

out venom in it, criticism should be welcomed by a young writer. Critics might be kinder, perhaps, at times. For instance, our poets were rather severely scored the other day in a class-room from which no poetry ever comes our way. It would be more helpful if assistance were offered the editor in securing a more liberal supply of a better quality.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS J. A. NIELSON, Superintending Editress



The Woman's Lit. met Saturday evening at the usual hour in the Gymnasium. The feature of the meeting was a very interesting address by Mrs. Nicholson Cutter. Although the attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, we are pleased to say that it was a most appreciative audience, who listened to Mrs. Cutter's encouraging and inspiring words.

The main thought of the address was that we should not do anything that would not in some way elevate our thoughts, broaden our ideals and develop character. She spoke of our duties in life; the duty we owe ourselves, our fellows and God. The subject was taken up in a very broad, general way, but throughout the whole could easily be detected the whole-souled enthusiasm and earnestness of the speaker.

Mrs. Cutter is a woman of high ideals and great intensity of purpose. Her address of Saturday evening was specially suited to college women, who, as college women, are expected to think more deeply and intelligently than their less fortunate sisters. May the old halls of our Alma Mater oft resound with expressions of such lofty ideals as we listened to on Saturday evening!

It is to be regretted that more of the girls were not able to hear Mrs. Cutter, but it is also hoped that at an early date we may again have the privilege of listening to this fluent and earnest speaker.

The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse and dancing.

The Inter-collegiate meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Monday night, and took the place of the regular Tuesday meeting. Mr. Fasken, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, gave a most interesting address on "Usefulness." He took the text from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 2: 14. Mr. Fasken's interpretation of the text was that the Christian is led captive to Christ, like the captives in the old Roman triumphs, but as it was their shame to disperse incense in honor of their conquerors, so it is the Christian's glory to disperse the fragrance of the Christian graces of patience and long-suffering.

The regular meeting of the Missionary Study Class had to be postponed last Thursday owing to a sad accident which befell the leader for that afternoon. She became immersed in an English essay and forgot to look at the clock until after the time when the students of missionary enterprise had gone home in disappointment.

MR. YEATS' LECTURE.

On Saturday Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, lectured in the Chemical Building on the Celtic Revival. He is, if anyone is, the man on whom the mantle of the ancient Irish bards has fallen; and perhaps no one could have spoken on the subject with more authority.

Mr. Yeats is a young man, with a dreamy and dramatic manner, with atherial smile, and a voice that falls in cadences. He introduced himself as a man of conviction. He had come to Canada to tell the people there of these convictions. That was not easy, because Canadians could hardly appreciate the condition of things in Ireland that made these convictions possible. He described the ancient Ireland, when lord and peasant sat at the same table and listened to the same wandering bard as he sang of Cuchulain and Deirdre. That was a true democracy of intellect, a true popular culture. Then came a time when the lord went off by himself and read a book, that introduced our present culture, which pertained to the bookish few. The object of the Gaelic Revival was to bring back the earlier and truer popular culture.

A mildly sensational passage was where the speaker condemned books and modern education in general. "I think I am about the first man," he said, "who has ever told the book that it was a great fool." It was unnatural for men to dig their culture out of books. He told of an extraordinarily long Gaelic poem he had come across, to which every maiden in the village had added a verse. That was popular education. He wondered how many of the fair ladies before him could write a verse.

There in the Irish cottages, he said, was a feeling for womankind. That was part of their ancient and simple culture. And again, "They know the beautiful and the ugly; they know nothing of the pretty." They knew that the highest beauty was that which, like Penelope's, changed least from youth to age.

Wherever the Celtic Revival went, there the ancient culture was revived. It was one of the most potent influences in Ireland to-day. When the Gaelic League met in Dublin in 1901, nearly all the public houses closed on procession day out of pure deference to the league and the Celtic Revival. It was impracticable, but was it not all the impracticable movements that lifted the world?

The lecturer spoke at considerable length about the attempt of the Gaelic Society to revive the ancient play, which was really more oratory than anything else. A great actress had once said to him that it was only within a century or two that plays had really been discovered. He was quite at one with her, but the difference was that she admired modern plays, and he didn't. Acting was useful everywhere in life except on the stage.

It was one of the things that predicted for Ireland future greatness that it upheld the ideal. He believed the day would come again when Ireland would give the world great poets, great dreamers. The literature of the world was, as it were, pipes, and the invisible hand played now on this, now on that stop. He was confident that in the future the Irish stop would sound again.

Mr. Yeats' manner throughout was very pronounced, even extravagant; but his lecture was an anthralling experience of the aims of the Celtic Revival. W.

There's the meter iambic, trochaic, dactylic,
The meter that's tender in tone;
But the meter that's neater,
Completer and sweeter
Is meet her by moonlight alone.

—Ex.