creep.
 The gray old world swathes her wan face in peace
 And seems to slumber questlessly at ease,
 While 'round her brow the dreamful poppy wreathes;
 Yet in the brook's low song, without surcease,
 And the soft wind, crooning amid the trees,
 The elemental, world-old sadness breathes.

—*Ex.*

THE lamented death of Rev. Alexander Grant came with a great shock to us all. His widow and children share the deepest sympathy of all the students and professors in our institution.

It has been estimated that in England one man in 5,000 attends college; in Germany, one in 213; in Scotland, one in 525; and in America, one in 2000.—*Ex.*

MISS ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., of the class of '97, has resigned her position as teacher of English on the staff of Moulton College. She will teach English in Pellam Manor, a prosperous ladies' seminary near New York city. We wish her success in her work.

THE REPORT of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Years of the New York Sabbath Committee shows an encouraging tendency toward more observance of Sunday on the Continent. Information from France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Norway points to an increase of legislation to make the Sabbath a day of rest.—*Ex.*

MR. FREDERICK EBY, B.A., of the class of '95, has been appointed a professor in the preparatory department of Chicago University, situated at Morgan Park. During the past year he has been engaged in post-graduate study at Chicago, and has been working in collaboration with Prof. Bulkley of the department of Pedagogy upon a translation of a German educational classic.

College News.

A. B. COHOE, '98. MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98,
S. E. GRIGG, '00.

EXCITED sophomore—(at tea table)—Boys I'm a living example of a man who died of a broken heart

AT last we have a government post box in front of our building. Was it in deference to the freshman class that the post was painted green?

AMONG our many visitors this month we mention Rev. Ralph Trotter of Victoria, B.C. There will be *more* of Ralph next month.

CLASS '99 evinced their usual enterprise by being the first to re-organize for the year. The election of officers resulted as follows—Hon. Pres. Chancellor Wallace; Pres. D. Bovington; Vice-Pres. Miss B. E. Newman; Sec. B. R. Simpson; Cor. Sec. C. L. Brown; Poet, J. T. Jones; Orator, J. E. Hawkings; Historian, E. W. Parsons; Minstrel, A. J. Thompson; Councillors, Miss R. H. Dubensky, and J. F. Ingram.

AT a meeting of class '99 the following officers were elected: Hon. Pres. Dr. Rand; Pres. W. W. Charters; Vice-Pres. J. P. Schutt; Sec. Treas. Miss A. G. Iler; Reporter, W. B. H. Teakles; Poet, W. Daniel; Historian, M. C. McLean; Orator, A. W. Vining. This year the graduating class is pleased to welcome two new men, W. Daniel and A. S. Farmer.

THE regular annual meeting of the student body for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held in the chapel on Tuesday, Oct. 12th. The President, R. Routledge, B.A., occupied the chair, and after an exciting contest the following officers were declared elected—1st. Vice-Pres. A. W. Vining; 2nd Vice-Pres. W. Daniel; Sec. Treas. J. A. Ferguson; other members of the Executive, A. R. Park, D. Brown, M. C. McLean, A. B. Cohoe, E. S. Roy.

THIS year's Freshman Class were not slow to adopt the custom of other years in forming themselves into a class organization. Henceforth they will be known as Class '01, and for the years '97-'98 they have elected the following officers—Honorary President Prof. McKay; Pres. F. H. Phipps; Vice-Pres. Miss O. M. Clemens; Sec. Treas. Miss McLaurin; Cor. Sec. R. E. Sayles; Bard, R. Johnson; Historian, J. E. Pengelly; Orator, D. Gazley.

WE have yet another report of class re-organization to make. The officers of the Century Class for the year are, Hon. Pres. Prof. Camp-

bell ; Pres. F. E. Brophy ; Sec. Treas. Miss Gaylord ; Cor. Sec. A. C. Newcombe ; Bard, S. E. Grigg ; Orator, E. A. Brownlee ; Historian, G. Sprague.

ON Saturday, Oct. 9th, the chess club met for reorganization. Prof. McKay was nominated for the Presidency, and elected by acclamation. E. N. Armstrong was appointed Secretary-Treasurer. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for another tournament this year. The result will be looked for with interest.

WE regret the fact that four of our students are sick with typhoid fever. J. H. Cameron, '97, and R. G. Blundell, who expected to join the Freshman Class, are both sick in Montreal—Mrs. J. Marshall, '97 is sick in Cobourg, while E. S. Roy, '98, is at the General Hospital, Toronto. At the last report all were doing as well as could be expected, and we hope soon to hear of their complete recovery.

THE Library during the past summer has received a number of valuable additions. Among the contributors were Copp, Clark & Co. ; Ontario Government ; L. Woolverton, Esq. ; Education Department, Dominion Government ; Royal Society ; G. R. Roberts, Esq. ; Chancellor Wallace ; Hon. John Dryden ; A. Kirkwood, Esq. ; Prof. W. N. Clark ; R. Sadler, Esq., and the University of Toronto. Besides these numerous contributions have been made from the university funds.

THE Choral and Orchestral Union met for the election of officers on October 7th with the following result—Pres. I. G. Matthews, B.A. ; Vice-Pres. M. C. McLean, '98 ; Sec. Treas. E. A. Brownlee, '00 ; Pianist, W. B. H. Teakles '98. Mr. Fletcher, organist and choir master of Bloor Street Baptist Church, was chosen as Musical Director, and under his able management our Glee Club hopes to do efficient work. The members of this organization solicit the hearty support of both students and professors.

THE Ladies' Literary League re-organized on Oct. 13th, and are happy to be able to report a larger list of members than ever before. The appointment of officers resulted as follows :—President, Miss A. G. Her, '98 ; Vice-President, Miss J. E. Dryden, '00 ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. A. Bailey, '98 ; Critic, Miss M. N. Newman, '99 ; Pianist, Miss B. E. McLay, '00. The first meeting of the League was appointed for the second Friday in November, under Misses Newman and Cohoon as Programme Committee. The League realized most sadly how essential '97 had made itself to the general prosperity of the society. With '97 has gone out our dignified and devoted president, Miss Burnette ; our impartial and faithful critic, Miss Eby ; our debater Mrs. Marshall ; Miss Woolverton, with her musical resources, and Miss McDiarmid, whose loyalty could always be depended upon. In our bereft condition there is this consolation that seeing we are as strong numerically, necessity may be the means of bringing out talent that would have otherwise lain dormant.

AFTER reading our notices for this month we are led to make a query, Why is it that our graduates hold in such light esteem the rights and privileges conferred upon them in their *bachelor's* degree? Remember if you are anticipating such a surrender that it takes a long time to get it; but results show that it takes only a short time to give it away.

A VERY interesting event occurred in August of the past summer, when Miss Ethel Botterill was married to J. J. Patterson, B.A. Miss Botterill graduated from Moulton with class '95, and last year attended English lectures at the University, where she was well-known through her clever sketches and poems that appeared from time to time in *THE MONTHLY*. Mr. Patterson who graduated last year with class '97, has by his generous and manly character won the respect of his fellow students, while his success in his studies lead us to anticipate for him a useful future. *THE MONTHLY* joins with others in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Patterson every happiness for the future.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—Athletics this year are booming at McMaster. In former years the sports have been under the control of enthusiasts in the different departments. This year, however, an innovation has been made, by the organization of an Amateur Athletic Association which has for its object the physical development of the students under the control of an efficient executive committee. The advantages of such an association are evident, since the various departments of athletics, namely, football, baseball, hockey and other field sports are under the control of one central and competent committee. At a meeting of the association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year,—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, Chas. H. Schutt, B.A.; Vice Pres. E. J. Reid, '99; Sec.-Treas. A. G. Baker, B.A. Councillors, A. Imrie, B.A., (theology), W. Daniel, '98, A. Torrie, '80, F. H. Phipps, '01.

THE announcement of the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dryden to Mr. J. C. Sycamore, Sept. 2nd, 1897, was one that occasioned great interest in McMaster circles. Belonging to Class '96, Miss Dryden and Mr. Sycamore are not so long graduated but that they are well known to many of the students. Miss Dryden was the first Moulton graduate to take the Arts Course in McMaster. An enthusiastic and brilliant student, an affectionate friend, a sincere and humble Christian, Miss Dryden in her college life has left behind her an example of a true gentlewoman that is worthy to be the ideal of the McMaster women, who, year by year, follow her. Mr. Sycamore has one of those peculiarly happy dispositions that make their possessors universally popular wherever they may be. In his course through Woodstock and McMaster, Mr. Sycamore has proved himself a genial classmate and generous friend, and now in his life work is an earnest and successful pastor. *THE MONTHLY* extends to Mr. and Mrs. Sycamore its best wishes, and trusts that in this new, broader life upon which they have entered, they may realize such noble ends as were fore-shadowed when they were students among us.

THE idea is abroad that McMaster students do not 'haze' their freshmen. We cannot understand this, since it would be difficult for us to depart from so time-honored a custom, if indeed we wished to. On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 14th, seniors, juniors, as well as sophomores, put the freshmen through their ordeal, which took the form of a dinner. After all had done ample justice to the repast prepared, the chairman, R. Routledge, B.A., called upon A. J. Saunders, on behalf of the theologs, and W. Daniel, '98, on behalf of the Arts men, to welcome the freshmen in Arts and Theology. These gentlemen in a pleasing way performed their task, not only welcoming the in-coming men, but also stepping from their lofty positions as seniors to offer them sage advice. In reply Mr. King spoke for the theologs, while Mr. Phipps represented the freshmen in Arts. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' closed a very pleasant and happy evening. To any suspicious Freshman we would say that we have done our worst; while we would justify our method in the eye of the critical stranger by saying that it is both original and successful.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 14th, a large number of the students and professors gathered in the chapel to listen to a few words from one of our missionaries, Rev. Mr. Davis, who with his wife is now on the way to India. In a few happy remarks Dr. Rand introduced Mr. Davis to the audience not as a stranger but as an old McMaster student. Mr. Davis then, in a brief address, presented a picture of the dark and difficult side of missionary work in India. In his remarks he referred to the open hostility that the missionaries have to encounter; the awful degradation and gross immorality of the people; the difficulty of work because of the caste system; while the greatest obstacle of all was the fact that the people have no conception of sin. But although the people of India were so degraded still the gospel was doing its work in gradually lifting them to a higher life. He closed his address by an earnest appeal for good men for India and a desire that we should not forget those that were already there. As we said good-bye to Mr. Davis and his wife we realized that God had blessed and would continue to bless their work in India.

FOOTBALL —At present football is occupying our attention. That we are ambitious to win honors in this department is evident from the fact that we have entered a team in both the senior and intermediate series of the Inter-College League. The first team, with E. J. Reid as captain, has been practising faithfully for the past week, and gives promise of doing good work. With the departure of last year's graduating class we lost some of our strong players, and as a consequence we deemed our prospects this year to be somewhat gloomy, but are pleased to say that with the addition of new men, we expect to place as strong, if not stronger, combination in the field as in previous years. Faulkner as full back is sure, steady, and a "stayer," while Pengelly as centre half-back is maintaining the reputation which he made at Woodstock. On Tuesday, Oct. 19th, the senior team play their first match of the series with the Varsity eleven. The second team, under the

management of "Fergie," is hard at work, preparing for the work they have before them. The old players from Woodstock College contribute largely to this team, and, if one may judge by the work done by them in the team practice, we may be justified in expecting them to carry off their share of the honors from the coming contests. We must make mention of another departure on the part of the Executive Committee. In former years we have had no day set apart for competition in field sports among our own students. This year, however, such an opportunity will be offered, and although at present the day has not been announced, yet we find that the men are taking a lively interest in the proposed contests, and we may expect to see some efficient work. Every loyal student of McMaster will join in making this department a success, while all appreciate the enthusiastic support of the Honorary President of the Association, Chancellor Wallace, to whom the Association owes its origin.

BLOOR ST. Baptist Church was filled with a large audience of students and their friends on the evening of Friday, Oct. 15th, the occasion being the opening of the University. After the audience had been led in prayer by the pastor of the church, Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, M.A., Chancellor Wallace spoke briefly concerning the University's work and prospects. He referred to the fact, which must be gratifying to every friend of the University, that the attendance is larger, and the prospects in every department brighter than ever before. He spoke of the present day tendency to specialization in educational work, and pointed out that McMaster lays emphasis upon the necessity of a broad and liberal culture before specialization is entered upon, and arranges its course with that end in view. It keeps before it also a spiritual as well as an intellectual ideal, and aims at the development of cultured, patriotic and spiritual manhood and womanhood. He referred briefly to Professor Wilmott's absence and work in Michipicoten, and then introduced Professor McKay, who has been absent in England for over a year, to deliver a lecture on "The Story of our Solar System." Professor McKay was received with great enthusiasm. After speaking of the importance of astronomy and astronomical discovery, he outlined and criticized the Ptolemaic and Copernican theories of the solar system. Then stating as his essentials for successful scientific work, observation, imagination, deduction and prediction, he came to the Newtonian theory, and showed how these elements had worked together in arriving at such a result. He paid a high tribute to the patient and laborious work of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, whose efforts largely prepared the way for Newton's complete development of the theory. The Professor then recited several triumphs which the theory has secured and which prove its soundness. Much interest was added to his lecture by a series of splendid views, which were thrown upon the screen by Mr. F. B. Whittemore. The lecture was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and the hearty applause at its conclusion testified to the thorough enjoyment and appreciation on the part of the audience.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

GRACE BROPHEY, MARGARET NICHOLAS, EDITORS.

THE editors appointed for the Moulton column of the McMASTER MONTHLY are Miss McKay, Miss Brophrey, Miss Margaret Nicholas.

"OLD GIRL"—(after having imparted all state secrets to a supposed "new girl"—What course do you intend to take?" Supposed new girl—"I am a teacher."

OFFICERS in the society of Young Woman's Christian Association have been appointed for this term as follows: President, Miss Kerr; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Dewitt. A Prayer-Meeting Committee was appointed as follows:—Miss Pickering, Miss Brophrey, Miss Dewitt.

A NUMBER of teachers and students attended the concert given by the Kneisel Quartette of Boston on the 7th inst. The various numbers on the programme were rendered most artistically and afforded a great musical treat.

THE recreation club was organized by the resident students at the re-opening. Money was raised to furnish tennis net, croquet, and several parlor games. During this fine weather the tennis and croquet are receiving due attention; but when the gloomy winter days arrive no doubt the parlor games will be quite as well appreciated.

AT the opening business meeting of the Heliconian, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Brophrey; Vice President, Miss Cox; Treasurer, Miss Stenhouse; Secretary, Miss Hoffman. The Executive Committee was appointed as follows: Miss Thrall, Miss Eckhardt, Miss Edwards.

THE third Friday evening in September the "Old Girls" of Moulton entertained the new ones in the spacious reception rooms of the college. A very enjoyable time was spent, although the confectioner forgot to send the refreshments ordered. The result of the omission was that the freshmen had another "party" the next Friday night when the ice-cream appeared.

MUCH enthusiasm is being shown this year in all departments of the school, and class meetings have become quite the order of the day. The seniors are asserting themselves very vigorously, and have won the envy of the other classes in a number of ways, but especially so by one of their many privileges, namely, that of having birthday parties. The other evening while the remaining students were poring over their books, they were having a lively time (judging from the sweet strains caused by piano and dishes).

THE Course of Lectures for '97-8 promises to be one of special interest. The first of the series was given on Friday, Oct. 8th, by Prof.

Clark, D.C.L., of Trinity College. His subject was 'What and How to Read.' The lecturer was greeted with much enthusiasm as he entered the well filled chapel. Dr. Welton, of McMaster, occupied the chair in his usual happy manner. Prof. Clark is too well known in this city to make it necessary for us to dwell upon his excellent qualities as a lecturer. Suffice it to say that on this evening he fully sustained his high reputation. The lecture proved to be one of unusual interest, and was much enjoyed by all present.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., D. ALEXANDER, EDITORS.

THE football match between McMaster and Woodstock will call forth considerable excitement. The College expects to put up a good team, and the boys are already dreaming of doing great things.

ON September 18th the Rev. R. R. McKay preached the annual sermon to the students. His remarks were based on Heb. xi. : 38. "Of whom this world was not worthy." The address, which was much appreciated, was a most impressive and instructive one.

A MOST delightful evening was spent in formally welcoming the new boys, when bright and humorous speeches were delivered by the old and in-coming students. A pleasant feature of this meeting was the welcome extended to our new master, Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., who received a most hearty reception.

THE College once again presents a scene of activity. Though many familiar faces are missing, there has been the influx of fresh life. The new boys are now feeling at home, having overcome that quiet reserve peculiar to strangers, so that all are now participating to the full in the work and pleasures of college life. Altogether the coming year promises to be one of worthy succession.

The annual athletic games of the College were held on the Campus on Friday, Oct. 1st. The events were viewed by a large number of on-lookers, including many ladies, whose fair presence doubtless added much to the lively efforts of the contestants. W. A. Karn made a most efficient starter, while Principal McCrimmon, and H. L. McNeill, B.A., acted as time-keeper and clerk of the course respectively. The judges were Chancellor Wallace of McMaster University, J. R. Huggart, D. W. Karn, Rev. R. R. McKay, and N. S. McKechnie, B.A. Those acting as umpires in the tennis tournament were, Principal McCrimmon, J. W. Russell, B.A., and S. R. Tarr, M.A. Among others present upon the grounds were Hiram Calvin, M.P., of Kingston, Rev. W. M. Walker of London, Rev. W. H. Cline and T. A.

Howell of Paris, Rev. J. P. McEwen of Toronto, Rev. J. T. Dowling, Dr. A. McLay, Rev. Mr. Pickering, J. G. Karn, Dr. Odum, L. Brown, B.A., of Grimsby, and J. J. McNeil, B.A., of Tilsonburg.

The championship cup remains in the keeping of E. E. Howell after a worthy contest with able rivals. The junior championship medal was won by G. Challies.

The presentation of badges, prizes, cup and medals took place immediately after the games in the college chapel. Chancellor Wallace acted as chairman for the occasion, while Mesdames Booker and McCrimmon decorated the victors with their ribbon trophies. The following is a list of events and winners :

Tennis Tournament—C. Russel, A. N. Wolverton. Bicycle Races—Half mile, G. Challies, J. B. McArthur ; one mile, Huggart, Howell ; two mile handicap, Howell, Bagshaw. Standing Broad Jump—Howell, Lang. Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Standing Hop, Step and Jump—Huggart, Howell. Standing Hop Step and Jump (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Running Broad Jump—Wolverton, Lang. Running Broad Jump (Junior)—Treharne, Challies. Running Hop, Step and Jump—Wolverton, Lang. Running Hop, Step and Jump (Junior)—Treharne, Davis. Throwing the Baseball—Lang, Howell. Kicking the Football—Dryden, Wolverton. Kicking the Football (Junior)—McArthur, Challies. Dribbling the Football—Dryden, Lailey. Dribbling the Football (Junior)—Davis, W. O'Grady. Putting the Shot—Huggart, Howell. Hurdle Race—Huggart, Howell. Hurdle Race (Junior)—Challies, Davis. Pole Vault—Wolverton, Lang. 100 Yard Dash—Howell, Huggart. 100 Yard Dash (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Obstacle Race—Howell, Lang. Running High Jump—Wolverton, Howell. Half Mile Race—Re-lay—Fourth year. Running High Jump (Junior)—Davis, Challies. 440 Yard Race—Huggart, Howell. $\frac{1}{8}$ Mile Ex-pupil's Race—Matthews, Sayles. Potato Race—S. McArthur, Huggart. 440 Yard Race (Junior)—Treharne, Challies. Three-Legged Race—Dryden and Lang, Bagshaw and McKee. 100 Yard Race (Teachers and Ex-Teachers)—H. L. McNeill, J. Weir. 220 Yard Race (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. 220 Yard Race (Open to all Schools)—Huggart, Howell. Tug-of-War (Final Tugs)—Second year, Fourth year.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

WE have been pleased to have visits from our old students, Jacob and Philip Nicol, and Ernest Roy, in the past few days, as they were returning to their work in McMaster and Laval Universities.

THE staff of teachers has suffered no change since last year. Though for some time we had fears of losing Miss Permelia Bullock, who was stricken down with a severe illness during the summer, she has now completely regained her health, and has resumed her work as usual.

WE have long been wishing that extensive improvements in equipment and in the manner of working the Mission Farm here could be made. Some of these improvements take a long while in coming. However, Dr. Rainville has persevered until he has succeeded in making a beginning. Among other things he has taken to raising poultry. After procuring an incubator and a lot of select eggs, and giving much time and attention to them, he is now possessed of a fine large flock of choice chickens. A good house with a larger yard adjoining it has been built for them at the back of the Gymnasium. We hope, for the good of the students and resident teachers, that he may have an abundant supply of good fresh eggs next winter.

THE boys that have been here in previous years will, no doubt, be pleased to see the better opportunities for sport now afforded them. For several years we have been trying to provide a good, serviceable and convenient campus. We have one at last. It has been well drained and nicely graded and smoothed, so that now it lacks only a thicker covering of grass, to be in good condition for football and other games. Since school opened several of our more enthusiastic sportsmen have been engaged with spade, shovel, and roller, in levelling and hardening strip around the edge of the campus, evidently with the intention of making a good track for foot-races. We hope they will make it serviceable for bicycles as well.

TUESDAY, October 5th, being the opening day of school at Feller Institute, was marked this year by more than usual promptness on the part of many students in returning to their studies. Already our accommodation in the building is just about exhausted, and before another week is over we shall have very little, if any room left. So far we have about forty-one girls and seventy boys in the building. In addition there are at present seventeen day students, making in all one hundred and twenty-eight. A number of others are expected in a few days. In appearance the students are bright and cheerful, and seemingly prepared for work. For several years back the boys have held the highest place in class. This year we think they will have to strive hard for their laurels, or surrender them to their sister competitors.