

only. These advantages, however, are not real unless they can be identified with the interests and relations of life. They are but the beginning, and the reason for their being misunderstood is that many, who profess to have made them their own, are inclined to rest in a *beginning* and with a ready-made theory in their teeth to apply it dogmatically to the practical issues of life. True theory and true practice must ultimately coincide and therefore the necessity of gaining broad and deep conceptions of life. To introduce a man to these is the work of a University. At the same time we must frankly admit that the average student, clergyman or man of culture often shews a discreditable incapacity for business and that many of them know comparatively little of human nature. This is too evident in the unsystematic way in which our college affairs and institutions are often conducted and is also prominent in church and educational circles. It is generally neglect of such apparently insignificant things that brings upon university men the charge we have been considering.

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The question as to who should have the official control of the reading room is again up for consideration. Last year the matter was pretty thoroughly threshed out but it was admitted that the Alma Mater could not consistently hand over the management to the Arts Society, as the latter represented only a part of those interested. The present condition of affairs arose in the gradual development of these institutions and presents no immediate practical difficulty, but only the theoretical anomaly of one body collecting the funds and another administering them. But to give the whole direction of affairs into the hands of the Arts Society, as at present constituted, would be simply to make a change of anomalies, for then some of those interested would be debarred the privilege of control, while under Alma Mater direction all have a voice, though some who are not interested may have an influence also. The latter is the safer method of the two. With a few changes in the constitution of the Arts Society, we think that a very satisfactory settlement of the question might be made. If the membership of the Society made made to include all under-graduates and post-graduates in the Arts and Science faculties (for the two are at present scarcely distinguishable), a committee could then be appointed to act conjointly with a similar committee from Divinity Hall in the management of the reading room; or if it would be inadvisable to unite Arts and Science in one society, a joint board could be formed having representation from the three faculties in proportion to the amount contributed. To some such representative body the Alma Mater would willingly hand over the control of the reading room.

LITERATURE.

"THE LILAC SUNBONNET."

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

THE Lilac Sunbonnet, a Love Story"—with Scottish scrupulosity the explanatory phrase appears on the title page. After this warning, the one who reads the book or this sketch is himself responsible. It is purely a tale of love and fancy. It discusses no "ism"; it adds nothing to our knowledge of "Borderland," "Christian Science," or "The Growing Evils of Charity." It tells of people who found life sweet and good, amidst its trials and sorrows—trials and sorrows not glossed over, but portrayed by an artist who accepted life "for better or for worse." Therefore it is aglow with happiness, the joy of first love and new life.

The plot resembles that of Barrie's "Little Minister," relieved of its fascinating extravagance. Ralph Peden is the son of that last adherent of the Marrow Kirk, "who led the faithful into the wilderness on the days o' the Great Apostacy." Poor Ralph, indeed, found it a wilderness. Possessed of a warm poetic temperament, his sole companions were his father, one of the *two* orthodox ministers in Scotland and of course, in the whole world, and the servant man who kept the manse. His mental life was nourished on Greek and Hebrew roots, and some worldly poets whom he secretly read.

Five O'clock Teas and Church Socials have done much to enlighten the benighted, but even yet the Divinity student is noted for his ignorance of the ways of women; what must have been the innocence of one whose cook and chambermaid even was a broken-down sailor. The presbytery (their ways are inscrutable) gave for his trial exercise Solomon's description of the virtuous woman, and sent him to a country manse to prepare it, and that in springtime, too! Young man, remember our first parent!

Lying among the broom and heather on the hillside, a warm June morning, with the smell of peat smoke in the air, amid the hum of bees and chirp of birds, he looked down and saw winsome Charteris, who had come out to oversee the blanket washing.—The reader will have to excuse details. Mr. Crockett is a poet of color and feeling and we really don't dare follow further. We may add that she was "tall and divinely fair" and wore a lilac sunbonnet; that she was the granddaughter of a "bonnet Laird," whose farm she successfully managed, and thus added to her charms the self-possession of a woman of the world. Altogether we can't recall a more charming creation. The manner in which she laughingly outwits Ralph at every turn, and his awkward simplicity, keep a freshness throughout, though it is only the "old story."