

COLLEGE LIFE AT YALE.

T. C. DES BARRES, '89.

(Continued.)



ATHLETICS: This is probably the side of Yale life which is best known to the public. The interest which is taken in the various games, even by those who do not play them, is intense. The navy is perhaps the department of sport in which Yale takes the greatest pride. Early in January the crew begins to train for the great race with Harvard which takes place at New London towards the last of June. Men will make great personal sacrifices for the distinction of upholding the honor of their college in this race. They run and make use of the rowing machine (with real water) until the ice breaks up and the weather moderates sufficiently for them to begin to work on Lake Whitney. The navy has to be wholly supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the students.

Football would probably rank next in the interest it excites throughout the whole student body. The players enter into it in a spirit little dreamt of in Canada. They train carefully during the entire season, all members of the team boarding at the training-table. Each man pays just what he has previously been paying at his own club, and the football club makes up the difference. A paid surgeon attends all practices and cares for the wounded. The captain of the team is interviewed nearly every day during the season by representatives of the leading New York papers, and these interviews are published in the next day's paper. At least during the season the captain's name is a household word in New England. There are two great games each year—one at Springfield with Harvard on the Saturday before Thanksgiving, the other at New York with Princeton on Thanksgiving Day. Thousands of people attend each game, and the most intense interest prevails. Yale has been unfortunate for the last two years. In 1889 she was beaten by Princeton, and in 1890 by Harvard.

Baseball should, I suppose, next claim our attention. The interest taken in this game is quite as great as in the boat race or football, but it is more diffused. Four games are generally played with both Harvard and Princeton. Of late years Yale has always beaten both opponents.

Lawn tennis is very popular. Dirt and not grass courts are used. For several years past the inter-collegiate tournament has been held in New Haven. Representatives are sent from the various American colleges.

Fall and spring games are held every year, but not a great deal of interest is taken in these. Much greater interest is taken in the annual games at Mott Haven. A team of the best athletes is sent from each of the principal Eastern colleges to New York on some day during the last week in June. Whichever college wins the most points gains the inter-collegiate championship for that year. It was on the occasion of Harvard winning at Mott Haven last year that the "painting red" of John Harvard's statue occurred, of which the papers made so much.

Before leaving this side of Yale life the gymnasium must be spoken of. The present structure is very old. It is little better than a very much enlarged edition of Moss Hall would be. A new building is in the course of erection. It is to cost \$180,000, and is to be unsurpassed by anything in the country. This rather takes one's breath away when he remembers the old club scheme, which hoped for little more than a tenth of that sum to build a sort of paradise on earth, comprising a gymnasium, club rooms, refreshment rooms, smoking rooms and an indoor cricket crease.

To an outsider, I think, it must seem that the importance of athletics is much overestimated at Yale. Where so much stress is laid upon recreation, some cannot help

forgetting that out-door sports should only be a means to a development of the intellectual and moral side of a man's nature, and that no muscular attainments can compensate for any defect in character.

Religious Life: Of late years, perhaps, nothing has characterized Yale life more than the admixture of the muscular and the spiritual. Long before I ever saw Yale I had heard of this. Now, this union may not at times have been a happy one. And yet it is said that it has done much to transform the tone of Yale life. Dwight Hall is the centre of the religious activity. It is in some respects the handsomest building on the grounds. It contains a large reading-room, small library, large hall, and four smaller rooms, in which the class prayer-meetings are held. Some years ago the students, feeling the need of such a building, had begun to collect money for it when a New York gentleman came forward and assumed the entire expense, erecting a building on a much larger scale than had originally been hoped for.

A general meeting for all University men is held in the main hall on Sunday evening. It is addressed sometimes by the President, sometimes by one of the Professors, and sometimes by some one from abroad.

Every morning prayers are read in Battell Chapel at ten minutes after eight, at which all the College students are required to be present. On Sunday morning service is held at half-past ten. The attendance at this service is likewise compulsory, unless the student has obtained special dispensation in order to attend the church of some other denomination, for Yale is a Congregational College.

I have only touched on some of the phases of Yale life; I have said nothing of that side of Yale life which I know most about—life in the Divinity School. This probably would be of little interest to most of you, and should I paint it in brilliant colors, I would, no doubt, be accused of luring men away from the folds of Knox and Wycliffe, of Victoria and St. Michaels. There are four Canadians in the Seminary: one Nova Scotian, one Victoria graduate, one Toronto graduate of the class of '80, and the writer.

It is a great change when a man steps out from college, and it slowly dawns upon him that there are things in life besides literary society elections, "Old Grimes," and the classical society of '94; and yet the shell of the old life breaks slowly away. It is hard to realize that a man's college days are over. He forms friendships which are just as strong and perhaps deeper than those of his college days, and yet they are of a different kind, and never quite replace what is gone.

I was in Toronto at Christmas, and for the first time visited the new library quarters. I talked with the Assistant, and—vanity of a young graduate—was almost surprised that he did guess who I was. I pick up *THE VARSITY*—for which in a moment of rash generosity I subscribed—and behold the names of the speakers at the Philosophical Society of '92 and the Political Science Club of '93 are wholly unknown to me. I read a little further, when I observe that some indignant Junior has had the tail of his coat trodden upon by some misguided Freshman. I read that it was proposed to form a College Court. I smile. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. And yet it is only eighteen months since I knelt, and the venerable McKim did place the ermine upon my shoulders.

Yale University, January 31st, 1891.

A young man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: "Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world." "No 'tain't," said Sis. "Yes it is," declared the young collegian. "Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

—*Spare Moments.*