

A NATIVE OF NASHWAAK.

Professor Goodspeed to Retire from McMaster University After Fifteen Years' Service.

UNWILLING TO CONTINUE UNDER THE RECONSTRUCTED CURRICULUM—ATTITUDE ON CRITICAL QUESTIONS—SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Toronto Globe.—Rev. Calvin Goodspeed, M. A., LL. D., for the past fifteen years professor of systematic theology and apologetics in McMaster University, has submitted his resignation, and a special meeting of the Board of Governors has been called to consider it. The professor was seen by a reporter of The Globe yesterday afternoon, but beyond confirming the resignation would not discuss the reason for it. Last week the Senate of McMaster University decided on a reconstruction of the theological curriculum, which, while it involves a rearrangement and increase of work, will not call for an enlargement of the faculty. Prof. Goodspeed has reached a time in life where a man would prefer to diminish rather than add to his work, and it was learned that it was his unwillingness to enter into the new arrangement that prevailed with him in the decision to resign. Had things remained as they were in the theological course Dr. Goodspeed would probably have continued at his post for years to come, but the opportunity and circumstances combined to make resignation opportune. For some years he has owned a fruit farm in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, and has spent his summers there. He is a man of competence and can afford to retire, looking back with satisfaction upon his career and forward to years of comfort and less arduous duty.

Prof. Goodspeed is a native of Nashwaak, York County, New Brunswick. He graduated in arts from the University of New Brunswick and in theology from Newton Theological Seminary, Boston. After

wards he studied in England and in Germany for two years before entering upon his ministry. He did not preach many years before he became editor of The Messenger and Visitor, the Baptist paper of the Maritime Provinces. In that position he succeeded remarkably as a writer, and made the financial end of the journal turn out well. In 1891 he came to Toronto and assumed his present position. In addition to his regular work he has in recent years lectured on church policy and Old Testament criticism.

On the questions and results of Biblical criticism, Prof. Goodspeed has always held a conservative position. He recognizes the high value of critical investigation in the work it has done by inter-relating the thought of the Old Testament with the life from which it sprang. But he distinguished clearly in his lectures between the facts brought out by higher criticism and the theories of some higher critics, and with the conclusions of the radical and rational schools he entirely disagreed.

Prof. Goodspeed holds a large place in the esteem and confidence of his religious brethren, and has always sought the general welfare of the Baptist denomination. Since the organization of the Committee on State of Religion by the Baptist Convention ten years ago he has been a member and is now its chairman, a position for which his piety and interest in the subject fit him admirably. He has been a pronounced and active prohibitionist, and supported the cause both by voice and pen.

FORTY MILES OF LOCUSTS.

Stopped a Railroad Train in Uganda.

TRAIN HANDS GOT OUT AND SHOVELLED THEM FROM THE METALS.

London, April 5.—The Daily Express publishes the following:—A remarkable sight was witnessed recently by passengers in one of the down trains on the Uganda railway, writes an Express correspondent.

When passing Nairobi, the headquarters of the railway, a dense swarm of locusts, closely followed by an enormous flock of hawks, circling gracefully round in pursuit of their prey, was seen high up in the heavens.

An even stranger sight, and one which told only too plainly of the havoc being wrought in the aerial ranks, was presented by the discarded wings of the locusts which floated to the ground like falling leaves.

Not long ago, while proceeding

from Lake Victoria to Mombasa, a train ran into a perfect bank of these destructive pests, which continued, with more or less density, for a distance of nearly forty miles.

In some places they were between four and five inches in depth; but, curiously enough, the entire invasion was confined to a strip of not more than fifty yards on either side of the four-foot way.

As soon as the engine struck the swarm the train was brought to a standstill, and for the next two hours a breakdown gang had to be employed in shovelling the locusts from the metals and covering them with sand, the stench being described as almost overpowering.

WEDDING AT HALIFAX.

Popular Woodstock Druggist Led a Bride to the Altar.

Halifax, April 6.—The marriage took place at seven o'clock last evening of Miss Maud Strethill, daughter of the late Hugh S. Wright, of Edinburgh, Scotland, formerly of Woodstock, and Edward W. Mair of Woodstock, N. B.

The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, 67 Tower Road, by Rev. Mr. Armitage, rector of St. Paul's church. Owing to the death within a very short period of the bride's father and mother, the list of invitations to the wedding was limited.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Wright, and both wore white. The bride was given away by her brother, Hugh E. Wright. The groom was unattended.

Immediately after the ceremony the young couple left for their wedding trip. Their future home is to be at Woodstock, and it is regretted by the many friends of the bride in this city. Miss Wright has been a favorite socially during the short period of her residence in Halifax, and her friends say "good-bye" reluctantly.

LAWYER SHOT IN COURT.

Slain by a Dallas County Official After a Quarrel.

Dallas, Texas, April 8.—Frank J. Bell, a prominent lawyer, ex-assistant county attorney and grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Texas, was shot in the Dallas county court house today, and died in St. Paul's sanitarium at five fifteen last evening. The man who did the shooting was Robert R. Parker, assistant district clerk of Dallas county. Bell was unarmed.

The only eye-witness of the tragedy was A. B. Rawlins, the district clerk, and he refuses to make a

statement further than to say: "The trouble started over some official papers in my office. Personalities developed and the shooting followed. Bell never spoke after being shot."

Parker was taken to the county jail and locked up on a charge of murder. He stubbornly refuses to make a statement to any one but his lawyer. Lawyers who know Bell socially and professionally say the shooting grew out of papers in a divorce suit in which Bell was one of the counsel.

The dead man was born near Atlanta, Ga., about thirty-six years ago and had lived in Dallas fifteen years.

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The man who likes his work well enough to keep everlastingly at it and takes pains at every turn, is a safe sort of genius to tie to.

A Swiss watchmaker has made a watch with a phonograph attachment that calls out the hours as they pass.

It is said that the study of English is decreasing in France, while the study of German is increasing.

It is estimated that about thirty-five per cent. of the entire area of Russia in Europe is covered by vast forests.

Seven out of every hundred English women are widows, while among

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS SONG.

Howard Paul Tells the Tale of the Life of Howard Payne, Who Wrote the Song That Is the Property of the Home-Loving of All Nations—Corrects the Myth That Payne Was Without a Home.

Howard Paul thus writes in Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper of London, England:

It is no exaggeration to state that the song "Home, Sweet Home" is known in every part of the world where the English language is spoken, and it is a curious fact that a stock paragraph has been going round England and the United States for many years to the effect that the author of the simple, touching lyric "never had a home, but was a wanderer on the face of the earth."

As a relative of Howard Payne, knowing him well, and having seen him frequently in my youth, I beg to state that he always had a home, and though by no means a man of wealth he was comfortably off, and died when filling the position of consul of the United States at Tunis. A man occupying that post cannot be said to be either impoverished or homeless.

One day in New York I asked Mr. Payne to tell me the origin of "Home, Sweet Home." "I first heard the air in Italy," he replied. "I was staying at Florence at the time, and during a stroll in the country I heard a peasant girl—a contadina—singing a tune that struck me as exceedingly pretty. She had a peculiarly penetrating, musical voice, and was carrying a basket of flowers to market. I purchased a nosegay, and asked her the name of the tune she had been singing. She did not know. I begged her to repeat it, which she did, and I dotted down the notes as nearly as I could catch them. Just at that time I was writing a play called Clari, the Maid of Milan, for Covent Garden, and I wrote the words to the melody, and sent them to Sir Henry Bishop, who recognized the tune as a Sicilian folk-song, a copy of which he fortunately possessed. He was engaged by Charles Kemble, the manager of Covent Garden, to arrange the music for my play, and the song about home proved an instant success. I sold it after it had been sung some weeks to a publisher for fifty pounds, and I was afterwards told that the profits from this one song were quite two thousand pounds. It was sung in the play by Miss Tree, sister of Miss Ellen Tree, who afterwards became the wife of Charles Kean, the tragedian, who for many years was the lessee of the London Princess's Theatre. Mr. Payne told me that after the lyric had become fixed in the public mind the great opera singers of their period—Pasta and Malibran—introduced "Home, Sweet Home" in their program at concerts; so Patti and Melba, who often do the same today, are only following illustrious precedents.

Howard Payne was born in New York, where, as a lad, he was taught elocution, and he displayed so much talent in that direction that his parents were induced to permit him to appear at a theatre as Young Norval and Romeo, which he did with remarkable success. A few years later, when about 22 years of age, he came to England, and after playing the two characters named above in provincial circuits he settled down in London and was engaged by Charles Kemble to adapt French plays to the English stage, and there are at least fifty published of which he may be said to be part author.

His most important original work—the one that has held the stage—is the tragedy of Brutus, which he wrote for Edmund Kean somewhere towards the end of the brilliant career of that erratic genius. The play was produced at Drury Lane and ran several weeks, which in those far-away days was considered a triumphant career. Kean often revived the play, and it was a fixture in his farewell provincial starring tours. He presented Mr. Payne with a handsome gold-headed cane with a complimentary inscription engraved thereon, which the author dearly prized, and which the writer of this sketch saw in New York just before Mr. Payne started on his final visit to Tunis to occupy his post as consul.

Mr. Payne saw Edmund Kean in most of his important impersonations, and frequently saw the great tragic actor Talma during his visits to Paris in search of available plays for the English theatres. He was of the opinion that Kean in intensity and in an impressive electric power that stirred an audience to absolute enthusiasm was superior to the French actor, but admitted the latter's elocution, grace and ease, which Kean did not possess. Mr. Payne greatly lamented the English actor's convivial habits. They weakened his powers to such an extent that he was an object of undisguised pity to playgoers who remembered him in his earlier days. Very frequently after his greatest triumphs at Drury Lane he would retire to a neighboring hostelry and finish the night with boon companions—a sure method of self-destruction.

During a prolonged visit to Paris Mr. Payne had as a room-mate Washington Irving, and for a time Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, lodged in the same house. "Irving, Cooper, and I, all Americans, frequently dined together," said Mr. Payne; "and we had interesting talks. Irving had been to Spain, and used to delight and astonish us with legends of the Alhambra and accounts of the Prado, which contained noble canvasses by Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck and Murillo. He was a devoted admirer of Velasquez, calling him the 'Prince of Painters,' whose marvellous art was one of

balance, moderation, and self-control. His aim was the perfection that lies in reason and moderation." It is somewhat of a coincidence that these three literary men and close friends, Payne, Irving and Fenimore Cooper, all died within a year or two of each other. On Mr. Payne's death his body was laid to rest in St. George's Cemetery at Tunis. It was afterwards exhumed in 1883, and taken to Washington by the representatives of Mr. Corcoran, a wealthy banker. After lying in state, with considerable ceremony, his honored dust was conveyed to the spot—Oak Hill, near Washington—where it now reposes. The funeral was attended by the then President of the United States, the members of his Cabinet, and many citizens of note. As the start was made for the cemetery, the Marine band, led by Mr. Sousa, played "Home, Sweet Home," and at the graveside a philanthropic society sang the poet's world-famed song.

Howard Paul.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill.

Mrs. Smithhazy—Yes. He's too ill to do anything except make good resolutions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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A well-known authority on circus matters vouches for the truthfulness of the following story: Business had been very bad with an English provincial circus, and finally the performers, with a tumbler named Zeno at their head, went to the management and insisted on receiving their back pay. They were put off repeatedly. A definite date was at last promised, but the time arrived and still there was no money. Zeno expostulated. Whereupon the management explained that it had commenced to pay salaries, commencing with the names beginning with A, and so on, but that the money had run out somewhat in the S's. The company walked home.

A year later Zeno appeared at the offices of the circus and asked for an engagement.

"Certainly," said the manager. "We will take you on at an increased salary. Now let me enter your name. Mr. Zeno, is it not?"

"One moment," said the performer. "This year my name is Alex."

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The eucalyptus tree dries up springs rapidly.

The olive will live longer under water than any other tree.

There are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia.

A nutmeg tree of the largest size will produce no more than five pounds of nutmegs.

Whenever a plant is wounded a positive electric current is established between the wounded part and the intact parts.

In Tibet there is a most curious tree known as the tree of the thousand images. Its leaves are covered with well defined characters of the Tibetan alphabet.

On the island of Lochee grows a tree about the size of a common cherry tree which possesses the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. At one time the flower assumes the tint of the lily and again shortly takes the color of the rose.

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