

The Sanctum Philosopher.

The Editor says he wants me to unwind myself more regularly. That is why I am about to send in the following contribution which has been sent me in response to my invitation. Any other ambitious ones who may wish to write me will be welcomed.

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TO SWINBURNE.

O strong-mouthed master of the might of rhyme,
O sweet-mouthed singer of divinest things,
Our souls are flames while thy loud anthem rings
Triumphant through the labyrinths of time.
Our souls wax weary while thy choral chime
The langorous verse with too much sweetness brings;
Beauty is tribute to the mouth that sings
Of majesties that make our lives sublime.

Thy lips were touched with Apollonian fire
That fed thy ardent spirit's mystic power;
Singer Republican, whose youthful ire
Made sceptred nations and their minions cower.
Ah! still for us thy harmonies outpour
The splendor of the music of thy lyre!

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In contributing the accompanying poem I may remark that I have, of course, sent the manuscript to the gifted inspirer, Mr. Swinburne, and am eagerly awaiting his reply. I have also been prevailed upon to send copies to the various American magazines, but with strict injunctions not to publish. For the advice of the younger among your poetic contributors I wish to make a few remarks on the dedicatory sonnet, as the most delicate form of compliment that verse can convey. I shall, therefore, take my modest production, with apologies to Mr. Swinburne, to explain the structure of the "laborious verse," and reveal the formative processes of inspiration. You will observe, then, the peculiar force of the opening lines. They burst upon the reader's mind with the power and beauty of a cataract. To the vigorous appeal of those O's, Mascarrille's effusions were child's play, devoid of pathos and of passion. A word in passing on the subject of O's. Fountains gush, nature is emotional, orators and lovers hysterical in their utterance; and why should the poet alone be bereft of his O? We recommend, therefore, that dedicatory sonnets with any pretensions to the name begin henceforth with O. Then, perceive the refined music of the alliteration in the first two lines. Could anything be more delicate than the s and m sounds, not dwelt upon to excess? Furthermore, since the impression of a sonnet to be lasting must be instantaneous as an Alpine lightning flash, observe, also, the accumulative force of the appropriate epithet "strong-mouthed"—I will not dwell upon it. Notice the conjunction, in the first line, of the words "strong," "master," "might;" in the second, of "sweet," "singer," "divinest," and "sweet-mouthed," serving as it were as an antidote to "strong-mouthed." In the meanwhile the two end words "rhyme" and "things" have already to the quick poetic ear suggested the ensuing rhyme; but such trifles as rhyme never trouble the masters of the art. A more serious question is the selection of words. I find that even in my less inspired moments my chief obstacle to absolute perfectness is that words and epithets arise in my mind with such impetuous swiftness, and in such overwhelming numbers. As an instance, you will notice the word "anthem," in line three. Little you know what anguish that word has cost me. One bitter, feverish night I tossed upon my sleepless pillow debating in my mind whether "anthem" or "pæan" were the more appropriate word. Any Christian will be aware of the ultimate reason that led me to reject "pæan," although it is the favorite word with the master himself. I shall forsake line for line criticism, as my mind resents a detailed dissection, although it be to reveal unsuspected beauties, and deal with candor upon the poem as a whole. I have always held that a bard can convey more in a line than a

critic in a book. We see at once the essential germ of a kindred genius. So in this poem you will find not an epithet but will bear the test of scrutiny, and repay a diligent research. They are all typical of the master's manner. Such words as "triumphant" (l. 4), "choral chime" (l. 5), "langorous verse" (l. 6), "majesties" (l. 8), teach more than a multitude of critics' books. Does not "Singer Republican" recall the "Old Man Eloquent"? And, finally, dear fellow poets—and this is as important as the opening O, never conclude your dedicatory strain without the mighty exclamation mark, to clinch the harmonious argument. Farewell.

THE FOOTBALL CONTEST.

CHAMPIONS OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

Even in the football world history repeats itself. At the close of the fall season last year our Association representatives were saluted as champions of Ontario, and now by virtue of their victory over the Berlin Rangers on Saturday last they have again proven themselves worthy of that proud title. Contrary to general expectations, the protest entered by the Rangers at the first of the final ties was sustained by the committee and the match thrown out on the understanding that the second game should decide the championship. Consequently the Varsity, instead of having a lead of one goal, took the field on an equal footing with their opponents, but by their play they clearly showed their superiority over a team which well deserves to hold the championship of the Western Association. Last season it was insinuated by some that "luck" had won Varsity first place, but we sincerely hope that it is now beginning to dawn upon any such that there is something very substantial underlying and guiding this so-called good fortune.

There was one feature of Saturday's game which was especially welcome to all those who take an interest in the financial success of our League, namely the large attendance. From seven to eight hundred people occupied the grand stand, to say nothing of the restless enthusiasts whose intense interest in the play lead them to assume anything but such a position. This is the first of our League matches at which anything approaching a respectable gate has been realized, but we hope that it will not be the last. Although the Toronto League has lately shown its superiority over the Western Association in point of play it is far from its equal from a financial point of view.

It was about 3.15 when the teams lined up. Berlin having won the toss elected to kick with the wind, which was blowing quite hard. With such an advantage their forwards kept the ball in uncomfortable proximity to the Varsity goal until a characteristic rush by the forwards in blue transferred the play to the other end of the field. A scrimmage taking place in front of goal, Thompson shot and the goal-keeper threw out, giving Duncan an easy chance to score. For the remainder of half-time the play was well down on the Varsity goal, the wings of the Rangers giving the defence continual work. Frequently the Varsity forwards broke through the opposing defence, but on every occasion failed to score. Much to the surprise of the spectators, the Rangers failed to score while the wind was in their favor. The teams crossed over, with the score standing 1 to 0 in favor of Varsity.

With the wind in their favor it would have been surprising if the students did not increase their lead. From the kick-off, rushes were made on the Berlin goal, but the backs were not to be beaten so easily. It was not until Thompson became fired with his old-time enthusiasm that the Rangers' stronghold again fell. "Watty" securing the ball from McLay, and passing Snyder and Roat, put the leather through for the second time. That one such run should be made in a match was surprising, but imagine