

THE SANCTUM PHILOSOPHER.

ONCE again the demons of the dip gather round the Sanctum hearth. The literary life of the University lives, breathes and has its being afresh; and the symbolic owl, rising from the cenotaph of 1890, gathers her brood around her in a home where she can take up the thread of her existence as of old, lounge, chew tobacco at the expense of the company, and pass the listless hours in maiden meditation fancy free. The very thought of it breathes a tranquil glow of content through the pulses of the inhabitants of the Sanctum. To sit again in the editorial room listening to the hurrying feet of the contributors as they pass and re-pass in endless variety, to watch the breathless throng of subscribers jostling each other upon the stair, to feel the fond clasp of the ragged Sanctum jacket, to sink into the inspiring depths of the editorial chairs and woo the muses, or leaning from the Sanctum windows to spit cooly on the heads of the passers-by,—truly these old-time pleasures seem doubly sweet for having been lost to us for a space. Yet the joy that prevades the owl's nest is not an unalloyed one. As we look around the group beside the hearth we find but few of the old faces to beam answeringly upon us. The dark river of graduation has borne away so many of the owl's old brood upon its hurrying waters, that few remain save unfledged owlets whose newly-opened eyes blink, dazzled and shy at their new environments. There is a peculiar chill, too, in the atmosphere of new quarters. Not that we would say aught that might seem to reflect upon the accommodation that has been given us by our genial landlord. [N.B.—I do not know that he is genial; I haven't seen him. There may be more than one of him, but all landlords are presumed genial in the higher composition.] When using the word "chill" I refer of course to the æsthetic faculties of the mind. There is a something in the very newness of the piles of stationery, the unused brittle pens and the unsullied brilliancy of the glass ink bottle—all innocent of its future triumphs—an unfamiliar shoppiness that seems to nip the nascent idea in embryo, and awake an answering chord of barrenness in our hearts as we essay to use them. It is with a saddened longing for the past that we gaze at the lacquered mahogany and japanned oilcloths that surround us, their bright new colouring standing out in vivid contrast to the well-worn penates that erstwhile breathed their inspiration upon us. [Apropos, in speaking of our Sanctum furniture we are using the terms of upholstery a little at random and idealizing freely.] The very waste paper basket that stands beside us in the virginity of its emptiness, rises up, gaunt and void, to mock us at our toil.

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THE Supplementals have breathed upon us with their scorching breath and passed us by, leaving many a prostrate victim in their wake. This year, indeed, their breath has been more than usually scorching. Several of our staff, desirous of forming an accurate opinion in regard to them, conscientiously attended the examination in person, and pronounce the ordeal to have been, if not unfairly, at all events unusually hard. The whimsical *mêlée* of subjects which an unsuccessful candidate is often obliged to take in lieu of that wherein he failed, coming from any other quar-

ter than it does, would almost appear a piece of ghastly humour. There is something humorous, too, in the way in which our Alma Mater announced her approaching Supplementals in the public press. There seems a ring of pride in the statement that "no less than 340 students would *compete* at this examination." The announcement was evidently concocted by a reporter unacquainted with the technical trivialities which necessitate a gentleman's so competing, and who thought himself therein puffing the promulgation of learning, or it was the *Nunc Dimittis* that must have welled from the heart of the exuberant bursar.

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AFTER witnessing the behaviour of my fellow-students at our recent Convocation, I, for one, feel called upon to protest against such an exhibition of bæotian boorishness. To the unthinking mind, be it admitted, such boisterous indecorum may seem at first to contain an element of the amusing and facetious. But let us reflect. Let us think calmly and dispassionately of the peculiar position in which the faculty must find themselves on such an occasion, and I feel confident that we shall be constrained to a frank avowal that such conduct is wrong in principle and, at least harsh and unkind, if not positively cruel. Picture to ourselves the faculty as they sit before us. All of them are washed clean and dressed in their Sunday suits; no flannel shirts to-day; I venture to assert that almost every professor and senator has put on clean linen and a white collar, and this, too, for our behoof. Perhaps, too, some of them haven't got their shirts and collars on right-side-before, or they may, many of them, be hitching their necks to hide a bone collar-stud. What could be more embarrassing or trying to their equanimity than this? How many of them, too, are nervous, shy men, dazed at seeing so many people together, at the size of the room, and the acclamations of the gathered multitude! Some of them, too, may have mothers; those mothers may be sitting in the vast throng listening with proudly-throbbing pulses to catch the clamour-drowned accents of their Johnnies. For a senator or professor is still his mother's Johnny, lecture he never so wisely. Fellow students, if there is any among you who has a mother, or knows another man who has, let him pause and think of the feelings of a professor's mother when she hears her boy asked, before the assembled multitude, if he has had his hair cut, or, perchance, rudely bidden to have it at the first opportunity. Placed, as the faculty are, in such trying circumstances, is it not unkind to ask them where they got their hats? Is it not ungenerous to suggest to our instructors to pull down their vests before they speak? True, the vest may be indecorously elevated as the professor begins to soar, but would it not be the more manly course if one of our number should quietly step forward and pull it down for him? Remember they are doing their best to amuse us; in a humble way, yes, but let us not on that account rudely scoff at it. Seek, rather, to set them at their ease and aid them to laugh off their natural embarrassment. Thus, if you see a senator wipe the perspiration from his brow with his coat sleeve, or expectorate upon the floor of the platform, affect not to notice it, and do not call the attention of your friends to the poor fellow's gaucherie. Instead of the boisterous feigned applause that breaks rudely into the midst of the speaker's discourse, let us substitute an occa-