

the blindness of its inhuman fury the fierce gust crashed upon us. "Let go the fore sheet," and the ripped sail swung its pounding boom to leeward.

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It was a very death-dance of the elements, and I knew that we might last another minute, if so long. The waves were resistless in their strength and fury, and if they swamped us with all our ballast we would sink like stones. Already we were laboring heavily and taking in the green water to leeward, so to throw out what ballast we could was our only remaining chance of safety. I was hurling it out with desperate haste when I felt the awkward sensation of the last heavy lurch of a capsizing boat, and simultaneously it seemed I was groping about the rigging beneath the yacht. I remember saying to myself—"well—so this is the end of things," and feeling in a vague way sorry that it should be so soon. When I rose from the comparative peace below, a few strokes took me to our storm-tossed craft, where, with a thrilling thankfulness at heart, I saw my three companions in distress, clinging on, in their desperation, but safe—were it only for a few brief minutes, safe—I managed to get beside the terrified youngster where he was grasping the mainstay with the desperation of death in his eyes—his little body tossed like floating sea-weed on the water. For three-quarters of an hour we had to battle against the fury of those resistless waves, shivering with intense cold, and the blackness almost of night surrounding us.

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We were saved, of course, and I have heard and read many different accounts of our adventure. My account may be true or not, but this brings me to my point. I discovered, when we did reach shore at last—no, I realized when we were tossing helplessly in the furious sea—that there was, and ever will be, a strangely sympathetic fibre in my nature for good old Chris, my bragging, garrulous, ignorant companion, of a memorable day's fishing.

ANON.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the Modern Language Club for 1898-9, was held Monday afternoon, and was exceptionally well attended, about two hundred being present.

At 4.15 the Honorary-President, Professor Fraser, took the chair, and opened the meeting by thanking the club for the honor they had shown him, in electing him to the position he now occupies. He gave a short and comprehensive speech on the history of the club and its objects, and then introduced the lecturer of the afternoon, Professor Alexander.

The subject of the lecture was "Jane Austen's Novels," and, after a few introductory remarks, the lecturer pointed out the peculiar merits of the novelist, and showed that in her technical perfection, her fidelity to nature, her sense of humor, and the charm of her subject, she is unsurpassed. The lecture was exceedingly interesting, and highly appreciated by the audience.

Next week Professor Squair will lecture before the Club on the subject of the Learned Professions in French Literature.

#### HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATION

In the shadow of the "Old Grey Tower,"  
Last Monday eve at an early hour,  
A goodly crowd of students' came,  
To have again the "same old game."  
On Hallowe'en, each undergrad.,  
From Senior grave to Freshman "bad,"  
Doth try his best to pass the time,  
By jolly fun or heartless crime;  
Young ladies must the gauntlet run,  
While the "double-file" enjoys the fun.  
The Freshman is taught his hat to doff—  
To flirt and smile—look shy and cough.  
The old man is jostled from side to side,  
Gets ruffled his clothes and ruffled his pride,  
(A dude precise with step unsteady,  
Passed through a little decollete),  
The "gods," so hot, at last were reached,  
And then was felt what oft is preached.  
But, strange to say, as strange as true,  
The higher you got the hotter it grew!  
The cry of "hat!" and "where's your hair?"  
Made freshettes blush, and bald heads glare.  
And many a Senior and Sophomore,  
With maidens one, two, three or four,  
Was oft reminded, from above,  
Of "what a funny thing is love!"  
Good fun and song and yells were there—  
Exub'rant spirits everywhere.  
At last there came the final scene,  
And all joined in "God Save the Queen."

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There still is left "last scene of all,"  
In double line again we fall,  
And chaperoned by men in blue,  
We visit ladies' schools, a few,  
Our songs awake them from their sleep,  
And they through casement shyly peep,  
We serenade with voices hoarse,  
With less of music than of force,  
But soon we tire of this, and creep  
To our wee cots—to dreams and sleep.

The custom among Varsity students of celebrating Hallowe'en by going to the theatre in a body is almost as old as the university itself. At one time this year we thought we were going to see an innovation in the shape of a minstrel-show and smoker, but owing to some difficulty about securing the Pavilion, this feature was necessarily "called off." As a result, the programme was the same as in former years, but seldom has there been such a large and enthusiastic turnout of the students.

About 6.45 o'clock, the Arts and School of Science men commenced to gather on the Lawn, and about half an hour later the march to the Princess was begun. They proceeded along College street, where they were reinforced by the Dents, and the whole body, about eight hundred strong, marched by Yonge and King streets to the Princess. The embryonic lawyers were already there, and had taken their places in the left half of the balcony, armed with large black and white megaphones, which were in evidence from start to finish. The Dents had the right half of the balcony, while the "gods" were occupied by the Artsmen and the Scientists. The decorations consisted mainly of bunting, and were not very elaborate. As usual, the audience was as noisy as possible, and there was scarcely a moment between the acts when the air was not rent with some college