

Edwardson

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1900.

EBENEZER WILLIAM DADSON.

It was at prayer-meeting in the old Adelaide St. Church, during the early days of my residence in London, that I first met Mr. Dadson. He was then pastor in Denfield, and just a few years out of college. How brief those twenty years now seem! And yet they measure nearly all his ministry! Surely the time is short! Since that first meeting it has been my happy experience gradually to pass into the inner circle of his friends; and I count it a privilege, grief-clothed though it be, to pay my tribute to his memory in *THE MONTHLY*, as I attempt to tell the story of his work and worth.

Mr. Dadson belongs to that important class of Canadian preachers who have been born in Britain, but trained in Canada. The place of his birth was Cranbrook, Kent Co., England; the year, 1845. When three years old he came with the rest of the family to Toronto, where, with the exception of one year in St. Catharines and another in his native Cranbrook, he continued until he was sixteen. His early education was received in a four years' course in the Toronto Model School, and closed with his return to England at the age of twelve. On his return to Canada, he spent a year as errand boy in a King St. dry goods' store, another as office boy under Dr. Fyfe, the editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, and then a year and half in Mr. A. H. St. Germain's printing office, which he abandoned to rejoin the family in Guelph, and assist his father, who was a hatter, in his store in that city.

Something should be said about the formative influences of those early years. His school education, though confined to four years, was thorough as far as it went. The experiences that followed furnished training of a different sort, but useful for the man who must confront the varied demands of the pastorate. He was greatly blessed in having a truly Christian home and such helpful church influences as surrounded him in Bond St. (now Jarvis St.) under Pastors Pyper, Fyfe and Caldecott. Naturally enough he came under Dr. Fyfe's influence in a very special way in the *Canadian Baptist* office. During the first year of Dr. Caldecott's pastorate, a remarkable work of grace broke out in Bond St. About fifty professed conversion; among them, the subject of this sketch. A member of the committee, however, deterred by his jovial way, recommended delay in receiving him. His brother Mark declares that from that time there was a marked change in his manner and in his attitude to all religious matters, though eight years passed before he again made any profession.

In Guelph, in God's good providence, he came under the inspiring influence and wise counsel of Pastor Graftey, who gathered him and others into evening classes, and thus set them in the way of higher things. It is a striking fact that one of the men whom Pastor Graftey, in the West, was instrumental in turning toward study and college should, in his last pastorate, in the East, have ministered to Bro. Graftey's son, one of the deacons in the Olivet Church.

In 1865, Bro. Dadson entered the Canadian Literary Institute, where he spent the next four years. The spirit of the school was summed up in its distinguished Principal, Dr. Fyfe, who himself was a marvellous combination of gentleness and strength, righteousness and goodness, scholarship and statesmanship, power to plan and power to execute, the teacher and the preacher, the humble believer and the fearless champion of the truth of the gospel. Dr. Fyfe did many a valuable service to the cause of Christ, but the greatest service he rendered was in putting upon his students the impress of his own splendid personality and lofty character. He taught them to love truth and scorn a lie; to work righteousness and hate iniquity; to be

balanced in judgment and resolute in action; to be definite in purpose, steadfast and faithful in duty; to minister to men without fearing them; and to serve God and trust Him. And one who unfortunately cannot be numbered among them may be permitted to say that a wide acquaintance with the character and work of these men has made him feel increasingly thankful to God for His great kindness in giving us Dr. Fyfe to mould our denominational life. No student in all that worthy list drank in more deeply of all that was best in the great man's spirit than E. W. Dadson. His early love of merriment happily clung to him; he was a general favorite, trusted for his fairness and loved for his good-fellowship; his conduct was not always ideal, but he abhorred sham, was never mean, and helped along the cause of honor and manliness in the school. On the campus he was among the first, and, when more serious business was on, as it sometimes was between town roughs and the college, his skill in boxing made him easily first. He achieved no special eminence in the regular class work, but he was an omnivorous reader; nor did he as a public speaker make any special mark, though he early won recognition as an easy and forceful writer. It was only in the final year of his academic course that he confessed Christ. That took place one evening in his own room, as he and his room-mate, Alexander Turnbull, knelt together in prayer. He himself dated his conversion from that moment, though his brother believes that that all-important event took place eight years before. He was baptized by Rev. John Bates, of whose character and ministry he always spoke with most grateful appreciation.

In 1869, he entered Toronto University, from which he received his B.A. degree in 1873. It was his good fortune there to come under the inspiring teaching of the great Professor Young, for whom he cherished profound respect. It was during his University course that God turned his thoughts toward the ministry, and, hearing the summons, he gave himself soberly and unreservedly to that high calling. Forthwith definite Christian work was undertaken. He began by teaching in the York Mills Sunday School. The summers of 1872 and 1873 were spent in Buckhorn (now Cedar Springs, near Blenheim) and at the Ottawa mission.

In the autumn of 1873 he returned to Woodstock for Theology, and took the full three years' course under Drs. Fyfe and Crawford, and Professor Yule.

In February, 1874, he received "a letter of recommendation to the work of the Gospel ministry" from the Woodstock Church, whose pastor, now our Dr. Goodspeed, by the doctrinal soundness and rich spirituality of his preaching, did much to shape both his thought and spirit. The two vacations, if I mistake not, were spent in Clarence and Haldimand.

During these years of training his natural ability and force, had been so clearly manifesting themselves that he became an acknowledged leader among the students and was regarded by Dr. Fyfe as one of the three best and ablest men that had passed through his hands, D. A. McGregor, and John Torrance, afterwards professors in Toronto Baptist College, being the other two. So that when he graduated in 1876, he went forth to his life work with the affection and confidence of both students and Faculty, and with the liveliest sense of his own indebtedness to his *Alma Mater*. In affection for his old comrades and grateful appreciation of his teachers, none was more whole-hearted and unwavering than he.

As I close this hurried account of his college days, I cannot refrain from mentioning a statement which he made to me last summer about his brother Mark, who is a modest member of Immanuel Church. It was this: that if he had been enabled to render any worthy service, it was due in no small measure to the beautiful unselfishness of that brother, as he stood by him during the eleven years of college preparation. Thank God for the obscure men and women who make possible the achievements of their loved ones. Verily they shall have their reward.

He was immediately invited to the pastorate of the Denfield Church, accepted, was ordained, "and then," to quote his own words, "spent the following six years actively engaged in congenial work among a loving people." During these six years he read and studied, thought and wrote, preached strong sermons, shepherded the flock with fidelity, and steadily grew. The thorough work then quietly done helped to fit him for the

larger spheres that were to open, and suggests to all young pastors a lesson well worth heeding.

From Denfield he was called to the neighboring town of Strathroy, and thence, four months later, to the editorship of the *Canadian Baptist*. During the latter part of his six years' tenure of that office, he combined with it the care of the church at Claremont. In a recent visit to that field, I had abounding evidence of the fact that the fragrance of his life abides there still as a legacy most precious.

In November, 1888, he entered upon what was probably his most influential pastorate—that of Woodstock. To the writer it has been a source of satisfaction ever since, that he had the privilege of proposing his name to the deacons, by whom he was unanimously nominated to the church. Through that historic church and the students and teachers of the college, his name and fame spread far and wide. Through them his influence will go on, and scores of pulpits will bear the impress of his teaching and character for long years to come. The work and surroundings were so congenial, church and pastor were knit together in such bonds of love, he had struck his roots so deep in the life of the whole community, and his happiness was so complete, that when the call to Montreal came, it was, to use his own word to me afterwards, like a call to "crucifixion." But obedience to God was the settled habit of his life; and, when he became satisfied that it was God that called, he obeyed unhesitatingly, though with many wistful wonderings. Only those to whom he opened his heart know the anguish it cost him to be taken away, as he said in a letter months afterwards, "from the dearest people, and the church I loved as my own soul."

He went to a church that needed him, and gave it his best service. The first year's work began to tell. The second was more encouraging still, though much of it was filled with an agony that only great hearts know—the agony of seeing his beloved wife tortured with pain, and sinking, in spite of all skill and care and sympathy, down into the grave. That was in June, 1898. Former experiences were repeating themselves. He found himself "growing into the life of the church." The

following winter was full of work, and more and more pastor and people were being bound together and signs of blessing multiplied. Then came the first of May of last year and his return to the house which had been abandoned for the winter, and with that the first sharp pang of the same fatal disease that had already desolated the home. He had had more than three weeks of it when he came to the Walmer Road Convention, and was suffering so intensely before he rose to preach, that he wondered whether he could stand at all. A prayer for strength was lifted and God gave him freedom from pain until he had given us from 1 Cor. xv. 58, that great message with which our hearts were thrilled. Then followed two months of suffering, in the midst of which he hurried to his loved Muskoka. It seemed to bring relief. For the last six weeks there he was almost free from pain. He had scarcely reached Toronto before it returned. But with brave heart, eager for work, and hoping for the best, with the permission of his baffled physicians he took up work again in the church that he had learned to love and which was proving itself well worthy of his love. All testify to the marvellous power of that last month's work. The like had not been known in Olivet since the palmy days of ten years before. But in the midst of this rich promise of fruitage, he was struck down again and his preaching was done—except as, through more than four months of untold sufferings, his splendid bravery, unconquered cheerfulness, unflinching patience, and unfaltering trust, told out impressively the genuineness of his faith and the ripeness of his Christian character. During those long months his heart was constantly cheered and comforted by tender messages from distant friends, by the watchful loving ministries of his own nearest and dearest ones, and by an uncalculating devotion on the part of the Olivet Church that was supremely beautiful and has won them all our hearts.

On March 12th, 1900, at 4.45 p.m., just as the day was beginning to darken toward evening and the night, his purified spirit, released from its pains, passed into the land of light where the day dies never.

As a *preacher*, Dr. Dadson will be long remembered by all

who have heard him, but especially by those whose privilege it was to sit under his ministry. Soundness and strength, soulfulness and sincerity were its outstanding characteristics.

At Denfield and Claremont he wrote everything with great care and commonly used the manuscript. During the first year of his Woodstock pastorate he abandoned the manuscript and spoke freely, not, of course, without equally severe preparation. Even when the manuscript was used, he spoke with great animation. His sermons were strictly textual, and he never made his text a mere peg for foreign material. The sermon was evolved from the text, and was a clear explanation and powerful enforcement of the truth therein contained. His keen analysis and careful exegesis; his faultless logic and cumulative arguments; his striking illustrations, wrought out with exquisite skill, the rare vigor of his pure Saxon and the raciness and clearness of his style, made him, in my judgment, the foremost representative, among Ontario and Quebec Baptists, of that school of preachers at whose head stands Alexander McLaren, of Manchester. He was a positive preacher of Biblical truth, and, notwithstanding all the doubts of the times, spoke with the authority of the man who is sure that Christ is the infallible Teacher and that the Scriptures are the inspired word of God and the revealed message of God to men. It was this profound conviction combined with fullness of thought and sympathy and moral earnestness, that arrested the thoughtless and won earnest souls to his Lord. Certainly it was not his reading, which might well have been bettered, nor his delivery which, though forceful, might have been more graceful and effective, that made his pulpit ministry so attractive. The simplicity, directness, tenderness and fervor of his prayer had much to do with it. But the main thing, next to himself, was his ability to make plain the word of God and so reveal the truth and beauty of his text, that it remained with you in shining clearness, a treasure to the mind, food to the soul, and a joy to the heart.

As a *pastor* he was even greater than as a preacher. His great-heartedness and the depth and spontaneity of his sympathy made him capable of great things in pastoral ministrations. And since his sympathy was made wise with the wisdom of God's

truth and controlled by a spirit loyally devoted to God and to his people, the result was that his calls were never perfunctory performances but occasions of real helpfulness, carefully planned to exhort, to instruct, or to comfort, as need might determine. The coming of sorrow to any home revealed the fact that that home had a pastor who was a pastor indeed. And it mattered not whether it was a home of wealth or of poverty, in Muskoka or in Montreal. Happy childhood and sorrowing age alike gladdened at his coming. After all, it was his abounding service and loving fidelity in the pastorate that won men's hearts and clothed his public utterances with power.

As *editor* as in all things else, he did what he believed to be right. In the office no less than in the pulpit he regarded it as his duty not to cater to the tastes of his constituency for personal ends, but rather to minister to their needs as 'the servant of God. What he regarded as the mission of the *Canadian Baptist*, was clearly stated in his opening editorial. In that he declares a threefold purpose: to spread evangelical Christianity, to uphold the distinctive principles of the Baptist denomination, and to furnish pure literature for the home. To that programme he adhered. Of course he had his critics. The Associations, as usual, had their turn. I confess myself to have wished for a little more of the newsy, and of crisp comments on current events. But as the years have passed, and I have noticed, on the one hand, his own grandly cumulative influence as he stuck to his programme in paper and pulpit, and, on the other hand, how many papers and pulpits have almost forsaken known truths that are fundamental for doubtful conjectures, I have been inclined to conclude that he was right after all. His valedictory—Oct. 11, 1888—reveals the man. "I have conscientiously striven," he says, "to do right. In looking back over my work I am conscious that the glory of Christ and the well-being of the churches have been my first consideration. There have been many imperfections in my work, which no one knows so well as I, but there has been honesty of purpose, and a sincere desire for the furtherance of the cause of Canadian Baptists. An editor is placed in special contact with men; with opinions; with the peculiarities of the different sections of his

constituency; and with the questions which engender strife. Whatever may be thought of the ability displayed amid such surroundings, I have this to say: I have not been careful to propitiate any man or any body of men." Those of us who knew him best know how literally true those words are. I question whether any of us realize just how much the denomination is indebted to him for the unswerving impartiality with which he piloted us through one of the stormiest periods of our history.

How shall I describe *the man*? For the sake of those who have not seen him in the flesh let me say: He was short, thick-set, with large round head and rounded open face; the forehead was good; the eyes grey under shaggy eyebrows, keen and thoughtful in repose, anon sparkling with humor and beaming with rare kindliness; the nose appeared less than it was by reason of the heavy mustache which hid the mouth; the chin told of firmness and decision.

But *he himself*? How shall I satisfy my own heart without seeming to those who knew him not to be over ardent? He was modest and unassuming, yet not unconscious surely of strength, nor devoid of proper self-confidence; never thrust himself to the front but quietly took up the heavy responsibilities that God laid upon him and discharged them with ability; a wide reader, a careful thinker, he built on bed-rock and reached definite conclusions; true as steel to his own convictions, he was the last to suspect the sincerity of those who differed from him; kindly, genial, rich in delicious humor, full of good-fellowship; guileless, sincere, scorning the underhanded, believing in goodness and righteousness, because he believed in God. He was a marvel of unselfishness—selfishness seemed to be utterly expelled from his life. I never knew him do anything publicly or privately the moral quality of which I could even suspect. His friendship, genuine, generous and steadfast, was a perpetual delight. There was something so winsome and delightful about him, his personality was so engaging and his fellowship so satisfying, that it was a joy just to be with him, even in silence. In his absence many of us will feel that one of the attractions of our annual Conventions is gone. His friendship was not

merely a delight, it was a blessing and an uplift. For in his presence all one's meanness and littleness were rebuked, and a great longing to be better and nobler was begotten. Thank God for the holy stimulus of such a life.

Such is the estimate of those of us who have known him long and intimately. The following tribute from Dr. John Clifford, of London, England, who met him only for a day, shows how he impressed that keen observer: "I cannot forget the evident sincerity and cordiality of his welcome to a visitor from the Old Country, and the grace with which he introduced me to the friends of Olivet on the occasion on which I preached. But chiefly I recall the service I shared under his inspired leadership in the morning of that day. I cannot forget the strength and solidity of his thinking; the clearness and force of his utterances, and the brightness of his outlook. The uplifting effect of that morning worship is with me to this day. God's world is made lovelier by the passage through it of a man, so Christian, saintly, strong and unselfish." That strikes me as remarkably just.

His home life was in keeping with the character here imperfectly sketched. He was married in Aug., 1877, to Miss Julia French, of Paris. Five sons were born to them. One died in Claremont; the other four, Alexander, Thomas, Jack, and Willie, survive. His love for his wife was of the genuine sort, and his devotion to her chivalrous and beautiful. In the freedom of friendly correspondence he speaks of her as "my strong, wise, dearly-beloved," "a merry-hearted woman; never a dull hour in her company." Her long painful illness was an almost equal agony to him, and according to the greatness of his love was the sense of his loss. She fell asleep June 20th, 1898, and in a letter written seven weeks later, most of which was occupied with the discussion of serious problems or in description of doings in Muskoka, he closes with these words:

"Through it all the passion of my grief must have its way a little. Only beloved! I hear her voice so often. I strain my ears to catch her merry laughter. I hear her singing over the water. In the night I wake to put my hand on her dear head, and my heart breaks again. Well—God gives me much comfort."

With his boys he was friend and companion as well as father. And the boys, to the joy of his heart, reciprocated with a happy familiarity that failed not in respect, obedience and love. It was a great joy during the closing weeks to know that his second son felt called of God to the ministry and was responsive to the call. He and Willie hope to be at Woodstock College next year. The other two are in business in Montreal.

Bro. Dadson was one who always gave himself up devotedly to his own immediate work. He never sought larger spheres, feeling that the place he occupied was worthy of all his energies. But his brethren recognized his ability, summoned him to the larger spheres of service, put upon him the responsibilities of office, and crowned him with the highest honors in their gift. At the time of his death he was a member of four of our Convention Boards—the Publication, Foreign Mission, Superannuated Ministers, and McMaster University—and was the President of Grande Ligne Mission. In all of these, the last especially, during recent years, he took a deep, intelligent and abiding interest. In counsel his words were few, but always wise and weighty.

This widespread regard for him was shown by the gatherings at the funeral services in Montreal and Woodstock. At Woodstock the large church was thronged by members of all classes of the community, and friends from almost every section of the Convention from Sarnia, to Montreal. It touched all hearts, and stood as a token of the affection in which all present held him, when Rev. Alexander Turnbull, of New York, after his long railway journey and a bleak ride of twenty miles across country to be there in time, responded to the call of Pastor R. R. McKay, and feelingly expressed the grief that had its explanation only in their unshadowed friendship of more than thirty years.

From the home of Deacon Karn to the church, and thence to the Baptist cemetery, his remains were borne by fond friends, and there laid beside those of his wife.

Brother beloved! for years in Muskoka, we have said our farewells for the swift-speeding months of toil; farewell once more, for the brief time that may be, until we follow thee to rest and HOME.

J. H. FARMER.

REPOSE.

A mossy footfall in this wood
A peal of thunder were,
Or autumn tempest-shriek, compared
With the unwhispered stir
Of massy fluids lift in air,
To build these leafy pillars fair.

Lavished at wordless wish or mute
Command, the chemic wealth
Upsprings to meet the builders' hands,
All hushed as dusky stealth.
Noiseless as love, as silent prayer
Mysterious, the builders are.

Ah, sure, these silences are works
Of God's sabbatic rest,
A music perfect as the calm
Of wave's unbroken crest!
These woven leaves that stilly nod,
These violets, ope their eyes on God.

The deep serene that worketh here
Works too 'mid human tears;
A thousand years as one day is,
One day a thousand years.
Fell death still thunders at his task,
But death the peace of God doth mask.

THEODORE H. RAND.

NIAGARA FALLS AS A TIMEPIECE.

Many a Canadian has stood on the brink of Niagara and gazed in awe on the stupendous cataract or been fascinated by the rushing water, but probably few have been impressed by the immensity of time as shown there. And yet the hands on the dial point the passage of thousands of years to those willing to read.

The construction of the clock and the method of reading is easily explained. Any inhabitant of Niagara Falls will tell you that the brink of the precipice is receding, though his estimate of quantity is likely to be excessive. Fortunately we have two exact surveys, made in 1842 and 1890, which show that the centre of the Horseshoe Falls has retreated 220 feet in that time. From these data and also from exact drawings dating back to 1827, it has been calculated that the gorge is growing longer at the rate of four and a half feet a year.

This naturally raises the question, Where were the Falls originally? The answer is easily given. The gorge extends almost seven miles to the north through the level plateau which reaches an abrupt end on the top of Queenston Heights. Eastward the eye can follow the escarpment many miles into the United States, and westward also it runs past St. Catharines, Grimsby and Hamilton. At its foot is a level plain dipping gently to the blue waters of Ontario seven miles to the north. Here, where one may now look over hundreds of acres of peach-orchard and vineyard, where Brock's slender shaft commemorates the heroism of our fathers in repelling the invasion of our country, here, thousands of years ago, Niagara Falls were born.

If the rate of recession were uniform, it is easy to calculate from the data given that the Falls were at Queenston 7,000 or 8,000 years ago. Until recent years this estimate was considered very reliable, but many geologists now consider it much too short. It seems that our clepsydra, like many another time-piece, both ancient and modern, sometimes ran slow and again fast. To explain, we must consider how the gorge has been formed, and also the influence of the upper lakes on the river.

Running water, when pure, has little power to erode, and such is Niagara's, for all sediment has been filtered out in Lake Erie. It carries with it no stones to serve as graving tools, and the limestone on the brink is but a few feet lower in the centre of the Horseshoe Falls than at the shore. Were this the agent, the Falls would still be at Queenston.

Geologically, the upper sixty or eighty feet of rock exposed in the gorge consists of compact Niagara limestone. Below lie a series of soft shales with a few feet of interbedded limestone and sandstone. These beds were evidently continuous at one time across the gorge, for they occur at the same heights on both banks. All dip slightly to the south, that is, up stream. The upper part of the gorge shows vertical walls of limestone; the lower part a shelving talus of shale, frequently covered with trees; at the base, great blocks of limestone fallen from above.

The recession of the fall is intimately connected with this peculiarity of structure. The dashing spray at the base slowly eats out the soft shale, until the overhanging limestone breaks off of its own weight. These blocks are used in turn by the scouring eddies to still further erode the shale and undermine the cliff. But only in the centre of the Canadian Falls is the work complete. On the sides of these falls and at the American Falls the force of water is not strong enough to clear away the debris. In the centre of the river the water probably erodes 200 feet below the bottom of the fall, and here the brink recedes most rapidly. Afterwards the gorge is widened by the undermining of its sides, and later, after the cataract has passed, by the action of frost.

A close study of the gorge reveals some facts bearing on the reliability of our timepiece. At Queenston, owing to the dip of the beds southwards, there was a thinner capping of limestone and thicker beds of shale, which would promote more rapid erosion. The greater height of the fall, perhaps 75 feet, would tend the same way. At several points the gorge is narrower, or shallower, than where the rate of recession has been determined. It seems fair to infer that a narrower channel, or a shallower one, would be more rapidly excavated.

At the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, the river

rushes out of its narrow gorge into an oval basin. Unable to make the sharp turn to the right, the waters strike the opposite shore and circle round to the left. Then, dipping under the incoming water like a string in a loop, they plunge again into a narrow channel. It is one of the most fascinating spots about Niagara. The gorge is entirely in rock except at the north-western end of the Whirlpool, where the material is boulder clay, left by the retreat of the ice. From here to St. Davids on the edge of the escarpment is an old river valley long since deserted and filled with debris brought down from the north by ancient glaciers. When the Falls in their retreat reached this loose material, the recession must have been much more rapid. Just how far the modern stream followed the old creek bed is a little uncertain, but probably not very far.

Allowing for these changes which tend to make erosion more rapid in the past, some authors have reduced the age of Niagara to 3,500 years. But this is certainly too small, for there are other factors in the case which show that the clock at intervals ran slow.

Before Niagara was born, the whole of north-eastern America was covered with ice, as Greenland is to-day. As it slowly melted backwards, lakes accumulated between the ice front and the highlands to the south. One, occupying the southern end of Lake Michigan, flowed over the divide into the Mississippi. Another, in the western end of Lake Erie, flowed by the Maumee valley over the divide into the Ohio. With the further retreat of the ice, the waters of this lake were able to use the lower outlet by Chicago. With a still further retreat of the ice a lower outlet was opened by the Mohawk valley, through New York state, to the Hudson. Lake Ontario was still dammed by ice at the Thousand Islands, and the level was higher than now. But with the opening of the Mohawk valley, Niagara was born, and the waters of the southern halves of Lakes Michigan and Huron and of Lake Erie began to flow to the east instead of the south-west.

When the ice began its retreat, the land in north-eastern Ontario was several hundred feet lower than to-day. When the retreating ice had uncovered the Trent valley and Lake

Simcoe, the waters of the Georgian Bay and the Upper Lakes found their outlet that way. . Niagara was robbed of the greater part of her power. But the rising land closed this outlet, and the present drainage was restored. The farther retreat of the ice soon opened another pass by Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa, and judging by the prominent beaches on the Upper Lakes, Niagara was robbed of the greater part of her stream for a considerable time. The rising land to the north-east finally closed the pass and established our modern drainage.

These last considerations add enormously to the complexity of the problem. Some geologists, impressed with the serious changes in the volume of Niagara, think its birth must be placed 30,000 to 50,000 years ago. Others think that the more rapid erosion due to the causes given above, would about balance the retardation due to changes in volume, and so reach the conclusion of 7,000 to 8,000 years. This would agree with thirty independent estimates which make the time since the retreat of the ice 7,000 to 10,000 years ago.

A few years ago Niagara's reliability as a chronometer was unquestioned. To-day, because of the complexity of the problem, we hesitate to estimate her age in years, but learn in an unrivalled and in an unimpeachable way that time is very long. For the age of Niagara is to that of the earth, as the history of this year is to that of mankind.

A. B. WILLMOTT.

IL DOGE DI VENEZIA—TRAGEDIETTA.

L'ambition est la plus triste des espérances.—DE VIGNY.

PERSONS.

<i>Duke of Venice</i>		<i>Lucio.</i> A Paduan Noble.
<i>Gerardo</i>	} Advisors to the	<i>Marcello.</i> A Merchant.
<i>Valentino</i>		Duke.

Herald, attendants, populace, chorus of youth.

SCENE I.

(Balcony of Ducal Palace overlooking Piazza, Campanile, part of St. Mark's, Piazzetta, and the two columns. Adriatic in the distance. Twilight. Duke alone.)

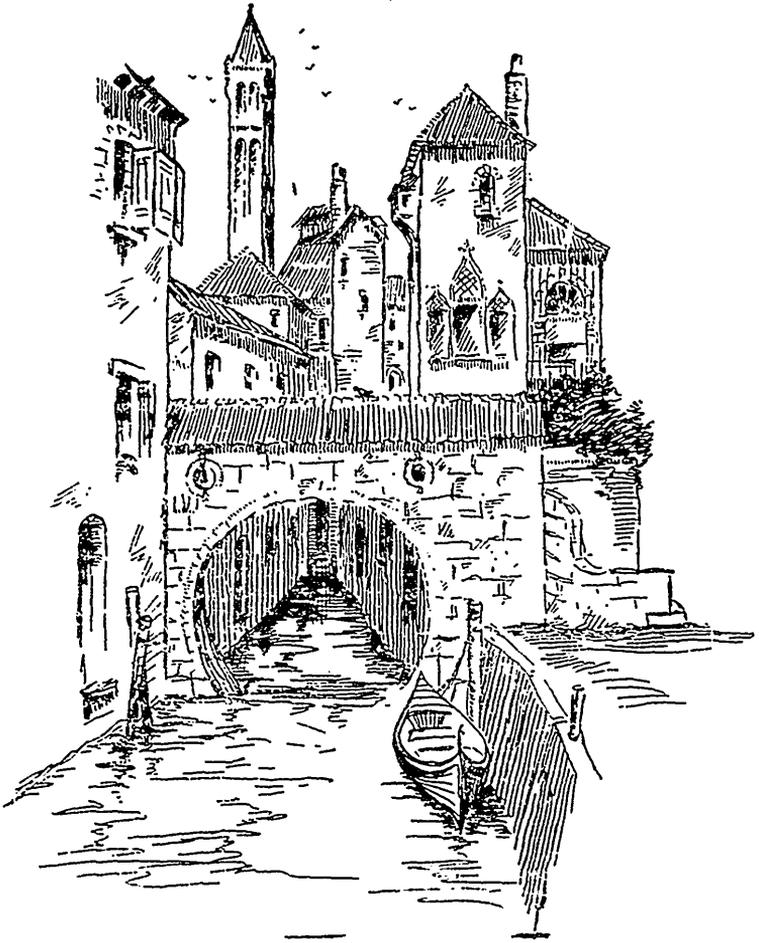
Gondolier's Song.

Kind evening's silver veil,
 O'er Adriatic spread,
 Gleams on the tranquil waters pale
 With Venice lately wed.

'Tis Neptune's lovely bride
 So ever fresh and fair ;
 Her golden towers above the tide
 Rise through the purple air.
 San Marco, patron saint, preside
 O'er our dear Venice, Ocean's bride !

Duke—What swaggering insolence of pride that wags
 The tongues of these indolent gondoliers
 With rapid strains of " Venice, our Venice " !
 Is't theirs, forsooth ? Pray how ? Would they or
 theirs

Have stained the Adria sea with e'en so much
 As one small blood-drop for her sake, had I
 To victory not spurred their lagging sloth ?
 Would now the Campanile's angel waft
 Her holy benedictions down ? The steeds



Of proud San Marco prance in majesty,
Had those not ruled whose power and glory I
Inherit? Venice, then, is mine, all mine.
At length my wishes have attained their bourne
Long sought, wherefrom with gluttoned filmy eye
They glance around and languid muse, "This is
The end, this is the end." (*Brief silence. Enter Ger-
ardo.*)

Good eve to thee,
 Signor Gerardo. This is one of those
 Soul-filling evenings that court the poets.
 Though not a poet, yet my soul is filled,
 Nay cloyed—what riches, glory, reverence,
 I ask, have I yet to gain ?

Ger.—Naught, my lord,
 Save—I o'erheard a mention of—

Duke—Save what ?
 Some worthless trinket, phantom bubble or
 Mayhap, a less ? What is it ?

Ger.—This—a bruit,
 Mere bruit, as yet. When gently gliding down
 The placid Canalazzo, drowsy with
 The rhythmic swish of oars, I passed beneath
 The haughty span of the Rialto, voices
 Conversing loud in tones of wonder woke
 Me, and enticed my ear which caught the web
 Of a mere hearsay, the which to your grace
 I straightway bear.

Duke—Proceed, Signor ; thou hast
 Piqued my already restless lack of patience.

Ger.—Some puerile fable of a goblet made
 Of lustred crystal, a deep draught wherefrom
 Of some exquisite potion will confer
 A nigh celestial power and fame upon
 the happy drinker—if he be a duke.

Duke—Where lies this goblet ?

Ger.—My lord, no man knows.
 An idle tale ; trust it not !

Duke—Whether that
 Or not, go bid the herald noise abroad
 That whosoe'er a twelve month hence will bring
 To me this potent cup, will gain a villa
 And lordly title. Go !

Ger. (*bowing*)—'Twill be done, sire. *Exit.*

Duke—The Duke of Venice ne'er will be outdone,
For treasure, power, or dazzling glory won! *Exit.*

SCENE II.

(Landing-place, St. Mark's, at high tide. Piazza swarming with gondolas. Enter Duke, followed by advisers, attendants, and chorus, and mounts a dais adorned with trophies and arms.)

Chorus of Youth.

Hail to the seekers home again
From over the purple deeps!
Past are their wayside toil and pain,
Their march o'er the mountain steeps.

O, the gallant mast bent by the blast
That blows o'er the rolling foam,
Tells once again of troubles past;
Then, wanderers, welcome home!

All hail to Venice, Ocean's bride!
Our gallant duke, all hail!
With thee to guide close by her side
Her might shall never fail!

Duke—Where are the seekers, Valentino?

Val.—They
But wait your grace's bidding 'mongst the throng.

Duke—Let them come forward all. My patience chafes. (*Herald blows thrice. Enter Lucio, Marcello and Tito.*)

Who of you three might be the finder of
The crystal prize and glad recipient
Of ducal favor and my proffered guerdon?
Is it thou Lucio, noble Paduan?

Luc.—My gracious liege, my long and curious quest
Was vain; but yet a thousand such would I
Engage, if for them all, though fruitless, should

Be mine the faintest twinkle of that smile
Your grace has now emblazoned over this.
Of other guerdons reckon I not. (*Retires.*)

Mar.— My lord,
The noble Lucio's words are unheard echoes
Of those I'd voice had I the power. Why I'd
Attempt a thousand times a thousand quests
For a small pittance of your grace's smile. (*Retires.*)

Duke—And now, sir master of the rags, thy name?

Tito—My humble name is Tito, please your grace.

Duke—A lazy gondolier, I'll warrant. What's
Thy calling, man?

Tito— I am an alchemist,
Your grace. (*Bows clumsily as if ill at ease.*)

Duke (laughing)— Remove thy fears, my trembling sir.
I am not the fierce lion of San Marco
That would devour thee; although if I were
My tooth a meatier morsel would prefer
To a dish trussed in rags. Not so, Gerardo?

Tito (boldly)—Not I, but your keen railing that removes
My fear, and cuts my heart of flesh, though rags
Do clothe my outer person, meagre—I,
Lord duke, am plain of body, plainer far
Of speech—meagre from the assiduous search
To find one more pale star to glimmer in
Thy sunny firmament; meagre through toil
And suffering for thee in every land.
Far Thule shivered at my hollow groans,
And Afric's sun took pity as I labored.
Carpathian forests moaned in sympathy.
The Danube loved my bleeding road-worn feet.
The barbarous Scyths gave shelter, rest, and food,
And better still, a parting smile that wished
Me early issue to my quest. Alas!

Devoid of heart, and empty-handed, I
Returned to Venice yesternight.

Duke (in despair)— Without
The goblet, dost thou say ?

Tito— Even so duke.
But, to abbreviate a lengthy tale,
This morning ere the sun reached noon, I found
The far-sought goblet and its phialed potion
Within a dusty garret—where treasures oft
Are stored unwittingly—right here in Venice.
Accept them, duke. (*Hands a small cup and two phials
to the duke.*)

Duke (impatiently)— No, no ! This cannot be
The rumored cup. 'Tis far too small to hold
Such potency.

Tito— Small size not always means
Small powers, your grace. The smaller phial holds
The savage blood from out a lion's heart,—
For strength ; the larger, the balmed juice refined
Seven times seven of Calabrian grape,—
For grace. Mix these and quaff. (*Duke raises cup to
drink.*)

Hold, hold ! my lord !
Quaff not before one more ingredient has
Been mixed, which you, duke, must yourself supply,
Or speedy death will to thy portion fall,
For this cup seethes with fatal powers. One more,
I say.—It is the inmost essence of
A prayer, a drug that causes toil-worn hearts
To throb in joy, an exhalation finer
Than subtle dews, which breathed doth make the poor
Man rich ; the subject, king. 'Tis rare, though cheap,
And yet defies a purchaser. Seek this,
Your grace, then drink you.

Duke (turns to his advisers)— What think'st thou, Gerardo?
Thou, Valentino? What doth mean this riddle?
The tattered scoundrel mocks our dignity?

Val. — So think I, my liege, Grudging you more power
He seeks to fright you by his riddling terms.

Ger. — His mode of speech attests he speaks some truth.
E'en so, or not, I counsel ever patience.

Duke (aside)—Betwixt two counsels, mutual enemies—
The throng await the draught in eagerness
And will not be put off. Gerardo warns
Me patience; Valentino, haste. (*Silence, then aloud.*)
I'll drink

The potion now. 'Tis but a jest. (*Drinks deeply.*)
(*Cheerily.*) E'en now

I feel as far from death as is a god
Who treads on fainting mists or swims in streams
Of wavy sunbeams rippling through the void!
Thy jest is vain, sir necromancer! I—(*starts*)
I feel—mayhap this potion— 'Tis nought—yet
It burns— That drug, that lacking drug—is what?
(*Falls forward.*)

Tito — One grain of gratitude, forgetful duke. (*Attendants
tear away the dying duke.*)
The ancient proverb is with truth imbued:
"Ambition oftenest killeth gratitude."

Curtain.

W. SHERWOOD FOX
and GLENN H. CAMPBELL.

"THE WAY INTO THE CITY."

There is nothing in life more pleasant than to verify our knowledge by experience. The little child with delight counts five in everything it can lay its eyes on in Nature. "We are but children older grown."

This summer I read with delight and profit Plato's *Phaedo*. At first I was interested only by the subtlety of the argument on immortality, next I became inspired with awe that a man—a human being—could look on death so calmly, then I wondered and was amazed to see a heathen standing on the brink of eternity, looking into the great unknown, not only with no fears possessing his soul, but with the keenest anticipation of it as the "greatest good that can come to man."

The book became dear to me. I courted it in every spare moment, and when the time came that I must close it and say "good-bye," for a time, I left it wedded to its memory. It had brought a strange, sweet element into my life which I carried with me. Childlike I set out from home to verify my book in experience and had not far to go.

I happened to stay in the same house with a man who was awaiting a death which was just as certain as that of Socrates. A month was the longest he could live, and this he knew; but he spoke of death as calmly and as sweetly as we would speak of going to visit a dear friend. He said: "I love God's earth. He has made life abundant and full, but yet this is only the beginning of life. Here our vision is darkened by mists but there it is Perfect Day. Dread it? Not at all. This old body has done me good service for thirty years, but it is worn out now and I shall be glad to lay it aside." Every day friends came to console him, but they went away consoled. Sadness could not come where he was, and yet when the end came near my tears fell in torrents,—not for him, but for myself and for my own future in being deprived of such a friend.

JULIA MARSHALL.

A FLORAL COPSE.

Whoever thought this foliate bower,
A lonely forest glade,
Enclosed creation's fairest forms
O'er-hung and damp with shade?

Here, carmine blush and golden flame,
Saffron and royal blue;
There, stainless white in pearly fold
And one of nameless hue.

These perfect thoughts, radiant as rare,
In gossamer, floss and wax;
Divinely formed, divinely hued,
Omnipotence might tax.

Father! I see Thee day by day
In beauty and in love,
The art of Thy skilled hand I trace
Wherever I may rove.

These fairy curves Thy fingers made,
Thy breath their fragrance gives,
Thy touch imparts their winsome tinct,
For Thee their beauty lives.

And Thou art here! the ambient air
Is rosy with Thy breath;
This holy ground is holier far
For what sweet Nature saith.

O. G. LANGFORD.

POETRY AND PREACHING.

"To have read the greatest works of any great poet is a possession added to the best things of life."—SWINBURNE.

Whatever is claimed in this article is certainly secondary and subordinate to the Word and Spirit of God. Without these, whatever else the preacher has, his preaching must be void of vital power.

Macaulay says, "The object of oratory is to persuade." Eloquence is defined as "the power to express strong feeling, so as to move, convince, persuade." Pulpit oratory, or eloquence, is to persuade men to turn from sin to God. "This Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people." "This man persuadeth men to worship God."—Acts 19: 26; 18: 13.

But to persuade men effectively, three things are necessary:—to see, to feel, and to express.

Christ, the great preacher, said, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The prophets of old were called seers.

Peter and John could not be silenced; for they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

The Spirit of the Lord was to "Rest upon Jesus; and to make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." But secondary to the Divine Word and Spirit, and subservient thereto, poetry tends to quicken and extend the intellectual and moral vision.

Keats says, "Poets are those who feel great truths and tell them." And well they may, for "A terrible sagacity informs the poet's heart."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says,

"We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mists the coming of the dawn:
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone."

Horace says, "Poets are the first instructors of mankind."

Wm. E. Channing says, "It is through the poets that all men see."

When one thinks of the poetic fore-gleams of great moral

movements, such as the abolition of slavery, like the first streaks of earthly dawn, the above sentiments seem very real.

And thus to see, so as to feel, and to make others feel, the preacher will do well to study the works, and cultivate the spirit of poetry. For Bailey says,

" Poetry is itself a thing of God,
He made his prophets; and the more
We feel of poesie, the more do we
Become like God in love and power."

La Rochefocauld says, "The passions are the only orators that persuade. The simplest man with passion is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it."

Christ was a preacher of supreme passion.

The extent to which Paul's passions moved him was wonderful.

And thus with every great preacher. A preacher must be moved himself before he can move others.

His audience may not hear more thunder in their ears, but they will feel more lightning in their hearts.

Thus to give point and power, conciseness, elegance and effectiveness to his utterances, the preacher may be helped much by attention to poetry.

Keats says,

" Poetry is the supreme of power."

Tennyson says,

" The viewless arrows of the poet's thoughts,
Are winged with flame."

Voltaire says, "Poetry says more in fewer words than prose."

Coleridge says: "In poetry are the best words in their best order."

Of poetry, Lowell says:

" It pierces through the pride and fear of coarsest men."

Indeed, I have often been surprised at rustic gatherings, to see how rude and giddy young people would listen spell-bound to fine poetic readings, when the most excellent but prosaic addresses would utterly fail to interest them.

And so too, when a speaker or writer has expressed the sublimest or most beautiful thoughts in the finest language, how the charm or grandeur is intensified by an appropriate

quotation of poetry. Next to the inspired oracles it gives additional beauty and power.

But poetry is not alone in measured verse. Carlyle says: Every life is a heroic power.

Certainly from some lives, and in some homes, the spirit of poetry breathes as odors among flowers.

Keats says, "The poetry of earth is ceasing never." Who has not felt it in the air, the fields, the woods, the sea, the sunset?

Its spirit pervades, and gives beauty and effect to the noblest literature and eloquence.

It so impregnates the Bible, that, eliminated, it would be impoverished without it; while some of its most poetic passages have become, as it were, tipped with fire, and winged with flame, the grandest pulpit deliverances of the world.

As Gilfillan says, in his Introduction to "The Bards of the Bible," "That so much of Scripture should be written in the language of poetry, has excited some surprise, and created some enquiry; and yet in nothing do we perceive more clearly than in this, the genuineness, power, and divinity of the oracles of our faith. As the language of poetry is that into which all earnest natures are insensibly betrayed, so it is the only speech which has in it the power of permanent impression.

"As it gives two ideas in the space of one, so it writes these before the view as with the luminousness of fire. It is the language of man's excited intellect, of his aroused passions, of his devotion, of all the higher moods and temperaments of his mind. It was meet, therefore, that it should be the language of his revelation from God."

Is it not meet, too, that its spirit, if not form, should pervade God's messages, through His messenger?

W. H. PORTER.

A VISIT TO THE MINTON POTTERIES.

There are few places in England of greater interest to the tourist than the Minton potteries situated at Stoke on Trent. It was my pleasure last summer to spend a few hours in this famous pottery. These potteries are a wonderland from beginning to end, and to make them a visit is to come away with life-long impressions, with memories which furnish food for many hours of happy and wholesome reflection.

The district in England known as "the potteries" consists of about forty-eight square miles, in which over one hundred thousand workmen are employed. Every other person living in this district is said to be engaged in the manufacture of pottery.

On entering the pottery I was at once struck with the silence of the place,—no falling of hammers, no buzzing of belts, no pulsations of the mighty engine, but all is quiet. The fact that this world-wide-famous ware is wrought out in comparative solitude is in itself not without suggestion.

The clay used in the production of the Minton pottery is brought from afar, being mined along the coasts of Cornwall and Devon and brought up in sailing vessels to Liverpool, from thence in tugs down the river Trent to Stoke. The clay is first purified by means of sifting, and after the addition of certain necessary ingredients is placed by the side of the potter. We begin with the potter and his wheel. The potter's wheel, so famous in all history, is very simple in structure. It consists of an upright shaft about the height of a common table. Upon this shaft is fixed a disc of wood which is kept in motion by the worker's feet—the feet driving the wheel and the wheel causing the revolution of the disc. Beside the potter stands a helper who at his bidding keeps the disc in motion. To watch these two work was very interesting. They appeared to understand each other perfectly; the helper seemed to interpret exactly the thought of his master. Hardly a word was uttered by either, and yet the work went on in perfect order, although the speed at no two consecutive moments seemed to

be exactly the same. This is one of the exceptions where steam and electricity have evidently failed as yet to take the place of man, the great difficulty with the former being the arrangement of the speed adjustment.

I propose in a very simple way to give you a brief outline of the pottery in process of production as I saw it. When the potter is ready for work he takes a bit of clay and places it upon the revolving disc. The potter's first object is to rid the clay of all air bubbles, and this he does by repeatedly squeezing the clay up into a conical shape and then again forcing it down into a mass. After this process is completed, with one hand holding the clay, and the other holding an instrument bearing the exact shape of the desired article, he smoothes the inner surface of the clay until the chaotic and undefined mass of clay becomes cosmic and answers the required form of the desired vessel. A few additional touches soon remove the marks produced on the outside by his fingers, and the vessel as far as he is concerned is complete. When this initial process is finished the article is removed from the wheel into a warm room where there is sufficient heat to absorb the moisture of the clay, thus rendering it firm enough for the turning process about to follow.

The potter is complete master of the situation. He can mould a vessel into any shape he pleases—"a vessel to honour or a vessel to dishonour." As I stood watching him work, fresh light shone in on the eighteenth of Jeremiah; Robert Browning's lines in his poem entitled *Rabbi Ben Ezra* also came to me with great force. As the poet looked out upon life he saw man as clay in the hands of the potter, and sang,—

" He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance;
This present thou forsooth wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

Passing on we witnessed the second process through which the clay passes, namely that known as *turning*. This work does not differ materially from the ordinary wood turning, and hence does not need further comment. The dexterity and speed with

which these turners worked was very remarkable indeed, In a few moments they would completely change the appearance of a vessel. Adjoining the turning room a number of men were employed in placing handles on articles which needed them. These handles were moulded in metal tubes in design answering exactly the requirements of the vessel to which they were to be affixed, which was speedily done by the addition of a little moist clay and paste.

The third stage in the development of the pottery is the firing process. The firing I was told has a great influence upon the texture and character of the pottery. The effect of the first firing converts the china from its comparatively soft condition into a hard substance known in the potters' nomenclature as biscuit ware. This first firing extends over a period of from forty to fifty hours, the temperature being about eighty-five degrees (Fahr.) After being allowed to gradually cool, it is taken from the kiln and then glazed.

The latter process produces nothing short of a magical effect upon the crude biscuit ware. The glaze into which it is dipped consists of finely powdered glass mixed in a solution of water. After the pottery is submerged in this it is placed in the glazing oven. Here it remains for about fourteen hours. The heat melts the powder into a glass-like covering which much improves its appearance.

Passing on I saw some of the finer pottery—the printed, ornamented and painted ware. Here I learned that the method of embellishing pottery was twofold, either by pencil or by impressions from copper plates. When a plate, for example, is to be printed, it is first heated, then covered with an oiled paper upon which the desired pattern from copper plates has been first stamped by means of high pressure. The heat in the plate and the oil in the paper thus converge to imbibe the enamel ink used in this printing process. This paper is carefully rubbed until it is completely attached to the clay. The plate is then left for the impression to set, after which the paper is washed off in clean water, the desired pattern being left behind. During all this process the ware is still in its biscuit condition; after this it is glazed, burned, and then is ready for the market.

The decoration of porcelain has long held a high rank as a fine art. In the Minton pottery I saw some, finer than which is not produced in any part of the world. The colours employed in the decoration of this fine ware are made from coloured glasses ground to fine powders mixed with borax and liquified by the addition of oil. These are laid on by means of hair pencils or fine brushes as in ordinary oil painting. To enrich the appearance of this fine ware gold gilding is often added, gold leaf being ground down together with the oil of turpentine. After it is thus decorated the china is fired and then burnished. The burnishing adds greatly to the lustre and beauty of the finish. Thus in brief I have outlined the process through which our china passes.

As I stood at the conclusion of my visit in the show room of this great pottery, so beautiful in its furnishings of tapestries, upholstery and works of art, about me on every side the finest productions of the best artists, it was truly a memorable moment. I felt it was a place where one might dream, away long happy hours feasting the æsthetic nature in viewing the beautiful products of "wonder-working man." In these show cases were *fac simile* copies of orders from every crowned house in Europe, two vases about ten inches in height given to Her Majesty at the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in '97, whose value was estimated at one thousand guineas, another vase ordered by an English lord worth more than five times its weight in beaten gold. These were only some of the charming contents of that famous room.

One of the most interesting features about this great pottery is found in the fact that their leading artist, a Frenchman, is the happy possessor of a secret art which he will divulge to no one. He works under lock and key. His masters even are not allowed to look upon him as he works. His productions which are after the nature of wedgewood-ware are exceedingly beautiful and valuable. There is a charm about his productions which is beyond expression. To once look upon them is never to forget them. They are a dream of bewitching beauty, art glorified by a touch which seems more than human. As this artist, seemingly imbued with the spirit of some divine

art, can produce wonders out of small and unpromising beginnings, so our lives if touched by the Master potter, moulded by the wheel of Providence, chiselled in the school of adversity, clarified in the furnace of affliction, stamped with the image of our divine Master will be truly beautiful and truly useful. "For we are his workmanship," says the Apostle, "his poem," as the original has it, something completed, rhythmic and harmonious. Then will the desire of Rabbi Ben Ezra find fulfilment:—

"But I need now as then,
Thee—God who mouldest men,
And since not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst.

So take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain of the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth and death complete the same!"

L. BROWN.

HEPATICA.

Last week through the dead leaves sodden and old,
Hepatica lifted her snake-like heads
Clothed in thick ermine, for fear that the cold
Had not yet relinquished his snowy down-beds.

But boldly at last since she's found that he's gone,
She has thrown off her cloak from her opened-out flowers,
And now o'er her new leaves again puts it on,
Awaiting the ministry of mild April showers.

Black, black are her old leaves still clinging around,
That enhance the pure gleam of her petals so frail,
Some are blue, some are white—those in blue most abound—
Others also are pink most exquisitely pale.

You may call her a Liverleaf and Hepatica too;
'Tis the flower that we love, not the name man conferred.
The Mayflower is sweet, but, obscured from the view,
Gives not the same welcome in spring to the bird.

We hymn you, Hepatica, flower of spring unsurpassed!
We hymn you, Hepatica, be you pink, white or blue!
When your petals have fallen—O, would they would last!
We'll long e'en for winter, for after, come you.

HYMNS—THEIR ORIGINS AND INFLUENCES.

" God sent His singers upon earth,
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,
 That they might touch the hearts of men,
 And bring them back to heaven again."

LONGFELLOW.

The whole Bible rings with music from the days when "the morning stars sang together" with joy at the creation, down to the time when John beheld and heard in prophet vision the angels "harping with their harps before the throne of God upon the glassy sea." It will be seen that in biblical times, as well as in our days, one spirit—that of devout praise to God—animated all these singers. There was then no difference whether the singer were a humble prophetess like Deborah, living under a palm-tree in simple fashion, or a great king like David, dwelling amid power and magnificence. So in later times congregations sing the strains of the early Christian fathers, like Ambrose; of medieval monks, like Bernard; of Anglican clergymen, like Ken and Lyte; of Romanists, like Newman and Madame Guyon; of Methodists, like Wesley and Whitefield; of Independents, like Baxter, Doddridge and Watts; of Moravians, like Montgomery; of Unitarians, like Sir John Bowring and Sarah F. Adams; of Baptists, like Anne Steele and John Fawcett; of Churchwomen, like Frances Ridley Havergal and Charlotte Ellicott; of straitest Nonconformists, like Ann and Jane Taylor, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In singing hymns, the church militant forgets all its internal strife; our hymn-books bear musical and eloquent witness to the inward unity of our faith. In this one form of service there is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Dissenter; for all alike praise God, and are "one in Him."

What is a hymn? Saunders says: "A true hymn is either prayer or praise—a heart-utterance to the divine Being." Augustine said, "Hymns are songs containing the praises of God." They are also songs freighted with inspiration to the hearts of men.

Of the power of hymns to sway multitudes, we have fre-

quent instances. Luther's hymns were a mighty force in the Reformation in Germany. They were sung from house to house, as well as in the churches, until the national mind and memory were permeated with the truth of God. What could not be read in books, could be sung and remembered in a hymn, so that the superstitions of Romanism fled before the clarion notes of hymns—the gospel in song. The monks said, "Luther has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons." Who does not know Luther's battle hymn? Professor Hedge's translation begins:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing."

At the time of the Reformation, every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battlefield. The first line of the hymn is inscribed on Luther's tomb. The Huguenots and Covenanters used to cheer their hearts in the extremity of adverse fortunes by Luther's solemn chant, suggested to him by the 46th Psalm:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid,
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

Hymns have soothed the pulse of sorrow, have brightened darkest days, have nerved sinking hearts to conflict, and have comforted in the hour of death. "Give me a bairn's hymn," said Dr. Guthrie on his dying couch; and during the disastrous flood at Johnstown, United States, a woman's voice was heard above the roar of the waters, singing, "Jesus, Refuge of my soul," until her voice was choked in death.

Many a prodigal has been arrested by the sound of an old familiar hymn tune, and while listening, old memories have crowded back, old prayers have come to recollection, and the tear of penitence has started. A young prodigal, far from his native land, lay dying; but he persistently turned a deaf ear to the exhortations and entreaties of an aged minister, who sat by his bedside. Finding at last that exhortation was useless, the minister commenced to sing a hymn of heaven—"Jerusalem, my happy home." "Why," exclaimed the youth,

after a couple of verses had been sung through, "My mother used to sing that hymn!" and listening, he was led to Christ. This hymn was written in the Tower of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The hymns sung in childhood have sometimes gone all through the changing years with the singers, till they have borne blessed fruit in leading them home to God and in comforting and strengthening them in seasons of temptation and trial.

Hymnists have come from all ranks and conditions of life, as well as from all branches of the church. Some have worn crowns, others have toiled for a daily living; some have rejoiced in health, others have been life-long invalids; some have been nursed in the lap of wealth; others have filled very humble positions in life. Yet in one and all we can trace the family likeness. In this fact we cannot but see a foretaste and earnest wish for the time when "the whole ransomed Church of God" shall be able to sing together with one heart and voice the song of "Moses and the Lamb."

Many hymns have histories of their own, and were not only written with the life experience and almost the life-blood of their authors, but they often furnish pages of autobiography. Thus the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," was written by William Cowper, after a fit of mental derangement, during which he had attempted to commit suicide. "Jerusalem the Golden," speaks eloquently of the hopes of Bernard of Cluny in the seclusion of his cloister. The poem from which this hymn is taken consists of a satire in Latin of three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi." Even in his monastery he caught echoes of the doomed world, but even as he wrote of judgment his heart hoped for the light of Heaven. He is to be distinguished from Bernard of Clairvaux, called "the last of the apostles," from whose poem of four hundred lines we get our beautiful hymn, "O sacred head, once wounded."

"Abide with me," was written by Henry Lyte, after having preached his last sermon, and when drawing near to the end of his earthly course. It is generally used as an evening hymn. It was not so intended. It refers to the evening of life, not of

the day, and is more of a hymn for the dying, than for those about to renew their strength by a night's rest. Lyte is buried at Nice, where he went in search of health, and his grave is still sometimes sought out by pilgrims from far across the seas who attribute their conversion to this hymn.

"Lead, kindly light," was composed by Cardinal Newman, before he became a Roman Catholic, when tossing about on the Mediterranean, and subject to much mental darkness and unrest.

"Blest be the tie that binds," was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, pastor of a small and poor Baptist church in Yorkshire, from which he derived a very small salary, too small in fact to live upon in comfort. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr. Gill, Mr. Fawcett accepted the invitation, preached his fare-well sermon, and began to load his furniture. But when the time for his departure arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were so overcome by the evidences of attachment to themselves which they saw, that they sat down and wept. Looking into his face, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed, "O, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," replied he, "nor will we go. Unload the waggons, and put everything in the place where it was before." Mr. Fawcett wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible. The hymn was an outgrowth of this incident.

When the "Sunday at Home," took the vote of 3,500 of its readers, as to which were the best hymns in the English language, "Rock of ages," stood at the top, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than three thousand votes. They were "Abide with me," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Just as I am." It holds a place in the affections of the Church, second, perhaps to none, and with perhaps no equal unless it be Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul." It is a grand hymn that nerves and strengthens faith, that associates the sublime imagery of the Hebrew scriptures with the all-protecting love of Christ, and has consoled thousands of Christians in the dying hour. The late Prince Consort repeated the first verse on his death-bed, and found in it the perfect interpretation of the sentiment of his hopeful Christian experience.

When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel, was the voices of the passengers singing, "Rock of ages."

The unfortunate Armenians, who were butchered lately in Constantinople, sang a translation of "Rock of ages," which indeed has made a tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress.

An incident connected with the wreck of an American ship is recorded in relation to this hymn. One of the Fisk University singers was on board, and before leaving the burning vessel, he carefully fastened life-preservers upon himself and his wife. They then committed themselves to the mercy of the water; but someone cruelly dragged away the preserver from his wife, leaving her to battle with the waves as best she could. She, however, clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders; but, ere long, her strength seemed to fail, and she said, "I can hold on no longer." "Try a little longer," said the husband. "Let us sing, 'Rock of ages,'" and as they sang, one after another of the exhausted battlers with the waves took heart and joined in, even with dying voices:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Strength seemed to come with the song, and some were encouraged to make renewed effort to keep afloat. Soon succour was seen to be approaching. Singing still, they kept afloat, and, presently, the lifeboat bore them safely to land.

Augustus Montague Toplady, the author, was born at Farnham, Surrey, England, in 1740. His father fell at the Battle of Carthage, and he was brought up in charge of an exemplary and pious mother. At the age of sixteen, Toplady chanced to go into a barn at an obscure place in Ireland, to hear an illiterate layman preach. The sermon made upon him an unexpected impression, and led to his immediate conversion. He thus speaks, "Strange that I, who had so long been under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people

met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could scarcely spell his name."

The immediate purpose of the author in writing this hymn was to protest against the possibility of entire sanctification in this life, as he understood it to be taught by the Wesleys. He entitled it, "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world," but he could not dream of how many dying beds have, by its means, been soothed.

Around Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn also, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," cluster many touching memories. Its very composition was the result of persecution and mob-violence. The two Wesleys, along with a coadjutor named Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a preaching service on a common, when they were attacked by a mob, and forced to flee for their lives. Their first place of refuge was a deep ditch, behind a thick hedgerow, and they lay down with their faces to the ground, keeping their hands clasped above their heads, to protect themselves from the falling stones. As night drew on, the darkness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a kind of barn, and here they crouched in comparative security, hoping their foes would be tired of the pursuit. Finding they were left alone, they presently struck a light with a flint, cleaned their soiled and tattered garments, and after quenching their thirst, bathed their faces in the water that bubbled from a spring close by. After this, when quietly resting and waiting for the morning, Charles Wesley was inspired to write, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," with a bit of lead which he had hammered into the shape of a pencil. Out of such travail was the hymn born.

Concerning it a story comes to us from the battle-fields of the American Civil War. In 1861, on a beautiful summer evening, an excursion steamer was gliding down the River Potómac, and a singing evangelist, who happened to be on board, sang several Christian hymns, finishing with, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, laying a very peculiar emphasis upon the lines :

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wings."

As he ceased, a gentleman pushed his way from the crowd of listeners, and said to the singer :

" Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war ? "

" Yes, sir," replied the singer, " I fought under General Grant."

" Well," rejoined the first speaker, " I did my fighting on the other side, and think—indeed I am quite sure—that I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this; and, if I am not mistaken, you were on sentry duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, the shadows hid me, but your post led you into the clear moonlight. As you paced backward and forward you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart; and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night air rang the words :

‘ Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wings.’

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you singing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was delivered from taking on that occasion." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and replied with much emotion :

" I remember the night very well, and distinctly recall the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and that probably it would cost me my life; and I went out to it feeling oppressed with the possibility of a violent death from some secret enemy. Then I remembered this hymn and its comforting thoughts. They seemed to fill all my mind, until, contrary to all martial rules, I began to hum and presently to sing them. As I sang, I felt secure in God's keeping; He it was who sent His angel and stayed your hand."

The author of "Just as I am," has won a world-wide

fame; this hymn and many of her other compositions are to be met with in almost every hymnal of every church. Charlotte Elliott, the author, was born in 1789, and only passed away in September, 1871. Yet her life was that of an invalid. She learned in suffering what she taught in song. The story of this particular hymn is of much interest, growing as it did out of her deep personal experience. A gentleman, visiting her father's house for the first time, when talking with Miss Elliott one evening, broached the subject of her personal relationship to Christ. The young lady somewhat resented the enquiry. He did not press the subject, but said he would pray that she might come to Christ. Some little time elapsed, and the seeds of thought thus sown became fruitful. She spoke to him herself, and said that his remarks had troubled her. "But," she added, "I do not know how to find Christ. I want you to help me."

"Come to him *just as you are*," he replied. These were the very words needed to quicken the impulse of faith. From that time life wore a new guise for Charlotte Elliott. She left off the composition of humorous poems, in which she had formerly excelled, and gave utterance to her newly-found faith in hymns and poems, which winged their way in no long time all over the land. Yet most of them were written in the midst of pain and suffering. Every winter was marked by sickness and confinement to her room; while the summers were spent in seeking health at various places, and under different physicians. She wrote over one hundred beautiful hymns, among them, "My God, my Father, while I stray," "O holy Saviour, friend unseen," and "Christian, seek not yet repose."

"My Faith looks up to Thee," was written by Dr. Ray Palmer, about the year 1830. He was a student at the time, preparing for the ministry. His health was very poor, and his worldly prospects clouded. He felt that the world could promise him nothing, and in an hour of despondency, the young student turned, as his only help and resource, to the promises of God. Comforted in spirit by Him "to whom all things are possible," he tells his experience and expresses his hope for the future in these lines.

The appealing and well-known hymn,

“Jesus, and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!”

was written by a boy, named Joseph Grigg, when only ten years old. His early life was passed in humble circumstances. He became a Presbyterian minister, but little is known of his personal history.

The much-used hymn beginning, “Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,” was written by William Williams, a Welsh preacher, in the times of Whitfield and Lady Huntington. He has been called the Watts of Wales. He possessed the warm heart and glowing imagination of a true Welshman. He wrote the inspiring words,

“O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace,
Blessed Jubilee,
Let the glorious morning dawn.”

(There are two other stanzas)

long before the beginning of foreign missionary enterprises, and while he was yet traversing the lonely mountains of Wales, and looking for the dawn of a brighter religious day. Welshmen sung the hymn as a prophecy, and felt their hearts gladdened with hope years before the church begun her aggressive march into pagan and heathen lands.

If “Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,” is Welsh, “The Lord's my Shepherd,” is of all peoples, and yet peculiarly Scotch. Every word of it has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number a guide in dark valleys and at last through the darkest. Of its helpfulness in times of trouble many instances are given, of which the most touching is the story of Marion Harvey, the servant lass of twenty, who was executed at Edinburgh, with Isabel Alison, for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill, and for helping his escape. As the brave lasses were being led to the scaffold, a curate pestered them with his prayers. “Come, Isabel,” said Marion, “let us sing the 23rd

Psalm. And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows. It was rough with the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse,

" My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows,"

has ever since David's day given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes.

" Art thou weary ? " In the 8th century there lived in a monastery, in the valley of the Kedron, a monk named Stephen, who before he died was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Jesus Christ, that in this last decade of the 19th century, no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume through the whole wide world to-day :

" Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?
' Come to me,' saith One, ' and coming,
Be at rest.' "

Miss Fanny Crosby, author of " All the way my Saviour leads me," " Safe in the arms of Jesus," " Through this changing world below," " Rescue the perishing," and other beautiful hymns, has been blind from infancy. Although thus afflicted, she is said by those who know her to be one of the most cheerful of individuals.

After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, Miss Crosby returns to her quiet room and pours forth her soul in song. It was at such a time as this that she wrote, " All the way my Saviour leads me." Miss Crosby says that of all the hymns she has written, " Safe in the arms of Jesus " is her favorite.

We are told that when Bishop Harrington was being dragged along the ground to a cruel death, he astonished his savage murderers and comforted himself by repeating this hymn in broken snatches.

One scarcely knows where to stop when writing of favorite hymns, but I cannot close this paper without reference to children's hymns.

Before the days of Isaac Watts, the children were wholly forgotten by hymn-writers. But Mr. Watts was never a father, and he wrote from the standpoint of the sterner 17th and 18th century; therefore, we miss the genial, loving tone and the hopeful theology of later hymnists for children.

Charles Wesley wrote one hymn for children, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," which gained much popularity, and is still very largely used. But women, especially women who were mothers, have excelled in the art of writing hymns for children.

Mrs. Duncan, wife of Rev. W. W. Duncan, wrote a hymn which is probably more used as a child's evening prayer than any other hymn, save perhaps Wesley's. The hymn referred to is,

" Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

Another child's hymn commencing, "I think when I read the sweet story of old," was written in 1841, by Mrs. Jemima Luke, for a village school near Bath, while on a stage-coach journey. It is not known that Mrs. Luke ever wrote another hymn, but the exceeding excellence of this one makes us wonder that the writer of it never gave others to the world.

In closing this paper, in which it has been possible to touch only here and there the vast field of hymnody, it is hardly necessary to make any plea for the study of hymns or their existence. One noteworthy fact may be instanced in proof of the assertion that hymns are the spontaneous expression of Christian life. Quakers, as is known, do not sing hymns in worship, and yet some of our best come from Quaker sources, among them that of John Greenleaf Whittier, athrill with poetic fervor and devout feeling:

" We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown."

ALICE E. FENTON.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Seminary Magazine*, published by the students of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, seeks to keep in touch with sister institutions not only in the United States but also in Canada. At the beginning of the University year an account of our University was asked for and published, and now a request for an account of the year's work is at hand. Fortunately we are in a position to say much that is encouraging. Unfortunately we are not yet able to report that the Forward Movement Fund, that was referred to as occupying the attention of the Chancellor for the session in the previous account, has been completed. That a year of excellent work has been accomplished by faculty and students, that all alike are enthusiastic believers in the University as it is and in its great future, that deep spirituality and a spirit of brotherly love pervade the institution, might truly be reported; and these things after all are worth more than abounding material prosperity, but we must have the Library and Chapel, and, with God's help, have them we will.

It is gratifying to note the promptness with which the people of Canada have come to the aid of those who are suffering from the devastation by fire in Ottawa and Hull. Expressions of sympathy have come from all sides, coupled with substantial contributions. England has also shown her sympathy and sent relief. This sympathy shown by the mother land is only another evidence of the forces which are cementing the different elements of the Empire into a compact whole. But it means more than this. Considering it from the standpoint of humanity it is an expression of a higher civilization. It is no new thing in this century. This sympathy of nations and communities, often widely separated, has been displayed repeatedly of late years. From all quarters of the globe contributions have been sent to aid plague-stricken India again and again, and in America and other countries where great calamities have befallen communities, their fellow-men have quickly come to their help. It is however an evidence of that increasing sense of world-brotherhood which is essentially a characteristic of the nineteenth century. We look in vain for such traits in the history of the past, when nations were too much occupied settling internal disturbances and in struggling to maintain their own identity, to think of aiding another nation. The religious wars of the Reformation

developed into a system of brigandage. At first there may have been some motives of benevolence entering into the alliances of different nations to oppose persecution, but these were rare and in almost every instance the selfishness of the leaders triumphed over every feeling of sympathy. Where such an attitude could be taken in regard to disasters inflicted by the hand of man, it is evident that we need not expect to find any expressions of national sympathy. Here and there a few enlightened minds have shown this spirit, but in nations as a whole it was never or very rarely displayed. They belong to the nineteenth century, an age when nations have come into closer touch with each other; when untrammelled by the petty ambitions of their rulers they can give expression freely to their feelings for each other. Such events as these are bright spots in the history of nations, for they indicate that beneath the crust of humanity, beneath the struggle, the conflict, and the sorrow, are the eternal fires, the spark of the Divine sympathy which embraces all peoples. And when pessimists tell us that the world is growing worse, that all is going to ruin, that the soul of man is deadened, such things as these rise up to confound them—assuring us that in the human heart are the perennial fires of brotherhood, are the eternal principles of

"Truths that wake to perish never,
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

THE writer is indebted to President N. E. Wood, D.D., of Newton Theological Seminary, for a copy of his "History of the First Baptist Church of Boston (1665-1899)," published in elegant form, with copious illustration, by the American Baptist Publication Society. The career of this church has been a most remarkable and a highly honorable one. It is the second Baptist church founded in Massachusetts, the first having been transplanted, with its pastor, from Wales, and having settled at Swansea, about two years earlier. The heroism with which the early Baptists of Boston met the persecuting measures of the authorities, and the persistence with which they adhered to their principles, and to their right to embody these principles in church life, are well worthy of the handsome memorial that Dr. Wood has erected in this volume. Fortunately the records of the church have been carefully preserved, and fortunately Dr. Wood has examined them most critically and has reproduced with scholarly precision everything that could

be of any interest to posterity. The reprinting in its entirety of "A Brief Narrative of Some Considerable Passages concerning the First Gathering and Further Progress of a Church of Christ in Boston in New England, commonly (though falsely) called by the Name of Anabaptists, for clearing their Innocency from the Scandalous Things laid to their Charge, set forth by John Russel, an Officer of the said Church, with the consent of the whole," published in London in 1680, with a prefatory note by William Kiffin, Daniel Dyke, Hansserd Knollys, *et al.*, is alone worth more than the price of the book. This little work had become exceedingly rare and is a document of the first importance. It is interesting to note that within about fifty years from the date of the founding of the church public sentiment has so far changed in favor of the Baptists, that Ellis Callender, pastor of the church (1708), was on the most cordial terms with the Congregationalist ministers of the city and sent his son Elisha to Harvard College, that the President of Harvard and leading Congregationalist ministers participated in the ordination of Elisha, in 1718, and that through the friendly relations that were established between the Callenders and the College, Thomas Hollis and his sons, of London, wealthy Baptist laymen, became the largest benefactors of the College, endowing professorships and scholarships, providing a printing plant and scientific apparatus, and giving many volumes to the Library. The friendly relations thus established between the Boston Baptists and the College tended also to liberalize the church and to diminish in some measure the polemical zeal with which Baptist principles had usually been pressed. The church has always held a leading position among the Baptist churches of the world and has had a long line of noble pastors. That the list embraces only seventeen names for the two hundred and thirty-four years of the history of the body speaks well for the church and its pastors. Copies of the earlier and present church buildings and of most of the pastors after the first hundred years adorn the volume.

WITH this issue of THE MONTHLY we close the University year of '99 and '00. It has been a year much like others in the routine of college work which is rounded up with the long-anticipated and sometimes much-dreaded exams.; yet in some respects it has been a year marked by the spirit of change. It has not, we trust, been the changefulness of anarchism but rather that of progress—not the spirit that tears down but that which builds up. The "Lit." has been placed upon what is hoped will prove a broader and more helpful basis. THE

MONTHLY itself having been placed more directly under the control of the "Lit.," should be more distinctly recognized as the organ of the University at large. Added to this, and perhaps most important of all, has been the steady progress toward the realization of long cherished hopes for a commodious University chapel. It may be anticipated with assurance that before THE MONTHLY closes another year's work it shall be able to say that desire has given place to possession.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

W. T. BUNT has accepted the pastorate of the Gladstone Church.

J. H. CAMERON, B.A., '97, was recently ordained at Rapid City, Man.

A. T. SOWERBY, B.Th., '94, is being greatly blessed in his labors in the Talbot St. Church, London.

T. J. BENNETT, Theo., '92, has recovered from a severe illness from which he suffered for months.

A. N. MARSHALL, B.A., '96, has met with great success in his work as a pastor in Melbourne, Australia.

RALPH W. TROTTER, B.Th., '95, is reported to be doing a great work in the Boundary country, British Columbia.

D. BROWN, Theo., '98, has resigned the pastorate of the Kenilworth Baptist Church to enter upon work in Winnipeg, Man.

J. A. KEAY, Theo., '91, has so far recovered his health as to take a pastorate again. His new home is Jerseyville, Ontario.

J. C. SYCAMORE, B.A., '96, since graduation pastor of the church at Brockville, has been eminently successful in that responsible position.

JOHN D. FREEMAN, Theo., '90, pastor of the Baptist Church, Fredrickton, N.B., has won a high place as a preacher in the Maritime Province.

W. T. GRAHAM, Theo., '88, until recently pastor of the Grace Church, Montreal, has accepted the pastorate of the Calvary Church, Brantford.

W. W. McMASTER, B.A., '94, B.Th., '96, now pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Ottawa, has had great encouragement in the erection of a new building for worship.

W. P. REEKIE, B.A., '98, when last heard from was in Cairo, seeing the sights of the land of the Pharaohs. He expected to be in Jerusalem before the end of April.

REPORTS occasionally reach us of the large degree of success which P. G. Mode, B.A., '97, B.Th., '99, is having in his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Yarmouth, N.S.

M. C. McLEAN, B.A., '98, during his two years' work at Crystal, N. Dakota, has had the pleasure of welcoming large numbers into church fellowship. We understand that the membership has increased forty per cent.

THOS. TROTTER, B.Th., '92, as President of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., is greatly encouraged by his success in raising a fund of seventy-five thousand dollars for strengthening the work of the University.

C. J. CAMERON, B.A., '94, Theo., '96, undertook the canvass for the McMaster Forward Movement in the Ottawa Valley. The success which has attended his work is gratifying to all. May the same devotion to the interests of McMaster characterize all her graduates.

G. HERBERT CLARKE, B.A., '95, recently passed through the city on his way to attend the session of Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York City. Mr. Clarke has recently written a number of short poems which have been widely copied and highly commended.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00; A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

SAY, have you seen Mac's new suit? Twenty dollars, he says.

DISGUSTED JUNIOR: "Well, I *do* like to meet a man who can appreciate a hard paper when he sees it!"

"HORRID belief, that metempsychosis, isn't it? Just fancy my being a donkey in my next incarnation!" "Monotonous, eh?"

THEY say syrup of hypophosphites is having a big sale. The apothecary recommends it as "good brain food."

WHAT queer questions examiners *do* ask, to be sure! Just what one never expects. One Freshman says he didn't know that the Encyclopedia Britannica was a prescribed text-book.

As Graduation draws near, those who leave McMaster Hall, probably never to return, must have sincere feelings of regret at bidding it farewell. College life in the old Hall is indeed well nigh ideal, for such a home-like, good-spirited college will rarely be found. The corridors, the dining-hall, the campus, even the class-rooms become dear to the student. College chums, class and room-mates will long be remembered by one another, in the quiet hours of after-life, with pleasant reminiscences; and many a life-long friendship will date back to the days spent in common struggles with Greek, philosophy, and boarding house beef-steak.

ONCE more the months have slipped away, and the last issue of THE MONTHLY must go to press. The last few weeks have been very busy ones, as in view of the on-coming exams., somehow one realizes more than ever that there is "no royal road," and there is noticeable on all sides a great tendency to make up for lost time by forced marches. Consequently, Literary Society meetings and all similar occurrences, the reports of which usually fill the columns of our College News, have been very few. Since the close of lectures, about April 3rd, "much study" has been the order of the day—and of the night, too! Not a few, perhaps, have discovered that it is much safer to follow the pace of the tortoise the whole year round than to try to do it all by a "spurt" on the last quarter—a "hare-brained" thing, indeed.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The meeting of the "Lit." for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held on the 6th. The enthusiasm was intense, and augurs well for the success of the Society. All due despatch was used in the voting, owing to the proximity of the crucial period of student life. As a result of the ballot for President, Mr. R. C. Matthews received the office, and the following officers were then elected: 1st Vice-President, J. A. McLean; 2nd Vice-President, Miss McLaurin; Treasurer, C. C. Lumley; Recording Secretary, A. C. Watson; Corresponding Secretary, C. C. Sinclair; Curator, J. R. Coutts; Secretary of Committee, R. Mode. The newly-elected President, Mr. Matthews, upon the request of the meeting, gave a brief address, dealing mainly with the future work of the Society, and stated his belief that the Society could do more for the students than it had ever done in the past, and that "Forward" would be the motto for the ensuing year. The other officers present were then heard from briefly.

FOR the first time in several years are our columns saddened by the news of the death of one of our fellow-students. On Easter

Sunday, about noon, William H. Rock, dear to all who knew him for his sweet Christian life, passed the shadowy portals, calm and confident, into the life beyond. It was the very day when men and nature all rejoiced in commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord; and as our friend and fellow-student breathed his last farewell on earth, death had no sting for him, and the grave's victory was "swallowed up" in the great victory of Christ. For several years Rock had fought physical weakness with true heroism. Two years ago, indeed, serious heart-disease gave warning that his life would be a short one. He longed to complete his course at the University, but on the very eve of graduating examinations, he was called home. Though now no more we shall hear his foot-falls in the corridors, nor see his cheerful smile, nor feel the influence of his patient, beautiful life, his memory will long remain among us; and, though we share in the grief of his relatives and close friends, we also share in their joy that he is now free from pain and weakness of the body.

"Thus in sooth
We lose the sense of losing."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { W. B. H. TEAKLES, B.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

WHEELING is of course a favorite pastime now the roads are again getting into good shape.

THE Tennis Courts are now in good trim and are consequently well patronized. In fact it is not easy to accommodate all who wish to play.

PRINCIPAL McCRIMMON'S special Bible classes have closed for the year. These classes were held every Saturday morning, and embraced a regular course of study, outlining the main theological questions. They were well attended, being especially appreciated by the "theologs."

A SERIOUS tone is evident just now among the student body. The reason is found in the approaching end—the finals! Only a few short weeks now and the inevitable test will have to be endured. Both teachers and students are working hard in anticipation of the ordeal. Some can afford to feel light hearted—but then there are others!

CRICKET is flourishing, though it is difficult to get a good wicket. There are some very promising young players at present in the school. Some of these should furnish good material for Canadian cricket in future years. Among them might be mentioned R. Reade, L. Reade,

J. B. McArthur, H. McGaw and H. Anderson. The cricket club is endeavoring to arrange several matches with outside teams.

OUR "Flat Prayer Meetings" are held regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays, between tea and study hours, and on Thursday evenings the students meet in the Chapel for the general weekly prayer meeting. These gatherings are led by members of the student body and are very profitable, stimulating the spiritual life of the boys, and we are glad to know, in not a few cases, leading the unconverted to decision for Christ.

BASEBALL is just now claiming a good share of attention and causing a great deal of excitement owing to the playing of the annual games, between the different years of the school, for the honors of championship. The Preparatory along with the First and Second Years comprise one team and make a strong combination that will be hard to beat. The rivalry is very keen in these matches which give such good exercise, not only to the players' limbs but to the "rooters'" lungs as well.

EACH Sunday morning at 9.30, Bible classes for the study of the International Sunday School Lesson are conducted by Professors McKechnie and Russell. Last week, however, (Sunday, 22nd inst.,) instead of the regular study, we were addressed by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.D., of the James St. Baptist Church, Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Gilmour spoke on Christ in a four-fold aspect,—as a Hero, as a Counsellor, as a Friend, and as a Saviour. The subject matter, and the manner in which it was handled, were eminently suited to an audience of young men such as the speaker addressed.

THE new Athletic Association which now takes charge of all sports in the school is working splendidly. The boys have responded well to the idea and therefore a large membership has put the Association on a good financial basis. This plan of having all games under one control does away with a great deal of trouble and friction which was bound to occur under the old system where every club had to make its own arrangements and raise its own funds. The Association controls baseball, cricket, football, tennis, lacrosse, basket-ball. Each club has a "captain-manager," as he is called, who selects teams and, looks after the interests of his club. A membership ticket costing the moderate sum of twenty-five cents will admit, up to the end of the school year, to every game on the campus.

THE Literary Societies have now concluded their term of activity. A successful series of meetings was brought to a close by a fine combined meeting. Speeches were made, the Society papers read by the editors, and some good music rendered by different members. A feature of the evening was a splendid paper by Prof. D. K. Clarke on Scottish life and character. The work of Literary and Debating Societies is an important educational factor in the life of any college. The opportunities given by their meetings for cultivating the power of

public speech should be fully taken advantage of by all students. It is the testimony of many who have graduated from this and other schools, and begun serious life, that their experiences in the "Lit." are often of more practical benefit to them than their lessons in the class room. Public speech still wields a mighty influence in the world, and it is nothing short of the duty of every college and university man to train himself so that he may be enabled to stand before an assembly with grace, and express his thoughts clearly and forcibly, and with some degree of elegance. There is no better place to learn, the rudiments at least of the art, than in the Literary and Debating Society of an Educational Institution.

FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR: MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

English verb—Beseech, besought, be-seated.

As yet, the bad condition of the roads about Grande Ligne has prevented any but our most experienced cyclists from venturing beyond the gates.

We have been informed that bicycles can be brought across the lines, from Uncle Sam's domain, "embalmed," and thus all trouble at the custom house can be avoided.

The W. W. T. intend inviting the Institute teachers and a few friends to the closing exercises of their calisthenic class, which will probably take place early in May. The class was organized in January, and has met quite regularly since.

On Saturday, April 21st, the air was warm and summer-like. Mr. A. E. Massé, as "Corporation Boss," was in his element and got his boys to work with good effect. Rake, hoc, wheel-barrow and roller were brought into requisition and plied with alacrity, unlike the usual corporation style. The afternoon's labor resulted in neat lawns, well-trimmed pathways, and a generally improved appearance in the Institute grounds.

It is pleasant, in these fresh spring afternoons, to walk in the woods, where the May-flowers are thrusting their dainty heads up through last autumn's fallen leaves. We have often wished that we could introduce a short course in botany into the work of the spring term. And the desire comes with renewed strength each year as we note the opening leaf and flower and the thousand interesting things that kind nature holds out to the observing eye. Perhaps sometime in the future, lessons in that delightful subject will be practicable.

Here and There.

J. R. COURTS, EDITOR.

IDEALS easily become idols.

"KNOW thyself, and you will know all mankind ; but in deceiving yourself, you cannot deceive all."

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child ; at twenty, wild ;
At thirty, tame, if ever ;
At forty, wise ; at fifty, rich ;
At sixty, good or never.

—*Ex.*

While a service was in progress in an English chapel, the electric light suddenly went out. To prevent any movement to the doors, the minister gave out the hymn :

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

—*Manitoba Baptist College.*

UNLIMITED ENCOURAGEMENT.—A story of the late Bishop Waisham How's is published in *The Sunday Magazine*. "A neighbor of mine, a clergyman, who had a great dislike of discouraging little children, was one day examining a class, and asked how many sons Noah had. 'Four,' a little girl answered. 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'perhaps ; but one died young.' He next asked what their names were. 'Adam,' suggested a small child. 'Yes, my child,' he said ; 'that would doubtless be the one who died young.'"

DAWSON CITY'S FIRE DOGS.—The recent great fire in Dawson City, Klondike, reminds us that there is in that town one of the most remarkable fire brigades in the world. The engine is drawn by a team of dogs, and the sight of this team driving through the streets of Dawson City, with the fire-engine trailing behind, is one of the most unique exhibitions in Alaska. The instant the alarm sounds in the fire-house, the dogs are alert, and when the number of strokes has been given which announces the calling out of the brigade, the clever animals immediately spring into the place where their collars are ready to be snapped into position. A few seconds later they are dashing through the streets at full tilt, dragging the fire apparatus at their heels, and tearing along in response to the cracking of the whips of the drivers, as though they fully realised the importance of their duties.

When the brigade turns out the streets of Dawson City are sure to be lined with spectators, for the people never tire of watching their dog team dash through the town. It is about the first thing to which a new arrival is introduced when Dawson's attractions are on exhibition.—*Selected.*

AMONG the exchanges to hand, the centennial number of the *University of New Brunswick Monthly* is worthy of special mention. In addition to the interesting biographical sketches that would naturally be expected in such an issue, we consider the contribution, entitled, "The University in its Relations to Christian Life and Thought," as an unusually cogent and matured treatment of a subject that cannot be too much before our minds in these days, when higher education in Canada is taking such rapid, vigorous strides.

The opening words of another article, "The Student of To-day," may well be re-echoed for the benefit of all: "If the university student of the present generation is not a better worker and better man than the student of thirty years ago, the fault must be largely with himself."

The last number of the *Ottawa Campus* contains, under the caption, "Development of Personality," some thoughts that bristle with suggestion. One or two sentences we cannot refrain from quoting: "No man finds himself until he has created a world for his own soul." "If we would develop personality, we must think. Take time to get acquainted with ourselves." "We must think of Nature, and little by little, we will reflect the depth of the clear, blue sea, the calm of the starry sky, and the grandeur of storm-tossed oak." Truly, in these days of fevered haste, it is soothing to the soul, to meet a man who exemplifies, even in measure, the traits, so ably delineated in this pleasing paper.

The *Mitre* for March betrays no sign of impending examinations. Its contents in this issue are better than usual. "The Coward," is a well-written paper, upon a subject too often encountered, to be so rarely registered among our magazines.

Some years practical experience in teaching has, no doubt, led many of us to appreciate such an article as the "Teaching of History," dealt with at some length. We have perused the selection, entitled, "The Woman in Mathematics," with much interest, while the contribution upon "Oxford University Life," certainly affords good reading matter for students on this side of the water.

The April number of the *Atlanta Advance*, repeating the words of Theodore Roosevelt, thus emphasizes the place of character in athletics: "A year or two ago I was speaking to a famous Yale professor, one of the most noted scholars in the country, and one who is even more than a scholar, because he is in every sense a man. We had been discussing the Yale-Harvard football teams, and he remarked of a certain player: 'I told them not to take him, for he was slack in his studies, and my experience is that, as a rule, the man who is slack in his studies will be slack in his foot-ball work; it is character that counts in both.'"

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
 Are dull with rust ;
 The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,
 Are clogged with dust ;
 We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
 Upon the self-same strains,
 While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
 Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching,
 With listening ears,
 Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
 He never hears ;
 Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
 A word of tender praise,
 A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
 Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it ; this suffices
 For reason's share,
 Why should they pause to give that love expression
 With gentle care ;
 Why should they pause ? But still our hearts are aching
 With all the gnawing pain
 Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
 And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and we know it ; if we falter,
 With fingers numb,
 Among the unused strings of love's expression,
 The notes are dumb.
 We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
 Leaving the words unsaid,
 And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
 In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence
 Its fate fulfills,
 Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
 Beyond the distant hills,
 The only difference of the love in heaven
 From love on earth below,
 Is : Here we love and know not how to tell it,
 And there we all shall know.

—*Constance F. Woolson.*