

has been torn and twisted it is truth still. This is the first type which I had no great difficulty in tracing. The second, though considerably concealed, may be traced with equal facility. I observed that there were a large number of persons who, though in a less dangerous position than those with the distorted faces, were yet subjected to such a severe pressure as the wedge tightened that their faces, instead of being bruised in any manner whatever, were pressed out to twice their normal length. This is, no doubt, the origin of what is usually termed "long-faced christianity." The individuals of this type, I found, take the most solemn view of life it is possible to conceive. Being very early impressed with the idea that the solution of the whole problem lies in the entire separation of the spiritual and temporal spheres, they have long ago renounced the pleasures that sometimes cheer us in this vale of tears, and with their eyes so firmly set upon the future that they are almost blinded to the present, they wander about

"Like strange souls upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage."

I observed further that this class had a baneful influence round the university, particularly on persons whose faces had not been stretched to such extraordinary length as their own, and that often when they thought they were doing the most good they were really doing a great deal of harm. Many of our freshmen who on entering college aim at identifying themselves with the highest objects and at equipping themselves for a calling they cannot afford to disgrace, are at first struck by the number of these persons with the long faces; and misled by the idea that these are the true representatives of the christian spirit, the magical effect of imitation soon begins to work, and it is not long before they have faces almost as long as their illustrious prototypes.

Through their limitation of the Christian life to the avowal of faith at a prayer meeting, to identification with some mission band, or to a denial of all manner of thinking which a strict interpretation of our catechism would forbid, they have, I think, lost the real essence of that spirit which flows through *all* our deeds and makes them pure, and have acquired a wrong conception of God who manifests himself in an infinite variety of ways.

If a wave of 19th century thought has washed up against them they have beaten it back, and in open hostility to a monster they call reason they are pursuing in their peculiar way the path of life. The suggestive and annoying questions that often arise in the soul they answer by a wave of the hand, and they treat them on all occasions as "wiles of the devil." Struggling on in a life which is only half as full as it should be, they are neither identifying themselves with the good part of this century's scepticism nor are they fortifying themselves against the evils which are connected with it.

I have dwelt rather long in delineating the second type. I will now go on to an outline of the third type, which I found comparatively difficult to decipher, as the

persons representing it were scattered here and there, and their crowning characteristic could not be distinguished by a superficial observation.

These individuals were further removed from the wedge than those in either of the other two classes, and though they were neither maimed, like those in the first class, nor squeezed, like those in the second, yet in the continual jostling that was kept up they were not free from the disabilities of either, and like men who have lost their bearings and have been surprised at uncertain times by the rude shocks chance sometimes doles out to us, they move about with a look of abjectness on their faces, foretelling the most direful disasters and keeping up a continual process of groaning. Those who belong to this class it need not be told, though they have a splendid appreciation of the noblest truths, are yet enfeebled greatly by the pessimistic tone characterizing all their efforts, and their tendency to magnify the ordinary accidents of life.

But I have said much more than I intended, and must not spoil my chances of saying what I would like to say again. Let no one imagine, Mr. Editor, that I am at war with the persons whose mode of life I have undertaken to describe here. There is a possibility of heating a furnace which might singe myself, and besides a criticism of the processes connected with a system does not necessarily point to an annihilation of the system itself, for does not the old proverb run :

"Many can brook the weather that love not the wind."

I have chosen the *nom-de-plume* of one who has long since become famous, and who, when he was a student like the rest of us, and brightened the JOURNAL of old days by his quaint humor and excellent observations, did not deem it an unworthy thing to subscribe himself

PROWLER.

CELEBRITIES OF '89.

No. 2.

IT is generally conceded that there is no more powerful descriptive agent than contrast. If we wish to convey to others an adequate idea of an object which, by reason of its appearance or magnitude, baffles the ordinary methods of description, we appeal, as the last and infallible resource, to a comparison of the object in question with other objects with which we are more or less familiar and thus arrive at some definite idea. With this principle we heartily agree, and, in pursuance thereof, present to our readers in this issue a youth between whom and the subject of our previous sketch there exists a contrast no less distinctly marked than that of light and darkness. No. 2, instead of soaring into the atmosphere, a trackless wilderness of legs, arms and shoulder-blades, is comparatively short. He is short and yet not, as we would naturally expect, fat. A luxuriant moustache, however, amply compensates for his lack of inches. No. 2 is essentially one of the "boys." He scorns the