

## ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

THE annual Assault-at-Arms of the University of Toronto Gymnasium Club, was held in the Gymnasium last Friday evening, and was a great success in every way. The large crowd present thoroughly enjoyed the clever work done by the class on the vaulting-horse, parallel bars, horizontal bar and mats, while the different contests aroused great enthusiasm. Lattimer and Grant made a great pair of clowns and they kept things going merrily. Their sword vs. sword contest, mounted, created roars of laughter, and was the hit of the evening.

The challenge tug-of-war contest between the Meds. and School of Science was close and exciting, but the Meds. proved their superiority by twice pulling their opponents over the line. An exhibition of bayonet vs. bayonet was given by W. C. Greig and F. H. Wood; and, fencing by W. C. Greig and Prof. Williams. The pick-a-back wrestling, E. R. Paterson and Geo. Ballard against "Bob" Bryce and J. Elder was a splendid exhibition, and was won by the latter team in two straight falls. The shellalah fight between Prof. Williams and Casey Baldwin was followed by a most ludicrous blindfold shellalah fight in which Lewis and Hertsberg participated. An exhibition, sword vs. sword, was given by Gagne and Baldwin, and Bert Wood and Casey Baldwin contributed a lively quarter-staff bout.

W. G. Wood, secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association announced the Senior Fencing competitions had been won by T. A. Green who came forward to receive a handsome gold medal from Mrs. McCurdy.

After the gymnastic exercises were completed, an adjournment was made to the Lit. Hall, upstairs, where the students and their friends spent three happy hours in dancing. This feature of the evening's entertainment was most popular, and everyone expressed the wish that the precedent thus set, would be followed at all future Assaults.

Too much praise, for the successful management of the Assault cannot be given to the energetic committee of the Gymnasium Club which is composed of: President, W. H. Carveth; Vice-President, W. C. Greig; Sec-Treas., Allan Adams.

The gymnasium class consisted of: H. Carveth, P. Reid, E. Fiddlar, B. Bevin, D. Urquhart and J. Parker.

## UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

Rev. C. W. Gordon, B.A., (Tor. '83) of Winnipeg, will preach the next of the series on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. "Ralph Connor" is not only a successful author, but he is also an able preacher, and Wycliffe Convocation Hall will doubtless be unable to hold those who desire to see and hear this distinguished alumnus of the University of Toronto. A few more cards of admission have been distributed among the various colleges; and as during the remainder of the series the rule that these cards must be shown at the door will be more rigidly enforced, those desiring these should apply at once to the student representatives on the committee.

## THE HARMONIC CLUB.

The date of the Harmonic Club concert has been changed to February 28. The programme will include several new numbers, besides the selections given by the Club while on tour. The concert is placed on Saturday night so that the students of every faculty will be able to show their interest in the work of the musical clubs. It will be held in Guild Hall. Every member of the club who was on tour must attend all the rehearsals between now and the concert; and the other members of the Club should turn out if possible. Notices are placed on the bulletin boards.

## ECHOES FROM THE SABINE FARM.

EUGENE FIELD, whose death occurred a couple of years ago, is well known to all readers on this continent as a humorist and moralist. He is not, however, so well known as a translator, a translator not of the words of his author, but of the spirit. We do not recommend the "Echoes from the Sabine Farm" to students who are seeking a "crib," but those who love Horace, for himself and for his poetry—and who is there who has read the Odes or the Epistles without loving him for both?—will find in this book a fine, humorous, and keen appreciation of the universally beloved poet of the Sabine Farm.

The mind of Eugene Field was particularly suited to understand Horace. He had the same keen sense of humor, the same moralizing strain, and the same genuine kindness of heart. The reader cannot help but feel the sympathy of the modern for the ancient poet, even in the dedicatory verses:

Hark you! from yonder Sabine farm,  
Echo the songs of long ago  
With power to soothe and grace to charm  
What ills humanity may know;  
With that sweet music in the air,  
'Tis love and summer everywhere.

It is refreshing in this age of commercialism and strenuousness to find one who has both the leisure and the inclination to lift himself out of the absorbing earnestness of present day existence into a totally different climate of thought and life. Eugene Field found the leisure in those meetings of congenial spirits, which occurred nightly in the corner of a Chicago bookstore, of himself, his brother Roswell Martin Field and Francis Wilson. The inclination was present too, strengthened, no doubt, by the inspiration of those other two kindred souls, kindred to Eugene Field, kindred, too, in no less degree, to the poet of nearly two thousand years ago. Horace would subscribe to the lines in the epilogue:

But sometime we shall meet again,  
Beside Digentia, cool and clear—  
You and we twain, old friend; and then  
We'll have our fill of pagan cheer.  
Then could old Horace join us three,  
How proud and happy he would be!

Between the prologue and the epilogue are many "Echoes" based on the Odes, Epodes and Epistles. Some approximate closely to the originals; some are paraphrases; all preserve the spirit of Horace. It will be impossible to quote extensively from the book, but a few extracts will be given, not as being the best, but as showing the spirit of the translations.

As Horace in his first Ode dedicates his work to Maecenas, so the first poem in the "Echoes" is appropriately addressed to Maecenas. It is based on Book III., Ode 29:

Dear, noble friend! a virgin cask  
Of wine solicits your attention;  
And roses fair to deck your hair  
And things too numerous to mention.  
So tear yourself awhile away  
From urban turmoil, pride and splendor,  
And deign to share what humble fare  
And sumptuous fellowship I tender.  
The sweet content retirement brings  
Smooths out the ruffled front of kings.

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Dame Fortune plays me many a prank.  
When she is kind, oh, how I go it!  
But if again she's harsh,—why, then  
I am a very proper poet!  
When favoring gales bring in my ships  
I hie to Rome and live in clover;