

going to avail themselves of it or fall under the tyranny of machines? The danger of the future is in the machine—in politics, in the pulpit, in the press. All these great fields need reformers, upholders of right. If we are independent enough to champion our convictions of right and justice, are we to weaken our ranks by casting from us the high-souled philanthropy of woman and stand alone? They will help us if we give them a chance for development and union. It will take time, we must wait and work. The poet Tennyson has caught the spirit of the subject finely. Listen :—

"The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall man grow ? but work no more alone ;
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man.

And so these twain upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To Be.

Ourselves are full
Of social wrong ; and may be wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.

This fine old world of ours is but a child ;
Yet in the go-cart, "Patience, give it time
To learn its limbs !"

PHILLIPS STEWART.

University and College News.

A NIGHT WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

"COME up to the University Friday night, there's going to be some fun," had been an invitation given me a day or two previous by an undergraduate friend. A desire to be a participant in any fun that might be going was, as usual with me, a potent inducement, and accordingly the early part of the evening named found me surveying through the falling snow the grey outline of the College buildings. Observing the eastern portion of the building lit up, I surmised at once that the anticipated amusement was to be looked for in this direction. I entered the eastern door and found, among a group standing guard about the entrance corridor, my friend of the invitation. Here the secret nature of the fun was made known to me in subdued whispers. It was the hazing of some four or five alleged unruly freshmen, to be held at the close of the public debate then in progress in Convocation Hall, and which, as it would be a means of passing the intervening time, I was advised to patronize.

Since the entertainment was the ordeal through which I was destined to pass as an introduction to the after ceremony, let me, that you may go through the same preparation, make it yours also by a short description of it.

The meeting had just commenced and the Hon. Geo. W. Ross been installed as chairman. The programme announced a Glee Club chorus. About forty students ascended the platform and with a show of modesty that surprised me, proceeded to arrange themselves so that all might enjoy the hospitable shelter of the piano and hide themselves from the gaze of the audience. This was, apparently, accomplished satisfactorily, though several were of necessity forced out into the cold of the wings, which they evidently resented, for they failed to afford their companions of the bunch any material assistance in their effort to rattle the over-towering rafters. The chorus was sung and encored. Following this came an exceedingly interesting essay on "Humorous Poetry," by a Mr. Miller, a divinity student, I was told, and which indeed I

would have guessed from his manner of reading, for I several times found my hand by a sort of uncontrollable natural instinct searching in the remote corners of my pocket for a stray nickel, in expectation of being suddenly awakened from the reverie into which I had fallen by the well-remembered words striking my ear, "Let your light so shine," etc. A reading, very fairly given by a good-looking young man with a white choker, was followed by a flute solo. The latter the accompanist successfully spoiled by very ill-advisedly taking advantage of his position to settle some old scores against the piano.

This completed the introductory portion of the programme. During its continuance I had noticed on the corner of the stage, hemmed in by a table surmounted by a pitcher and glasses, four lonely-looking individuals. They had sat there surveying the audience with all the cheerfulness of countenance and ease of bearing of the occupants of a twenty-four foot roped enclosure. These I now saw were the champions of the debate on the question of the superiority of the American over the Canadian mode of government, which the programme called for. In appearance three of the quartette were tall and somewhat alike ; the fourth was short and with a more youthful countenance. The card announced as the first contestant J. McD. Duncan. At the call of his name one of the tall individuals took the floor. In an instant he was *in media res*. Neither want of breath, nor ideas nor words barred his course. His language was strong in argument and vigorous in expression, but his speaking was defective in its entire lack of variety of tone. Indeed, I would say that Mr. Duncan saw no reason why "Mary had a little lamb" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" should not be recited in the same tone of voice.

On the same side spoke a Mr. MacMillan. This gentleman seemed to suggest the predicament of a man who, with his train waiting outside, had just fifteen minutes for refreshments and a twenty-four hours' fast to overtake. His attempt was tolerably successful. His material was well selected and utilized, and he satisfied the audience, if not himself.

These two presented the cause of the affirmative. The negative speakers, Bradford and Roche by name, were sandwiched in before and after the last speaker, but, as these gentlemen seemed to regard their cause as common only between the front row, the chairman and themselves, and did not condescend to notice our existence in the rear of the hall, I shall be forced to treat them in a similar manner.

The debate over, the performance, much to my relief, was finished.

[A contributor having in another column dealt with the initiation proceedings, we omit the description of them given by the writer of the above.—ED.]

"IXION'S CAVERNS."

"There was a sound of revelry by night.
For lo! the Sophomores had gathered there
Some Freshmen for a chivaree," etc.

The usual number of the good city folk favored our Society public debate with their attendance last Friday evening, little imagining, perhaps, that a rarer entertainment was in prospect for the night. Else how account for the presence of a half-a-dozen sagacious-looking minions of the law posted here and there about the place, the venerable President trudging through the snow, inspecting the Y.M.C.A. building and looking askance at the School of Science, and, last and most infallible sign, McKim more austere than usual as he paced up and down the corridors on sentinel duty. A casual visitor might have thought that these unwonted happenings betokened the expected visit of dynamiters, robbers, or some other equally evil-minded desperadoes. Not at all. It was an attempt to deprive the tutelary deity of the seniors of their annual sacrifice to her of the usual quartette of Freshmen. Alas ! it