

THE HOLIDAYS.

The evil days have passed over us when Examination incarnate and steeled against mercy shrieked from her hideous throne. Like the Sphinx of old, she propounds her riddles and demands their answers, or her victims. The devoted ones wander through our halls with uncertain gait and lack-lustre eye. Like the widow in the parable, many of them bring their all; but, unlike her, some of them will still go unblest. For nearly four weeks the reign of the monster has lasted, but sleepless eyes are now rejoicing in deliverance from their bondage, and forgotten at last is the monotony of the question: "How did you do on that paper?"

To all, then, at this time, surely nothing can be more appropriate than to preach the Gospel of Rest. The Gospel itself is wide, and a few remarks must suffice. These will be offered in the hope that they may be the means of leading some to a better method of utilizing the time at their disposal. The word 'rest' would perhaps have a depth of meaning for not a few at the present time without much amplification. That, however, will last perhaps not more than a week, after which will arise the question—what to do during the rest of the summer?

This is a very important question, and unless answered soon and the answer acted upon, will leave the average student at home without aim or object, to kill time in some barbarous fashion. Vacation will be fruitful in nothing but in unfitting him for next year's work. Instead of rest, he will find doing nothing to be one of the hardest of labors. Activity and variety are worth more to him both for mind and body than years of nothingness. Let each then map out for himself some course during the summer months which will give him very few idle hours. Anything will do so long as it does not shut out fresh air and sunlight.

For instance, it is to be regretted that so few of our students engage in pedestrian tours, which are so productive of incident and amusement. It is true we have not the incentive of mountain scenery to tempt us in that direction; but if grandeur is lacking, beauty, as seen in a cultivated rolling country, with distant glimpses of lake and river, and with valleys framed in by overhanging trees, on a woodland road, is everywhere around us. These—the incidentals—are enjoyable in the extreme; the end—exercise—none the less so when the day's tramp is over, and rest has charms she never had before.

Such expeditions, so very common in Europe and also in the Eastern States, apparently need only to be tried to be appreciated here. Why could not a few be planned and carried out through the summer? An itinerary by some of our undergraduates would make a very amusing contribution to the

'VARSITY.

To those who are fortunate enough to be interested in yachts, no words are necessary to confirm them in their zeal. To them it is given to appreciate in some measure the spirit which prompted the words—

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free;
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!'

Trips should be planned and the details adhered to with fidelity. Nothing gives more pleasure than the satisfaction of plans accomplished, especially when in spite of obstacles. The Thousand Islands may be an attraction to some; others more fond of

Ever climbing up the climbing wave,
might make a coasting trip of any length. To these the fresh breeze, the whistling cordage, and the spray will afford a music more charming than even that of the old composers.

But yachts are expensive and for the few—all, however, can engage in rowing. Let the oar then know no rest as long as there is muscle to be developed. The canoe on smaller waters, with its true poetry of motion, claims its place in the affections of all lovers of sport. Ample opportunity will be afforded those desirous of seeing the true merits of the canoe exhibited, at the annual meeting of the American Canoeing Association, on Stony Lake, this summer. The canoe suggests another phase of summer amusement—camping. Who has not camped out?

This method of spending the holidays seems to have taken hold of Canadians to a greater extent than any other. And naturally so, for our back country is simply covered with pretty lakes teeming with fish of every kind. Muskoka, a few years ago almost unknown, has sprung into a popular summer colony, owing allegiance to her mother city Toronto. The Trent valley is one vast camping-ground, which the people of the neighboring towns have only begun to appreciate. The Ottawa, too, has a world of wonder to those who have never explored its lofty banks and broad expanse of waters. On all these waters and many more one can enjoy to the full the contemplative man's recreation, feeling with the angler of old that

'Some better pleased with private sport
Use tennis; some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy—while I freely fish.'

The writer, who, a few years ago, made one of a party composed of University men on a camping expedition, can speak from experience of the unalloyed pleasure and amusement of which it was the occasion. Then too was most welcome the slave's remark—'Verecundari neminem apud mensam decet.' The friendships formed at college, generally the strongest of all should be promoted by every means of this kind. *Esprit de corps* is a good motto, and its application to summer amusements is too evident to need explanation.

These, then, are a few of the ways in which summer can be spent to the profit of all. Every science has its paradoxes, and that of the science of rest is that true rest consists in continual occupation of mind and body.

The amusements enumerated, as are all others, are not for the strong and healthy alone, but more especially for the delicate and overworked. With proper care the delicate student is safer and better in his tent than in his bed. The enthusiasm awakened is worth quarts of medicine and pounds of pills. We want a better acquaintance with all the beauties of nature to inspire us with poetry, patriotism, and true national spirit.

L. J. M.

REMINISCENCES OF RIDGEWAY.

During the Spring of the year 1866 Canada was kept in a state of perpetual excitement by rumours of a projected invasion of the Fenian Organisation, whose leaders by this means hoped to strike a blow at the British Government through its dependency, and in addition to replenish their own pockets with the dollars of the poor Irish labourers and servant girls in the United States. The execution of this plan was made more feasible by the presence in that country of large numbers of Irishmen who had fought on both sides in the Civil War, and who, not having yet accustomed themselves to the quiet of civic life, were anxious for a little "fun," of one kind or another, and also for a little plunder. The Irish Republic was with many of them, no doubt, a minor consideration—though not with all. This narrative has been written from memory by an eye-witness, seventeen years after the event, it having been represented that such an account would be interesting to the present generation of the University Rifles.

These rumours took definite shape on the evening of the 31st of May of that year, when positive information was received of the landing at Fort Erie of a force of desperadoes, numbering about 1300, and thoroughly armed and equipped, though without cavalry or artillery.

At a concert in the Music Hall on that evening, an officer of the Queen's Own announced to all the Volunteers present that they would be required to meet at the drill shed at 6 o'clock on the following morning, for active service against the invaders. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm, the entire audience rising and singing 'God save the Queen.'

It was only at the breakfast table the next morning (Friday) that I learned the fact of the invasion; and at once announced my intention, if the news proved true, of joining the University Rifles for service at the front. This company (No. 9 of the Queen's Own) had, as I was at first informed, received orders to remain in Toronto; but inglorious ease was so little to their taste that they raised a vigorous and successful protest against such an unpleasant distinction, and demanded to be allowed to join their comrades in the hour of danger. Their officers, however, Captain Croft and Lieutenant Cherriman, were not allowed to accompany them. On receiving confirmation of the news I hastened to Professor Croft, who reluctantly gave me the last uniform, which I at once donned, and then reported myself at the Drill Shed, where I found