

Austen, Miss Porter, Miss Mitford, Miss Muloch, George Eliot, Miss Martineau, the Brontë sisters, and others.

I may perhaps tread on debatable ground, but as an Englishman, and a landowner, I have read Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold—and to those who may be prone to object to these authors, I would rest my defence upon the characters of *Little Nell*, *Colonel Newcome* and *Patty Butler*.

I think we should read and accept such influences as may fit us to be real men. In the writings of the authors I have named, there is not to be found the scurrility and low buffoonery, the profanity and blasphemy which you may discover in some of the American humorists (so-called).

As Douglas Jerrold said: "I believe there are men so wicked that they would be able to write a comic 'Sermon on the Mount,' but I sincerely trust that the world will grow tired of it."

It is somewhat to our credit that Bret Harte, when he was at the Queen's Hall for two evenings some time back, read to their audiences, and lost money by the venture.

Profanity is neither wit nor humor. Is it right to jest about the Holy Scriptures or to turn sacred things into ridicule?

Daniel Webster was once asked: "What was the most important thought that you ever had in your life?" After a pause, during which his expressive countenance took on a very solemn look, he replied:—"The most important thought I ever had was the thought of my individual responsibility to God."

Is it not desirable that this thought should preside over our lives, and guide all our actions; one of the first results would be that we should read only authors of whom we might say,

"They wrote no line
Which dying they would wish to blot."

To be continued.

ARTSMEN AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

On Saturday evening last, the Artsmen had their annual tramp to the Athletic Club House at Cote des Neiges.

About forty men turned out, and after a very enjoyable walk of three-quarters of an hour the festivities of the evening began, and were engaged in with a zest which showed that "poring over miserable books" is not the ideal enjoyment of even an Artsman.

Dinner was soon announced, and it is unnecessary to say that the excellent bill of fare received most serious consideration. The first toast of the evening was that to our Alma Mater. In proposing it, Mr. A. Graham of the Fourth year referred to the great progress which has characterized our University for the last few years, and prophesied still greater things for the future. The toast was drunk amid great enthusiasm, and was responded to by Mr. Ireland of the Final year. Mr. Ireland congratulated the Undergraduates on their being identified with this University. It was a great

institution for Canada, he said, yet it had its drawbacks. The Students were not always given the stand at examinations they thought they deserved, but other Universities followed the same methods. He thought it was not strictly correct to say that ours was an *un-principled* institution, for the Faculty of Arts at least had lately been working upon a *principle* which yielded considerable *interest* to the Undergraduates. Then followed the toast to the Donaldas, proposed by Mr. Keith of the Third year. Mr. Keith referred at some length to the "Chinese wall" that stood between the gentlemen Undergraduates and the fair denizens of the East Wing. He described the condition of affairs as quite anomalous, quoting from a Greek author to illustrate it, and then kindly giving a translation of the passage in response to repeated demands for a *crib*. In responding to the toast, Mr. Dickson, '94, made a short speech, in which he expressed strong disapproval of the last instance of interference with the privileges of the lady students viz.: the action of the Library authorities prohibiting them from the use of the great reading room of the Library, and subjecting them to the inconveniences of a small room remote from the reference shelves.

It is in general not well to make invidious distinctions, yet we think it but right to say that Mr. McIntosh of the Third year made the speech of the evening in proposing the graduating class. Mr. McIntosh did not forget to include the graduating Donaldas in this toast, which at the close of his happy remarks was drunk with prolonged cheering and the emphatic assertion that they were "all jolly good fellows." It was responded to by Mr. F. C. Fraser, who thought that though the "Chinese wall" before mentioned could not be broken down, it might perhaps be possible to climb over it. As a practical suggestion to this end, he advised all the Students to attend the Arts Conversation on the evening of Feb. 9th. It would probably be the last occasion on which the members of the graduating class would have an opportunity of meeting the other Students in a social way. Mr. S. Graham of the Second year proposed the toast to the Freshmen. It was drunk with enthusiasm, and Mr. Howard, '97, responded briefly. The toast to the Committee was proposed by Mr. Smith, '94, in a pretty speech, and gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Hanson of the Third year. After a few pleasing remarks by Mr. Killaly, B.A., Ap. Sci. '96, the President was toasted amidst loud applause. In response, Mr. Graham thanked the gentlemen for the kindness that had prompted their toast, and for the support they had always given him while performing the duties of his office. All with one accord then repaired to the large hall up-stairs and engaged in Basket Ball and other varieties interspersed with music and a reading by Mr. McMaster. A solo by Mr. Hopkins, '95, is worthy of special remark; the words are from the pen of our College poet, "Cap'n. Goun," and the music is from Wang, "You must ask of the man in the moon." The men grouped themselves together on the platform, and were photographed by Mr. Tooke, and then, about 11 o'clock, started city-