



FOUNDER'S DAY 1899

[BORN CHRISTMAS EVE 1811.]

For day thy natal eve
Thy earth-day morn!
Man's day, when Christ was born!
(Day that did Heaven bereave!)
Our reverent hearts would wunt this sacred year
Among the gifts the Christ received of men.

Our time is big with change—
Sights shift and deer:
Great souls of yesteryear
Are gone—and are we strange;
O Founder bless our daring love is thine;
We too would worship Him, the Christ divine.
Theodore H. Rand

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WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR? *

We shall most honor the memory of the founder of our University by earnestly seeking to apprehend, and compass, the end he had in mind in its foundation. Spoken words of appreciation and praise are well in their place, but one who is worthy of being honored is best honored by deeds that find their inspiration in the principles he loved and lived. To take the highest of all examples, Jesus Christ is most honored, not by the voluble iteration of pious praises, but by a life that is the unmistakable expression of His holy teachings.

The founder of this institution was eminently a man of affairs. He found neither time nor inclination for mere theorizing. He loved and honored Jesus Christ, and this was his inspiration in founding this college. He saw in Him, not a mere theorizer, but a practical worker, having in His eye the world's pitiable need, and in his heart the holy ambition to provide for it to the full. In his judgment the most effective use he could make of the large means entrusted to his stewardship was to invest it in this ample provision for the training of young men and women for the service of Jesus Christ. His object was not the provision of means for the acquisition of mental culture and

*Address delivered on the evening of Founder's Day, Dec. 21, 1897

furnishing for their own sake so much as for the sake of the increased service that could thereby be rendered in ministering to the need of the world for which Christ died. This University was not founded for the purpose of multiplying learned theorists and speculators, or cultured ornaments to society, but for the fitting of men and women for larger usefulness in a world whose pitiable need is ever crying out for compassionate, self-denying helpers. This is the thought that determines the trend of my words this evening.

From of old, the great problems, "Whence am I?" and "What is my destiny?" have challenged the profoundest thought of the world's great thinkers. The unaided human answer is found in the limping philosophies and groping religions of the world. One only could say from conviction based on truth, "I know whence I am and whither I go." The more practical question, however, is, *What am I here for!* In no age has this problem engaged the human thought as universally and as satisfactorily as it should have done. One of the deepest questions of life, it is yet one that should in the early years of life receive the most earnest and serious thought the soul can command. The answer to it is to be a determining factor in the shaping of the whole life. It is not enough that this question should have had a distinct and true answer in the minds that conceived the organization of a great educational institution: this true answer should live and move and have its being, day by day, in the mind of every member thereof. Those who have the management and shape the policy of the institution, those who formulate the course of instruction, those who guide and stimulate the mind in the pursuit of that course, and those who receive the instruction—all alike should have a worthy answer to this question clearly within consciousness as a determinative force of action.

We are in the world, as a part of it, for some purpose. It may be worth our while to inquire in the light of what we are, and of what the world is, what we are in it for. I need scarcely say that in this inquiry I am having in mind those who are real Christians, born again of the Spirit of God, and living a life of faith in the Son of God.

In a sense other, possibly, than that which the apostle had

in mind when he used the expression, "None of us liveth to himself," there is a sense in which the phrase, "the solidarity of the race," expresses a great truth. The phrase signifies, according to Trench, a fellowship in gain and loss, in honor and dishonor, in victory and defeat,—a being, so to speak, all in the same boat. There is a very real relation of interdependence among the members of the human family. You cannot say to your fellow, "I have no need of thee." Absolute independence and isolation is an impossibility. We cannot sever ourselves from any section or condition or class of the human family, saying that we will have no relations with them,—that we will not suffer our lives to come into any touch with theirs, not permit theirs to come into any touch with ours. Our lives are subject to unalterable laws that forbid this. By way of illustration, a gentleman was solicited to co-operate in an effort to improve the sanitary and moral condition of the people of a certain section of the great city in which he lived. He replied that he would have nothing to do with such people. A little later his only daughter was stricken with that dread scourge, small-pox, and in spite of all that could be done, succumbed to the disease. It was subsequently learned that the germs of the disease came in a garment made by one of the inhabitants of that district. Whether we will or not we must have to do with one another. The safety of *one* demands the safety of *all*. To allow infectious disease to run riot in one home imperils every home. The vehicles for the conveyance of disease germs are legion. If we may so speak, spiritual microbes, also, find numberless vehicles for their transport from soul to soul, carrying their infection everywhere, unless the stringent laws of spiritual sanitation and health are everywhere strictly observed. Each individual life is affected by those subtle, interacting, spiritual forces set in motion by the rest of the lives of the community and of the race. So also is each life contributing its quota to the production of those influences that are affecting all other lives.

We are coming to realize that these inalienable relationships have a wider sweep, and their influences a wider reach than ever before, and that their sphere is rapidly widening every day. In no former age did life touch life so widely over the earth. Before the days of the utilization of steam and electric power

the situation was far different. Yonder was the secluded settlement. Its relations within its own little circle were close and influential, but it knew little or nothing of the outside world, and consequently was as little affected by outside conditions. But now the way has been hewed out of the enclosing forest, the great highways of communication have been opened up, the ships are plowing the seas to every shore, and, beneath the seas and across the continents, the electric wires, girdling the globe, are vibrating throughout their entire circuit with the throb of human life that is touching them at every point. The tremor of the wire felt here may have been produced by the throb of human life that is touching them at every point. The tremor of the wire felt here may have been produced by the throb of China's life yonder, and the tremor of the wire felt there may have been produced by the throb of Canada's life here. None of us liveth to himself. No nation liveth to itself. It is one world, one race, with the forces that make character so interacting throughout the whole circle that the highest well-being of one is conditioned by the promotion of the well-being of all.

As Christians we cannot leave the world as it is, without suffering in our own lives the inevitable consequence of the neglect. Christians must christianize the world, or, in measure at least, be paganized by the world. No man can get on himself as he should unless he is helping others to get on with him. Prof. Matthews wrote a popular book some years ago entitled, "Getting on in the World." Whatever merit the book may possess, it bears a title that suggests the false and perilous thought that fires selfish ambition, which is of immeasurable damage to the race. The truest ambition is not to get on in the world, but to get the world on with us. A man may forge his way forward by forcibly crowding the world back, but the world will have its revenge: he will find something, of more worth than that which he gets, slipping out of his life. It is the truest policy in life, as well as the highest obligation, to be fellow-helpers of one another. The divine injunction is not, "Get on in the world," but, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Whether he wills it or not, in these days, every man is in some measure, going out into all the world. No man can hedge

his life about by stakes of his own setting. Whether of his deliberate purpose or otherwise, the energies of his being are impinging upon the life of the world. If the relation of the component drops of the mighty ocean are such that a pebble cast into it affects the whole body, it is no less true that the throb of the individual life has its effect upon the whole ocean of human being. The nexus of the component souls is yet more sensitive than that of the component drops of water, and the touch is at a larger number of points. We cannot get away from the great laws that govern the interaction of all lives on one another through contact. Both the sensitiveness and wideness of this contact in our day imperially demand our attention in shaping our life purposes.

This universal interaction of life is for weal or for woe, according as the dominating force is self-giving or self-seeking. The world is rising or lowering as the one or the other of these principles is dominating the lives of men. It is not at present by any means an ideal world, nor are any of its component elements ideal personalities. It is just as it is, and we are just as we are, as individuals in it, and of it. How then can we, such as we are, help on this world, such as it is, to something higher and better, and, in so doing, help ourselves on with it? There is no place in this world for romancing with speculative ideals. The great problem is, what are we, real personalities, in this real world, of which we are a part, going to do to help it on to a life that is higher, truer and better? Let us remind ourselves again that, whether we will or not, our lives will bring to the world a contribution of either weal or woe. Life is not a negative quantity. We shall make the world either better or worse. Moreover, if we do not make the world better, it will make us worse. Such is our constitution and relationship that if we are not helping others to something higher, we are ourselves being dragged down to something lower. Commingling human life, like commingling waters, tends to a level.

When I speak of our being in the world just as we are, I refer to the facts by which we are conditioned in our lives. Man has been endowed with physical, mental, social and spiritual nature. We, however, as individuals have not inherited these endowments under the condition of their original creation. An

element has entered into human life that, besides infecting the entire being with its corruption, has immeasurably narrowed the circle of its powers. If, then, we have nothing more than the endowment of creation, dragging heavily, as it does, with the clog of sin, we are certainly not conditioned to do the rest of the world much good. But I am speaking of Christians, for if the motto of our University has any significance, it intimates that Christ has obtained a supreme place in the lives of the governing, teaching and student bodies. A Christian is a new creation in Christ. This changes essentially and immeasurably the conditions under which we are in the world. "Christ liveth in me" "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is Christ alone who can uplift the lost and ruined world. "Without me," said He, "ye can do nothing." It is as we have Christ dwelling in us that we touch other lives helpfully. But this power of Christ is not exercised equally in all Christian lives, nor in the same Christian life under differing conditions.

In becoming incarnate Christ subjected Himself to certain limitations. If in a pure and perfect human organism limitation was of necessity involved, how much more so when he comes to dwell in, and work through, the very imperfect humanity He finds in us. It is ours, by His grace, to reduce as much as possible these limitations to His power through us. Other things being equal, Christ can work with greater efficiency through a strong intellect than through a feeble one, through a cultured than through an untrained mind, through a vigorous and strong body than through a weak and emaciated one, through cultivated social qualities than through repellent boorishness. Of course it is a mistake to think that human culture is sufficient equipment for the work of uplifting the world. But it is no less a mistake to suppose that Christ is limited to men and women of imbecile and uncultured minds as the agency through which His mighty deeds are to be accomplished.

We come back again to our question, What are we here for? If we are right in what we have said thus far, it is not that we may live self-centred lives. Christ says that He came in the flesh, "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Does He come into lives

to-day for another purpose than He had when He came in the life of the child of Bethlehem and the man of Nazareth? As He yearned in that life to touch and relieve the world's need, so He yearns in every life into which He comes. How eagerly He is seeking to reach out through our finiteness and imperfection, with the hand of His power to touch the sinning and suffering race. How pitiable it is, if, by our selfishness, either of indolence or ambition, we restrain that hand in its outgoing, and wound that heart of love that moves the hand of power! What are we in the world for? Is it not that, through every part of our being, we may let Christ come into the widest possible quickening and sanctifying touch with our race?

At every point of its need the world should feel the touch of the Christ. On every side of its life are the points of need. Politically the world needs the touch that will establish righteous and beneficent rule. Commercially it needs that touch that will create the business principles based on the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Socially it needs the touch that will purify, elevate and dignify its community of life. Mentally it needs the touch that will produce honest and pure, as well as vigorous and lucid, thinking. Spiritually it needs the touch that will quicken and sanctify the corrupt and dead life. The Christian is thus afforded the opportunity, in every honorable calling in life, and in all the varieties of his contact with the world, of becoming the medium and agent of Christ's power to meet the need. The opportunity does not lie along the line of gospel preaching and Christian teaching alone. Through real Christian lives, the world needs to have Christ brought into vital and formative touch with its statesmanship, with its legislation, with its executive action, with its commercial enterprise, with its business methods, with its educative processes, as with every other activity and condition of its complex life.

How may the world's need be touched at most points, and at every point with greatest efficiency? By placing at Christ's disposal powers that are *trained* and *furnished*. In the largest sense of Paul's language, it is only the trained and furnished man who can become "all things to all men," that is, who can come into widest and most efficient touch with humanity. For

this culture and furnishing our University was founded and exists.

Our honored Chancellor, in requesting the delivery of this address, wrote thus, "We wish to make McMaster University contribute to the highest type of life in our country and in other countries, that is, to bring men, so far as we are able to influence them, to a manly, noble, Christian ideal of life everywhere. Besides training men for the ministry and teaching profession, we would like to put our stamp upon men who will be the leaders in other departments of life. We should like to see physicians, lawyers, business men, statesmen and the like going out from our halls full of a New Testament piety, and a large conception of what life means." I am sure no sentiments setting forth the aims of the institution could more thoroughly accord with the mind of its founder than these I have read of its present head. It is in the honest, earnest working out of these principles that we shall most honor the memory of the founder of our University.

A. P. McDIARMID.

JOEL CHANDLER AND PLANTATION FOLK-LORE.

II.

(Concluded.)

It is characteristic of all these folk-lore stories, be they from African or South American lips, that the helpless and weak triumph over the strong; the mischievous and cunning over the cruel. Mr. Rabbit, one of the smallest and most helpless of animals, comes out best in his conflicts with the fox, the wolf, the bear, and others stronger than himself. No matter what predicament he finds himself in his wits suggest some escape. For instance—the fox suspecting the rabbit of stealing his goobers (peanuts) and finding the hole in the fence about the size of Mr. Rabbit and where he evidently got in, set a trap for him by fastening one end of a rope to a sapling, making a slip-knot in the other so that it would catch the rabbit as he came through.

It was entirely successful, and the rabbit found himself suspended in mid air. At this juncture Mr. Bear came along. After the usual "howdys" "Brer Bear he ax Brer Rabbit w't he doin' up dar in de elements. Brer Rabbit say he makin' dollar minit. Brer Bear he say how." Then Mr. Rabbit goes on to say that he is keeping the crows out of Brother Fox's ground pea (peanut) patch, and asks Brother Bear if he doesn't want to make a dollar a minute because he has such a large family of children, and then he would make such a splendid scare crow. So "Brer Bear low dat he take de job." It wasn't long before Brother Bear was swinging from the tree, and the released rabbit skipped off to find Brother Fox to inform him that he, the rabbit, had found the man who had been stealing. The fox came with cane in hand, and proceeded to administer summary punishment to the Bear without waiting for explanations. "While Brer Rabbit he lit out."

It was upon Mr. Fox that Mr. Rabbit most frequently played his tricks. Mr. Fox finally became so exasperated that he could stand it no longer; the result was "The Wonderful Tar Baby" which I before mentioned. "Brer Fox went to wuk an got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar Baby, an he tuk dis yer Tar Baby en he sot 'er in de bushes for to see w't de news was gwinter be." Presently Brother Rabbit "come pacin' down de road lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity till he spy de Tar Baby an den he fotch up on his behind legs like he was 'stonished. "Mawnin," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—"nice wedder dis mawnin', sezee." Tar Baby ain't sayin' nothin', en Brer Fox he lay low. "'How does yo' symtums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee." I cannot reproduce the whole, but Brother Rabbit continues in a most amusing monologue, first accusing the Tar Baby of being deaf and then "stuck up," getting no response and growing warmer each minute until he proceeds to "larn her how ter talk ter 'spectable fokes" and hits her with one hand which sticks fast; or as Uncle Remus puts it—"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar Baby, she keep on sayin' nothin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en 'blip,' he tuck 'er side er de head. Right ders whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar Baby,

she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low." This does not mollify him and he exclaims "If you don't let me loose I'll knock you agin'," which he does with a similar result. So it goes on, the rabbit demanding to be let loose and getting stuck fast, until both hands, feet and head are mixed up with the Tar Baby. The fox then came innocently out of the bushes enjoying his enemy's predicament, and, after giving him much good advice, decides to burn him on a brush heap. The rabbit declares that he doesn't care what is done with him so long as 'Brer Fox' does not throw him in "dat briar patch." The fox then decides to hang him—"Hang me des as high es you please, Brer Fox, but fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat briar patch!" The fox then decides to drown him: again the rabbit says anything but the briar patch. The fox finally concludes that to do this very thing will hurt the rabbit most: "So he takes him by de behind legs en slung him right in de middle er de briar patch" and awaited developments. At first he heard a great spluttering, and while he still waited the fox heard his name called and looked up to find Mr. Rabbit sitting cross-legged on a log a safe distance away, "comin' de pitch outen his ha'r wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he been swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit was bleedzed fer ter fling baek sum er his sass en he holler out 'Bred an' bawn in a briar patch, Brer Fox, bred an' bawn in a briar patch."

In the African story which Poultney Bigelow gives us, the Tar Baby is a woman, made from tree gum, and stands in the field where the women were in the habit of gathering peanuts and peas, and from which Mr. Rabbit was in the habit of scaring them by shouting "The army is coming, run, run." While they were hiding in the swamps Mr. Rabbit would descend and eat up the peanuts which they had gathered. They finally suspected him of tricking them, and made the gum woman to catch him. He was securely caught in the same way as Uncle Remus's rabbit was. When captured the rabbit begged that he might be allowed the honor of dying on the back of the chief of their village. The chief lay down on a mat, the executioner raised his spear which, alas! descended into the back of the chief, for Mr. Rabbit jumped high in the air just in time to save himself, and, in the confusion, ran away. The chief was killed,

and the executioner met a similar fate. As was the rabbit, so are the Negroes noted for their happy faculty for getting out of difficulties. Even Uncle Remus when asked questions by the little boy about various incidents in the stories which were told him slipped out of the difficulty in some happy way.

An ordinary meeting of friends among the old time Negroes, as among the animals, is not the informal affair that it is with us—"When dey done howdym' an axin atter one nudders faumbly connexsun'" usually a considerable time has been consumed.

The Negro always has an explanation for everything. One night as the little boy sat by Uncle Remus he discovered to his surprise that the palms of the old man's hands were white. His question about this led to the following recital from Uncle Remus:—

"'Tooby sho de pa'm er my han's w'ite, honey,' he quietly remarked, en, w'en it come ter dat, dey waz a time w'en all de w'ite folks 'uz black—blacker dan me, kaze I done bin yer so long dat I sorter bleach out.'

The little boy laughed. He thought Uncle Remus was making him the victim of one of his jokes; but the youngster was never more mistaken. The old man was serious. Nevertheless, he failed to rebuke the ill-timed mirth of the child, and after a time resumed:

'Yasser. Folkes dunner w'at bin yit, let 'lone w'at gwimeter be. Niggers is niggers now, but de time wuz w'en we 'us all niggars tergedder.'

'When was that Uncle Remus?'

'Way back yander. In dem times we 'uz all un us black; we 'uz all niggers tergedder, en 'cordin' ter all de 'counts w'at I years fokes 'us gittin' long 'bout ez well in dem days as day is now. But atter w'ile de news come dat dere wuz a pon' er water somers in de naberhood, w'ich ef dey'd git inter dey'd be wash off nice en w'ite, en den one un um, he fine de place en make er splunge inter de pon', en come out w'ite as a town gal. En, den, bless, grashus, w'en de fokes seed it, dey mek a break fer de pon', en dem w'at wuz de soopless (quickest), dey got in fus' en dey come out w'ite: en dem w'at wuz de nex' soopless, dey got in nex', en dey come out merlatters; en dey wuz such a crowd of dem dat dey mighty nigh use de water up, w'ich w'en dem yut-

hers come 'long, de morest dey could do wuz ter paddle about wid der foots en dabble in wid der han's. Dem wuz de niggers, en down ter dis day dey ain't no w'ite 'bout a nigger 'cept in de pa'ins er der han's en de soles er der foot."

This account of the origin of the races greatly interested the child, and to further question the old man continued :

" De Injun en de Chinec got ter be 'counted 'long er de mer-latter. I ain't seed no Chinec dat I knows on, but dey tells me dey er sorter 'twix a brown en a brindle. Dey er all merlatters."

When reminded that the Chinese have straight hair the old man replied immediately ' Co'se honey, dem w'at git ter de pon' time nuff for ter git der head in de water, de water it onkink der ha'r. Hit bleedzd ter be dat away.'"

Another Negro characteristic which is brought out in the folk-lore is their hospitality and courtesousness. They make their guests welcome beyond a doubt, and have a natural grace and politeness of manner. As a rule their voices are specially melodious: it is a rare thing to hear harsh, discordant tones, except where the preachers have shouted until they have no voices left. The soft r's, the dropping of the end letters of the words, the elision of sharp sound of letters, all tend to make their speech smooth and of easy flow. They have the same happy-go-lucky way of talking as they have of living.

The Negro comes of a very ancient race. Many thousand years ago in the days of Homer it was said of them:—"In the ancient times the blacks were known to be so gentle to strangers that many believed the gods, sprang from them. Homer sings of the ocean father of the gods and says that when Jupiter wishes to take a holiday he visits the sea and goes to the banquets of the blacks—a people humble, courteous and devout." And they are that to-day; if these were the ancestors of our American Negro, and many think they were, the marks of their forefathers are still upon them. They are grateful and affectionate, soon forgetting a wrong. If they were not a patient people their lot would have been a far harder one. The dialect in which the plantation folk-lore is written is being driven out by education. It is found pure and undiluted only in the country places and among the old Negroes. The coming generation thinks of the tales and dialect as belonging to slavery times, and is in

haste to put in the background all that pertains to that period. One of the old ministers in speaking of the effect of the schools said:—"Why when Sally got home she talked just like the white folks." We hope there were also other results. Truly for these people, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

CLARA GOBLE SALE.

Atlanta Baptist College.

THE BRIDE O' THE SUN.

In a veil of white vapor, hushed stars moving through,
She comes, when the tremulous morning is new,

The bride o' the sun ;

Green, green is her robe, tipt with crystalline beads,
Where it drips with the dews shaken off as she speeds,

The bride o' the sun.

There's a slim virgin moon swaying low at her side,
But the frost at her heart is not meet for a bride,

The bride o' the sun.

There are stars in her train, but they pale to the least,
When open the light-shedding doors of the East

To the bride o' the sun.

Lo he cometh, the bridegroom, in garments of gold,
And his glances are flashing, bright, beauteous, bold,

On the bride o' the sun :—

Till her heart it leaps up, like flame unto flame,
Unfolding to flower o'er all her fair frame,

Sweet bride o' the sun.

O glorious bridal of fire and earth !

O ancient of miracles ! new as at birth

Of the bride o' the sun.

All creation doth wear a more rapturous face,

For the joy of the earth as she circles thro' space,

Ever bride o' the sun.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

HUMOURS OF '37.*

For this new book we have much regard. It is written by two favorably known ladies of Stratford, and it proves, if proof is still needed, that women can, in the world of letters, occupy an honorable place. It is, together with a previous volume by the same ladies, a welcome addition to Canadian literature, the growth of which in this as in every other new country, has been as yet rather slow and scanty. And it is a book, from the reading of which we have obtained not only enjoyment, but also clearer and fuller ideas concerning the social and political life of Canadians in the stormy times of the rebellion.

In writing this book, the authors have closely adhered to their text. It is not a general history of Canada from the arrival of Cabot until now—it being assumed that its readers have been taught all that already in school or college. It is only a historical sketch of a special period—the period of the rebellion—the grave, gay, and grim humours of '37. In order to do this well, the authors gathered old newspapers, old letters, old parliamentary debates and records, old books and pamphlets, and oral and written contributions from surviving veterans that were more or less actors or sufferers in those unsettled days. With much labor evidently, they examined, selected, and arranged their material, and now here, in this book, they have given us a clear, animated, and graphic record of the rebellion times in the Canadas.

In our opinion, these rebellion times, as described in this or any other such like book, are well worth one's study. It is common to denounce rebellion, as if it were only and always an unmitigated evil. For ourselves, we think that the less we have of them the better. But as doctors are sometimes required to cut and saw to preserve life, so rebellions are sometimes necessary to remove evils and promote a nation's welfare. Nay, even as the rebellion of the English barons against King John obtained the "Magna Charta," or as the British rebellion against James II., and the invitation to William, Prince of Orange, to occupy the throne, secured honest government and religious toleration

*Humours of '37, Grave, Gay, and Grim—Rebellion Times in the Canadas. By Roberta and Kathleen M. Lizars, 1877. Toronto: William Briggs.

for the people, even so, in our opinion, the rebellion times of the Canadas brought to light the grievous, irritating, and dangerous evils, which to get rid of at length led both Conservatives and Reformers to unite upon the confederation of the provinces, and so to establish in '67 that which is the boast and glory of all true Canadians—"the great Dominion of Canada,"—in which Dominion, in the eyes of the law, there are no French, English, Irish, Scotch, or Italians, but all are Canadians, and every one, be he rich or poor, entitled to protection and justice.

In further noticing this book, we shall, for the sake of brevity, confine ourselves to its three-fold alliterative division—the grave, gay, and grim humours of '37.

First, the grave humours. As the main causes of these rebellion times, the authors begin their book with two chapters, headed "Baneful Domination." These chapters refer not only to the intolerable arrogancy of the Hierarchy, of the Seigniori, and of the Family Compact, but also to the arrogancy of all those satellites who were "clothed with a little brief authority." Not only did the Hierarchy seek to dominate the State, or the Compact to seize upon all the fat offices for the benefit of themselves and their relations, but even a barrister would not shake hands with a solicitor, and every Dissenting clergyman, be he Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, was deemed unfit "to appear in an assembly of gentlemen." There was no toleration for any one to give countenance to a Reformer. "Postmaster Howard was dismissed from his office, because his ten-year-old son had been found reading a Radical newspaper." And for all these evils and the like, there was no legal remedy. Petitions and remonstrances were generally not attended to, but summarily dismissed, as the impertinences of a few nobodies or hot-headed fanatics. What man, that had any self-respect and intelligence, could always submit to endure such tyranny? It is recorded that "an old dyed-in-the-wool Tory, a writer of some note, has said,—when I look over events, which were thought all right by the Loyalists of those times, I only wonder there were not thousands of Mackenzies and Papineaus." Affairs, at that time, were, indeed, grave and serious.

Second, the gay humours. The book is throughout full of these humours, like raisins and other sweets in a fancy loaf—that is, taking the word 'gay' in its very widest meaning.

First of all, as the most proper, we notice the coronation of the Princess Victoria in '37, which, in all its grandeur as well as solemnity, is most feelingly and tastefully depicted by our authors. Her whole behaviour on that occasion shows that from the first she deserved to be what she, this sixty years after, has become—the best, and greatest, and longest-ruling Queen in the world's history. Moreover, in the like spirit, in her first message to her Parliament, she showed her prudence, and her love for all her people—making special mention of her North American subjects, that she put her trust in them, in spite of the reports that they were in a discontented, seditious state. For, in '37 there were delegates from the Canadas, Mackenzie among them, in London, seeking by petition and interview to prevail upon the British Government to adopt immediately measures to remove the serious evils with which the Canadas were then afflicted. Some of these delegates were present both at her coronation and in Parliament during the delivery of her message.

Next, in the two Governors of those times, we have another species of the gay. Sir John Colborne is represented as an able, honest governor, but, as a Loyalist of the strictest sect, a stern one. But his predecessor, Sir Francis Bond Head, in spite of some ability, is held up as somewhat ridiculous, over-confident, over-fond of sleep, showy and yet grotesque in his person and habits. There is a significant humour in the following description of him. "He owed much to a wonderful personal magnetism, old and young loved him—when they did not hate him."

As to the two Radical leaders, we have both Mackenzie and Papineau praised as energetic and eloquent, but depicted as rather vain and timid. When confronted with bodily danger, they were among the very first to act upon the maxim—"discretion is the better part of valor"—

"To run away,
That they might live to fight some other day."

Among the less prominent in those times, yet still worthy of notice for their gay humour, we have, in this book, brought before us Colonel Talbot, with his numerous eccentricities; and Colonel Prince, clothed in rough home spun, fond of merry feast, and yet of decided watchfulness and bravery in defending Windsor from those rapacious malignants who, in the darkness

of night, crossed over from Detroit to capture or more likely to plunder and burn that beautiful village. The rather warm reception given them by Colonel Prince so displeased them that they in thorough disorder soon beat a speedy retreat.

And of innumerable laughable sayings, we shall, as a specimen, give, for the sake of brevity, only one. A certain judge, in condemning a poor tailor to death for the murder of a soldier, thus concluded his sentence—"And not only did you murder him, but you did thrust, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his breeches, which are his Majesty's."

And, third, the grim humours. Here, our authors give us some most vivid, heart-rending descriptions. There is, for instance, in the beautiful village of St. Eustache, the burning, by the Loyalists, of the church, in which were enclosed quite a number of rebels with their wives and children, soldiers surrounding the building and shooting every one that attempted to escape. It is also truly a grim humour that condemned such men as Lount and Matthews to the gallows—men as true and upright, perhaps more so, than some of those who took part in assigning them to that bitter, degrading penalty.

And one of the most harrowing scenes of all is that so feelingly painted, in which we see MacKenzie confined in Buffalo in a felon's small, bare room, the access to which was up a steep ladder, and to be entered only by passing through the room in which were the axes and the suspended ropes for carrying out the death-penalty upon the lowest and worst of criminals. To the scantiness of the fare, and the grim solitariness of the place, there must be added the laceration of his most tender affections. Mourning over his sick wife, over four daughters buried, and his mother, nearly ninety years of age, whom from infancy till death he revered and loved with all his soul, and a darling daughter apparently drawing nigh to her last end—it was only with difficulty that he twice obtained leave to visit them, and that only for a comparatively short time, and accompanied by a lower-gaol official, filthy and brutal looking, who never allowed him to be out of his sight; and when his mother died, he was not allowed to attend the funeral, although from a small window in his cell he had the melancholy satisfaction to see the mournful

procession as it passed by on the street in front of his prison. Poor MacKenzie! thy life's struggle was hard, but it was not useless. In thine own way, thou wert one of the precursors towards the establishment of the Dominion. When a boy, in that city up the Tay twenty miles from his birth-city, I heard and read of the MacKenzie rebellion. And shortly after I had come to Canada, in the early spring of 1861, and was with a friend, Mr. R. J. Wylie of Grange Avenue, walking along the south side of King Street, just opposite to Toronto Street, he suddenly said to me "Do you see that gentleman? That is MacKenzie." I looked and saw a venerable old man; but he appeared so quiet and respectable, that he would have been one of the last men that I would have suspected of being, perhaps, the most stormy spirit in the rebellion times:

The last chapter in this book, named "The Deborahs," is so good, that it deserves, we think, a special place in this notice. In the rebellion times there were here and there all over the Canadas many Deborahs, distinguished by their heroism, and yet, as every woman should be, "gentle women, ever kind." Some of these Deborahs, still living, have—not only orally but by written letter about what they saw, and did, and suffered in those times, —contributed to the matter of this chapter. One of them, we can't tell who, as a good specimen, we single out:

A poor rebel, after one of the numerous skirmishes, was compelled through the defeat of his party to fly for his life. After a long flight through the bush, having lost his way, fatigued, cold, hungry, and his clothing all in tatters, he saw a house remote from any other. He approached and knocked at the door. It was opened by the mistress of the house, the only person then in it, happily for the poor hunted rebel. She took him in, warmed him, fed him, clothed him, and led him out to the path following which he was most likely to make his escape safely. And, for a long time, she kept this incident locked up in her breast. And why? Her husband was the magistrate, and had the incident become known he would have been severely punished. Moreover, the lady herself was a keen, sincere loyalist. But she had a true woman's heart. As I read of this incident, methinks I saw the Master looking lovingly down, and heard Him approvingly saying—"She hath done what she could."

In concluding this notice, we may state that there are a few minor matters in the book with which we do not sympathise. But of Homer it has been said that "he sometimes nods, and even sleeps." And Sir Walter Scott is blamed for having, in his brilliant novel of *Ivanhoe*, not a few ungrammatical sentences, and for depicting a herd of swine in an English forest feeding upon the acorns at a season when no acorns could be there. Even so, though dissenting from a few things connected with this book, we end as we began this notice—"for this new book we have much regard.

THOMAS WILSON.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.

EDITORS.

HAMLET'S CHARACTER AS IT APPEARED TO CLAUDIUS.

A STUDY IN SOLILOQUIES.

Day One: Act One. Scenes One to Three.

SCENE: A secluded part of the palace garden: enter Claudius, King of Denmark, late at night:—

Claudius:—O God, O God, Thy name upon these lips
Is as the dove poised on the charnel-house,
Loathing her place, and in expectancy
Essaying upward flight,—ay! look ye then:
Why is't all arrant knaves outstrip the rest
In shrieking out the Name, forevermore
That's meaningless to them, or worse, far worse?
My curse upon't! I'll not do it grace,—
To Thee I rather cry, O Thou Dread Fiend,
Satan thy name, and my malicious Lord!

Grant healing. Thou, give me my full delight
Till years have sped and I am Thine of right !

To-day I opened court ; ay, ay, O ay !
What say'st Thou, Satan, 'twas too hastily ?
Ah me ! Most true 'tis I was ill-prepared
To work upon my cousin Hamlet's temper
With wary diligence, as I had thought.
What utter'st thou ? Belike he cannot know,
He is but peevish and morose of nature,
How could he know ? There was no witness by
When—

Oh, curse thee, Claudius, thou'rt a fool indeed,
Thou'rt cautious. thou ! Ha, ha, damnation ! What ?
What must thou bawl then, O thou clever knave ?
Again to't, come ! At length my courage mounted
high

And so indeed my blood ! I spoke to him
And curiously demanded of his woe,
Whereat he drave me a sharp-pointed dart
Of meaning, all reproachful of my crown.
Then Gertrude spoke, (ever my dearest dame,
O Gertrude, I have doomed my soul for thee !)
And gently chided his unmanly grief,
And lighten'd him of unavowed death,—
Yet straightway answered he in riddles still.
Then praised I his commendable sorrow
For his dead father, yet I rather strove
To harp upon his weary stubbornness,
His harsh demeanour, void of faith and reason,
And, ending, spake of my fair love to him,
My soul resenting that enacted lie
As tho' in him it saw perpetual bane.
Again 'twas Gertrude : her he answered kind
And I, albeit with inward irritance,
Clutching at the occasion, now so apt
For cousinly conciliation, so
Profess'd conviction of his loyalty,
That courage thrill'd me unto new-born hope

And gave the lie unto my soul again ;
Then straightway, waiting not his moody drift
I seized on Gertrude, and departed swift.

Why this dark terror of unceasing fear ?
Oh, say it, hell ! O wicked, woeful king,
For lust and crime condemn'd to gnawing pain
And constant dwelling on the noxious cause !
God, I defy Thee ! I must have my will
In spite of heaven or of Hamlet still.

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet.

"So excellent a King ! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr. . ."

"My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. . ."

"It is not, nor it cannot come to good."

"My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play :"

Day Two : Act I. Scenes 4 and 5.

"The King doth wake to-night. . ."

"O my prophetic soul ! My uncle !"

"O villain, smiling, damned villain !"

"So uncle, there you are."

"The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !"

(Interval of about Two Months.)

II.

Day Three : Act II., Scenes 1 and 2.

Scene as before ; enter Claudius, as before :—

Claudius :—Again the wretched gaspings of my soul,
A curse upon't,—it shall not cry in hell !
Stifled, destroy'd, ay ! there's the remedy,

That pompous-mouthing knave, Polonius
 Now doth me certain service : ' Hamlet's mad,'
 He states with full assurance of the case,—
 Mad with the ecstasy of fruitless love,
 Mad for Ophelia,—Oh, the joyful thought
 Sped thrilling to my brain : Hamlet is mad !
 No more the guilty fear of sudden doom,
 Nought else to feign but sympathetic grief,—
 My good Polonius, thou hast well bethought,—
 He's mad ! He's mad ! No more he'll trouble me,
 ' He's mad ! ' I said, ' O sorrow, but 'tis sure !'
 And Hamlet's self lends countenance to this,
 His own worst witness, for his wilder ways
 And fierce behaviour stamp him lunatic.
 I fear his violence ; whence his cunning comes
 I cannot make conjecture, what he knows
 How can I gather who am powerless ?
 I fear me he knows all—he eyes me so—
 But comprehend I cannot *how* he doth !
 What recks it ! I have dubbed him madman now
 And the two spies have set upon his heels
 The reason to lay bare. 'Twas politic
 Thus before Gertrude and th' assembled court
 To order it. Perchance, too, they may learn
 His source of irritation. I profess'd
 Failure of all conjecture further than
 His father's death. Ay, soul, I lied again,
 But, silence, thou ! I have not lied in vain.

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet :—

" *It cannot be*
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
O vengeance !

" *The play's the thing*
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

III.

Day Four: Act III., Act IV, Scenes 1 to 3.

Scene and time as before ; enter Claudius.

Claudius :—A day of misery ! A day of pain !
 O, Satan, Thou hast double gain in me,
 Thy hellish torments are not strange on earth
 For earthly anguish ever seems of hell.
 Woe's me ! a traitor and an erring fool !
 But pass recriminations,—no more on't,
 For now I'll ponder on the day's events :—
 The spies returning, them I questioned,
 False Guildenstern and falser Rosencrantz,
 (O false and fickle world ! O wholly false !)
 As with a firm presumption of his madness ;
 For answer each did make the other's word
 Conjoined with his a petty mystery,
 Weighting me heavy with a formless fear,
 And shrouding me in thick mists of dismay ;
 But still dissembling at the end of all—
 The message that, conceiving, *he* had sent
 (A thousand horrors seize him !) of the play
 Shortly to be enacted 'fore the King.
 The rogues departed, and at once I plunged
 In worse hypocrisy,—to spy myself
 With knave Polonius,—to spy out Hamlet
 As he should suddenly affront Ophelia
 Station'd within his way. Then that old fool,—
 (O Hell ! to think on't) he, Polonius, gives
 His irksome precepts and instructive rules
 Unto Ophelia for her present bearing,
 Remarking on the futile hypocrite
 Who o'erdoes all, and thus is over-reach'd ;
 And tho' my heart well'd up in bitterness
 Against him, yet constraining me, it cried
 In cruel anguish and remorsefulness
 So smiting e'en *my* ears with piercing sound—
 Albeit craftily the words were low,

Needs must have been, oh, surely, surely must !
 Else did Polonius their meaning drink—
 That I remember them as tho' they were
 The voice of God Himself :—" O, 'tis too true !
*How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
 science !*

*The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.
 O heavy burthen !"* Sudden as begun,
 So sudden ceas'd, for now did Hamlet come
 In mournful meditation on th' event
 Of all his turmoil ; nathless not a word
 He utter'd that could tell me if aright
 I judg'd his knowledge. Now he sees Ophelia,
 And surely acts the madman prettily.
 (Would God he were mad ! pray he may be mad !)
 For suddenly my soul grew faint with fear
 Again, as 'twill forever rise and fall
 In vain hope, sure despair, and callousness.
 In veiled allusions, yet with meaning blent
 All grim and terrible, he shows his mind
 To be possess'd of divers surmisings
 That come too near to truth, ah ! all too near !
 Marry, he even prov'd it his intent
 To do the murder of a married life
 In one too base to live. Ah me ! but worse
 Remains to tell, to ponder, to rehearse.

The play ! The play ! Suspicion certainty,
 Dread hatred, misery the keenest hurt,—
 So grew the horrid aspect in his brain's
 Conception of the first revengeful blow.
 Short parley held I with him at the first,
 Uneasy I, and fearful of his look,—
 O damned Satan, Thou hast cheated me,
 Why didst Thou tell him ? How came *he* to know ?
 O lost ! forever lost ! O bitter day,

'Tis pain and death and wickedness always!

.

Ay, but 'twas passing strange! I did not wince
 Since I was half prepar'd for that to come:
 For Hamlet's scrutiny in furtive looks,
 For all the vile unfolding of the plot
 Conceived by me and executed so,—
 I gaz'd unmoved and was steadfast still
 Before the horrid culminating deed:
 The murd'rous poison in the very place
 And self-same method that I knew so well.
 Ah, Hamlet! truly I do fear thee much,
 Omniscient one, if god, or man, or fiend!
 Then I arose, as one who wakes from sleep
 Affrighted, trembling at a wanton dream,
 And heard *his* sneer and felt his thrilling glance
 And almost felt his no less piercing sword,
 And rush'd away bewilder'd and undone,
 Unto the palace now so hardly won.

.

'Sdeath, how I hate this soul-espying Hamlet!
 Ay! hate and curse, tho' unavailingly,
 Not therefore ceasing ever to rebel
 In utter anger at the thought that gave
 Him being. Oh that he were dead, were dead!
 Ha! that's a tripping chorus to my ear:—

*'Life and Death,
 Deceit, Despair,
 So shall the varlets vary;
 A stifling breath
 Cuts off our care,
 Now by'r Lady Mary
 Life, Death
 Everywhere,
 Must take us all unwary!'*

.

God! what a knave! A very jingling fool
 Would think on't in more sober guise than I,
 But this o'er early, sudden, awful fate
 So blinds me, so amazes, that I shrink
 Exhausted from contemplating the scene.
 Well, as the puff'd Polonius saith: perpend,
 I sent me Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
 Unto the Terror, for to intercede
 Some slightly. But 'twas all in vain I sent.
 On their return my sudden mood declar'd
 Its sovereign will that Hamlet should proceed
 To England, (there to die a crafty death).
 Polonius came, informed me, and went
 On fresh espial planning and intent.

*“ O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murther ! Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? . . . O bosom black as death !
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
 All may be well.”* (Retires and kneels).

(Rising). “ My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;

Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

IV.

Later at Night.

And then, Oh, how it seemeth but a dream,
 He show'd his glaring and accusing mind
 Unto the Queen,—and stabb'd Polonius
 In passion and in fierce resentment of
 His rash intrusion. Gertrude came to me
 And told me all ; that I received with ease,—
 Albeit in anguish,—knowing 'twas to come,
 And straight discern'd an all-sufficient cause,
 For instant shipment of the mad young prince
 Upon the English voyage,—so I spake
 Unto him, after useless questionings
 Concerning his late deed and disposition
 Of th' empty corpse,—so I spake and urged
 Dispatch and all obedience to command,
 All which he came to promise meek enough,—
 "And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense. . .
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me : till I know 'tis done,
 How'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun."

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet.

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question," etc. *

*SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH: Cf. EURIPIDES:—

"Oh, that there may be nothing. If again
 Beyond the grave we wake once more to pain,
 What hope will then remain to us? To die
 Is of all ills the surest remedy."

And on wordy madness:—

"Quid est enim tam furiosum, quam verborum vel optimorum atque ornatissimorum sonitus inanis, nulla subjecta sententia nec scientia?"

CICERO, *De Oratore.*

"Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof."

"Those that are married, already, all but one, shall live."

"Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt," etc.

"They are coming to the play; I must be idle."

"Marry, this is mitching mallecho."

"Wormwood! wormwood!"

"'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

"Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

"The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian."

"What, frightened with false fire?"

"Didst perceive? . . . Upon the talk of the poisoning?"

"'Tis now the very witching time of night," etc.

"Now might I do it put, now he is praying," etc.

"A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother," etc.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this," etc.

(As Claudius knows) "I essentially am not in madness," etc.

"To show you how a king may go a progress," etc.

Day Five: Act IV, Scene 4.

(Herein Hamlet's progressive soliloquy).

(Interval.)

Day Six: Act IV, Scenes 5 to 7.

Time and place as before; enter Claudius:

Claudius :—

O weary fardels of a fearsome time,—
 How willingly I would ha' done wi' them ;
 Now the poor child Ophelia 's witlessly
 Roaming, and singing tearful silly snatches,—
 Mad! but as harmless as I would *he* were.
 (O Darkest Demon, hear me in distress!)
 Then comes Laertes, hard to pacify,
 All raging into rank rebellion
 For 's father's sake, and waxing still more wild
 As lo! his sweet young sister he observes.
 Then, to add hell to purgatory, comes
 The news of Hamlet's escapade, and his
 Return unto the kingdom. Still a path
 I keenly saw throughout the labyrinth
 And told Laertes; he a poison'd sword
 Shall take, and slay the Terror, ah! at last,
 In free, fair battle; I, should that weapon fail,
 Will have prepar'd an innocent death-cup;
 So all is sure, God wot! he must return?
 Then must he suffer for 't and for all
 The past; he'll not escape his hidden doom.
 And now Ophelia's drown'd, Laertes' rage
 Nothing but Hamlet's ruin shall assuage.

Parallel progress in the mind of Hamlet.
 His letter to Horatio; his letter to Claudius.
 Scenes with Laertes, with Horatio.

VI.

Day Seven: Act V, Scenes 1 and 2.

The King's thoughts: before and during the duel:—

Claudius :—

All augurs well. The churchyard quarrelling
 And fierce love-rivalry o'er her dead corpse,

Becomes occasion ample and befitting
Of further conflict.

(Hamlet reveals all to Horatio).

" Now begins the fight !

*Set me the stoups of wine upon the table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire....
Now the King drinks to Hamlet ! Come, begin ;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye."*

(They Play.)

*" Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
Here's to thy health."*

Gives him the cup.

" Our son shall win," (shall win hell's parapet !)

" Gertrude, do not drink.

(Aside) It is the poison'd cup, it is too late."

" Part them ; they are incens'd."

" She swoons to see them bleed ! Alas, she dies !"

(Stabbed by Hamlet, furiously).

" O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt."

Hamlet at last reveals himself to Claudius:—

" Here, thou incestuous, murtherous, damned Dane.

VII.

The Eternal Night :

Claudius (in hell) :

" O Master mine, O Monarch, hear me shriek !

I burn ! I burn ! I burn ! O, how I burn
 With raging fire, unquenchable ! O Satan, list !
 If ever I have said an honest word,
 If ever I have done a kindly deed,
 If ever I have had remorseful thought,
 O, hear me ! Bid grim Death revisit me !
 Malignant fiend ! hear me wail and scream,—
 God, hearest Thou ?
 O, piercing agony !

G. HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

GRISELDA.

The three names which shed most lustre on English literature are those of Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer. From age to age the fame of Shakespeare increases and his works become more widely known. There is scarcely anyone who is not more or less acquainted with our great Epic, and reveres the name of Milton. But it is in name only that most of us are familiar with the last great name of Chaucer.

This neglect is to be deplored, not merely as showing lack of respect to the restorer of our national language and the father of English poetry, but because his literary excellence is such as merits our close attention. Chaucer possesses the strength, rare buoyancy, and spontaneity of the first impulse of a nation's lusty youth. He is always fresh. He is full of variety. He has quaint wit and a kindly, cheerful spirit. Naturalness and simplicity mark his work. He has an admirable gift for story-telling. But above everything is he famous for his incomparable art of portraiture. In the most natural, easy way he draws a picture, and with fine intention he divines and endows it with its spirit essence, and puts before us a living individual character.

Chaucer is so genial, generous and just in his portrayals that his treatment of female characters causes us some surprise : and we can attribute it only to his compliance with the custom of the day. For, after the fashion of his contemporaries, Chaucer expended a vast amount of satire and questionable wit on the

subject of women; and were evidence of his high regard and respectful courtesy to the sex to be judged by bulk alone, I fear he would make a poor showing.

But his poet's conscience began to prick him for his ungal-lant doing. So he tells us how one fine May day he had gone to sleep in a leafy bower, and he dreamed that he saw the God of Love, and his Queen and nineteen fair ladies. The God of Love, seeing him, asked who he was, and when he found out, began to upbraid him and arraign him for his heresies. And Love says:—

“ What dostow here,
In my presence and that so boldely ?
It were better worthy, trewely,
That a worm come into my sight.
Thou art my mortal foe and me warreyst.
And, natheless, answer me now to this,
Why noldest thou as well han seyde goodness,
Of women, as thou hast seyde wickkedness ?
Was there no good matere in thy mind ?
Ne in alle thy books couldst thou not find
Sum story of women that were good and true ?
Yis ! God wot, sixty books, old and new
Hast thou thyself, all full of stories grete
Of sundry women, whiche lyf they ladde
An ever a hundred good ageyn oon bad.
But yet, I seye, what yleth thee to wryte
The draf of stories and foreget the corn ?
By Saint Venus, that my moder is
If that thou lyve, thou shalt repenten this
So cruelly that hit shall well be sene.”

And Love reviewing all his heretical writings is for condemning him in anger when his Queen interferes. She pleads so touchingly for Chaucer that he is allowed to go with the easy penance of writing the lives of twenty virtuous women.

Alas, for the sincerity of the poet's repentance, I am sorry to add that the tedium of his task overcame him before he had passed the ninth story.

But before Chaucer had so far gone astray as to merit such harsh charges and before the writing of fair, honorable tales was performed as a penance, he wrote a story of such tender beauty as he never again produced.

When Chaucer went on his first tour to Italy he had the

good fortune to meet Petrarch. At the meeting Petrarch related a story, which, on account of its loveliness he had just translated from the Latin. When Chaucer came home, inspired by the beauty of the tale itself, the charm added by the narrator, and perhaps by a desire to do homage to that immortal lover-poet, he wrote in English the exquisitely pathetic tale of *Griselda*.

The poet tells how a young Italian marquis chooses for his wife a good and beautiful peasant girl. But before he marries her he makes her promise that she will obey him in all things. She answers—

“ Lord, undigne and unworthy
Am I to thilke honor, that ye me bede
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I,
And heer I swere, that never willingly
In werk ne thoght, I nil you disobeye
For to be deed, and me were loth to deye.”

In her new life she bears herself with such wisdom and sweet dignity that

“ Though that ever virtuous was she
She was encessed in swich excellence,
And so discreet and fair of cloquence,
So benigne and digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrace
That each her loved that looked on her face.”

She settles difficulties and redresses wrongs, and men begin to believe that she is not the old peasants' daughter but some creature sent from Heaven to do good.

The marquis, watching his wife day by day, marvels at her excellence, and cannot comprehend such perfection. He tries her in many little ways, finding no change in her. At last, he conceived the strange passion of putting her to a crucial test. He pretended that the people scorned to be ruled over by the children of a peasant: and challenging her to keep the promise she made him on her wedding day, he tells her that her little daughter must be taken away and killed. *Griselda* hears this without a sign, and then responds:—

“ Ther may no thing, God so my soule save,
Lyken to yoo that may displese me.
Ne I desyre no thing for to have
Ne dreda for to lose—save only ye.”

This answer delights Lord Walter, but making no sign, the child is sent away. Then in silent wonder he watches his wife, as day by day, she continues to be—

“ As glad, as humble, as busy in service
And eek in love, as she was wont to be,
Ne of hir doghter not a word spak she.”

Four years pass, and a son is born to them. Again the marquis cannot resist tempting his wife. He comes to her with the same plea, and tells her she must part with her second child. Without a murmur of reproach the boy is given up. She says: “Doth with your owne thing right what you list.” And the second time, marvelling, the marquis keeps strict watch over his wife.

“ But never coude he find variance ;
She was ay oon in herte, and in visage,
And ay the further that she was in age
The more true, if that 'twere possible
She was to him in love, and more penible.”

“ But there been folk of swich condicioun
That when they have a certain purpose take
They can not stint of hir entencioun.”

So with Lord Walter, in spite of the surpassing proofs of fidelity and patience in his gentle wife, his demand knows no limit, and he is seized with a madness to try her to the uttermost.

Calling her to him one day, he tells her that the people constrain him to take a new wife, and as he has been granted dispensation by the church to marry again, she must leave him and go back to her old home. This is the final, crushing, heart-breaking blow. Griselda is bowed beneath it. But as she turns to go, with an exquisite dignity and pathetic grace, that make remorse sting deeper than the bitterest reproach, Griselda says in her farewell:

“ And of your newe wyf, God of his grace
So graunte you wele and prosperitec.”

As the time of the marquis' second marriage draws near, the whole country rings with the beauty, wealth and high birth

of the bride. On the day of the wedding Lord Walter sends for Griselda to come and put the palace in order for the new marchioness and order the feast, as she alone is capable. At last the bride arrives with her brother and all her train, and is seen to be a very beautiful, high-born maiden. When they are about to sit down to the feast, the marquis call Griselda, who is busy serving, to come and tell him how she likes his bride.

"Right well," responds Griselda, with no touch of envy or jealousy.

"A fairer saw I never noon than she,
I pray to God, give her prosperitee."

"But," she entreats, and this is the only kind of reproach that she ever utters:—

"Ne prikke with no tormentinge
This tendre mayden as ye have doon me."

Then at last Lord Walter is overcome. He shows his wife her long lost son and daughter in the supposed bride and her brother. He explains his ruse to test her endurance, and clasping her in his arms exclaims:—

"Now know I, dear wyf, thy stedfastness
Grisild, by God that for us dyde
Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have
Ne never had, so God my soul save."

It would be easy enough to turn the search light of modern, practical criticism on this quaint old story, and dissolve into nothingness its sad little plot and improbable characters. But as Petrarch found it worthy to tell to his poet-guest from over the sea, and he in turn found it worthy to be made his most tenderly beautiful poem, and as such it has kept its place, and often served as a model through all these years, so let us refrain from destroying its pathetic loveliness.

Among the motley crowd of faces, grave and gay, noble and lowly, true and false, that are in Chaucer's portrait gallery, the face of patient Griselda shines down upon us, so beautiful, so calm, so true, so infinitely tender, so utterly apart; and those meek eyes, that brow of tender constancies, remain forever, the home, the shrine, the resting place of those rare graces—patience and obedience.

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

Editorial Notes.

A SECOND edition of a volume of Canadian poems is rare enough, but a second edition within eight months is unprecedented in the history of Canadian poetry. This unique distinction has been achieved by Dr. Rand's volume "At Minas Basin." The first edition of this book appeared in April of last year, and the demand was large enough to require a second edition in December. The new volume contains about twenty new poems, every one of them worthy of a place therein and several equal to the very best in the first volume. In another issue we hope to give the new poems a more extended notice, and therefore for the present rest satisfied with offering our hearty congratulations to Dr. Rand upon the warm welcome his volume has received. In this connection we might note his poem written for Founder's Day, which we publish this month. It is one of his happiest efforts in honor of that occasion. The artistic and appropriate decoration thereto is the work of Glen H. Campbell, oo', son of Professor Campbell.

THE writer of the article on "Humours of '37," is the Rev. Thomas Wilson, a friend of the editor's who kindly consented to contribute to *THE MONTHLY* a short review of the historical volume of that name written by Misses Robina and Kathleen M. Lizars, of Stratford, and lately published by William Briggs. Mr. Wilson is well qualified for the task. Though not a witness of the rebellion, he was still near enough to it to be much more familiar with the incidents of it than we of a younger generation. His hair is white as snow, but he yet retains much of the buoyant spirit of youth, and yields to no one in lively interest in the things of the present. There is seldom a day passes on which he does not read his Homer or Virgil in the original, or spend an hour or so with a French or German classic, not to mention the great writers of our own tongue. A graduate of the historic Scotch University of St. Andrews, he is deeply interested in all that pertains to education, and particularly in the training of young men for the Christian ministry. He is a fine type of that happy combination of learning and devout spirituality that made so many Scotch ministers not only pastors of their flocks, but also "domsies" of young men who wished to enter the University. Happy the young man who learned Latin and Greek from such men! Perhaps some day Mr. Wilson may be induced to tell us something about Scotch Universities in the forties.

Book Reviews.

THE BAPTIST PRINCIPLE.*

The reading of this book has been a genuine treat. It is always a pleasure to read a masterly treatment of any important subject if it be at all within one's range. And this is such a book. One rises from its perusal with the impression that the author knows his subject as well as any man has ever known it, and that he has produced *the* work on the subject.

The Baptist Principle is declared to be obedience to Christ, and it is unfolded with great clearness and ability. The main purpose of the book is to show the bearing of that principle upon Baptism and the Lord's Supper and the various questions that have grown up in connection with them. This is done with an accuracy of scholarship and a precision of logic that is simply invincible.

The *scope* of the work is indicated by the titles of the 39 chapters, among which we would like to mention the following: "The Principle Defined"; "Obedience and the Spirit of obedience"; "The Two Ordinances Appointing Baptism, 'Baptize' and 'Be Baptized'"; "The Great Commission: what it Teaches about Baptism"; "Obedience and Common Sense"; "Common Sense and Baptism"; "Common Sense and Close Communion"; "How Baptist Practice would have prevented the Papacy"; "What Close Communion Really Is"; "The Amenities of Close Communion"; "The Sentimental View of Communion"; "The Future of 'Open Communion' among American Baptists"; "How Baptists should Treat Baptist Dissenters"; "Feet-Washing as a Rite." These sample titles give promise of a generous bill of fare, do they not? The promise is more than fulfilled in the performance. The treatment is well nigh exhaustive.

The *thoroughness* of the discussion is remarkable, and by its thoroughness it supplies, we believe, a felt want in our Baptist polemics. The exegesis of Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 1 Cor. x. 2, is worth the price of the book to anyone who appreciates the importance of a thorough knowledge of the pivotal passages in any controversy. These two, especially, are remarkable specimens of exegetical skill. They combine the knowledge of the expert in grammar with great

* The Baptist Principle—(Revised and enlarged edition). By Prof. W. C. Wilkinson. 12mo., 300 pp. Price \$1.25. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

logical acumen and unflinching common sense. And these again are but specimens of many passages upon which light is thrown.

The frankness of the discussion is no less enjoyable than its thoroughness. Dr. Wilkinson is very careful to draw a sharp distinction between what is certain and what is probable. His discussion of Jno. iii : 5, is an example. Here many will differ with him in his view of the meaning of the phrase "born of water." But here he expressly disclaims dogmatizing, and certainly all who accept his view of that phrase—and they are probably a comfortable majority—must acknowledge the weight of the argument drawn from it. There is just one passage in which we have felt that a possible objection has not been anticipated and explicitly met. An objection might be based on the sudden change of construction in Acts ii. 38 from the 2nd pers. act. in *μετανοήσατε*, to the 3rd pers. pass. in *βαπτισθήτω*, and it might be urged that that change opens the way for the passive baptism of the infant. As a matter of fact the objection is answered on p. 58 f., But it is not done explicitly; and an enquiring Pædo-Baptist, raising the objection from the grammatical standpoint, might fail to perceive the answer because it is given from the standpoint of the context. And he might be pardoned for this the more readily, for the very reason that the grammatical treatment is uniformly so thorough. But this is about the only flaw that we have been able to discover in the book. It is so thorough and exhaustive that all the pleas and excuses that, in good faith or in bad, have been made for infant sprinkling, are here hunted down relentlessly. We see no possible escape for our Pædo-baptist friends or for open communion Baptists.

But if Dr. Wilkinson's logic is merciless his spirit throughout is excellent. He never calls hard names, but strictly observes all the amenities of honorable and brotherly discussion. The views of others are stated fairly and as strongly as possible, and then put with admirable frankness and faithfulness. The book is a model in this respect. Incidentally many topics of current interest are touched upon, such as the comparative authority of the Apostles, and of Christ; the liberty of Baptist teachers; the difference in the treatment to be accorded dissenting teachers and dissenting members; the greater decline of infant baptism in close communion America as compared with open communion England, the Scriptural Authority for Feet-washing, etc.

We beg to commend this volume to all our readers—pastors, deacons, rank and file. We would like to commend it earnestly to our friends in other denominations,—to all who call Jesus Christ their Lord. There is much here to clear our thinking, ripen judgement, promote love of truth, and increase confidence in frank discussion. It is a great book by a great man, and, we predict, will be the standard book on the subject for a great many generations.

J. H. F.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

THE annual amount spent in athletics at Yale is \$59,600.—*Ex.*

THE University of North Dakota closed last June and was not reopened in the fall.—*Ex.*

THE finest gymnasium in the world, measuring 800 x 100 feet, is soon to be built at the University of Chicago.—*Ex.*

AT Cornell this year for the first time, all the work for the A.B. degree is elective.—*Ex.*

THE "no-examination" plan is being tested in Russia, the trial having three years to prove results good or bad.—*Ex.*

EACH heart is a world of nations, classes and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of growth and decay, of life and of death; the past, the present and the future; the springs of health and engines of disease; here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate, and toss the gloomy and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever restless waves.—*The Sibyl.*

SONG.

The day is dying, O my love,
 Across the crimson sea,
 And dark upon each hill and grove
 The evening shadows be.
 The world is cold,
 The world is old,
 But young and warm are we.

The night is coming, O my love
 Across the eastern sky,
 And one by one the bright stars move,
 Move on until they die.
 While through the night,
 Beneath their light,
 We wander, thou and I.

The sun divides the night from day,
 The shores divide the sea,
 And earth from heaven is far away,
 But I am close to thee;
 And sun and tide
 Can ne'er divide
 My darling's heart from me.—*Ex.*

A HOME SONG.

I.

The twilight bees to the comb,
 And the wandering bird to the nest,
 And the roaming sails turn home
 Far out in the darkening west;
 Home, home, they gladly drift,
 Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
 And the bird had loved the lift
 As the sailor the open sea.

II.

And I, who have wandered far,
 Down unremembered ways,
 With never a steadfast star
 Through all those drifting days,
 Now turn to an Inn whereof
 I know one door stands wide—
 And the rest is silence, love,
 'Till the world is shut outside.

..ARTHUR J. STRINGER, in the *Varsity*.

"I WONDER," said the philosophical student "why a fight is called a scrap," "Because it is a broken peace," replied the cheerful jester with his usual promptitude.—*Ex.*

THERE is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest Universities in the world, with a total of about 6,000 students.—*Ex.*

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY.—Some definitions, axioms, postulates and propositions. The following have a familiar sound to all who have ever tried to follow old Euclid's vagaries or boarding-house life.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

All boarding-houses are the same boarding-houses—boarders in the same boarding-house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another—a single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude. The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram, that is an oblong and angular figure which cannot be described but which is equal to anything. A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not on the same flat. All the other rooms being taken a single is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

A pie may be produced any number of times. The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions. A bee line can be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding-house. The clothes of a boarding-house bed though produced ever so far both ways will not meet. Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals. If from the opposite ends of a boarding-house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn then the stove pipe which warms the boarding-house will lie within that line.—*New York Truth*.

College News.

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

WE are always glad to see the "old boys" calling at the Hall, and this month we mention the visits of A. J. Vining, of Winnipeg; W. S. McAlpine, of Whitby; and C. N. Mitchell, of Forest. Some may have been here that we have not seen, and the only excuse for their omission here is that they did not stay with us long enough.

WE were pleased to have Rev. A. L. Therrien at our prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. In a short address he spoke of some of the many men who had been and are connected with Grande Ligne. Although we never lose interest in Grande Ligne, yet we feel that after listening to Mr. Therrien we know the work and the workers better than we ever did before.

THE Tennysonian Society met on the evening of the 14th inst., and with a good deal of enthusiasm appointed the following officers for this term: Pres., T. H. Cornish, '00; Vice-Pres., A. H. McNeill, '01; Sec.-Treas., F. N. Goble, '00; Counsellors, H. E. Jordan, '00; F. H. Phipps, '01, and P. E. Baker, '00; Editors of the *Argosy*, S. E. Grigg, '00, and M. D. Coltman, '00. S. E. Grigg resigned his position, and A. C. Watson, '01, was elected to fill the vacancy. A short animated discussion on topics relating to the welfare of the Society was led by Messrs. Brophay and Cornwall.

CENTURY CLASS held a very successful and pleasant Rally, on Jan. 7th, at the residence of Rev. E. T. Fox, 60 St. George Street. The committees having arrangements in charge did their duty well, the ladies deserving special mention. The President, F. E. Brophay, and Vice-President, Miss Gaylord, received the guests. The following programme was rendered: 1. President's address, F. E. Brophay; 2. Representatives' reply, W. P. Reekie, '98; 3. Violin solo, Mr. Langley; 4. Oration, E. A. Brownlee; 5. Class poem, S. E. Grigg. After an impromptu programme of music and recitations rendered by Misses Newman, Dryden and McLay, and Messrs. Langley and Brophay, a pleasant evening was brought to a close.

THE December meeting of the Mathematical Society was devoted to the study of the history of Geometry. Mr. Findlay, by means of a diagram, presented the development of Geometry through the centuries as compared with the contemporaneous condition of the other departments of mathematics. The subject was further treated in papers contributed by S. R. Stephens, '98, and B. R. Simpson, '99. Mr. Stephens discussed "Geometry previous to Euclid and Euclid's contribution to it." Though on so serious a subject, the paper was decidedly entertaining. The same excellent combination of qualities marked the paper on "Post-Euclidean Geometry," by B. Roy Simpson.

THE Literary and Scientific Society met on Friday, Jan. 7th, for the nomination of officers for the ensuing term. A very interesting feature of the short campaign was the speaking of the several candidates on the following Monday afternoon. Great credit is due to the retiring officers for the success of the Society during the last term, and now another good term is confidently expected. The election on Tuesday, the 11th inst. resulted as follows: Pres. W. B. H. Teakles, '98; 1st Vice-Pres., F. J. Scott, '99; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Gaylord, '00; Cor.-Sec., B. R. Simpson, '99; Sec.-Treas., S. E. Grigg, '00; Counsellors, Miss Whiteside, '98; J. H. Hannah, '99, and W. B. Tighe, '99; Editor-in-Chief, C. L. Brown, '99; Assistant Editors, W. Daniel, '98, and A. W. Vining, '98.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday evening, December 17th. The musical part of the programme consisted of a piano duet by Misses McLay and Cohoon, two delightful vocal solos by Miss Pugsley, an instrumental solo by Miss Eckhart, of Moulton College, and a chorus by the Moulton Glee Club. The literary portion was one of special interest. The evening was spent with the heroines of English literature. Each of the young ladies presented her heroine's character in a delightful manner. Miss Clemens, '01, portrayed *Evangeline's* sweet devotion; Miss Gile, '00, the character of *Tennyson's* lofty-minded Princess; Miss Newman, '99, *Shakespeare's* strong-willed *Lady Macbeth*; Miss Bailey, '98, *Browning's* blithesome *Pippa*; and Miss Whiteside, '98, patient *Griselda*, as depicted by *Chaucer*. The evening closed with the singing of the *Maple Leaf*. Many of the friends who take such a kindly interest in McMaster have expressed the pleasure afforded them in the entertainment furnished by the young ladies of the University.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in Walmer Road Baptist Church, on the evening of December 14th, '97. Though the attendance was not all that could be hoped for, the meeting was of great profit to all present. Dr. Sutherland was the speaker of the evening. He laid special emphasis upon the necessity of spirituality, definite Christian work, and thorough knowledge of the Bible for all Christians. The address was thoroughly appreciated by all present, and his sentiments were heartily endorsed. Chancellor Wallace spoke briefly of the influence which he was sure would come from the wise and stirring words which were spoken.

On December 15th, the regular monthly meeting was held. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, spoke concerning the dangers to spirituality from studiousness. He held that every gift had its dangers, but that there was nothing incompatible between intellectuality and spirituality. In fact, if properly used, student life contains in itself the greatest helps for spiritual life. The method of true student life cultivates humility, diligence and sympathy. The true subject is Truth, and the great purpose is to be a minister of Christ. These all combine to give weight to the character, and a standard of life,

which is most conducive to true spiritual life. The address was lucid and trenchant. There was a clear mind and a warm heart behind the utterance, and McMaster students will always give Principal Sheraton a hearty welcome.

Professor Farmer took up the subject of dangers to spirituality from ambition. He showed that dangers to students came along the higher lines. In combating evil the first thing is to make up one's mind that it is sin, then through Christ we must crucify it.

FOUNDER'S DAY is now the McMaster gala day. For the last two or three years, as the student body has been growing in numbers and experience, Founder's night has been celebrated to the best of our ability. But this year the Committee of Arrangements had large plans in operation, which made the exercises of Founder's night a decided success. About twelve hundred invitations were sent out, and to accommodate all these friends, the building was thrown open from top to bottom. The Decorating Committee took the decorations in hand, and with the aid of bunting and flags made the bare walls of our halls and class rooms look very pretty. The students in residence co-operated with the Decorating Committee, and after tastily decorating their rooms, opened them up for the rendezvous and cosy corners to those tired of promenading. Special mention must be made of the Klondike Hotel, which was certainly unique in its appointments. It had many visits from sight-seers, but owing to a certain frigidity of atmosphere, its register showed very few names of guests who stayed longer than necessary. The Committee had also arranged for promenades in the corridors. We have ample accommodation for five hundred promenaders, and most of the space was utilized during the various numbers of the musical programme. The music was furnished by the Cornish Orchestra, which played a first rate list of selections.

At 8 p.m. the exercises in memory of our Founder were conducted in the Dining Hall. These were opened by prayer, after which Dr. Rand's Memorial Poem was read. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid delivered the memorial address, which appears elsewhere in the present issue.

After these exercises two programmes were rendered during the evening for the entertainment of those who did not take part in the promenades. The thanks of the University are due the friends who so kindly gave us their services for the evening. The programme in the Dining Hall, beginning at 9.15 p.m., was composed of the following numbers:—

| | | | | |
|-------------|---------|--------------------------|---------|--------------|
| Chorus | | "The Lost Chord," | | Sullivan |
| | | Glee Club. | | |
| Reading | | Selected, | | — |
| | | Mrs. Ross. | | |
| Violin Solo | | March from "Tannhäuser," | | Wagner-Erust |
| | | Miss Walmsley. | | |
| Solo | | "The Carnival" | | Molloy |
| | | Miss Magson. | | |
| Reading | | "Caleb's Courtship," | | — |
| | | Miss Dryden, '00. | | |
| Solo | | Selected, | | — |
| | | Mr. H. M. Fletcher. | | |

The programme in the Chapel, beginning at 10 p.m., was entirely musical :—

| | | | | |
|-------------|----------|--|----------|------------|
| Chorus | | "Mother Goose Medley," | | Gracey |
| | | Glee Club. | | |
| Solo | | "Bird from O'er the Sea," | | White |
| | | Miss Liddell. | | |
| Violin Solo | | Danse Polonaise, | | Scharwenka |
| | | Miss Walmsley. | | |
| Solo | | Selected, | | — |
| | | Mr. H. M. Fletcher. | | |
| Piano Duet | | Orphée aux Enfers, | | Wm. Kuhe |
| | | Miss N. D. Cohoon, '00. Miss B. E. McLay, '00. | | |
| Cornet Solo | | Variations on "Old Kentucky Home," | | — |
| | | Mr. E. J. Farringer. | | |

The scientific apparatus of the University was displayed in Room 8, under the supervision of W. Findlay, '96, and in Room 11, G. H. Grant, '99, gave an illustrated lecture with stereopticon views. Both these rooms were visited by large numbers of the guests.

To complete these arrangements to entertain our friends, the Reception Committee were indefatigable in their efforts to make all feel at home, and considering the immensity of their task, they are worthy of the highest commendation.

At last we have a skating rink of our own in full operation. This is another evidence of the fact that McMaster boys intend to be behind in no particular. The rink is fully equipped, having a large-sized skating rink, as well as the hockey rink. Much of the success of the enterprise is due to the indefatigable efforts of R. D. George, B.A.

ANNUAL STUDENTS' DINNER. — On the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 21st, the McMaster students had the privilege of entertaining at their annual dinner the Senate and Faculty, together with representatives from other colleges and from the learned professions. If the quality of a dinner depends upon the menu provided, we certainly may pronounce ours a success, and if, further, the speeches are a basis of judgment, we may pronounce it a "huge" success. Regarding the dinner, we will say nothing but will follow the advice of the committee, and "Shut up in measureless content." The toast list was not so long as to be wearisome, and the speeches were well thought out and well delivered. After the toast to the Queen had been duly honored, the toast to the University was proposed by F. J. Scott, '99, and responded to by Dr. Welton, on behalf of the Faculty, and by Dr. Tracy, on behalf of the Senate. These speeches interested all present, and in them the speakers emphasized the work that McMaster is attempting to do and her success in performing it. S. E. Grigg, '00, proposed the toast to sister institutions, which was responded to by the representatives from other colleges. The representatives present were as follows:—Western University, Dr. Tupper; Queens, Mr. Edminson; Victoria, Mr. Perry; Knox, A. R. Gregory; Wycliffe, Mr. Hunter; Dentals, W. Woodrow, and from Des Moines, H. H. Newman. All expressed their pleasure at being present, and brought to McMaster

the hearty good-will of the colleges they represented. The toast to the learned professions was proposed by J. H. King, and responded to by Rev. J. B. Warnicker, on behalf of the ministry; by C. J. Holman, on behalf of law; and by Dr. C. L. Starr, on behalf of medicine. The toast to the ladies was proposed by A. B. Cohoe, '98, after which a pleasant event was brought to a close by the singing of "*Auld Lang Syne*."

FRIDAY evening the 14th inst. the graduating class in Arts held their annual rally at the home of Mrs. Whiteside, 619 Spadina Avenue. Class '98 in the three preceding years during which they have been in the University have invariably had successful rallies, but the one this year was not surpassed by any former one in the enjoyment which all present took out of it. The class were honored on this occasion by the presence of the Honorary President, Dr. Rand, who was accompanied by Mrs. Rand. At the beginning of the evening a short programme was rendered, consisting of a piano solo by Mr. Teakles, an address by the President, Mr. Charters, the representatives' reply by Mr. R. Routledge, B.A., a poem by Mr. Daniel and an oration by Mr. Vining. The poem of Mr. Daniel's was a great success. It was replete with rhyme and had the necessary number of feet, nor did it lack the higher elements of deep poetical thought. Mr. Vining's oration was serious in tone and voiced the regret that every member of the class feels at having to leave in the near future the pleasant halls of McMaster. On the programme was printed a graceful poem of Dr. Rand's written for the occasion.

Broadens now the flowing river,
Comrades, feather clean your oars,
Sit in order true as ever,
Near we now the tidal shores.

Singing all the winding way,
Through the hills and meadow lands,
In the cloudy, cloudless day,
Past we rapids, shining strands.

Deep voiced now the sea is calling,
Comrades, greet it, hearts elate!
Every fear with hope forestalling,
Onward, onward, ninety-eight.

MOULTON COLLEGE

LINA GIBSON, MARION TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE trying ordeal of examinations, which is our Christmas treat, is now past, and we can once more breathe freely for a few months.

OUR annual Christmas dinner, which is always looked forward to, was provided a little earlier this year, as our Principal, Miss Dicklow, left for her vacation shortly before the close of school.

AFTER spending a very enjoyable Christmas vacation, most of the students have returned to their labors. We were all pleased to welcome back three "Old Girls," who had not returned at the opening of school in September, and we were also glad to see a number of new faces.

On January the 7th a business meeting of the Heliconian was called to appoint officers for the term. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Iva Leonard; Secretary, Miss Mary Wrigley; Treasurer, Miss Grace Brophay. Misses Edwards and Thomson were elected editors of the Heliconian, while Misses Thrall, Lina Gibson and Marion Taylor were elected to supply Moulton Notes to the *McMASTER MONTHLY*. Misses Schultz, A. Nicholas and I. Burke were elected to act on the Programme Committee,

THE following is the programme of our Christmas closing exercises, which were held on Dec. 18th:—

| | | | | |
|------------|---------|--------------------------|---------|-----------------|
| Piano Solo | | "Arabesque," | | Miss Eckhardt |
| Reading | | "How we Killed the Rat," | | Miss G. Wallace |
| Recitation | | "Poor Little Joe," | | Miss F. Davis |
| Reading | | "The Legend Beautiful," | | Miss T. Kerr |
| Pantomime | | "An Afternoon Tea," | | Junior Class |
| Recitation | | "Love me, Love my Dog," | | Miss M. Wallace |
| Reading | | "Porphyria's Lover," | | Miss Rubidge |
| Drill | | "Vestal Virgin Drill," | | Senior Class |

This very pleasing programme was listened to and enjoyed by a large audience. Even before the time for the commencement of the exercises, the chapel was crowded. All the young ladies took their parts successfully; the pantomime by the Junior Class being especially noteworthy. The girls did both their teacher and themselves great credit, and Mrs. Ross deserves to be congratulated. We were very much pleased that Miss Trotter's health permitted her to attend the closing.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: S. R. TARR, M.A., . . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

The prospects for an enjoyable season of skating are good. Our skating rink promises to be a greater success this year than ever. The management have gone to considerable expense and taken much pains to have it in good condition.

The next meeting of the Judson Missionary Society will be held on Thursday the 27th inst., when Rev. Ira Smith of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, London, will address the students. This meeting is to be held in conjunction with the Day of Prayer for Colleges.

On the evening of Friday, January 14th, Mrs. McCrimmon was At Home to those of the younger students whose habiliments still entitle

them to be designated as members of the Knickerbocker Club. The premium set upon juvenile attire on this occasion will probably prove a serious set-back to the hitherto prevalent ambition for donning trousers.

At a recent meeting of the student body it was unanimously decided to hold an open meeting at an early date. Indications point to a meeting which will prove successful in every respect. The following are the committee on arrangements: Principal McCrimmon, and Mr. McKechnie, representing the Faculty; Messrs. D. J. Bagshaw, A. J. Welch, E. Zavitz, H. Bryant, W. C. Pearce, Leo. Riggs, Herbert Piercy, and W. J. Welch, for the student body.

The winter term has opened with a large attendance, there being about twenty new names upon the roll. The incoming students are of a very desirable class, and we have pleasure in welcoming so many of them to our midst. There are a few of the old boys who have not yet returned but who are expected shortly. We are glad to note the return of Mr. Chas. Beck, a former student, who has been stationed for a year at Decewsville, near Cayuga. The increased number of boarders has called into requisition the rooms of the Central building over the dining hall. This gradual and steady increase in our numbers is an indication of the growing popularity of our College and its Faculty.

On December 22nd last another member of the Faculty joined the ranks of the benedicts, when Mr. James Weir of the Preparatory Department, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss M. Midgley. It was a quiet wedding. The causes of the quietness were principally that the students had not been notified, and that they had not recovered from the strain of the recent examinations, and therefore took no part in livening the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Weir can testify that sometimes, at least, the railroad trains are on time, as their promptness on this occasion caused an alteration in their honeymoon trip. However, Woodstock is so well connected by railway that a delay of only a few minutes was necessary to make a speedy adjournment to the other depot. A matter of so much local interest aroused the students considerably and on Wednesday morning, the 12th inst. they surprised Mr. Weir by the presentation of a couple of rocking chairs, after a very able address delivered by Mr. A. J. Welch in his usual eloquent manner. As the chairs were set upon the platform, one a large handsome cane rocker, the other a diminutive one, the laughter which broke forth was the heartiest heard within our chapel walls for many a day. After they had subsided Mr. Weir made a neat reply. We all join in wishing the happy couple much joy in their married life.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

OUR Skating Rink is now in good shape, and may be seen covered with hilarious boys at almost any recreation hour. Many are the figures cut upon the ice, beautiful and otherwise. Unfortunately the frequent storms keep the students busy with the snow-shovel and broom, to the disadvantage of the skates.

EARLY in December we had the pleasure of a visit and an address from Rev. A. B. Reekie, our newly-appointed missionary to Bolivia. Mr. Reekie was full of information regarding his new field of labor, and he succeeded in enlisting our sympathy in his work, which presents so many points of similarity with the work Grand Ligne is trying to do. He has a herculean task before him, and we wish him every success in it. We shall not forget him either in our prayers or in our offerings.

ON the evening of Friday, Dec. 17th, Mrs. A. E. Massé gave her eighth annual musicale. The selections were of a high order, and the execution showed that they had been carefully practiced. The Glee Club proved itself capable of doing excellent work. The audience was large, and thoroughly enjoyed the following programme:—

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|-------------|---------|---|---------|-------------|
| Piano Duet | | "Grande Galop Militaire," | | Bohm |
| | | Mesdames Massé. | | |
| Piano | | "Caprice," | | King |
| | | Miss Valda St. James. | | |
| Piano | | "Con Amore," | | Beaumont |
| | | Miss Ethelyn Cummings. | | |
| Glee Club | | "The Carnovale," | | Rossini |
| Piano | | "Impromptu in C." | | Smith |
| | | Miss Butterworth. | | |
| Piano | | "Sonata in D." | | Haydn |
| | | Mr. Rolla Angell. | | |
| Vocal Solo | | { (a) "Winter Song," } | | Mendlessohn |
| | | { (b) "Italy," } | | |
| | | Mrs. A. E. Massé. | | |
| Piano | | "A Highland Laddie," | | Morey |
| | | Miss Elsie Bowden. | | |
| Piano | | "Heimliche," | | Resche |
| | | Miss Wilton. | | |
| Vocal Duet | | "O that we two were Maying," | | Smith |
| | | Dr. Rainville and Mlle. Piché. | | |
| Piano Trio | | "Menuett," | | Mozart |
| | | Misses Vessot, C. Thétrault and L. Thétrault. | | |
| Glee Club | | "Italia," | | Donizetti |
| Piano Duet | | "Minstrel's Serenade," | | Löw |
| | | Mesdames Massé. | | |
| Full Chorus | | "The Shepherd of the Valley," | | Selected |

CHRISTMAS examinations have come and gone and everybody is glad. Even the teachers are not sorry. But not everybody is glad to know the results, especially some delinquent students whose smartness could not make up for neglected work. We doubt, however, if even their failure caused them to enjoy much less the Christmas vacation and roast turkey. Some may think that students who fail because of neglect should not have turkey for Christmas. Possibly, however, they might not enjoy a dinner of French Paradigms and Latin Roots.