

Of Beauty itself Scott had not the full and *broad* recognition, or if he had he has not given it expression. His feeling toward the natural world approaches what I imagine was Shakespeare's, when he wrote :

"Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither."

Throughout Scott reveals a fineness of feeling and a delicacy of mind readily responsive to Beauty's appeal. We can say of his appreciation that it was deep-felt and genuine, and that the joy and delight derived from the mere contemplation and description of Nature was self-satisfying. This is the chief and best part of the man, Walter Scott, and we cannot but rejoice that, though Nature did not mean to him what it did to Keats, he was yet saved from the cold and formal didacticism to which Wordsworth, for instance, *occasionally* fell.

Scott's claims to greatness are not many; he is loved and cherished because he was a fine, healthy and genuinely optimistic mind. He took a joy out of living; men appealed to him, Nature appealed to him still more, and his work has a distinct and unique place in literature. He was the strong tonic to the maudlin thought and langour that characterized his period, the reviver of an ebbing life, the restorer of literature to a higher plane, nay, such a force as the present analysis-run-mad age, in its continued and self-weakening struggle for the all important and cold-blooded *fact* might well profit by.

The harmony existent between man's being and the natural world binds them together, and even as Scott felt this, but gave it no definite expression, so may we, through him, be consoled; so ever turn, in the want of the actual, for the attunement of our being by Nature that such communion gives. Scott had no great message for humanity; he accepted the past, rested on it, gloried in it, and lived, so far as his poems reveal, a good, vigorous life in his present. His work is free from a pessimistic line, and its influence is all for the good, the true, the beautiful and eternal, and Scott was all that his poetry is—not great, but good and wholesome.

A. H. R. FAIRCHILD.

### THE LIT.

Never before, perhaps, have such floods of surging oratory poured over an excited assembly as last Friday night at the Lit. Each speaker had complete command over about one half of the audience; the other half seemed to look on his clinched arguments and soul stirring peroration as so much wind. This fact does not, however, detract from the quality of the eloquence; it is simply a peculiarity in our modern audience.

After the minutes had been taken as read, and some routine business put through, Mr. Cleland brought in the report of the Nominating Committee which had been referred back at the last meeting. In deference to the wish of the Society Mr. Alexander's name was added to the Board and the report was then unanimously adopted.

The Treasurer, Mr. McKay, had no report, and so Mr. Pringle thought, logically enough, as there was no financial statement it could not be audited.

On Mr. Munroe's motion, Messrs. Carson, McKay and Smithson were asked to prepare a list of life members for election night.

At this point Mr. Hinch, with the greatest deliberation, withdrew his motion of the week before. "Nick" stood unmoved before the shouting audience as he calmly and slowly stated his reasons for so doing.

It was unanimously decided to petition the council for permission to use the Students' Union as the polling booth on Friday.

By this time the nominations were reached, and Mr. Young, who, I forgot to say, was in the chair, asked for nominations for President. Amid the greatest enthusiasm Mr. Carson, seconded by Mr. Murray, proposed Mr. Young for a second term. Mr. Young's name called forth wild applause. He rose and very warmly thanked the Society for the honor they did him. He thanked the retiring Executive for the assistance they had given him and then sat down, but Mr. Young remembered he had forgotten something, rose again and laughingly said he must decline the nomination. As both Mr. Carson and Mr. Murray said, the Society owes a great deal to the hard work which Mr. Young has devoted to its affairs.

Thereupon Mr. Perrin, '92, who had a seat on the platform, got up and, greatly to Mr. Narraway's surprise, nominated Mr. Moore as President for next year. Mr. Moore's name elicited prolonged cheers from those on the Chairman's right.

Scarcely had Mr. Perrin finished his eloquent tribute to Mr. Moore, when Mr. Narraway stepped on the platform and nominated Dr. Wickett in opposition to Mr. Moore. Dr. Wickett's name called forth counter cheers from the left. The mover then proceeded in soaring oratory to tear to pieces the "Alma Mater" platform and point out the many beauties of the "Old Lit." propositions.

It would be quite impossible from now on to attempt any detailed report of the numerous speeches which followed. Mr. Carson nominated Mr. Bone for First Vice-President, and incidentally showed that the "Old Lit." platform was really composed not of beauties, but of snares and deceptions.

Mr. Martin followed, and after explanations, criticisms and a good deal of disturbance, proposed Mr. John McKay as Mr. Bone's opponent.

Then Mr. Piper jumped up and insisted that Mr. Narraway owed the "School" an apology for some remarks he had made.

Mr. Biggar was of opinion—and about half the meeting shared this view—that Mr. Jones was an ideal candidate for the Second Vice-Presidency. On the other hand, Mr. Shotwell, after speaking soothing words to the "School," considered that Mr. Brown had even better qualifications than Mr. Jones.

For the office of Recording Secretary, Mr. Hobbs, who got an excellent hearing, proposed the name of Mr. Davidson. Mr. Munroe followed nominating Mr. LeSueur. He, too, was heard with some attention.

For the remaining offices the following gentlemen were nominated:—Corresponding Secretary—C. B. Gordon and J. Patterson. Curator—E. A. Cleary and D. Macdougall. Treasurer—E. H. Cooper and D. E. Kilgour. Secretary of Committees—F. G. Lucas and E. M. Ashworth. Historical Secretary—G. C. King and W. A. Groves. Fourth Year Councillor—D. A. Sinclair and J. L. Hogg. Third Year Councillor—A. C. Campbell and W. J. Donovan; Second Year Councillor, A. W. Green and M. A. Buchanan; S. P. S. Councillor, F. W. Thorold and J. C. Johnston.

It was quite a late hour when the meeting finally broke up. So ended the last meeting of the Lit. of '97-'8. It still seems to have some signs of vitality about it.

Prof. Gates, of the Smithsonian Institute, has made the startling statement that all crime will eventually be stopped by science. He thinks that if a man has a desire for stealing or murder, his brain may be cut and the portion containing this desire taken out.