

know, and those members of the Auxiliary who did know, highly approved of that method of disposing of what had not been used.

Like the Literary Society, the Athletic Association, and most of the other undergraduate societies, the Y.M.C.A. had once had its habitation in Moss Hall. In 1885, the president, A. J. McLeod (now a reverend and principal of the Regina Industrial School for Indians) thought that the work of the Association could be better done if it had a home of its own. He thought out his plans carefully, found that a suitable building could be put up for about \$6,000, and proceeded to interest University men and the public generally in the scheme.

The time was favorable, for in pre-Federation days there were those who called University College a "godless college." To have the students themselves asking for a building of this kind was sufficient refutation of the charge, and subscriptions flowed in liberally from those who believed in the Association as a matter of principle, as well as from those who were actuated only by the motive politic. In March, 1886 the building was opened free of debt, except for three hundred dollars, which were paid up before the ensuing Michaelmas term. A friend of mine who had had a great deal of experience of subscription lists, told me that he had known no other to have so little shrinkage as ours had.

Mr. McLeod's forecast was fully justified—the Association made greater progress in every way than it had ever made before. This was due largely to the fact that its cardinal principle was that a good Y. M. C. A. man had to be a good Christian, and that a good Christian meant being a good College man. There was no room for anyone who had even a suspicion of cant about him, while the man who was thorough and genuine in his study, in athletics, the Literary Society, the Glee Club, or anything else he went in for, was welcomed with open arms. Yet a wag found fun and a certain reflection upon the character of the active members of the Association in the description of the two classes of members given in the Handbook. As far as I remember it was as follows:—"Active members are those who are communicants in any evangelical church and who pay an annual fee of one dollar. Associate members are men of *good moral character* who pay an annual fee of twenty-five cents."

It is not for me to give in this place a detailed history of the Association and its operations. Nor must I more than mention the appointment of a salaried general secretary, the beginning of a sustentation fund amounting to several hundreds of dollars annually, and the new departure in missionary enterprise entered upon in sending out to Korea Mr. (now the Reverend) James S. Gale, who has made a name for himself under the direction of the Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and who has recently published a book, *Korean Sketches*, which has been favorably reviewed by such literary papers as the Athenæum.

In closing this sketch, however, I must recall an incident which occurred at the opening of the Y.M.C.A. building. The regular programme had been disposed of, and we clamored for a speech from Dr. Young, the most respected and best beloved of all the staff in my time. Modest (not to say shy) and retiring as he was, he hesitated to gratify our wish. At last he yielded, and then I think we were all sorry that we had insisted upon his doing what he evidently did unwillingly. As nearly as I can remember, then, his words were, "I would rather not have spoken, for I hold some views which would, perhaps, not commend themselves to some members of the Association. But I can and do honestly wish the Association prosperity. And I can only say the Great Teacher will

guide us all into all truth." He may have been an heretic, as some men said, but the good wishes of such an one are certainly worth the having for he was like the "little child" spoken of in the gospels.

At a public debate held in Knox College between representatives of that institution and of Wycliffe College, our "Old Man," as we in our familiarity used to call him, took the chair. In summing up the speeches, he said he was glad to be present at such an intercollegiate and inter-denominational gathering, and that he hoped the alumni of the two Colleges would understand one another the better for it. "For," he added, "where your respective churches agree, gentlemen, they are both right, and where they differ they are both wrong." A. H. YOUNG, '87.

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## HARDASSA.

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(A Tale of the East).

You ask me for my story, Master?

Ah, 'tis many ages since first it's like was handed down to me and mine. The sun has risen in its golden brightness, casting its beams of splendor around us and playing hide and seek with the peaks of the distant pyramids, shone with all its strength throughout the day, and then, as the shades of evening gathered, sank, while the moon has mounted from the seas, glided smoothly through the sky on its silent way, and then, as the laughing herald of day peeped his shining face above the horizon, slowly waned, and thus have they looked down upon us during the years and centuries which Time has cut off with his glistening scythe. During the long hours the flowers have grown up from their tender roots, and as they waxed stronger blossomed out and bloomed, only to wither away. The seas with their foamy crests have come rolling in from their endless boundary, and as they reached the shore broke upon the forbidding rocks. So has the time been spent since the reign of Ahasus.

When Ahasus was king, master, he was ruler over a hundred provinces which had their beginning in the far east, past the lofty sentinels of Suleiman at the burning sands of Thurr, while his territory towards the west extended deep into the dark continent. And he was great and powerful, beloved and respected by all his people, but deep down in his heart, master, he was unhappy. Yet he should have been content, for had he not everything which wealth and family could bring? Educated as all the princes before him had been, he was finally sent to the Temple of Rameses, to which prince and priest alike came, and, on one of those pilgrimages from his home to the land of the Sphinx, he met Hardassa, as the story runs, master, the only daughter of one of the priests belonging to his train. Many times had he to journey thence, and many times had he to return, and on every one of those journeys did he seek for her who was so pleasing to himself. But when the caravan had arrived at its destination Ahasus did not forget Hardassa. And so whenever his studies or his work permitted him, the two would wander down by the river's bank, and sitting there, pass the time in pleasant speech, he of his plans for the future, while Hardassa gladly listened and encouraged him, until the fading light of day cast its mellow color upon the grey stone of the pyramids, reflecting back the sunshine of their faces and warned them of the hour of return.

Thus Ahasus passed the earlier years of his life, in what was to him comparative sunshine,—sunshine of travel, of study and of love. The young prince, however, was not to remain in this elysium long, master, for the time soon came when he himself was to rule; what an interesting