

THE GYMNASIUM.

The Athletic Committee has fixed these hours:—The gymnasium to be open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Tennis, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Basket Ball, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. These hours are subject to further change. If a sufficient number of students can be secured, special classes will be arranged in the gymnasium after the holidays. Attention is directed to the rules posted.

MUSICAL CLUB'S TOUR.

Our Glee and Banjo Clubs left on Monday last for a short tour. Concerts were given in Renfrew on Monday evening; Pembroke on Tuesday, and Almonte on Wednesday. The musical tourists consisted of these gentlemen: Glee Club—J. H. Edmison, B.A.; W. A. Guy, B. A.; R. D. Menzies, M.A.; F. Tandy, J. R. Watts, H. Hunter, J. H. Laidlaw, J. A. McIntosh, J. Smith. Banjo and Guitar Club—C. A. Porteous, G. E. Dalton, B.A., Dr. H. V. Malone, B.A., W. G. Tyner, B.A., J. D. Craig, B.A., D. A. Volume, M.A., J. Jones, F. Hastings, R. Squires, W. A. Lavell, N. T. Greenwood and Mons. L. Andrieux. Accompanist, H. Bleeker; Elocutionist, S. A. Woods, B.A.

MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY.

The regular meeting was held on Friday evening last. The programme was an interesting one and was entitled "An Evening with Schiller." It consisted of these items:—Schiller's place in History, Miss McDonald; Schiller as a Dramatist, E. J. Williamson, B.A.; Schiller as a Lyric Poet, Miss Molone; The Moral Value of Schiller's Work, W. Kemp, B.A.; Recitations from Schiller, M. McCormack. Song—"Der Tannenbaum," by the Society.

HOW IT STRIKES A BACK NUMBER.

To the Editor of the Journal,—

DEAR SIR:—Having received the first number of Vol. XXVI, and read every word thereof, I feel an irresistible temptation to offer a few remarks.

The chief objection is that the receipt of an unsolicited contribution from a graduate, being so strange a phenomenon, the confusion and nervousness caused in the sanctum might delay the next number.

As the chief function of an editor is to receive advice as to methods of editing, I wish to suggest one or two ways in which the JOURNAL may be improved, from the "has-been's" point of view.

While we rejoice to learn that the number of students is not decreasing, and that old customs are religiously observed and honored, we wish to find in the JOURNAL also news of friends not forgotten.

I do not ask that important matter of general interest be sacrificed to notes of recent graduates, but any space that can be spared might, without loss, be filled with such news.

Although my name never swelled the list of the staff, I used to write occasionally, and if editors told the truth, (and they always do, don't they?), the difficulty of finding room for unexpected "copy" was not always insuperable.

We are interested also in the societies that were formed a few years ago for independent work in the honour courses: the Literary and Scientific, and the Philological Societies, and would gladly hear of their development.

I know that editorial meekness will not resent this advice, however impracticable it may be, or how often offered.

With best wishes for JOURNAL and College,
New Westminster, B.C.

—R.J.C.

A LEGEND OF PROMETHEUS.

The legends of the ancients say,

That when the world began,
Prometheus took the primal clay
To mould it into man.

But the stiff clay his toil would mock,
Dry, hard, unworkable as rock

Long time he laboured, but for nought;

And then the Titan laughed,
"In vain, have thou and sinew wrought?"

The stuff shall yield to craft,"
And looked about until he found
A rill start babbling from the ground.

Therewith the stubborn clay he slaked,

And worked it once again,
Till in the mass a spirit waked—

It was the first of men.

Whence came the spirit none can say,
But all the rest of him was clay.

And yet, perchance, their tale is true,

And not an ideal dream,
Who tell us when Prometheus drew
The water from the stream;

He knew that from the rocky shelf
None other gushed than Lethe's self.

Still coursing through the veins of man

The stream of Lethe flows—
Most blest of gifts! it lets us scan

The past with all its woes,
And scarcely feel griefs fled away
Darken our sunshine of to-day.

And if there be who hold the sky

Is iron overhead,
And gods are glad, though men may sigh—

Believe not; take instead
The anodyne they give, and bless
The waters of Forgetfulness.