

a large sum of money in order that free passages might be given to the officers of the association and the more important members, while reduced rates have been arranged for all other members who may be able to attend; and it is understood that no less than 750 have already signified their intention of so doing. Then the two great railway corporations of the Dominion have vied with one another in hospitality—the Grand Trunk Railway offer a free excursion to the Great Lakes and Chicago, and the Canadian Pacific Railway a pic-nic to the Rocky Mountains. The various railroad and steamboat lines in Canada and the United States also have made most liberal arrangements, and there will no doubt be a very large visitation to Philadelphia when the American Association is there in session.

JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY.

MODERN ATHLETICISM.

SOME recent strictures of a well-known public school president in the States on the excess of athletic sports in the present age has naturally brought the question of the use and abuse of field sports into prominence. Doubtless the rising generation has many more opportunities for indulging in amusements than had the past, yet it may surely be a fair question: Does the youth of our time show any appreciable falling-off in education, as compared with those who have gone before? Every scholar knows how much attention was paid by Greeks and Romans to the development of the human frame, believing that the mind, which draws its sap, as it were, from the body, was thereby benefited—*mens sana in corpore sano*. Homer, Pindar, Virgil and Anacreon, all describe the sports of their day, when not only warriors, but statesmen and *literati*, were schooled quite as much in the gymnasias as in the lecture halls. The recent lamented death of Mr. W. P. Phillips, one of the fastest "sprinters" in England, has been seized upon as affording a text for a sermon on the danger of indulging in severe athletic contests. But that unfortunate gentleman, who suffered from heart disease, had been duly and long warned by his medical adviser against participation in the sport which doubtless hastened his death, and the case is not one to mark the precept *ex uno disce omnes*. Statistics of mortality in connection with the universities and white flannel are now but seldom heard of, nor do we read of possible senior wranglers degenerating into mediocre gymnasts. There was lately published in a legal periodical a list of judicial celebrities who had in their college days pulled oars in the intervarsity match. The spirit of emulation encouraged by them in physical pursuits in no way deteriorated their capacity for perseverance and resolution in the walks of their profession. Admitted that medical statistics do show a great increase in diseases of the heart. Is that to be attributed to the more general use of, and rapid progress in, all branches of athleticism? On the contrary, we should rather watch with unreserved pleasure and satisfaction the daily tendency to a recognition of the use of physical culture manifested around us in boating, lacrosse, cricket and other clubs. It seems absurd to argue a danger of moral or intellectual deterioration from physical culture; more than probably, too many of us suffer from the lack of it. We need not go far for instances. Strike at once into literature itself—that branch of our education presided over by the writer whose strictures have given rise to these lines, and what do we see? Poets there are whose verses in general are chiefly remarkable for their weak and febrile qualities. Querulous, forced, and languid, or to use the words of a well-known critic—suggestive of the atmosphere of a sick room. These writers would have been better for physical culture, and their over-nervous and over-emotional pictures would have been more robust and less artificial had they been the expressions of strong masculine natures. Byron, despite the infirmity of his leg, was an ardent athlete, and it may be interesting to note that he formed one of the Harrow eleven when the match against Eton was first instituted in 1805.

Athleticism by no means entails a severe physical preparation, and the principle we would seek to advocate is simply that any sport of a manly nature which draws us out of the apathetic indolence of our physical frames is one deserving of encouragement. The principle is equally applicable to women. It has been claimed for the Anglo-Saxon men and women that they are more comely and robust than any other people in the world. This has been attributed in a great measure to the general simplicity of their food; for gluttony, Dr. Farr tells us, is the vice of the age. Yet, with no invidious comparison, the least observant could not fail to note the marked superiority of the English youth over the French, and both under-go the strict dietary of school life, before gluttony can have been fairly developed. The result may justly be credited to the natural tendency of the young of the one country to indulge more in athletic pursuits than the other. "One of the greatest boons England could give France," says a

celebrated French writer, "would be the establishment of cricket in her towns and villages." Those who hold that the pursuit of field sports implies a degradation of intellectual taste, forget what an influence pastimes have had upon many branches of literature and art. There are many pure and notable writers who could more easily dispense with heroes and heroines than with horses and hounds. The book-world is filled with portraits which would never have been framed but for the custom of hunting. Our sporting travellers furnish us with the most trustworthy and interesting delineations of foreign climes. The lover of field sports is observant of nature from habit, and is educated into a sensibility for her beauties by the force of experience. Every honest sport honestly pursued is good, not only for physical and moral health, but because its prosecution is valuable in artistic and literary suggestions never dreamt of by those who regard athleticism as developing a temperament unequal to intellectual expansion.

There existed at one time in England what might be called a system of compulsory education in archery. Butts were erected in every township, and on all feast days the inhabitants had to shoot at the same under penalty of a fine. Archery has now become a pastime of a fashionable rather than of a popular character. Every young man who can spare the time should belong to some association or other for outdoor pastime. There are thousands of adolescent loungers, with legs like cedar pencils and arms like pipe-stems, who make use of their one half-holiday in the week to lounge round bar-rooms or billiard-tables. It is of such stuff defaulting clerks are made. The creature with weakly frame loses the nobility of his natural manhood. He is nicotised and narcotised into a miserable wreck of nervousness. Not for him, like old Adam in "As You Like It," are the words—

Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.

TRIVIATOR.

BALLADE OF THE WICKED EARL.

(Lines written after a fortnight spent with Ouida's novels.)

HAD I been "in the purple born,"
(As Ouida loves to say)
I'd treat morality with scorn,
And live uncommon gay:
My bills, of course, I ne'er would pay,
At creditors I'd sneer,
What "hecatombs of doves" I'd slay,
Had I been born a Peer!

What wreaths of roses I'd have worn,
All drenched with bright Tokay!
What maidens from their lovers torn
Had rued their natal day!
What wondrous odds you'd see me lay,
What fences I would clear,
And gold, like dross, I'd fling away,
Had I been born a Peer!

And last, grown aged, stern, forlorn,
My gold locks turned to grey,
My crown of roses changed to thorn,
I'd end with some display!
Through foemen's ranks I'd cleave my way,
Through Zouave and Cuirassier,
And die where fiercest raged the fray,
Had I been born a Peer!

ENVOY

Ouida, the good old times decay,
And even Viscounts fear
To play the kind of pranks we'd play
Had I been born a Peer,
My Dear,
Had I been born a Peer!

A. L.

A LIVE book-worm has been found at a literary auction room, and is described as a waxen little thing like the maggot in stilton cheese.

EDWARD KING tells one of the most delightful anecdotes of Carlyle. Mallock called on the old Scotchman, and let himself loose, talking Carlyle almost to death. Carlyle listened almost imperturbably, invited him to tea, and had him to smoke in the library afterwards. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave, Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: "Well, good-bye; I've received ye kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"