


Ontario Normal College Monthly

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, NOVEMBER, 1898.

The Reception.

UR Literary Society, bent upon raising to consciousness the social side of its nature, shouted together in no uncertain way for a College "At-Home." An able-bodied committee held fatiguing meetings, to decide what refreshments would be best for the society's digestion and purse. The function was fixed for the evening of Friday, Oct. 28th. On that day Normal pulses beat abnormally fast in the glow of anticipation.

Scarcely a member of the class was missing when, shortly after the hour of eight, the guests were received in the wide and brightly-lighted assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute. Introductions were handed out as thick as manna; the buzz of conversation grew louder and louder, while the dainty promenade cards were rapidly filling with autographs all more or less illegible, but none the less valuable for that.

Right in the middle of the rush were the stalwart Principal and Vice-Principal, a number of members of the Collegiate staff, and other friends of the institution. They all attracted a natural non-voluntary attention. We regretted missing the well-known features of our singing and hygiene lecturers.

Presently, above the din of conversation, arose that mysterious and mournful sound known as "tuning up," and a wave of emotion swept over the assembled company at this intimation that the orchestra was about to scare up the promenade. A brilliant line ran circle round the hall, "tremendous, certain, slow," in its regular revolvings like the elliptic career of Mother Earth in space.

The mind gradually eliminated its redintegrations of practical lessons and attendant "criticisms," and its

presentiments of Christmas. The ages seemed to roll back to those days in the rosy dawn of youth ere the "infant mind" had ever grasped or grappled with the question of methods—days of primitive innocence ere man to expiate his sins began to study psychology and tremble before that terrible "VAGUE WHOLE," days of supreme but still unconscious happiness. As Time smoothed out a wrinkle or two from his own sear countenance, so our faces, changed beneath the gas-light, seemed bright, and innocent of that haggard care which drops a stony curtain over the physiognomy, what time the teacher-in-training descends the steps of the amphitheatre and rushes on his fate in some distant class-room.

The circle of promenaders grew less as the evening advanced. The refreshment room was not forgotten. Quiet corners, none too numerous, were kept unquiet by those who preferred not "the madding crowd." Some lost their partners. Some lost themselves. Achilles was once more discovered lurking among the maidens just as the gathering broke up.

Happy hours are brief. All too quickly the fourteen numbers on the programme are over; the orchestra strikes up "God Save the Queen"; the guests depart; the hall is left cold and dark and silent, and nothing remains of the evening's frolic—nothing except a host of memories that linger in the mind, memories in which strains of gay music mingle with the hum of voices; a faint fragrance of flowers, groups of happy faces, and bursts of merry laughter. Wherever this class of Normal College students may wander, far or near, they must long bear with them many happy memories of this, their first "At-Home" in the fall of '98.—DINO.

 Ontario Normal College Monthly

EDITORIAL BOARD.

W. F. TAMBLYN.	MISS L. GAHAN.
A. M. OVERHOLT.	MISS M. M. GRAHAM.

AT THE second meeting of the O. N. C. Literary Society, held Oct. 21, it was decided that the weekly "Jottings" of last year should be superseded by a monthly magazine. It is hoped that this latest of college publications will fulfill its ends as a record and an expression of the life of our institution, and as its representative abroad. We are a peculiar people, gathered silently and almost solemnly together from all parts of the Province, as pilgrims of old, bearing their cross, might have congregated for a season in a ship headed for the Promised Land. We are a peculiar people, dwelling together for a year, and perhaps we should have a peculiar publication. There is a strange temptation for the journal newly launched and without the guiding chart of tradition to steer wide of travelled ways and careless of rock and reef to sail a voyage of discovery through untried seas. But surely the policy of this journal should be first to reflect the thoughts, feelings and actions of the student body, and secondly to bring to their notice some news of current literary and educational movements which most deeply interest us as teachers in training. If this policy be carried out the "Ontario Normal College Monthly" will exhibit an organic character, peculiar in so far as the institution itself is peculiar, and representative of our best intelligence and vigor.

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WHENEVER any one is convinced that these columns do not in some

particular reflect the common opinion of the student body, correction or remonstrance will be gladly received, especially if the correspondents make their letters short and pointed. It may be a matter of doubt as to how far this journal should be a medium for conflicting views on educational and other subjects, or for the expression of possible grievances or personal variance. But a lively and courteous exchange of ideas, rebuttals, and surrebuttals, observing always the law of restraint, will both add to the spirit of the paper and help the correspondents to straighten out some tangled skeins of thought. Among the splendid opportunities for all-round development afforded by the Normal College, the opportunity of contributing to this paper a story, or an essay, or a poem, or a letter, should not be missed.

* *

Literature and Science.

The old fight between the devotees of literature and science is not easily renewed among us. Now and then a champion of either faith raises the battle-cry, but there is little or no response from partizan or foe. Even a rehearsal of Spencer's opinions, seductively provoking as they are, passes almost unchallenged. The reason for this general apathy seems to lie in the insufficiency and fragmentary character of the old arguments, and a lack of both comprehensive view and originality in some more recent disputants. What we all wish for is a treatment of the question whether a literary or a scientific training is the more important, which shall go beneath the superficial aspects and discover a fundamental truth.

While science, which means both by derivation and by usage, simply knowledge, is primarily intellectual, involving the emotional only so far as the emotional can never be separated from the intellectual, literature deals with and appeals to both of these faculties. Shakespeare and Goethe were scientists, Huxley was no poet. But why do we rank Browning higher than Aristotle or Hegel in the literary world? Is it not because feeling, and not intellect, is the true basis of the personality? The lamp of science guided Hegel far into the dim background of cosmic and microcosmic life, but his inspiration groped further onward when the lamp failed, and Browning following in his steps reveals to men what the imperfect inspiration of Hegel could not express.

Of the three classes of literature—(1) intellectual and scientific; (2) intellectual and emotional in balance e. g. history; (3) emotional (the drama, epic, novel)—it may be best in a comparison with science to select the highest. In fact the struggle between literature and science often resolves itself into a struggle between intellectual and emotional literature. This emotional or æsthetical or ethical literature may be defined roughly as the written expression by great men of their interpretation of the higher emotional aspects of nature, the sum of their attempts to reach down to the basic verities of universal life.

The question of education is not summed up in the question "What knowledge is of most worth?" Rather, if we are to decide between the claims of science and literature to pre-eminence, we must ask, *which is of more worth, exact knowledge or true*

feeling? Spencer almost ignores the cultivation of feeling as a part of a necessary education. For him knowledge is all important, while the development of far the greatest element in our personality, the moral, appears as a sort of frill or furbelow, not to be put on until we have become accomplished sociologists. Plato was not so foolish, much as he exalted knowledge and chastised a poetry charged with unscientific generalizations, and therefore resting on false feeling. Spencer assumes also that a certain amount of science is the *first* requisite for self-preservation. But it is ridiculous to lose sight of the fact that the very instinct of self-preservation and of self-reproduction, has its rise in the moral personality. It is conditioned by feeling, not by intellect. All the science in the world will not prevent suicides or old bachelors. But a study of the Bible, or of Bunyan or Homer will stimulate and strengthen all the good instincts of our being, and help us to realize ourselves as social types.

Granting that science is a *first* requisite for life—and we all recognize its immense importance whether first or last—it does not follow that science is the *most important* equipment for true manhood. Man does not live by bread alone, nor principally. Feeling, which is the preponderant factor in personality, demands a proportionate education. Practically feeling is the personality, is the real life. Not what a man knows or does, but what he is—that is what we ask.

To bring the abstract down to the concrete, which is it more important that a child (or adult) should study, the Bible, Homer (translated), and

Sir Walter Scott, or physics and chemistry? Is it more important to be a millionaire, or Matthew Arnold in poetry? Which should we prefer to lose irrevocably, the Bible, Shakespeare and Goethe, or the railroad, and say gun-powder or dynamite?

Most of us would not take long to decide. The normal man has as strong a faith in the worth of right living as he has in mathematics. It is literature of the highest sort that sets before us the absolute verities of our existence, the axioms of feeling, to strengthen our adherence to the primal instincts of good. The wise scientist himself will not neglect the aids of ethical as well as intellectual literature to the interpretation of natural phenomena. While science is a natural test or guarantee of feeling, literature transcends, is both higher and deeper than science. From the vague to the definite and again to the vague is the order of growth. Feeling or inspiration anticipates and also supplements knowledge. Aristotle showed himself a true scientist by confessing the limitations of science and bowing himself before the majesty of human instinct. Only a bogus scientist will try to put knowledge before feeling.

Some of the minor investigators, mere dwarves in understanding, recorders of trivial facts about bugs or conjunctions or fossils, arrogate to themselves a certain independence of mind, referring contemptuously to men like Thomas Arnold or Jowett as mere slaves of authority. But see the sentiment of Walt Whitman, quoted by Corson, *A. L. S.*, p. 57. As a matter of fact there is no one more humble in the presence of authority than the scientist. As the

student of literature tries to attune his emotions to the harp of David and to Homer's sightless lyre, so the scientific student does well who succeeds in following the thought of Newton or of Wundt. Both may try to aim beyond their masters.

After all, our highest authority is the universal voice of mankind. And that voice can still be heard amid the whistles and kettledrums of utilitarian science, in deep bass tones proclaiming the eternal supremacy of moral force over intellectual force, and the undying empire of Shakespeare and St. John the Apostle over the hearts of men. While both literature and science are indispensable, it is literature and not science which must be the alpha and the omega of education.

* * *

WE ALL like Hamilton and Hamilton people, except perhaps two or three unfortunate brothers for whom this mountainous city has been a Cretan labyrinth of perplexity. Since losing himself near the Gore recently, one of them never goes out at night without a ball of yarn. Greek mythology helped him. Another gentleman, high in office, was found, it is alleged, by a search party with lanterns, on the mountain. But he has succeeded, by this time, in orienting himself, no doubt. Another prominent man had to steer his way home by the stars on the night of the "At-Home." Most of us, however, manage to get about easily by daylight, though possibly we might find it a different matter at the "odd even and dull watch o' the night."

* * *

THE glorious risks of Rugby football have been once more proved to

us in a very painful way. Mr. A. S. Morrison, one of our most popular men, and a husky chaser of the spheroid ball, was unlucky enough to have his leg broken some three weeks ago in a practice game with the "Tigers." Everybody is glad to know that he is coming along well in the General Hospital, and while the game has lost him for the year, he will be back with us in due time to help teach. No doubt he will return with a redoubled interest in physiology.

* * *

The Backward Boy.

NEARLY every person is fond of theorizing, and instructors in the art of teaching are probably as fond of this as any one else. Not that it is wrong, as very few if any theories are entirely devoid of truth, and if we expend enough time and thought to find out this truth we should probably be benefitted by it.

To say that a teacher should not proceed any faster than the most backward boy in a class is able to go, is in my opinion an extreme statement. It means not only the time but also the opportunity of ever obtaining an education, is in the case of many more brilliant boys, lost forever. More than this, it means that the less backward boys lose interest in the work and very soon become careless and indifferent regarding education. The question to me is whether we should sacrifice either the brilliant or the backward student, or by pursuing a middle course keep up the interest of the former and at the same time give the latter his due share of attention. I can understand that the tendency among teachers is to be carried away by the brilliant pupils and it would be well perhaps for every teacher to be guided by a pupil who is if anything a little below

the average. Many of the best pupils are slow in fully understanding a subject, and very often more backward in one subject than another. In such cases the teacher must use judgment and may find it necessary, perhaps, to do some private teaching. But in the case of a pupil who is proverbially lazy and dull, I do not think that any teacher is justified in giving that pupil extra attention.

If in this as in other questions we are to take into account the statement that the history of the race is the history of the individual, we shall see the folly of basing our rate of progress on the most backward. I am very much afraid that pupils will always be found who will be behind the rest just as in the larger school, the world, certain classes or nations seem bound to be behind in the onward march of civilization.—L. B.



The Psychologist's Outfit.

The studio of a progressive psychologist will be provided with a number of interesting persons and things. It is not exactly a bear garden, though something of a "zoo." It would appear absolutely necessary to keep on hand at least one idiot, a wild boy or girl in a cage, a Papuan or some other aboriginal Terrible, a "spinal" frog, a "mesencephalic" frog, a pet dog or two for mild experiment, three or four puppies or kittens with trepanned or excavated crania, a healthy monkey, lots of brains bought from the disconsolate relatives of deceased freaks, and a number of the oddest and most impious looking machines to be seen anywhere. The studio should be in or within easy reach of a well stocked lunatic asylum. All these things require taste and care in selection. They cost money, and that is why there are so few earnest amateur psychologists.—ADAM.

O.N.C. and H.C.I. Athletic Association

AT a general meeting of the students of the O. N. C. and H. C. I. held on October 6th in the amphitheatre, for the reorganization of the Athletic Association, last year's constitution was discussed clause by clause, and some important amendments made. The constitution adopted gave equal representation to the Collegiate Institute on all sub-committees. To meet a strong desire shown by several enthusiasts in hockey and tennis, sub-committees in these branches of sports were appointed. It was decided that the secretaries of the sub-committees should become members of the executive committee, and that the football, baseball, and tennis committees should choose their secretaries from the students of the O. N. C. while the secretaries of the gymnasium and hockey committees should be students of the H. C. I.

After receiving and adopting the constitution as amended, the officers were elected, whose names may be found elsewhere in this number.

The question of securing shower baths in the gymnasium was introduced by Mr. Gundy, and met with a favorable reception. The great difficulty in putting in these baths is that of securing sufficient funds. The committee hope to be able to secure the necessary funds to justify them in proceeding with the matter at an early date.

Association football has become a popular game with many of the Normal College students, and regular practices take place on three afternoons of the week. Several students take advantage of the gymnasium for basket ball practice, and later in the season no doubt the number will be increased. Two large screens have been purchased and put up above the baskets on account of the irregularity of the mouldings, thus making the gymnasium up to regulation form for basket ball purposes. Blinds have also been secured by the

gymnasium committee for the glass lights in the doors leading into the gymnasium.

The Minister of Education, recognizing the claims of the "elder members of his great educational family," has kindly sent a cheque for twenty-five dollars to be applied by the committee to the better equipment of the gymnasium. Membership tickets of the association have been issued and a large number of the students of the O. N. C. and the pupils of the Collegiate Institute have procured these. Those who wish to become members of the association may procure tickets from any member of the executive committee.—A. J. MEIKLEJOHN.

The Literary Society

THE Literary Society organized on December 14th and elected officers blindfolded. The election was unmarred by any unpleasantness. The absence of any cliques was a commendable feature. Fortune had two hours of absolute monarchy over our affairs. Her will was thwarted only at the close of the afternoon, when several headstrong men dared to battle against the destiny that called them to be critics. Their time will come sooner or later. Fors Clavigera will have her way in the long run.

The second meeting was taken up with some music, a short debate, and Critic Wethey's oration. The chief feature of the debate was Miss Fife's speech. Mr. Wethey was received with a tremendous ovation, the crashes of applause recalling an Indian sun dance, or a U. S. political meeting. His points were generally well taken. Last of all came the grand three-cornered contest for critic—Wethey, Fisher and Hinch entered. But the hand of destiny was upon Hinch.

The third meeting of the society is described elsewhere in this number. At the fourth or constitutional meet-

ing all the society's intellect, active and reserve, was mobilized and massed for constitutional battle. Those men of the loud war-cry, Meiklejohn, Hinch, Martin, leader of men, much planning Carson and Gundy strove in the forefront. Timid maidens wondered at the power of giant minds which let nor big nor little escape their masterful attention. And twilight came upon the struggle all unfinished. Mr. Burnham, Miss Bowes and Mr. Chase then lulled to repose still quivering nerves with soothing music, and Critic Hinch spread a choral atmosphere over all by a splendid analysis of fact and taste. Mr. Fisher was acclaimed successor of Mr. Hinch, while napping.—ADAM.

Hallowe'en Magic.

MOST of us can recall a time when we listened with wide-eyed wonder to tales of Hallowe'en magic, but surely last Hallowe'en, the patron saint of the evening surpassed himself, when on waving his magic wand, lo! there appeared fifteen gay spirits to while away on this old earth still another happy evening.

Somewhere on Catharine street, Samantha, Robin Hood, Psyche, and Pomona were at home to their friends. The latter, in dainty cap and apron, bedecked with ribbons galore, ushered the guests upstairs. Here, quaint Samantha, with her white hair crowned by her snowy cap, peered kindly upon them through her glasses, and offered a dainty welcome, in which she was joined by Psyche, beautiful as a rainbow, and attired in quite as many hues.

Robin Hood was host; naughty Robin, with regular 19th century fickleness, trolling out love songs to Lady Betty, unmindful of the days when he sang the same songs while Maid Marion wreathed him with daisy chains. But surely Lady Betty

was irresistible with her powdered hair heaped high on her head, and her sweet 18th century coyness.

Hither came Winsome in her simple lilac sunbonnet, murmuring half unconsciously to an imaginary daisy, "loves me, loves me not, loves me," and in striking contrast the Hungarian girl, resplendent in her native costume of red and gold, while the wealth of the Indies adorned neck and arms. But the wonder of the guests was excited most of all by the entrance of a lady possessing the remarkable power of "Looking Backwards," or perhaps it was the god Janus who chose to attend the soiree in the attire of a goddess.

Diavolo and his fair sister, Angelica, of course were there, bringing their mad pranks out of the realm of fiction to brighten for a few hours the stern life of reality; and Brown October joined the merry company in the autumnal glory of leaves and berries, with so smiling a face one could scarcely think that her days were almost done, while following in her footsteps came two charming white-robed dreams of Autumn—dreams, the memory of which will ever linger with us as the sweetest realities.

The Gypsy girl, bewitching as ever, her raven locks encircled with rowan berries, came tossing her tambourine, while Italy's representative was Juliet, perfectly happy without any Romeo, ready even to alter her impassioned speech to "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou not Robin or Diavolo?"

When all had arrived, one fair Dream of Autumn became for a time a living reality as she took flash-lights of the merry group, then fortunes were told. Gaily the jest went round, while the evening sped swiftly away, and soon the guests were grouped in regular school-girl fashion, while host and hostess generously dispensed nectar and ambrosia.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian

wine!" for toasts are in order, with Psyche as toast-mistress. Strange though it be, interest seemed to centre in Normal College; favorite lecturers, the college girls, the other side of the house, all were toasted, though songs for Varsity and Victoria seemed to bespeak a lasting interest elsewhere. Finally the guests reluctantly took their leave, strains of "Good-night, ladies," being wafted to them on the evening air. —PERI.

ED. NOTE.—Answers to this puzzle will be received next month.



Side Scenes.

A man with an eagle eye and a "Remember the Maine" grin darted about the corridors taking notes and questioning with authority. He has a mania for classification, and is now listing the Benedicts, those about to be Benedicts, aging bachelors, and doubtfals. Any one maliciously misinforming this Shepherd of the Host should be brought to the awful judgment of his peers.

Would any one use his pet dog for psychological experiment? Certainly not. Experiment on the nervous reactions of other people's pets.

There is a vineyard not far away, which hung heavy with clusters lustrous by moonlight. The laborers were many, too many. The gang was well bossed, but they mostly came at the twenty-third hour.

PLAYIN' CIRCUS.

Teacher—What is a plane surface?
Pupil—A merry-go-round.

One of the ladies could not find how to wind up the gymnasium horse to make it go.

Wethey certainly ought to stay in out of the damp air until he has fully recovered from that cough. In the meantime the editors would prescribe Cod Liver Oil and mucilage.

President Martin had a ride to London and back some time ago in a first-class car. He had no time to see the city.

THE HUMAN BODDIE.

A little girl in a Cumberland, Md., school being requested by her teacher to write an essay from what her text-book on physiology had taught her, complied with the following:

The human boddie is composed of three parts the head, the chist and the stummic, the head contains the eyes and brains, if any, the chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver, and the stummic contains the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

First C.—Why do you like soda water so much?

Grad.—Because of its fizziological effects.

There is no doubt that the vice-principal is a born disciplinarian. When he enters the amphitheatre to mark the register, there is a stealthy sneaking into the proper seats, and when he rises to speak you can hear the spiders spin their webs.

Drawing Master—What would be the difficulty in drawing this apple if placed too near the pupil's eye?

Smart Youth—He would eat it.

Hardshell Materialist (as his torturer, the man of high ideals, begins)—Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!

Have you all noticed the mathematical accuracy with which the seats have been allotted according to the alphabetical order of names? Three lapses occur, however, Sections 4, 5, and 11 ladies.

Math. (looking toward the mountain between hours)—What a beautiful landscape.

Cl.—Lady's cape you mean.

To Grandma.

O. N. C., Nov. 2, 1898.

DEAR GRANDMA:—

My letter will be very short this time as I am tired, having just taught a lesson to the senior first class of ——— Public School by the analytical-synthetic, discriminatory-unifactory, interpretatory-assimilatory, particular-universal, step-by-step-and-step-after-step method, which I am convinced they thoroughly grasped and appreciated. This method is much in vogue here, and very powerful with the junior pupils.

I am in fine health, for every day I run up and down the mountain a few times to get exercise. I can go right up to the top now without losing my breath. When I get up to the top I distend and toughen my *pharyngeal aponucrosis* by reciting in this rarified atmosphere (you know the atmosphere is very rare on very high mountains) those beautiful lines from "The Waterfowl":

"Whither midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Through the rosy depths dost thou pursue Thy solitary way."

Besides this I take my tonic *sol fa* every Wednesday afternoon.

I put up a notice for a meeting to organize a court to chastise the boys that are bad. The men all squashed the idea and we can't have any court this year. The boys don't like to be courted. I think the project would be a success among the ladies.

We had a fine reception the other night. I came early to get my programme filled ahead of that committee that wore blue badges, and got all the nice girls picked out. One of the girls said when I asked her for a number that she was sorry to inform me that she had her programme entirely filled, but hoped I might be able to get it filled with far nicer girls than she was. I said I thought I could easily do that; then she got mad and left me, and I have been trying to think ever since what she was mad about.

I asked one of the men the other day if any of the men were married, and he said, "Yes; Carson, Hinch, Roland, Burchill, and Sifton were married." They don't bring their wives and families to the receptions and concerts, and do not like them very well for that.—Your loving grandson,

WILLIAM.

P. S.—The boy in our boarding house used up all the pills you sent me in his pea-shooter. W.

* * *

To Willie.

SONDAY, Nov. 6th.

DEAR WILLIE,—

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. The boy didn't go to the Post oar we would have got it a Monday. I am glad you set on those boys like that. I am sure you never would consent to be a hypocritick. The old cow that you always milked died this week. She aled and pined away ever since you left. Do you think they will start that student court. Those sinfull men you spoke of as wouldn't go in for the coart ought to be thrown out of the scool. I believe the scollars court would be a fine thing to keep boys from dancing and playing cards and smoaking. I hope you go regular to church or the army. They say the Salvion Army does a great work in large sities. That's right, don't you take a back seat for any b. a. or ma iether. No ma neednt crow over you that's got a grand ma alive yet and aighty years old at that. The folks dont know how to do without you to, lead th quire and pump the horgan. They cant find anybody who can do boath at onct. If they ever want you to be a hypocritick again you just tell them what you think off them for a lot of heathens and say you holed by that which is against Phari-seas and hypocriticks. I think you are right about those college preceptions. Do you like those married men Corson and Hunch and Roland any better now?

I am glad the girls like you sow well. Sow well an dreap well. That man who introduced you to a nice girl and laughed at you befoure her while hee introduced you is what you call him an infirmal snob. I dreamed about you last night and thought you were right hear speaking to me and I woke up. But everything was dark and quiet only the dunkey making a noise down in the 10 acre field. Jessie was hear last night and says she hopes you wont forget her. Take cair of yourself and dont go on the mountain. They sav there is wild gotes there. Write soon again.

Your loving grandma.

P. S.—I send you another box of my pills and a bottle of biters. Their better than your new fangled sol fa tonics. Dont give any away, you need it all yourself. Use biters when well, and pills in case of sick-ness.



Kipling on the Czar's Proclamation.

The following poem, by Kipling, having a strong political significance when viewed in the light of the attitude that the Czar recently took in respect to the peace question of Europe, appeared in a London paper on October 1st:—

Yearly with tent and rifle our careless
white-men go
By the pass called Multrasse to shoot in
the vale below.
Yearly by Multrasse he follows our white
men in—
Matun the old blind beggar bandaged from
brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless and lipless—toothless, of
broken speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles
his tale to each.
Over and over the story, ending as he
began:

“Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the
bear that walks like a man!”

“Up from his stony play-ground—down
from his well-dugged lair,
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the
bear.

Groaning, grunting and roaring, heavy
with stolen merls.

Two long marches to northward and I was
at his heels!

“Two full marches to northward, at the
fall of the second night
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all
weary from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked
and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he
reared up like a man.

“Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like
hands in prayer
Making his supplication, rosc. Adam-zad
the bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the
paunch's sway and swing.
And my heart was touched in pity for the
monstrous, pleading thing.

“Touched in pity and wonder I did not
fire then. * * *
I have looked no more on women—I have
walked no more with men,
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws
like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw it
ripped my face away. * * *

“When he stands up like a tired man,
tottering near and near;
When he stands up as phawding, in mon-
strous man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the
little swinish eyes,
When he shows us seeking quarter, wi'
paws like hands in prayer.
That is the time of peril—the time of the
truce of the bear!”

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a
dole at the door,
Matun the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er
and o'er:
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming
his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the
morrow's game;
Over and over the story, ending as he
began:
“There is no truce with Adam-zad, the
bear that looks like a man!”



On Tuesday, October 11th, the Normal College had the pleasure of listening to an address by the Hon. G. W. Ross. His advice to young teachers to *avie* may be emphasized. His exhortation to us to be perfect men was very earnest, almost impassioned. But so excellent an address must be too well imprinted on the minds of his hearers to need even summary here.

Historical.

It is not to be expected that the students of the Normal College be endowed with that loyalty to their institution, that pride in handing down its customs from year to year, that is infused into all who claim for their Alma Mater a college whose history dates far into past generations, and whose spirit has been carefully fostered by each successive year. Yet although we cannot trace the records of our Normal College back into dark antiquity, it does boast of a short history, which should prove of interest to the students of the institution.

To the educationalists of Ontario belongs the honor of being the first on this continent to recognize the necessity of professional training for those purposing to engage in high school teaching, but it was not until 1885 that the first step in this direction was taken, when two collegiate institutes were utilized for four months in the year for the training of High School assistants. Three years later the number of training institutes was increased to five, but the belief that education is a science as well as an art, led the authorities to make arrangements, whereby instruction could be given in the theoretical, as well as the practical side of education.

These arrangements culminated in 1889 in the establishment of the School of Pedagogy in Toronto, when two months of the term were spent in the consideration of the doctrinal side of the art of teaching, and the other two as before in observation and practice in the training institutes. With the training schools scattered over the Province in this way, it was impossible to tell how much of the theory was applied to the practice. To remove this difficulty, the outside training schools were dropped in 1891, and the two Toronto Collegiate Institutes affiliated instead, thus enabling the theoretical and practical work to be carried on concurrently for the four months.

Two years later, in 1893, the term of instruction was extended to eight months. This arrangement, however,—the nearest approach to a satisfactory one that the school had yet seen—lasted only for one year, and the institution for the next four years remained without any affiliated training institutes.

Under these obviously unsatisfactory circumstances the work was continued, but in the meantime arrangements were being made between the Ontario Legislature and the Hamilton Board of Education for the accommodation of the School of Pedagogy in connection with the new Collegiate Institute about to be erected in Hamilton. On September 3rd, 1895, the Board agreed to the terms proposed by the Department of Education, which agreement, it was stipulated, "should remain in force for ten years; to be cancelled at any time thereafter on one year's notice by either party."

In order that the students of this year may know the relation in which they stand in point of numbers to past years, a few statistics may here be given. Since the extension of the term, the number of students enrolled each year is as follows:

	MEN.	WOMEN.	TOTAL.
1893-94.....	48	31	82
1894-95.....	67	40	107
1895-96.....	85	75	160
1896-97.....	79	67	146
1897-98.....	95	113	208
1898-99.....	86	88	174

May we, the thirteenth class, prove the fallacy of the old superstition by a triumphant passage through the fiery ordeal of the year.

The class of 1898-99 is made up as follows:

	MEN.	WOMEN.	Tl.
Toronto Graduates....	24	20	44
Queen's.....	10	1	11
McMaster.....	2	2	4
Trinity.....	1	2	3
McGill.....	0	1	1
Senior Leaving.....	49	62	111

SPECIALISTS.			
Classics.....	11	2	13
Mathematics.....	8	2	10
English.....	9	11	20
Moderns.....	8	10	18
Science.....	2	1	3

The Glee Club.

The officers of the enterprising organization which bears the above name are as follows:

Honorary President, Mr. F. F. Macpherson; President, Mr. Meiklejohn; Vice-President, Miss Briggs; Secretary, Mr. Murray; Treasurer, Mr. McIntosh; Accompanist, Miss Rosenstadt; Librarian, Mr. Muir; Committee, Miss Lamont and Mr. Merritt.

Dr. C. L. M. Harris, of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, has been engaged as conductor, and the mere mention of the name should be a sufficient guarantee of the success which the club will meet with on the occasion of their concert next February. The practices, which are being held every Wednesday afternoon at 4.15 in Room 16, are well attended, and the progress that has been made so far is very encouraging. The greatest difficulty at present is in getting *doh*, but the committee are confident that the result of the next few practices will be so to familiarize the members with notes of every description that they will soon think nothing of a half or a quarter. Once this has been accomplished the public may rest assured that the club will be a howling success.



The Officers.

Literary Society.—Honorary Presidents, Dr. McLellan and Mr. Thompson; President, W. M. Martin, B. A.; 1st Vice-President, Miss M. H. A. Fife, B. A.; 2nd Vice-President, J. A. Dobbie; Recording Secretary, W. J. Elder, B. A.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. M. Henry, B. A.; Treasurer, J. B. Gillesby; Councilors, Misses M. E. Briggs, N. J. Lamont, B. A., M. I. Northway, B. A.; Messrs. G. H. Balls, B. A., and W. F. Hansford, B. A.

Athletic Association.—Honorary President, Hon. G. W. Ross; President, W. M. Logan, M. A.; 1st Vice-President, H. W. Gundy, B. A.; 2nd Vice-President, Bert Lees; Secretary-Treasurer, A. J. Meiklejohn, B. A. Football Committee—J. M. McKinley, B. A. (Secretary), W. M. Martin, B. A., Johnson, and Pottit. Basket Ball Committee—W. W. Hiltz (Secretary), A. S. Morrison, B. A., W.

Morrison, and Locke. Gymnasium Committee—Hunt (Secretary), McQuesten, G. Cooper, B. A., and W. Aberhart. Tennis Committee—R. J. McIntosh (Secretary), E. J. Wethey, B. A., Garvin and Clappison. Hockey Committee—A. E. Fisher, B. A. (Secretary), A. M. Overholt, M. A., Ballard, and Cameron. Representative on Executive Committee—Mr. McMahon.

Y. M. C. A.—Honorary President, Mr. Thompson; President, J. W. Marshall, B. A.; Vice-President, D. Forrester; Secretary, R. W. Allin, B. A.; Treasurer, H. R. McCracken; Librarian, A. E. Mark; Programme Committee—R. N. Merritt, B. A., T. A. MacDonald, L. E. Staples, M. A. Devotional Committee—G. W. Mason, H. A. Glaspell, A. Williams, N. S. MacDonald, J. S. Bennett. Men. Committee—R. J. McIntosh, T. E. Langford, M. A., G. H. Balls, B. A., and T. B. Rankin.

MR. LIDDELL, writing in the *Literary Digest*, says that the reason we do not read more of the poets is that we do not have enough English words to understand them. There are experiences in our own hearts we do not and cannot understand, and when the poet crystallizes these experiences in language, even then we do not understand. The fault does not lie with Shakespeare or any other English poet, but with a lack of appreciation. We have lost Chaucer and Spencer. We are losing Milton. Are we going to lose Shakespeare, too? We might interest ourselves in the cant of a certain cultus, and talk and perhaps write *about* Shakespeare, and yet not escape the danger which lies in forgetting to *read* Shakespeare. Matthew Arnold has well said: "Read a lot and hear a little."

HALL CAINE persistently maintains that the province of fiction is to present a thought in a story, to teach a lesson in a novel. William Winter, on the other hand, asserts that the province of fiction is to tell a tale and nothing else, and that the thought, the moral, the didactic element should be left to take care of itself. Those authors that teach lessons, inculcate truths, revolutionize society, become tedious and give merely a treatise on sociology.