

plain, short, round columns with the geometrically carved cushion capitals, and the plain splayed arches, represent the Norman style as practised rather early in its development. On all parts of the exterior will be found examples of the grotesque, but the best example on the building is a piece of carving on the north side of the Physical apparatus room, in the corner between that and the main building. There are many more interesting bits of Norman work over the entire building—windows, doorways, arcades, with their columns and capitals, cornices and corbel tables that present material for the study of the art.

The interior work of the building is confined to the main hall. A low massive arch between the vestibule and the hall, with some of the simpler decorations of the style, confronts one on first entering the main doorway. Passing through this, one stands under a gallery supported by three arches resting on double columns. In the capitals of these columns will be found about the only use in the building of carved animals and bird forms used for the purpose of decorating capitals, a use very often made of such forms at one time during the progress of the style.

While the standard of architecture in Canada has not reached a very high phase, with such a building as this before the eyes of the young men who are to be the leaders in our social and political life, we may hope for a general improvement in the art. One cannot acquire a liberal education in the arts or in science while in touch with an architectural structure of great merit without having his taste for architecture influenced to some extent by such association. With a few more such buildings as the University, as Osgoode Hall, and as our Ottawa Parliament Buildings, the architecture of Canada would soon rise above the mediocre. And with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country such progress may be immediately looked for.

HOBBIES.

Every one ought to have a hobby. Hobbies, like other good things, have their inconveniences and temptations. But the evils connected with them are parasitical and not essential. By a hobby I mean some special pursuit beyond the ordinary occupation of life, something which may be a resting place and recreation for the mind in hours of leisure. Life's work ought indeed to be our chief hobby; but to have a hobby means to be a specialist, and in these days of accumulated knowledge it is only specialists who are the successful competitors for the world's prizes. But a man who sets out to climb a mountain loses nothing and gains much if he stops to photograph some gorgeous cloud effect, or stands to watch the strange flight of some unknown bird. Even if he rambles off to search among promising rocks for a new *sedum* or saxifrage, he gains in interest what he loses in time. If he is successful he may secure a specimen for the herbarium, a lasting satisfaction which endures when he has forgotten the thrill of triumph with which he threw himself on the topmost snow of the conquered peak. Possibly—it is almost heresy to suggest such a thing—possibly the spot where the treasure was found may be to-day a picture in his "remembering mind" even clearer and more cherished than the view from the top.

In the alpine ascent of life, no one can afford to be without a hobby. It will add wonderfully to enjoyment of the climb, and the earlier the choice is made the better. There is an infinite variety open to us, hobbies ranging from vast sciences to the collection of stamps or walking sticks. No one can plead that he cannot find a hobby to

suit him. Whether he is dull or clever, stay-at-home or go-a-field, whether he has five, or, as some say nowadays, six senses, he can find a hobby convenient to his mind or temperament. Why does not some enterprising being set himself up as a "hobby specialist," and make it his duty to advise men and women as to the hobby best adapted to their tastes and circumstances? We should then get ourselves 'suited' in hobbies as we do in gloves or spectacles. Parents would send their children to him, if they did not spontaneously develop a hobby. Such a specialist would confer untold benefit upon hundreds, who to-day cannot make up their mind that any hobby in particular is 'worth while.' It is 'worth while,' and from every point of view. A little knowledge is not only a dangerous but an unsatisfactory thing. It is in *mastering* a subject or a science that true satisfaction is gained, and it is a source of intense satisfaction to feel that on one subject at least one has a knowledge which is thorough. And the acquisition of the knowledge is no less attractive than the possession of it. Oh, the facination of pursuing a hobby! How the very thought of it makes the heart leap in joyful anticipation, in days when work seems dull and heavy. The man becomes a school boy again as he looks forward to the holidays. And are they dreams only, with no waking realization? Was Keats right when he said "Ever let the fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home"? Either Keats had no hobby, or he had no work, for without work a hobby loses half its glow and glory. Think, for instance, of the botanist. For years he has read the little paragraph in his book which says of some variety "Only on the highest mountains of——, where it is in great danger of becoming extinct." Will he be in time for it? Will he find it? At last the opportunity comes. The picture of the plant is imprinted in his mind as he scans the ground, almost inch by inch. Suddenly a cry from his companion twenty yards above, "I've got it!" "Sure?" "Come and see!" And together they kneel down, and look and look as if they feared that the treasure should be spirited away. Look into the faces of these two men and then say if you can, that 'pleasure never is at home!' Linnæus, keeling down and thanking God for the sight of a field of gorse, is the type of every botanist. And a hobby, too, is a splendid discipline in the formation of character. Great minds dig deep, and if we have explored the depths of any subject, we have laid a foundation stone of thoroughness, upon which a life of true usefulness may be built. Again, a hobby is a friend for life. The charm of its companionship will be with us when our athletic days are over; at least the memory of its pursuit will stand out like a golden age in the past. Fortunately the sunshine lingers in our hearts longer than the shadows, and the brightest gleams we shall often find to be those which fell on us in connection with the hobby we had chosen. Only beware, for hobbies, like the moon, have a dark and a bright side. Hobbies are not looked upon with favor in all quarters; the reason is that they are not always kept within due bounds. A man with a hobby is sometimes selfish, narrow, unfaithful to duty. It is allowed to absorb too much of his time and attention. Like the cuckoo and the greybird, it can brook no rival in the nest, and gradually expels the rightful occupants. Hobbies must be kept at all costs, in a position of subordination. They are not life's *ἔργον* but its *πάρεργον*. Hobby and duty, hobby and conscience will often be pitted one against each other. And it is only if we have the courage, the manhood to make the right decision, that we shall reap the full enjoyment which the hobby is capable of giving us, and the possession of it will be to ourselves and to others a blessing and not a curse.