

by walking matches people are incited to move around from place to place on foot and save their cab hire and train fare, all very well, supposing that their time is of less value than their money, and that by this rink, pedestrianism feet are not made to run to evil. Steam locomotion is wont to be looked upon as a tide-mark of progress, but moderns must revive primitive times with a rational purpose in walking eliminated. Our grandfathers would step out on a hundred-mile walk because they had no other mode of transit, and each one of them would go farther in the run of a year than all these "professionals" put together, without making any fuss about it either; but we, their grand children, living as we do at a time when we hear so much about feats of feet, must call for a carriage to go to a neighboring village. A fitting sequel to encompassing the ring so many times in so many hours, would be for the emaciated tramps to use remaining strength in betaking themselves to the abode of lunatics, followed, of course, by infatuated spectators.

A jackass may haul a ton of hay, and suppose a man is made so strong that he too can do the same, should he get into the shafts and drag around that load for years to be the gazing-stock and wonder of weaker men? Rowing for the sake of rowing and being looked at; walking for the sake of walking and being cheered, etc., wherein do these differ from usurping the donkey's place? Yet after all there might not be any great objection to a *homo* turning *asinus* if he desired to do so, provided the change would work no injury to others; but if others must undergo the same metamorphoses, and thousands must crowd around the prodigies and rattle their gold, and drink their rum, and brandish their fists, and newspapers must devote columns to reports, and telegraph wires must be clogged, then it is his high time for some people to step in and create such a stiff breeze of public opinion as shall blow away the nuisance! Some weeks ago we re-

ceived an illustrated book entitled, "Life of Edward Hanlan," containing a complete record of his aquatic victories, and were requested by the publishers to give it favorable notice. Not quite! Mind is in the ascendant here yet. There is a large hero-worship element in us, but it does not take the form of worshipping brute force. Athletic sports have their place around Colleges and elsewhere too, but they are to be kept within proper limits and never allowed to hold more than a subordinate and subsidiary place. Let the advocates of our so-called "physical culture," who point to the influence of the classic games, note the difference between the character and relative effects of the physical training of to-day and that of the Hellenic race.

One of our recent lecturers alluded to a fact which called the blush of shame to our cheek. A patriotic statesman, less regarded when gone, than he who gained notoriety through what he had in common with the dray horse! The last resting place of one of Nova Scotia's most illustrious sons is marked by a plain obelisk of such granite as his native Province affords, while the very metropolis in which he labored and died had \$3,000 to expend in erecting a monument to a champion oarsman. This monument, which stands upon a bold promontory, looking seaward, should bear the terse inscription, "LIFE IS OAR." Surely there is need that all rightly disposed persons should labor for the elevation of public sentiment.

RYE.

Voices from the Hill.

And now he is sad and disconsolate. Grief rends his heart. Cruelly she voted with the *negatives*!

A Senior who officiates in a neighboring pulpit when called upon to recite in Constitutional History on Monday morning, replied: "Excuse me, Professor, I was away all day yesterday."

Uneasiness and sorrow have recently