

Copy the model indeed! I should like to know where on earth Hunt could have found a woman capable of assuming and retaining that marvellous expressions of beatitude that illuminates the sweet face of Mary when she finds Jesus in the temple. That expression which is the most mighty thing in the whole picture—the mightiest, I mean, over the hearts of all men and women who can really feel anything—was gotten out of the painter's own soul, and not from any hired model whatever."—*Thoughts*, p. 230.

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### Nineteenth Century Recreation.

THE place is Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

The occasion the annual inter-collegiate football match between the elevens of Yale and Harvard. In the Park is a rectangular amphitheatre. On one side sit ten thousand spectators wearing the blue colors which denote supporters of Yale; on the other another ten thousand wearing the crimson badge of Harvard. At the end is another grand stand crowded with spectators, making the total number assembled for the occasion about twenty-five thousand. These people have come together not only from the city but from all parts of the surrounding country. The estimated expenditure for tickets, railroad fares and other expenses connected with the game, is not far from \$150,000. The day is beautiful and everyone is on the tiptoe of anticipation. The gladiators enter the arena; the ball is faced, and there ensues, for the space of we forget how many minutes or hours, a series of "rough-and-tumble" struggles in the course of which every athlete seems to be doing his best, by a combination of brute strength and trained agility, to inflict the utmost bodily injury on his opponent possible in the absence of deadlier weapons than fists and boots. One moment the ten thousand supporters of Yale rise, a mass of blue, and greet with a tremendous cheer some brilliant feat of one of their champions. Presently the ten thousand friends of Harvard on the other side, bedecked with scarlet, do the same thing for one of the Harvard team. Now a player is dashed violently to the ground by some fierce blow or kick, and "gentle and refined women, who could not bear to see a blow struck in an ordinary fight, or a man knocked down by a run-away horse, or a cable car, sit perfectly unconcerned at the spectacle of an injured man being revived from unconsciousness by the energetic work of the doctors in attendance, or the sight of another player with the blood streaming from his nose, being soothed by the application of a sponge full of cold water taken from the pail which was carried from the side lines into the field, every few minutes—at least during the second half." Says the same eye-witness from whom the above is quoted, a member of the staff of the *Outlook*:

"Murphy, one of the strongest of Yale's players, was knocked senseless, and as the players swept down the field, was left lying on the ground with one arm sticking rigid in the air, looking like a corpse on a battle-field. He was carried off on a stretcher, taken to the hospital, and did not recover consciousness until eight o'clock in the evening. Hallowell, one of the star Harvard players, was helped off the field by two men. He came directly in front of me, and presented the worst spectacle that I have ever seen in the way of an injured yet live human being. His arms and legs were aimlessly shaking, and his head lolling to and fro like that of a man in an epileptic fit, and his features were distorted by a hideous grin."

Six of the twenty-two players were seriously injured. This fact will convey a startling view of the spirit in which the contest was carried on. It would be a terrible battle in actual war, in which twenty-seven per cent. of the whole body of combatants should be put *hors de combat*. The writer above quoted gives us a little further glimpse of the effect of the contest upon the spectators, in the statement that when one of the wounded players was seen to receive

the injury which disabled him, not a few cries of "Kill him!" went forth from his enraged friends. The cries, were directed, of course, against the opponent who was the cause of the injury. Probably the brutality of that opponent afforded sufficient cause for the fiercest indignation. We mention the incident only to aid our readers in forming a just conception of the moral effect of the whole affair. Nor have we the material with which to complete the picture, on what is probably a still worse side than that presented, the loss of time in training, and the drinking, betting, and carousing of which it was the direct or indirect cause.

The inter-collegiate contest has not yet reached any such extreme in Canada. Happily, too, our boys and young men are as yet content to play the old and favourite game in a more gentlemanly, not to say less brutal, fashion. Nevertheless it is, we are persuaded, high time that the question of the effect of over-cultivation of athletics and other forms of so-called physical training, in school and college, were being seriously considered. Most educators and other thoughtful observers will admit that the playground has about as potent an influence in the formation of individual and national character as the class-room. We cannot here even enter upon the various queries which are at once suggested, and which would require a magazine or a book for their adequate discussion. We can but suggest, as worthy of much fuller consideration than they have yet had, a few of the questions, such as the proper proportion of time to be devoted to athletics, on the playground and in the gymnasium; the physical and moral effects of different games, and of the military drill which is becoming so popular in many places; the true relations between muscular and brain development, including, if possible, the verdict of science touching the point at which physical exercise ceases to aid and begins to antagonize the development of those intellectual, social, and moral qualities which combine to make up the true ideal of, let us say, the coming Canadian.

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When we see about us people trying to make their friends happy, having no scandle to prattle about, going quietly here and there attending to their business, doing their daily duties without parade, with the cheery laugh and bright eye, and whom we know of a certainty are charitable without show, church-goers without display, quietly and humbly approach the sacraments, just know that you have seen a live modern saint, who sets the example. We, all of us, need religion and we can't have too much of it, but we don't want it to sit upon us with a false glitter. True religious life is the diamond without flaw, the false conception of it is the paste. —*Pittsburg Catholic*.

The positive element in the enduring works is always something more than the beautiful; it is the true, the vital, the real, as well. The beautiful is there, but the not-beautiful is there also. The world is held together, life is nourished and made strong, and power begotten, by the neutral or negatively beautiful. Works are everywhere produced that are artistically serious, but morally trifling and insincere; faultless in form, but tame and barren in spirit. —*John Burroughs*.

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question. Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age, oppressed with poverty;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death, without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

We perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple. Without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness. —*George Eliot*.