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*From portrait by W. A. Stead, R.A., C.A., presented to the Normal College  
by the Class of 1892.*

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## AMBITION AND PRAISE.



*"I charge, thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition."*



AMBITION fling thou not away  
Except the baser kind ;  
Nay, rather strive to bring in play  
All virtues of thy mind.  
'Tis both the duty and the right  
Of every earnest man  
To mark afar the distant height,  
And reach it if he can.  
Let not a talent buried lie ;  
Swift follow thoug it with deed,  
For winged life is flitting by  
And instant is the need.  
Awaken every dormant power,  
Its fullest service give ;  
Relax not till the latest hour  
Life's every moment live.  
With dauntless energy of soul  
Each nerve unwearied strain  
To reach the very farthest goal  
Thy geni' may attain.  
If thou outrun the foremost van,  
Relinquish not the strife ;  
For he is nearest perfect man  
That makes the most of life.  
If honest lips with praise reward  
Thy honest word or deed,  
Conteain it not nor disregard,  
Accept it as thy need.  
Too seldom far a noble name  
A noble life repays ;  
Too many are the lips that blame,  
Too few that utter praise.  
If, in our proper thoughts we trust  
Some merit God may see,  
The praises of the good or just  
Cannot unfitting be.  
Then seek deserts of honest worth  
By honest judgments given ;  
Who wins the praises of the earth  
May win the praise of Heaven.

## *Manual Training.*

BY ALBERT H. LEAKE, DIRECTOR OF MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR ONTARIO.

During the century that has just closed upon us no country in the civilized world has made greater progress than the Dominion. Her trade and commerce has made enormous strides, her vast agricultural resources have been developed, her timber has been cut, her extensive mineral wealth has been profitably worked, and her reputation among the nations of the world has grown by leaps and bounds, until now the name Canadian is a synonym for all that is sturdy and strong. Marvellous as has been her progress during the vanished century, that progress promises to be still greater in the one that has just dawned upon us, for like all nations when arriving at the full strength of manhood, she is now devoting her attention to educational concerns and is realising the fact that she has still greater resources than those which have hitherto been developed. The Canadian boy is the valuable asset to which I refer. The education of the present race of Canadians was largely obtained in the best of all schools—the school of nature—and in the best of all ways by the boy himself, in the woods and on the farm, around its lakes and along its rivers, and it is largely owing to that fact that the Canadian is so distinguished for his resourcefulness, and his readiness and ability to act in difficulties, in unusual and unexpected situations. With the advent of public schools this most valuable training of the boy has become in danger of being lost, but a new departure in educational matters promises to restore this training in realities and to reintroduce that development of the eye and the hand and the whole character, which the Canadian of the present day obtained in the natural way.

The new movement to which I refer has been made possible by the

unbounded generosity of Sir William MacDonald, and the superabundant energy and resource of Professor Robertson in the establishment of the MacDonald Manual Training Schools. The term Manual Training is perhaps a little unfortunate as it is apt to give the impression that only the hand is trained, while as a matter of fact it provides a training for the "whole boy." The essential difference between the two terms, Education and Instruction, is very apt to be lost sight of. Education is widely different from Instruction—one is drawing out and developing the natural powers of the child, the other is imparting information; both are necessary, but the tendency of the methods in vogue up to the present has been to give undue prominence to the one in order to assist in passing examinations, and to neglect the other, which is the more important and the more useful in the fitting of a boy or girl for the right living of their lives after the school period has closed. In every province of the Dominion there are now established in one, two or three towns Manual Training Schools supported by the MacDonald fund. Each of these schools is equipped on the same plan and conducted on the same lines—lines which are wholly educational and neither commercial nor industrial. While correct technical methods are always insisted upon, there is no working against time nor the adoption of mechanical aids. Here the pupil soon learns that impatience, hurry and haste lead to inaccuracy, and as inaccuracy means that the work has to be done again, sufficient care and time is always taken after the first failure resulting from hurry or carelessness, to do the work thoroughly. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" is the ruling principle of the Manual Training School. Quality not quantity is the maxim, and a lad soon learns the lesson that a little done well is more beneficial than a great deal done indifferently. There is no division

of labour, every object made is the entire work of one boy, and a lad glories in the work of his hands and soon learns the difficult lesson of working for the sake of the work and of seeing it grow under his own hand, and not to secure praise or avoid blame. The boy works solely for the sake of the object he is making, while the teacher thinks not of the object but of the effect of the making upon the boy and his character. For this reason the boy grieves if the model be spoiled, while the spoiling of the model does not trouble the teacher very much, knowing as he does that usually it has considerably benefitted the boy. It will perhaps be advisable if we give in as complete a form as space will allow, the chief reasons for the importance of Manual Training.

(1) It is a brain rest amid the ordinary school tasks not because it does not require its exercise but because a different part of it is called upon. It affords variety and change so that better work can be demanded and obtained afterwards. If there is one thing more than another upon which school inspectors of places where Manual Training has been tried, are agreed, it is that its adoption has not hindered or lessened the efficiency of the other school work, but has on the contrary stimulated and encouraged it, and has had the almost invariable effect of lengthening the school life of the child, a very desirable end to be achieved.

(2) It trains the hand. The extraordinary attainments of the human hand guided by the human understanding mark off man from the beast. It would be an easy matter to show that whatever man knows or does, he owes in a large measure to the hand; that whatever material of thought lifts man above mere animality is furnished by the hand, without which he must sink into insignificance.

(3) It is a preparation for the work of life, not for any one trade or occupation but for all alike. It provides a

fine touch, skill in manipulation, and power of execution.

(4) It affords balance to the mind and corrects faults of character, the quick children often producing indifferent work while the slow methodical children are encouraged by the satisfactory results of their labours.

(5) It enables us to inculcate respect for the work of others and honesty and truth in our own.

(6) It prevents idleness and occupies spare time to some good purpose.

(7) It adds to our opportunities of helping others, and develops what is called a handy man who can turn his hand to anything.

(8) Manual Training in our schools tends to produce—

(a) Economy of time.

(b) Economy of thought. ) leading

(c) Economy of material. ) to thrift.

(9) It develops the construction faculty and fosters the individuality of the pupil, since in it more than in any other school subject, it is possible to make him do the work unaided and largely teach himself,—a great educational desideratum. Thus it affords a valuable corrective to the uniformity produced by class teaching.

(10) It aids in the development of moral qualities, such as accuracy, industry, truth, patience, power to overcome difficulties, and good humour under disappointment and failure.

(11) It is recognized by medical authorities as having a beneficial effect on general mental development. It stimulates the interest of the pupils and increases their interest in other school subjects.

(12) It increases respect for bodily labour and corrects the prevalent notion that literary occupations are necessarily more to be desired than those of the skilled artisan and mechanic.

(13) The cultivation of habits of observation brings children into contact with things, as distinct from the names of things and so makes their knowledge real and lasting.

These reasons are not the result of mere contemplation and theorising but are the outcome of practical experience. Every one of them has been proved over and over again in the progress of the work in England, Scotland and in many of the countries of Europe, and in the United States of America. In the city of Ottawa there are five such schools in existence, giving training to over fourteen hundred boys for two hours per week in educational wood-work and there is every prospect of a scheme of cardboard modelling being adopted for the girls and younger boys. To accomplish this, more than seventy teachers are taking a course in this subject which they will afterwards introduce. Over ninety teachers are attending the wood-work classes on Saturdays. One feature of the work is that every pupil must make a working drawing of each model. A training school was opened for teachers desiring to qualify, on April 1st, and a holiday course will be held during the month of July, applications for which may be sent in at once. A cordial invitation is given to any student or others interested in this new educational movement to visit our schools and watch the absorbing interest taken by the boys of the Capital City in this new form of school work.

### *National Monuments in Canada.*

BY SIR JOHN BOURNOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D.,  
LIT. D. (LAVAL), AUTHOR OF "CANADA  
UNDER BRITISH RULE," ETC.

Perhaps among the signs of the gradual growth of a national sentiment in Canada, there is none more inspiring than the desire that is gaining strength from year to year to illustrate the country's history by memorials of famous men and events. At Lundy's Lane, at Chrysler's Farm, and at Chateauguay, monuments have been erected by the government of the Dominion to recall the valour and patriotism of the Canadian Militia,

who combined with the British regular forces to drive the invader from the land. One of the notable architectural features of the Legislative building at Quebec is the representation of notable figures in the annals of the French province. The tall shaft that rises in what was once the Governor's garden, on the noble terrace of the ancient capital, in honour of Montcalm and Wolfe, will always be a symbol of the unity of the two races who are laboring to build up this new Dominion.

An important event in the history of the past, was marked by the unveiling of a monument at Quebec in 1898 by the Earl of Aberdeen, to Samuel Champlain, the founder of the city. There is no more interesting figure in Canadian affairs than Champlain, for, so far as it is possible for a man, he gave to his work a lasting impression of the dominant characteristics of the age in which he lived. The erection of a monument to a founder, under circumstances similar to those attending the beginnings of the city of Quebec, is but an act of justice at the hands of posterity. Happily in the case of Champlain, it is more than a monument to a founder. It is the tribute of a grateful people to a man of letters, to a soldier, to a navigator, to a man of noble qualities, and also to the first governor of the country.

Let us hope that year by year we shall see other noteworthy examples of the spirit of patriotism that has already raised in public places of our cities monuments to Champlain, Sir George Cartier, Sir John Macdonald and George Brown. Nova Scotia could well honour the memory of a father of responsible government, Joseph Howe, poet, printer and politician; and this mention of a famous name recalls the fact that he was a son of one of those Loyalists who left New England for the sake of a United Empire, and whose memory ought to be perpetuated by the erection of a national memorial. The people of St. John, the most important place they founded,

would only do justice to their deeply interesting historic past if they would erect a building which would be at once a home for Literature and Science, and a safe storehouse for the many valuable manuscripts and relics which could be collected in all parts of the province, to illustrate its early history. An effort has been made,—but so far without success, I believe—by the historical societies of the Niagara district to raise a cairn or monument of some kind to commemorate the landing of the same loyal people on the banks of the famous river. On the other hand a women's movement to erect a monument to Laura Secord, the daughter of a loyalist and the wife of another, has been happily successful. It is an encouraging fact that the women of Canada who are pursuing historical researches with so much earnestness and profit, are taking an active part in this national movement for the revival of the history of our past and the erection of tablets and monuments in honour of our distinguished dead. How much can be achieved by the energy of one man can be seen in the old historic township of Adolphustown, by the beautiful Bay of Quinte, where the Reverend Mr. Forneri, after many years of effort, succeeded in erecting a pretty memorial church, in which numerous tablets have been placed by the descendants of the Loyalist Makers of British Canada.

If another national monument should soon be erected in Quebec, it ought to be in honour of Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, who saved the "Ancient Capital" from Arnold and Montgomery, drove the invaders from Canada, and did much to reconcile the French Canadian people, or "new subjects" to British rule.

Our most notable public edifices should contain such mural decorations as have been recently executed by the eminent Canadian artist, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., for the main hall of the new municipal building in the city

of Toronto. These paintings are the gift of the artist to the city, and illustrate the heroic work of the pioneers of Canada, to whom an appropriate reference is made by the following motto :

"Hail to the Pioneers, their homes and deeds Remembered and forgotten we honour here."

All patriotic Canadians should fully sympathize with the hope expressed by the Toronto Guild of Civic Art, in officially presenting Mr. Reid's beautiful gift to the city, that "these fine decorations may prove to be but the first of a series of historical memorials of this nature, illustrating the progress of our country, which may be placed in this and other buildings throughout the Dominion. They beg to record their conviction that no better investment can be made than the expenditure of money in the proper decoration of public buildings, which thus not only add to the attractiveness and interest of the city in which they stand, but are calculated to be a valuable means of artistic education and an inspiration of true patriotism."

### THE SNOW.

All day leaden vapors had lowered,  
The wind whispered dismal and low,  
Till, mingled with Night's darkest pinions,  
Came swirling the white-winged snow.

The lingering blossoms of summer,  
The last and the latest that bloomed,—  
Their lips with the life-flushes tinted,—  
The quick with the dead, were entombed.

The vine that imploringly lifted  
Meek hands to the pitiless skies,  
Where deepest the billows are drifted,  
Low buried and smothering lies.

The leaf that had flaunted defiant  
Its flag in the face of the blast,  
All stained with its heart-blood is lying  
Enshrouded and silent at last.

There clovers and delicate mosses  
In whitest of cerements are wound,  
But oh, to my bosom, the dearest  
Is one little turf-woven mound.

For there under late-growing grasses,  
Where ever-green branches droop low,  
With, and laid to rest on her bosom,  
My darling sleeps under the snow,

Dec., 1900. LYMAN C. SMITH.

## *French Canadians and Modern Language Teachers in Ontario.*

BY PROFESSOR A. H. YOUNG,  
(*Trinity University, Toronto.*)

Upon my mantel shelf there stands a photograph which, though remarkable in itself, is valuable to me rather because of the way in which it came into my hands. A summer vacation, almost the whole of which had been spent in exploring every curious-looking place I could see or hear of in and about the town of Quebec, was drawing to a close. One rainy Saturday morning I sallied forth to purchase photographs to serve as mementoes of the happy months.

The proprietor of the shop waited on me himself, and, though I spoke French, he insisted upon speaking to me in English which was none too good. At last, impressed perhaps by my persistence, he said "Are you a Canadian?" To this I replied, "Yes", forgetting for a moment that my answer was misleading. Then again he asked, "Where do you live?" and "If you are a Canadian, how does it come that you live in Toronto?" Then I remembered that they are "the Canadians" and we are "English", although our forebears for two or three generations back may never have seen Great Britain at all, or only upon a visit at best. I tried to set the matter right by saying that I was an Anglo-Canadian, but that led only to another question,— "If you are an Anglo-Canadian, how is it that you speak French? The 'Mail' (it was the days of the Equal Rights agitation) says that you Toronto people want to abolish our language." Assuring him that the "Mail" did not represent the majority of the inhabitants of Toronto and of Ontario, I explained that I for one admired his language and its literature, and that I had nothing but the kindest feelings for his people.

No more English was heard in the shop throughout the rest of the morning. I saw the best pictures it contained, I bought a large number of them, and at last I was making ready to go to my lodgings. "We have spent a very pleasant morning together" said Monsieur, "will you honour me by accepting a photograph of your own choice as a souvenir?"

There are difficulties in such a situation, for one may choose too valuable a gift. Divining, perhaps, the difficulty which caused me to hesitate to accept his offer, he picked up several pictures of cabinet size and asked me to make my selection from them. Thus it was that I became possessed of the picture of a handsome old Indian from the village of Lorette—said to have been the last full-blooded Huron chief.

With his rags, his dirt, and his George III. medal, the picturesque old figure speaks to me not only of the holiday of ten years ago but also of two men who by a little plain speaking came to understand each other. And each came to think better, I hope, of the other's province and of the inhabitants thereof, so different in origin, in language, in manners, and in religion.

A man cannot help his birth; he may change his religion, though in so doing he makes a great break with his past and with his own people. His language he may likewise discard, but in so doing he becomes to a certain extent a new man, for the more one studies languages the more impressed he must be with the fact that the character of a people is indelibly stamped into the language it speaks. In making this change the man may become better, and he may not.

Even with change of language and of religion, manners and habits of thought cannot be changed all at once. Nor is it desirable that they should be changed unless we are all to come down to the wearisome dead level of uniformity.

Human nature, by whatever name it

may be called for the sake of classification, is pretty much the same wherever it is found. Try to force it to do what it would naturally do of its own accord, solely for its own advantage, and that is the very thing it baulks at. No more than a suggestion that the French Canadian should be compelled to learn English and use it in parliament and elsewhere, is needed to make him resolve to learn and use no language but his own.

No matter how the trouble began, (and all men do not agree as to its origin), it is certain that in the province of Ontario there has been far too much ill-advised talk about the dual official languages. It is idle to say that it would have been better had the official use of their language been denied to the French Canadians. In that case, the course of history would in all probability have been different in the last one hundred and fifty years and Canada possibly would not have continued to be a part of the British possessions.

Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen of the best type try to live up to the teaching of the "gentleman's psalm" which commends the man "who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." The bargain was made and we must abide by it even if it is unfair to us, which I am not prepared to grant.

In the highlands of Scotland, in Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, who ever heard of an attempt to force the English language upon the inhabitants? In every one of these countries the people see it to be to their interest to speak English, and learn it accordingly. So it is also in the case of the French Canadians, as any one knows who has even the most superficial acquaintance with them.

It is not so many years since men of high standing among themselves drew up a document concerning education, in which they set forth the points in which their system needed improvement. One of the most important was that of facilities for teaching and learn-

ing English. Left to themselves they will work out what is best for themselves and for the country, which they love at least as devotedly as we do, who have not been in it as long as they have been.

A Swiss or a German from south-western Germany would be surprised—unless he knew something of the arrogance, the bashfulness, and the self-consciousness of the Anglo-Saxon—to find so few Anglo-Canadians, even in French surroundings, able to speak French. In south-western Germany, and very much more so in Switzerland, almost every one speaks two languages, and, in the latter country, more than two. If we in Ontario and the other English-speaking provinces were to follow these good examples, we should soon find that a better feeling would grow up between the two stocks.

We think of these two stocks as being quite distinct, but after all the French Canadians are for the most part from Normandy, which only means that their ancestors left their home-land a few centuries later than did those Normans who conquered England and swarmed into Scotland and Ireland. On their fathers' side the Normans were near of kin to those other Northmen who, under the name of Norsemen, Danes, Jutes, Angles, Saxons, made their incursions into Scotland or England, finally settling there as the Normans settled in France.

A distinguished authority on Modern History expresses the doubt, in a recent work, as to whether the Norman conquest was the great benefit to England that it has for many years been supposed to have been. Most men, however, will accept as correct the statement made by Dr. Conan Doyle in his "Great Boer War" that wherever French blood has mingled with that of other nations it has brought with it a touch of gracefulness and delicacy. In poetry, history and oratory Canada would to-day occupy a lower place than she does, were it not for the



beauty, thoroughness and grace of the work done by our French compatriots.

They and we have been held up to the world during the last two years as object-lessons in the art of making two peoples of different race, language and creed live together in peace and harmony. Having the eyes of the whole world fixed upon us, so to speak, we cannot afford to belie our reputation, but more and more we must seek to make our character correspond with our reputation.

It was not for nothing—certainly not for the vulgar display of the unlovely tendency of the victor to domineer over the vanquished, rather in this case over the deserted and the betrayed—that England was allowed, and we, through her, to take possession of the northern half of this continent. We are set here to learn tolerance, brotherly love, fair dealing and charity, so that we and they may together build up our country in righteousness. In this work it seems to me that the teachers of modern languages, the interpreters of the thoughts and the ideals of nation to nation and of people to people, have a most important part to play. Whoever of us in this newer province fails in his duty to the older, which has in it much that we might learn to our profit, will some day find the evil which he has done returning upon his own pate. A little more patience, a little more sympathy, and a little more mutual appreciation would go a long way toward making a strong united Canada.

### *Analysis that Does Not Analyze.*

J. A. M'LELLAN, M. A., LL.D.

It seems as if we had but recently discovered that analysis is the fundamental activity in all the so-called mental "faculties" and had become infatuated with our "discovery." I am for analysis, but not for analysis first and last and all the time. There

is analysis and analysis. Analysis that knows not related parts, a false analysis; and a true analysis that knows the vitally related parts in an organic whole. There is analysis carried to such a pitch that there is no idea of unity, the perception of the many in one—the great end to which analysis is only a means. There is, again, analysis which takes no note of *time* as a condition of mental growth; which assumes that the learner can and must become analytically conscious of processes long before *using* them to reach definite results; which presupposes that the mental germ, or instinct, of to-day may become developed power to-morrow, through the wonder-working intervention of "analysis"; which, leaving out of sight the spontaneous and poetic movement of the child's mind in dealing with vague wholes, substitutes a mechanical analysis entirely out of harmony with his existing stage of development. When the five Herbartian "categories"—preparation, presentation, etc.—concerning the process of learning, are minutely applied—even in the simplest lesson; when every topic is forced into a Procrustean bed at the risk of loss of head or body, there is a vicious use of analysis and a misapplication of a useful and philosophical idea. When the attempt is made, after the manner of Grube, to have a child learn in a few months "ALL that can be done with numbers"—all the arithmetical operations together—we have an example of this untimely analysis—untimely because it appeals to a power of discrimination and relation, which is as yet undeveloped. In "analytic" teaching, which in any and every lesson, practically applies the relations of time, space, cause, etc.,—all the ten categories of Aristotle, with a number of original ones generously thrown in—we have an example of excessive analysis; analysis upon many bases into minute sub-divisions, parts, etc., resulting in a sort of anatomical jumble, in which synthesis has no

place, and from which therefore the idea of unity never emerges. This spurious analysis is that which is to be condemned. It is not that sort of natural and rhythmic movement of the mind in passing from a first vague synthesis through RELATED parts to a unified and definite whole. It is analysis that does NOT analyze. Such analysis should have no place in any teaching, and certainly not in reading and teaching even prose literature. But what shall be said of its application to poetry? Poetry is the profound and beautiful application of ideas to life; to the question of questions—how to live. It can be made, therefore, the best of all school studies for the training of the moral and æsthetic sensibilities; or, as we may hopefully say, *it must* yet become the most valuable educational exercise in the school, by bringing into the life of the child those ideas and motives which are of most worth to the human race. To the realization of this high ideal, an ideal which should inspire every teacher, excessive analysis is a powerful hindrance. The teacher who is the slave of it fails to make the great ideas, the light and reason embodied in literary form, produce their proper effect upon intellect and heart. He administers to hungry souls the veriest stones instead of the bread of life. We have seen "Excelsior" taught again and again according to the method of the "categories"; by an analysis that did not analyze. There was a great show of analysis, and each "category" was made the basis of numerous questions, so that the questions on the whole poem might be fairly described as multitudinous; most of them irrelevant to the great and single purpose which the teacher should have had before him. Yet, in spite of this "analysis," perhaps in consequence of it, there was no grasp of the artistic unity of the poem, and what is far worse, no perception of the living truth of which it is the expression and which has a message for

every heart. There was an analysis that never analyzed.

There is analysis which does analyze, but even this should be used not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end—the mastery of the form and meaning of the poem, and the application of this meaning to the life of each one of us—the spiritual interpretation, if you will. But many teachers contemptuously reject all analysis, the true as well as the false. They will have none of it. The very term is hateful to them—"the language of an unknown tongue." They prefer to master thought or problem or poem without using this mischievous tool. With them, synthesis or intuition without thought is the only method. With isolated particulars they begin, and with isolated particulars they end. The procedure is from mentally vague particulars to an equally vague mental whole or totality. When, for example, we find in a certain work on pedagogy seventy questions on a reading lesson of eight lines, we have a shining example of a "synthetic" method which proceeds through incoherent particulars to an equally incoherent whole, a synthesis which does not synthesize. This method is even worse than the excessive analysis which has been already condemned.

Is, then, analysis useless in teaching or learning a piece of prose, and worse than useless in teaching or learning a piece of poetry? Does the light and life of a poem perish in the iron grip of analysis leaving not a trace of "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge," which is manna to the soul? It seems that a truism is in order here. Analysis is simply another name for *thinking*. No thought without analysis and no analysis without thought. When a thing (object, thought, problem, etc.) is first presented to the mind we do not *know* the thing by simple intuition; we may merely look and *say*; we cannot look and *know*. Forced by the limitation

of human faculty, we have to break up the complex thing into parts and consider these one by one in their relation to the whole. No power to conquer the mass; but all power if we divide the mass. DIVIDE and CONQUER makes man all powerful and eternal.

The fundamental law of thought, and therefore the fundamental law of method is: FROM MENTAL WHOLE TO MENTAL WHOLE—from the indefinite totality of thought to the definite. By what means? By the one underlying all embracing activity, the Analytic-Synthetic. That is, the universal process is: from a mental whole through intervening analysis, or discrimination, which gives related particulars; and through intervening synthesis—or unifying of the related particulars—to the definite unity.

If there is any other mode of thinking, it is not yet known among men. That undiscovered mode, will no doubt turn out to be "the royal road to learning." But to wait for its discovery is to wait for the "New Heavens and the New Earth."

Since, then, true analysis is thought, it is surely neither knowledge nor wisdom which declares against all analysis. If there is thought as well as emotion in a poem; if poetry is the expression of the whole man intellectual and spiritual, then both intellect and heart must be concerned in the fruitful mastery of the poem. The truth is that the poet starts with what the thinker has supplied. If science is the passage from Nature—"things"—to the plane of Intelligence, Poetry is the passage from Science to the plane of Spirituality. That higher plane is reached, and can be reached only from the lower. The imagination of the poet charges with new meaning the conceptions of reason. For instance, reason conceive the elements which make the "stable equilibrium" of the square pyramid; the poet transfigures this conception of matter and form, making it express qualities of soul which transcend material things: e. g.

in the following lines this image of pure reason is transformed to express the spiritual—an attribute of a kingly man:

"That tower of strength  
Which stood *four-square* to all the  
winds that blew."

If this law of mental movement is also the law of Method, we see how far afield are certain writers who have recently been proclaiming a new gospel of Method for the students and teachers of literature; a transcendental method which knows not analysis. We are, they tell us to be "filled with the author's spirit," and rest our mind upon it; "we are to master the substantial meaning of the poem;" we are to "study the order and connection of thought in the poem;" we are "to read the poem and brood over it till we understand it;" we are to "ponder the poem till we have absorbed it." We are "to become saturated with the feeling and thought of the poem and then artlessly disclose its beauty to the class." We are to "win the mastery of the poem by the long meditation reinforced by the accumulated reading of years." We are to do all this without this horrid "analysis"; i. e. without the comparatively slow but sure, waste-saving process of normal thought; without using the means imposed upon common mortals by an inexorable law of nature. The Hill of Difficulty is climbed and the House Beautiful is reached and all without trouble and care.

The discovery of the "X Rays", or the most miraculous mind-reading is mere child's play compared with this new method of reaching the thought and passion of a human soul. To get all the meaning of words without imagination and thought; to have a conception of a whole without parts, of a unity without units; of an organism without organs—this is the essence of the new revelation. For us ordinary mortals, these things are

"Mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know."

### *Sympathy.*

FIRST PRIZE POEM, BY MISS D. L. WALLACE.

The morn that sets aglow the eastern gray,  
That calls the birds from silence into song,  
And sends through many a casement its glad ray,  
With joyful summons to the sleeping through—  
Let me shut out whate'er of bright it bears;  
Afar it wakes thee, dearest, but to tears.

The night whose dews bring rest down from above,  
In whose pale light all fades but what is fair,  
Through whose still airs all sounds more softly move,  
Sweet night that hushes the harsh voice of care—  
I welcome not its shade. No sleep be mine,  
While slumbers torn by dreams so sad are thine.

Some day I may escape what grieves me now,  
In happier scenes forget old tears and sighs,  
But the despair that saddens thy sweet brow,  
And dims the well lov'd light of those clear eyes,  
Forever on my soul must leave a trace  
Not Paradise itself can all efface.

### *Lord Byron: Some Observations on His Life and Works.*

BY W. REA, B. A.

It is well known to most readers of the MONTHLY that no other nineteenth century writer of equal eminence has been slighted to the same extent on our high school and university curriculums for the last half dozen years as Byron. It is mainly a consideration of this fact which forms the subject of the following paragraphs.

Why is it then that Byron, who was in his own day the great Napoleon of the realms of rhyme, and who has done more than any other English writer except Shakespeare to make our literature known on the continent, should be entirely passed over; whilst other writers who do not stand out as representing any school or tendency in English literature, and in genius and achievement fall far below him, are given an exalted place? The reason

why he has been so neglected at the university I have never been able to ascertain, much less surmise; but for his absence on the high school curriculum an explanation is partly found in the fact that some years ago, when selections from "Childe Harold" were prescribed for Junior Leaving work, a remonstrance was made by a number of teachers. It was claimed that the works of an author could not be studied without a study of his life; that Byron had been a most immoral and vicious man; that his was a prostituted genius; and that a study of his life and works could not fail to have a debasing and pernicious effect upon the young. Such a representation was actually made to the Department, and doubtless, had some weight. But there are two sides to most questions, and what shall we say on the other side?

Was Byron then such a vicious man, such a monster of iniquity that an apology for his life is necessary? A flat contradiction does not go far to prove the point; for falsehood is a perennial spring, and in this case calumny and slander have pursued their victim with a malignity that is unparalleled in the annals of literature. It is now high time that our poet be restored to his proper place—that all narrowness, bigotry and prejudice be laid aside, and that a sensible, twentieth-century view be taken of his life and character. It is not our purpose to bestow unmerited eulogy, or indulge in superlatives, but while it is too bad that malevolence and many-tongued error have made it necessary, we shall here be compelled to dwell largely on the defensive.

If Byron could speak to-day he would want himself drawn in his true light, and it would be unkind and imprudent of his biographer or admirer to do otherwise. It is certain that he was neither a Joseph nor a Scipio; but cold justice demands that something be said in extenuation of his faults. Born of the aristocracy, deprived in

childhood of the governing hand of a father, left to the care of an impulsive and impetuous mother, heir to one of the oldest and proudest peerages in the realm, yet hampered in means and unable to support the dignity of that peerage, disappointed in his earliest and strongest passion when he hoped to settle down to happy domesticity, we cannot be surprised to find in him some eccentricities of character, and that the streams of life and love, dammed in their proper channels should seek an outlet in others. But with all his faults, and these he never tried to hide, without making any undue allowance for the inadequacy of his early training, the vagaries of genius, and the society in which he lived—it was not the Puritan age—the broad fact remains that he was no worse in his deeds and habits than the average English nobleman of the time. We would ask his traducers, what man did he ever rob of his character? What man's family peace did he ever disturb? And who shall be his accusers? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

On the other hand was he a benefactor to mankind? Was he one of the pioneers of humanity? His splendid compositions which are a legacy to us and the generations yet unborn would be a sufficient answer to this question. But apart from these, was there anything in his public and private life to entitle him to the respect, admiration and praise of his fellow men? I cannot stop to speak here of the thousand and one little acts that showed the depth of his sympathies, the nobility of his spirit and the largeness of his heart and it is just in these smaller acts of ever day life that the true character of a man is often best revealed. Of his public acts I shall only speak of one—the part he played in the liberation of Greece from the thralldom of the Turk.

The land of lost gods and god-like men, her natural beauties, her glorious memories contrasted with her present,

had been the inspiration for some of his noblest poetry :

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy  
fields :  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honied wealth Hymettus  
yields ;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress  
builds,  
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain  
air ;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare ;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is  
fair.

Byron's poetry had no doubt much to do in awakening the Greeks to a sense of their degradation, in inciting them to assert their manhood, in arousing interest in their cause in England, and in securing for them material as well as moral support. When the hour was nigh for their emancipation and they arose in a body against the oppressor, Byron abandoned his literary work and the pleasures and profits it afforded him, equipped a vessel at his own expense, hastened to the theatre of war, risked his life and earthly fortunes in a cause in which he had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Fever claimed him as a victim at Missolonghi in April, 1824, and so he was not destined to see the issue of a struggle which was crowned with victory, and the success of which reflects undying honor on his head. This closing act of his brief career, in our humble opinion, more than atones for all his domestic faults and youthful extravagances, and is of itself sufficient to entitle him to the eternal regard and good will of mankind.

But what of his poetry? Is not much of it immoral in its tendencies? And what shall we say to this when it is urged as a reason why his name should be passed over in the curriculum? That some of his poetry, parts of Don Juan for example, would not be good pabulum for young minds I do not deny ; but on the question of the general tendency of his work the

objection does not stand, and it arises from a mistaken view of the province of poetry. All is not uniform beauty in nature. We have the storm as well as the sunshine, the tempestuous northwind as well as the zephyrs of the south, the upas as well as the daisy and the lily. It is almost a common-places to say that a like dualism pervades the world of men. All life is not spent in cushioned parlors, and on flowery walks, and every city has its places of low resort as well as its churches and well conducted homes. Every man has his evil passions and the good does not always have ascendancy over the evil. Now, is the poet only to depict one side of that strange complexity called life—the sunshine, and say nothing of the storm? Is he going to place constantly before us pictures of human honesty and happy love, when we know there is such a thing as human dishonesty and infidelity, and that love has its reflex—jealousy, revenge and hate? If he does, his poetry will not be true to life and nature: it will have a falsetto ring; and he will be only half an artist.

Measured by this standard, Byron meets the requirements. Though not a pessimist, he is not an enthusiast on human perfectability. He gives us the sour as well as the sweet: he shows us the evil side of life as well as the good. Thus it is many of his characters are not amiable ones, but these unamiable creatures (and perhaps there are too many of them) were never intended as paragons for imitation. In them Byron does not attempt to exalt vice, as has been charged against him,—does not attempt to enhance the fascination of her magic gaze. What he does is to strip her of her garish raiment, and show her to the world in all her ugliness. Especially does he do this in *Don Juan*. Here at times, he does sin against good taste, disregards orthodox standards and oversteps the bounds of decorum; but in this poem above all others he does take the mantle off contemporary

society, English as well as southern, and shows us the deceit, the artificiality, the hollowness, the rottenness that lie beneath.

But granted that some of his productions are unsuited for study in the school room, is that any reason why his best work,—“*Childe Harold*,” “*Parisina*,” “*The Prisoner of Chillon*,” and scores of others to which malice and a wicked invention could not impute a wrong design, or improper purpose, should be passed over, and that he should be neglected altogether? If it were, we should have to proscribe the greatest of poets. There are passages and situations in “*Measure for Measure*,” “*The Comedy of Errors*,” and “*Venus and Adonis*,” that exceed in coarseness and suggestiveness anything Byron ever wrote. But what should we think of a man who cited these as a reason why “*King Lear*,” “*Hamlet*,” or “*Romeo and Juliet*” should be struck off our curriculum? And yet this is precisely what is done with Byron. So much then for the moral tendencies of his poetry.

We should like to say something more on the positive side, to show the part that Byron played in English literature, and how he perhaps more than any other writer represents the culmination of the Romantic movement. And then to take the narrower view, to indicate and illustrate the salient features of his genius, and the distinctive excellencies of his poetry. But this essay was not intended to be a critique on Byron's works, and the limit of space precludes such a treatment of the subject.

To conclude: Let us no longer rest satisfied to have banished from our curriculum, and relegated to a remote corner of our libraries the productions of this great master of the English lyre. In the Byron revival let us do our share. Let us place him; gain on that high pedestal to which his genius entitles him, and where he is to remain as long as the language of Shakespeare and Milton endures

## *The Gloaming.*

SECOND PRIZE POEM BY J. J. W. SIMPSON, B.A.

Now comes the gloaming hour  
 After the day,  
 And the red streaks of light  
 Slowly decay,  
 While night's soft voice to sleep  
 Calls us away.

Murmurs the flock's low bleat  
 Over the lea,  
 Where in the clover sweet  
 Hushed is the bee,  
 As after surge and foam  
 Sleepeth the sea.

Vanish the sounds of day,  
 All the birds gone,  
 Only a single note  
 Echoes along  
 Of some old mother bird's  
 Lullaby song.

Up in the tender blue,  
 Deep and afar,  
 Just as the harbour lamps  
 Gleam o'er the bar,  
 Shine the fair lights of heav'n  
 Star after star.

Dew falls like music's strain  
 Round lovers' bow'rs,  
 Are like a gentle rain  
 On drooping flow'rs,  
 Which breathe anew when come  
 Life-giving show'rs.

Sleepeth the wide world now  
 Under the skies,  
 While o'er each sleeper watch  
 Sweet angel eyes;  
 And when the night is gone  
 Morn will arise.

## *Home Life in Canada.*

ESSAY BY MISS E. J. GUEST, B. A., AWARDED  
 THE SPECIAL MONTAGUE PRIZE.

The home is at once the foundation and the keystone of the nation. Here the strongest and noblest efforts of the race find both stimulus and reward, and the strength and purity of this inner shrine of the life of the people form an unerring index to the power and stability of the nation as a whole. Pre-eminently is this true of the Anglo-Saxon race which, more than any other, has originated, grown and evolved from this central germ, and in a more vitally essential way, here too,

finds its crowning grace. The British Empire has stretched its colonial arms in many directions, but under whatever skies, among whatever peoples, always this idea of the home is the energizing force of the embryonic nation builders.

Home life in Canada may be said to begin only with the French settlers, the *nomadic Indian tribes* scarcely comprehending even its rudimentary principles. With the up-springing of the little white villages of the habitant, clustering in confiding groups about their shining church spires along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the beginnings of a life of simple innocence and unquestioning loyalty and submission to King and Church were laid.

There was however something of the forced, hot-house atmosphere about this colonial life, founded and fostered by the king, and which had not only its provisions, but its wines, shipped by the king's bounty. "Homes for the sake of a colony" violated the true principle of "a colony for the sake of homes."

This vital element was to come with the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon colonists. When the New England colonies flung off the yoke of Britain, the grieved and angry Loyalists turned their indignant backs upon this headstrong daughter of an imperious mother and sought homes and freedom in the staunchly loyal colony to the north.

But it was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that the full tide of home-seekers turned towards Canada. When the teeming millions of the motherland began to find her unequal to the burden of their maintenance, when social questions became problems of increasing perplexity, when home-life was in danger of being smothered for mere want of breathing space, it was then that the spirit of the ancestral Sea-kings stirred again to life in their descendants, and the sons and daughters of Britain once more turned their eyes upon lands far over the waters. With strong tears and

heart-yearnings they bade farewell to the beloved but over-taxed little mother-isles and set their faces resolutely westward. Once more the quest for homes and independence was the motive power. No pigmies were these Canadian forefathers of ours, but ancestors to be proud of, who, stout of hand and heart, with families gathered close about them, boldly undertook a conquest nobler than that of the sword, the conquest of the untamed wilderness.

With all its hardship and difficulties, its want and deprivation, it was a strong and beautiful home-life that grew up in these humble cabins nestling in their little forest clearings. Father, mother and children worked in unison for a common good. Literally in unison, for in those days every forest home formed a complete little world in itself. Houses, fuel, clothing, food, all were the direct product of the skill of the settler and his family. Crude and impolished indeed their life may have been, but sturdy and independent as its own forest maples. Full of energy, strength, ambition, grew the sons and daughters of these homes. Partaking somewhat too, perhaps of the inarticulate upward striving of the trees, for almost hand in hand with the struggle to meet the urgent and pressing material wants, went the nobler effort to meet the higher intellectual and spiritual needs of the home, and schools and churches sprang up in every settlement.

"Ay we were never happier than in that first little cabin in the woods," the veteran pioneer, his ranks now alas becoming pathetically thinned, will tell you, as from his more stately modern house he surveys his billowy wheat fields and fruitful orchards with pardonable pride, but turns from it all to recall with tender eye "the good old days" when mutual helpfulness was the only law and a man's neighbor was his loyal friend and brother.

Later we see the home-seeking tide roll again westward where the splendid,

lonely prairies offer boundless scope to this home-making instinct. More readily and graciously the plains lend themselves to the requirements of the pioneer than did the sterner but not unkindly forests of the east.

In considering for a moment the home-life of the two typical races of Canada, we are struck with one characteristic difference between the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon. Sociable, light-hearted, easily content, the Frenchman divides and re-divides his plot of land into ever-narrowing strips for each succeeding generation. Side by side on these ribbon-like farms, rise the homes of sons and brothers until the roads seem to run through one continuous stretch of village. The genial Frenchman prefers the inconvenience and unnecessary labor entailed by such a farm to comparative solitude.

The Englishman, on the contrary, loves to plant himself on an impregnable bit of his own, square if possible, where the greatest economy of methods may be employed and his 'castle' not too closely encroached upon by his neighbor. Perhaps in this instinct for semi-solitude lies one secret of the strength of the British character. He learns to stand alone.

And now having traced the origin and growth of Canadian home-life up to the present, naturally the question arises, "What is to be the future of these homes? Are there signs of deterioration or of progress?"

The growth of the modern principle of specialization and co operation has swept from the home many of its old employments. In this place comes a burden of social requirements perhaps no less onerous. Whatever may be thought as to the benefits of the change, it is the inevitable outcome of present conditions, and as such it is necessary to adjust ourselves to it. As social life becomes more complex, the Home problem becomes one of increasing complexity and difficulty. Not in the strong simplicity of the past, of which we are justly proud, not in



the luxury of the present, which is at once our fear and delight, lies the hope of the future, but in the fact that we are not blind to the *imperfections* of the home of to-day, that we realize that there are great and serious difficulties, and that we are earnestly and seriously seeking for their solution. As never before it is becoming apparent to thoughtful people that all successful, national and individual life turns upon the pivot of happy and wholesome home life. More and more, attention is being turned to it. Sociologists study its phases. Scientists are devoting their energies to its different branches with most beneficial results. Educationists are beginning seriously to consider its claims. Above all, women of the highest and truest culture are bringing their powers of trained mind and heart to bear not only upon its needs, but upon its possibilities, realizing that here their noblest work is to be done—the moulding of character, the shaping of lives for time, perhaps for eternity.

The beginnings of this higher spirit of home-making are as yet small and dimly discernible. But in a world where a mud-crack swells to an Amazon, who shall set limits to our venture to foretell the end?

The concentrated wisdom of the Past, then, the utmost practical knowledge of the Present, the noblest ideals for the Future, are not too precious an offering to be brought to the altar of this half-human, half-divine institution where as in no other work of the Creation, we are called to be "workers together with God."

### *Women and Their Ways.*

FIRST PRIZE ORATION, BY MISS A. E. TIMBERLAKE.

In a famous lecture on "A Liberal Education," Prof. Huxley says that the great educative agents are "things and their forces, men and their ways." Adopting a slight modification of both

form and meaning, we shall endeavor to discuss the influence and power of women in relation to "things and their forces," and to point out a few of their most distinctive *ways*.

The subject, perhaps, is one which has fallen into popular disfavor. The extravagances of a number of the devotees of Woman's Rights (spelled in capital letters) have repelled many from a serious consideration of the subject. It is not as having any part or lot in the "Shrieking Sisterhood," that we would advocate the importance of a proper view of woman's place in the world's work.

The question is one of some moment—as much for its intrinsic worth as for its right to be rescued from the social rubbish-heaps to which it has been relegated. So that, except incidentally, we shall not touch upon the broad and treacherous question of woman's rights. It will be sufficient to consider woman's status to-day—not what it was in the iron-bound Past, nor what it may be in the long sought-after Future, when women shall vote, and do the political canvassing, and manage great business establishments, when men shall do the housework and the dressmaking, and be meek and obedient.

One of the new woman's distinctive little ways is a liking for business and professional life. Although theoretically she may enter any door, she often finds Public Opinion on guard, and he, like Cerberus, demands too high an admission fee. Thus she is practically barred from law and theology. Most people would say, if you ask them why she may not be a lawyer, that the average woman has not the necessary reasoning power and unbiased judgment. For that matter, neither has the average man. Presumably, for the same reason, she is not allowed to assume control of a pastorate; "her religious feelings are not sufficiently deep, nor her common sense sufficiently broad. She would likely quarrel with all the other ladies

who had prettier hats than hers," and so on, to the verge of the absurd. But be the reasons what they may, the fact remains that education and medicine are practically the only professions in which she may find scope for her faculties.

Besides a strong predilection for professional life, a woman has a little way of insisting on her own rights. Of these we shall briefly notice two—a right to be fully educated and a right to an equal moral standard with her brother. The days are now happily passed when it was thought unnecessary to teach girls anything but the barest rudiments. As you know, there was a time when the whole duty of woman was composed in three words, "beautiful and obedient." But now-a-days a woman has to be something more than a "thing of beauty." She must have physical perfection if possible, but that is no longer the chief aim of her existence. "My face is my fortune," might truly have been said by the maiden of the last centuries; but to-day, though we think none the less of the beautiful woman, we admire equally the woman of brains and heart. There has been a marked decrease lately of those inane, would-be jokes about the "Vassar girl" and the "sweet girl graduate."

Among all the progress of the nineteenth century, perhaps none has been greater than that of woman's education. It is now almost unanimously admitted throughout the civilized countries of the world, that a girl has as much right to mind-training as her brother, and moreover, a training of the same kind. Why should he be allowed to delve for the beauties of mathematics or soar to the regions of poetic thought, while she is condemned to Murray's grammar and French hems? Why should he be given an opportunity to strengthen his logical powers and his judgment, while she must never express an opinion of her own or act in any way contrary to the etiquette of the boarding school?

Why should he be prepared to face the emergencies of life with cultured thought and ready tongue, while she, forsooth, must remain forever hampered by conventional training, unable to think for herself, incapable of taking positions of responsibility, a parasite, *a clinging vine*?

For no reason at all, except that such customs are the relics of bygone, barbarous ages. It took years for the star of freedom to rise on Britain; it took the statesmanship of many a Pitt and Gladstone, it took the blood of many a warrior and martyr; but the star has risen. It may take some time yet before the world recognizes fully that a girl has brain power, that she needs training and that she will make all the better woman because of that training—but the dawn is coming. A few universities, fossilized and moss-grown, still close their gates against her, but the time is even now at hand when she will vindicate her right to enter all the avenues of human thought. Perhaps this is what men are afraid of. When you come to think of it, it must be rather hard to come down from the proud position of intellectual "lords of creation," to that of equality with the "clinging vine."

Another right a woman has as part of society may perhaps seem just a trifle inclined toward the views of extremists. It seems only fair and right that she should be allowed the same standard of conduct as her brother—or rather that he should be compelled to live up to hers. Society has set up a very strict code of honor for her to follow and the least infringement brings the penalty of being termed unwomanly—while her brother has a far looser and lower code of morals, and an occasional lapse therefrom is quite overlooked. If he may indulge slightly in the intoxicating cup and keep his position as a member of his social set, why may she not indulge as much and retain her position? If she must never be heard to use a profane

expression on penalty of ostracism from respectable society, why should he be allowed to speak as it suiteth him, and still be the petted darling of "our set"? If she must be true, modest and gracious, why not he?

Besides a way of insisting on her rights a woman has a way of obtaining privileges. Ever since the days of chivalry, those golden days of glamour and romance when the knight rode out to do battle with the world for the innocent and oppressed, all for the sweet sake of the lady whose favour he wore—ever since those days the lady has been something apart from the rest of the world,—a being to be revered and protected. Some maintain that the age of chivalry has gone—vanished with the advent of the new woman,—but I think not. There never was before a time when women occupied the place they do to-day in society. In this sense, society does not mean that little exclusive circle of the Four Hundred, to obtain a passport to whose secret conclaves, many a woman has sacrificed happiness and life. We use the word in the more liberal sense of the whole social fabric, with its institutions, privileges and responsibilities. The days of chivalry have *not* passed away and this chivalrous attention is *the* privilege of all privileges accorded to a woman. How she gets them, no one seems to know; whether it is something irresistible in a true woman, or whether it is the native instinct of men to be polite and courteous—to a better creature than themselves, we cannot say.

It seems as though opinion was drifting to the view the present untrammelled life of woman is lessening her influence. Let us take care that this does not become true. It is not necessary that she should be delicate, fragile and helpless in order to keep her ascendancy over mankind,—but it is necessary that she should be true, pure and modest. Among all the compliments which can be paid to her, there is none so lovely as that one word,

*womanly*, seeming as it does to breathe out the very aroma of all that is best and truest in the creation. It is to this quality of womanliness that mankind pays homage, for the sake of what he finds of it in mother and sister, so that for the sake of a gentle mother or a noble sister all women are considered worthy of respect and reverence.

This is the reason why he uncovers his head in the presence of a lady of his acquaintance, why he carries her parcels and gives her his seat in the street car. This latter custom it would seem from present indications is growing "beautifully less." Perhaps the way men crowd up to the front of a car is to avoid performing this courtesy,—which many ladies accept without gratitude as a right.

One more little way which seems to be characteristic of woman in general, is a way of getting what she wants. Not all the array of things and their forces, including the harmless, necessary man, can avail to turn her aside from the pursuit of the new bonnet or the spring jacket. In other words a woman is either unfortunate or tactful,—if the former, she gains her point by coaxing and worrying,—if tactful, she says nothing and *avails*. This trait in a woman's character has often been the subject for jest and ridicule. When used for trivial purposes the ridicule is just; but it is this very same characteristic which has helped to make her what she is, and to give her the influence she wields. When father or brother needs an uplift to a higher life, with what patience and persistence does she work, until at last she obtains her reward.

Another prominent characteristic of the average woman, is her inability to learn some things and one of these things is the proper method of getting on and off a street car, at least, so men say. It will never cease to amuse the stronger sex to see two or three ladies, laden with the spoils of a shopping expedition, get on a car. They nearly always try to

make each other go first. "You go first,"—"Oh no! you first", and so on, and finally all make a dash together, in open defiance of laws of gravitation and momentum, stepping on in the direction in which the car is moving, and the same thing repeated when leaving—only more so. If we could only learn to do this one act gracefully, what a dearth of jokes there would be among the comic papers. Not having this matter to discuss, man would go in search of other peculiarities and would probably discover that very few women know how to get out of the way of an attacking bicycle. When one is seen at a distance of half a block bearing down steadily upon her, she—just notice next time what she does.

Would it be out of place to mention woman's proverbial curiosity as one of her ways? On this point we believe the prevailing opinion to be wrong. Women *are* curious, naturally so, but not more so than men, e. g., tell a man that you see in him something to laugh at and if his curiosity is not at boiling point in a very short time, he is much nearer perfection than most of his compeers.

Leaving aside such little ways as ability to chatter and inability to keep a secret—which are mostly mere figments of the masculine fancy—we come to a phase of life in which woman has a way of exercising a great deal of influence, namely, social reform. It is one of her peculiarities to be almost invariably on the side of right and justice—possibly because her moral sense has not become blunted by contact with things and their forces in all their harsh reality.

It is an indisputable fact that the great reforms of the world have been begun, directly or indirectly by women. I am sure many illustrations of the truth of this statement will at once occur to you,—Florence Nightingale, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Willard, and our late lamented Victoria. If you will think of the beginnings of the great movements for truth and

freedom, I fancy you will "find a woman in it." Though with but the most meagre equipment, she has done valiantly in the fray; without legal rights, without the sanction of custom, she has boldly marched against the social evils of the time, giving the impetus of her noble character to all that is pure and good.

This is evidently one reason why women were created—to keep men on the right road. Ever since Eve led the first man astray her daughters have been trying to wipe out the stain upon their honor. We are coming more and more to see what we owe to our grandmothers and to feel that the future of the world depends upon the women of to-day. For this reason we look for her mental and social improvement, knowing that what she is will determine what the world shall be.

Perhaps in this thought we may gain some clue to the solution of the vexed question of women's rights. A woman's right is whatever will lead to her uplifting and therefore to the uplifting of mankind in general. We hear a great deal to day about the equality of the sexes. Everywhere the advocates of the doctrine are teaching their views, forgetting that the golden age will not be brought about by lowering man, and making him wash dishes and clean house—though he might do worse things,—not by lowering man, but by raising woman. For you remember those beautiful lines in Tennyson in his "Princess," where Ida laments the downfall of her schemes for the advancement of her sex and the prince replies—

« Blame not thyself too much, nor blame  
Too much the sons of men and barbarous  
laws,  
These were the rough ways of the world till  
now;  
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me; that  
know  
That woman's course is man's; they rise or  
sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.  
We two will serve them both in aiding her  
Will clear away the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down,

Will let her make herself her own  
 To give or keep, to live and learn, and be  
 All that not harms distinctive womanhood.  
 For woman is not undeveloped man  
 But diverse ;  
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow,  
 The man be more of woman, she of man,  
 Until at last she set herself to man  
 Like perfect music unto noble words,—  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men.

And lastly, a woman has a way of making a home for some man,—and this is the acme of all her training and influence. It is here she works her greatest works, and wins her mightiest battles. We do not accept the view which seems to commend itself to some creatures commonly called by courtesy *men*—the view that every woman is on the watch for some home to keep. If the home and the king find her, she is willing to be a queen and do it royally. There may have been a time when it was necessary for women to marry in order to have support, but it is not so in these days when she can often make more money and have more pleasure by supporting herself.

Though women have done much for social reform and are likely to do more, it remains true that their chief place and most enlarged sphere is within four walls.

For what is home? Ruskin says, "This is the true nature of home,—it is a place of peace, the shelter, not only from all injury but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this it is not home; and in so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth, watched over by household gods, before whose faces naught may come but those whom they receive with love—in so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—the shade as of a rock in a weary land, and the light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the place of home."

Is it any wonder that poets have sung the praises of home and mother, uniting them in thought with that Home Beyond.

This view of woman's place shows her elevated above the position of a mere housekeeper. Perhaps some men want only a person to do housework and mending. If so, they might better engage a servant. The position of wife and mother is really that of a friend and sympathizer, a gentle guide to all that is true and holy.

It seems to be no easy task to rule a household, and the woman who undertakes the task uncomplainingly, is inspired by something of the heroic spirit. We admire the man, who, day after day, goes forth from his little fortress to do battle with his work ; who brings back the trophies to beautify and enrich his home ; who maintains it against all onslaughts and defends it with his last breath. But what about the woman who remains within the fortifications, preparing supplies, healing wounds, giving courage and drilling recruits? In other words, what about the woman who cooks the dinner and minds the children and trains them up in the way they should go? Is she any the less worthy of admiration?

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
 Shall I tell you where and when?  
 On the maps of the world you find it not,  
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon and battle shot,  
 With sword or nobler pen,  
 Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
 From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
 A woman that would not yield,  
 But bravely, silently bore her part,—  
 Lo! there is that battle field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
 No banner to gleam and wave,—  
 But oh! these battles they last so long,  
 From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
 She fights in her walled-up town,  
 Fights on and on, in the endless wars,  
 Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,  
 And soldiers to shout and praise,  
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
 Are fought in these silent ways.

It would be simply a waste of time

to illustrate by examples a point so obvious. To mention Mrs. Gladstone and the mother of Abraham Lincoln would be quite enough.

Is it not true, then, that a woman's glory is the home? That through it she reaches the whole world? By gracious hospitality and kindly heart she shares her home with the otherwise homeless. Intelligent, wise and strong, she never loses sight of things and their forces, she keeps in touch with the ways of the world, but still, if she learns, it is for her kingdom; if she is interested in current topics, it is for the good and guidance of her subjects. If she grows into a *woman* with all that the word implies, it is in order to maintain the loyalty of her state.

May I close with a few lines by Frank Stanton on "An Old Fashioned Soul"?

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot,  
To questions big replying;  
She only knows to keep the cot,  
And soothe the children's crying.

Not hers to stand in temples bright,  
Sad strife for strife returning;  
She only knows the lamps to light,  
And keep the home fires burning.

Not hers to move with iron will,  
In paths of strange endeavor;  
She only knows that Home is still  
The sweetest name forever.

There are her joys and there her tears,—  
A life so sweetly human,  
The world shall whisper through the  
years,  
"God bless that little woman."

The death occurred during March of Alex. W. Smith, B. A., a member of the O. N. C. class of 1898-99. He was an honor graduate in classics of Toronto University of the class of '98, and was Classical Master in Kemptville High School from January, 1900, till February 1st, 1901, when he was stricken with paralysis and passed away after a six weeks' illness. He had proved himself an efficient teacher, and was held in high esteem by all

who knew him. The Board of Education, his pupils and his colleagues on the staff paid a last tribute to his memory by sending handsome floral designs and by turning out in a body to accompany the funeral cortege to the depot. The remains were taken for interment to his native town of Whitby, where his mother and one brother survive him.

(We are pleased to be able to present to our readers in this closing issue of the year several special features which we trust will make the May number worthy of being preserved as a souvenir of the College and of the class of 1900-01. Sir John Bourinot, the well known authority on Canadian history and institutions, writes upon a matter that will commend itself to all teachers of Canadian history: Mr. A. H. Leake outlines the advantages of Manual Training, of which he is well qualified to speak; A. H. Young, Professor of Modern Languages in Trinity University, Toronto, makes an appeal to teachers of French to use their influence to combat the race antipathy that threatens our national peace; while Mr. Lyman C. Smith, Principal of Oshawa Collegiate, contributes two short poems in his usual thoughtful vein. From among our numbers Dr. McLellan writes upon a phase of method with which he is thoroughly familiar, while Mr. Rea champions a victim of injustice with characteristic vehemence. The prize oration, the prize poems and one of the prize essays also appear; the excessive length of the other essay rendered it impossible to publish it. A history of the doings of the year is also contributed by one of the ladies of the class. Our thanks are due to all of the above friends of the journal whose kindness has rendered this special effort possible.—ED.)

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## Ontario Normal College Monthly

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THE time has come when, in the course of events, the Normal College class of 1901 must "step down and out", and make way for the next batch of recruits for the great army of teachers who are training the rising generation of our Canada. With the passing of the class from the immediate guidance of instructors into a life of more independent effort and larger usefulness in the wider fields of life, comes also the transference of the management of the MONTHLY from the hands of the present staff to those of its successor. While the composition of the latter is from the circumstances of our college course and classes as yet unknown and unknowable, we bespeak for its members a more successful tenure of office and greater achievements in behalf of the journal than ours have been. At the same time we take pleasure in the thought that we have been able to formulate an ideal for the MONTHLY that in our opinion is the true end of its endeavour and to take a few steps toward the attainment of that ideal. We leave to succeeding editorial boards the task of carrying this work forward and of making the organ of the O. N. C. Literary Society a real force in the educational world in Ontario, and a lasting bond of union among the scattered graduates of the college it represents.

The project of a union embracing all the teachers of the Province, designed

to elevate the status of the profession generally, has been broached, and is deemed by many to be quite within the compass of possible realization during the next decade. Should such an enterprise go forward it will require the services of one journal at least, perhaps several, to afford that free exchange of ideas and methods that is necessary to the successful conduct of such a comprehensive organization. Just here the MONTHLY may readily find a niche of usefulness.

The question will then undoubtedly arise as to how far it can undertake this work and still maintain its character as a college magazine, and also as to the extent to which busy students can be called upon to devote themselves to outside issues of this sort. However, much of this difficulty will be obviated by the hearty support (financially and otherwise) of the journal by the graduates. Indeed without this backing all schemes that look towards extension must fail. We would therefore desire to impress upon the members of this year's class the obligation that rests upon them to maintain their interest in the MONTHLY during next year and succeeding years, to forward their subscriptions promptly and to write of their best, as opportunity presents itself, for its columns. In this way the college magazine may become to them a thing of interest for its own sake, as well as a valuable agent in building up their chosen profession.

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DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Enthusiasm is the badge of the successful worker everywhere. He who does not feel a pride in the work

he does and in the results he achieves, will never do any work or achieve any results to be proud of. He on the other hand who feels the dignity of his calling and has a due sense of the importance of the products of his handiwork will on that account prosecute his labors with greater energy and singleness of purpose and achieve something that will justify his attitude.

This whole-souled devotion to the work of life is particularly desirable in the teacher, where qualities of spirit come so directly unto play and have such immediate influence on results. The whole atmosphere of our life at the Normal College during the year has been such as to inspire us with this enthusiasm. Let us carry it with us as we go forth; and if perchance at anytime our ardor should cool, let us rekindle it by recalling memories of lessons learned and associations formed during our year of training.

To say farewell is an easy thing; to understand all that it implies is much harder. It means for most of us that our student days are over, and that now we must approach the educational problem from the teacher's side, and that in this new phase of our progress we shall have to stand largely upon our own resources and cope with its difficulties alone. We are well equipped; many have gone forth to fight the same battle with much more meagre resources in education and training than we, and by energy and perseverance have conquered. Shall we do less than they? Let us hope that none of our number shall fail to perform the tasks allotted to his calling with manly discretion, and win, if not the praise of his fellow-men, at least the approval of Him who tries the hearts and consciences of His creatures.

### *The Oratorical and Literary Contest.*

In accordance with established custom the Literary Society instituted during the second term a competition in oratory, in essay-writing and in poetry, which was keenly contested. The competitors while not as numerous as might have been expected, judging from the literary and forensic ability of the class, and the early date at which the contest was announced, entered, nevertheless, in sufficient force to make the outcome of this friendly intellectual rivalry a matter of expectant interest to all. Consequently a sympathetic and appreciative audience of students from College and Collegiate and their friends, gathered on the evening of Friday, May 3rd, in the Assembly Hall to listen to the oratory and hear the announcement of the awards in the other departments of the contest.

Mr. J. B. Turner in the capacity of chairman presided over the proceedings of the gathering with characteristic precision and firmness. Before entering upon the weightier matter of addresses, he called upon Miss Balfour for a piano solo. He then proceeded to announce the conditions of the oratory contest. Each of the five competitors was to be allowed twenty minutes in which to present his topic to the audience, after which his case was to be left for final decision to three gentlemen who had kindly accepted the responsibility of judges. These were Mr. H. F. Gardner of the *Times*, Ex-Mayor Teetzel and Mr. Hugh Murray.

Mr. R. W. Hedley led the way by a thoughtful and earnest speech on the subject, "Our Anglo-Saxon Inheritance and What it Means to Us." He enumerated at length the blessings that accrue to us from the hard fought struggles of the past,—freedom of thought and faith, democratic government dependent upon individual self-control, a noble literature open to all



who will study it, and pure unsullied homes that send forth our children with a legacy of memories worth more than any material values. Are we making the best use of these things? Shall we allow the commercial spirit of the age to rob us of them?

Miss M. C. O'Connor followed with a glowing and gracefully expressed eulogy on "The Pleasures of Hope." Hope is the paramount beauty that man lays upon the human heart. Every soul lives in the future. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is thus the foundation of all our enthusiasm and energy. It was hope that sustained the martyrs. Judge people by what they have hoped not by what they have done. Let us not, however, dream away our days in vainly hoping and looking for future good.

Mr. Rea was the next speaker and with fiery impetuosity treated his hearers to a practical discussion of some phases of live political and social questions of the day. "Higher Education and National Progress" was his theme. We realize generally the importance of common school education, but too frequently neglect that of higher education. On the efficiency of the higher education of a country depends its commercial and industrial progress, as witness Germany, where students graduating from the university go right into industrial and commercial life. Our country is now at the turning of the ways and needs men of specialized training to direct its development. On the social side, to eradicate the evils that spring from the centralization of wealth, to remove political corruption, in short, to maintain the standard of our national life generally, we must have higher education.

A solo by Mr. Pirie formed a pleasing relief and prepared the way for the next oration, "Ideals in Life," given in a quiet and persuasive way by Miss V. W. Rutherford. Ideals are an important force in character-

building and form a wide subject for discussion. Ideals live only in the imagination; strictly speaking they are attainable, and in this connection Miss Rutherford quoted Sir Daniel Wilson's celebrated sonnet on "Ideals" with good effect. Ideals are selfish or unselfish: selfish when the aim of life is the pursuit of fortune, unselfish when they tend to self-sacrifice. In the latter only does man find his highest vocation.

Last in the succession, but not least, as the event proved, came Miss A. E. Timberlake, announcing a subject that aroused the expectancy of all, "Things and Their Forces, Women and Their Ways." As this address is reported at length elsewhere in this issue, it will be permissible to pass over its contents here. Miss Timberlake showed a thorough mastery of her subject matter and a cool and confident manner.

While the judges were comparing notes and considering their decision, Mr. W. L. McDonald rendered a solo and the chairman announced the results of the essay and poetry competitions.

Eight subjects had been submitted to the students as appropriate themes for essays, as follows:—"The School as a Social Institution", "Imagination in Literature", "The Problem of Education", "The Educational Element in Literature", "The Function of Art in Life", "The Spirit of Nature", "The Language Question in Canada," "Kipling and his Influence." Seven essays had been entered and had been from April 16th in the hands of the judges,—Rev. Dr. Lyle, Rev. John Morton and Mr. John G. Gauld. The prizes were awarded in the following order:

1. (\$15) "Function of Art in Life."  
W. J. Spence.
2. (\$10) { "Imagination in Literature."  
Miss E. J. Guest.  
"Kipling and His Influence."  
Miss M. D. Harkness.

In addition these gentlemen examined also the essays on "Home Life in

Canada," submitted in competition for the special prize of five dollars' worth of books donated by Dr. Montague. First place was here assigned to Miss Guest, while Miss Bollert came second.

Dr. Lyle who was present spoke on behalf of the judges and took occasion to urge on behalf of his successors in that critical task, that in future contests the essayists be confined to one subject. It was difficult, he said, to judge of the respective merits of two essays on different subjects, one requiring intellectual grasp and the other demanding rather emotional fervor. This recommendation, we believe has been made before, and deserves the consideration of next year's class.

The judges of the poems also announced through the chairman the result of their deliberations. These gentlemen, Mr. J. L. Lewis, of the *Herald*, and Mr. J. S. Gordon, the well-known artist, assigned the prize-winners to their respective places thus:

1. (\$9) "Sympathy." Miss D. L. Wallace.
2. (\$4) "The Gloaming." J. J. W. Simpson.
3. "Fair Rosamond." Miss M. D. Harkness.

By this time the judges of the oratory had reached a decision, which Mr. Gardner as spokesman communicated to the audience, after some very entertaining, but to most of his impatient hearers, rather untimely preliminaries.

He took occasion to remark upon the fact that the ladies, usually the silent (?) members of society, were more in evidence as talkers on this occasion than the men, a fact which he proceeded, a few moments after, further to enforce by announcing as the winners of the contest two of the lady competitors,—Miss Timberlake, (1) and Miss O'Connor (2), who will carry off the prizes of \$15 and \$10 respectively. Mr. Rea's speech, while not judged worthy of a prize under the circumstances, was rated a close third.

The evening's exercises closed at a very timely hour with the strains of "God Save the King."

### *Dr. McLellan's Portrait.*

As the college year advanced a spirit of deepest respect for Dr. McLellan and a sense of appreciation of his inestimable services to the cause of Education generally, as well as to the students who have come directly under his influence, grew irresistibly upon the class. Finally its members determined to manifest their feelings in some tangible way and shortly after the Christmas vacation the happy idea was evolved and met with general approval, of leaving a portrait of him whom they wished to honor, in the halls of the College to serve both as a memorial of the respect and admiration of the class and as a tribute to the worth and veteran service of their Principal. Committees were appointed and were enthusiastically supported by the students generally. At the proper time Mr. W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A., of Toronto received the commission to execute the portrait, a life-size, three quarter figure in oils. Mr. Sherwood is an artist of wide repute and we can truly say he did himself ample justice in the work here undertaken; the portrait is very life-like and full of nice effects.

The idea of an illuminated address expressive of the sentiments of the class, to accompany the presentation, was also conceived and carried out by the liberal support and co-operation of the members of the Normal College staff. It was executed in a most artistic manner in book form, bound in morocco and with an illuminated title-page in purple and gold as well as an inscription on the outside front cover in gilt letters, "To Dr. McLellan from Class of 1900-01." The body of the address, which appears below, was engrossed in a chaste and skilful manner by Mr. A. F. Sprott of the Central Business College, Toronto, who did this work as well as the illuminating in such a manner as to reflect great credit on his taste and artistic skill.

The evening of May 17th, was

chosen on which publicly to present to the honored Doctor this token of his students' regard. Mr. R. A. Thompson, B.A., Vice-Principal of the Normal College, presided.

Miss M. L. Bollert, B. A., on behalf of the class, read the address and presented it, and Miss E. J. Guest, B.A., unveiled the portrait which was draped with the college colors. The address was couched in the following simple but heartfelt terms :

"Time rolls his ceaseless course, bringing again the closing days of another college year, and as the day of separation approaches the students of the Ontario Normal College of the class of 1900-01, who are soon to leave this institution, desire to express to you, their revered Principal, their very keen appreciation of your work as head of the Normal College.

Particularly as teachers-in-training, standing at the entrance to the untried path, do we realize how great a privilege has been ours in being associated with one who for so many years has occupied so enviable a position in the "noblest of professions." You have watched the growth of our schools through many years, and through your untiring energy and unerring judgment have contributed, we believe, in a very large measure to the work of improvement and expansion which has raised the school system of our province to the proud position which it now occupies not only in the Dominion but among the nations of the world, and we are sure that, with time, your work will be more and more fully appreciated.

Your wide experience, your lofty ideals, your wise and sympathetic instruction and counsel have not only made our term at the college exceedingly helpful and pleasant but have inspired within us an increasing love and respect for yourself and the work to which you have devoted your life, so eminently useful and successful. We have learned from you that knowledge, even as wide as your own, makes us nothing as teachers without an inspiration and love for our work ; and should we be granted the success which we so much covet in our chosen profession, we must ever remember with increasing gratitude the hours spent under your instruction, for "soul is kindled only by soul," and your noble enthusiasm and ideals have inspired within us the desire for purity and sublimity of purpose and life. Nor can we forget that the same influences have been around the classes that have been before us, so that of you it may be said, more than of most,

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul  
And grow forever and and forever."

We most respectfully ask your permission to hang this portrait of yourself within the college and to accept of our sincerest wishes for your future prosperity and welfare."

The reply of Dr. McLellan was a memorable one. After referring with modest satisfaction to the work he had done as High School Inspector and as Director of Provincial Normal Training, he proceeded to thank the class for their gift,—*ex animo animorum*—as well as for their sympathy, attention and diligence all through the year. "If this be my last year in educational work, you have helped to make it the happiest yet." He expressed the hope that every one of his students had a high ideal,—the ideal of duty, of working for the eternities.

Mr. John Millar, Deputy Minister of Education, was present and gave a somewhat lengthy address, indulging in reminiscences and contrasting the status of education in Ontario in 1871, when Dr. McLellan became an official of the Department, with that of the present. He extolled him as an able educator, a broad-minded man, a man of strong personality and genial qualities of soul.

Among others who paid their tribute of respect and admiration were,—Mr. W. A. Sherwood, the artist, Mr. A. T. DeLury, of Toronto University, Mr. James Chisholm, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education, Judge Snider and Mr. W. H. Thompson, President of the Literary Society, all of whom testified to their admiration for the character and achievements of the guest of the evening.

Letters of regret were received from Premier Ross, Hon. R. Harcourt, President Loudon, Mr. Milner, Mr. Baker, Dr. McCabe of the Ottawa Normal School, Mr. Carscallen and Mr. Hugh Murray.

Musical numbers from Miss Spring, violinist, Dr. Sweet, cornetist, Mr. Dickenson, vocalist, and Messrs. Eager, Robinson and Sprott, mandolin, banjo and guitar trio, added zest to the program.

### Field-Day.

Oh these ideals! What would life be without them? Fairy hands beckoning us forward,—soft, sweet music wooing ever onward,—siren voices luring to the sweet beyond—

“The summer pilots of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing.”

For alas! alas! the fairy fingers vanish, the tuneful melodies die away in the distance, the sirens lure us to our ruin! Oh ideals, ideals! what airy nothingness ye are—gentle zephyrs of our morning hours, fair delusions of our youthful days, *ignes fatui* of life's marshy spots! Ye fade away and leave us all alone with hard realities.

For thus we found it on a day, one never-to-be-forgotten day. Some of us had reached a fairly respectable age and had never taught a day in all our lives. For us the land was all unknown; we heard of the difficulties of “teaching the young idea how to shoot,” but such is the buoyancy of youth, that these seemed to us but idle tales. We felt within us a timid shrinking mingled with that heroic something which is ever the badge of the truest genius. We felt in some vague mysterious way, that we would be all right in the testing time. We could manage the little cherubs with their dreamy eyes, those morsels of humanity not yet soiled by long contact with this earthy earth. (It is really remarkable how easily they soil—like white kid gloves.)

And so, though outwardly trembling for what we had to say, we went forth on that memorable morning, feeling the greatness of our task, but yet secure in our realization of the power of the ideal teacher—sweet sympathy, private talks, tact, encouragement, good questioning, the gentle word, the kindly smile. Ah well! we learned some things that day.

From early morning till five o'clock we haunted the street cars. In every direction our influence was being

wafted over the city in those rickety, dusty cars. What a harvest the conductors must have reaped!

What did we learn? That behind the sweet faces of the childish cherubs lurks a dark, malignant soul. Do they know, think you, how much they can do in the role of inquisitorial tormentors?

In one class the fair lady student was proceeding manfully with the lesson,—the children sat fidgeting and fretting in their seats devising some new mischief,—with eagle eye the teacher watched them feeling that they had done the worst,—when, lo! What is that she spies beneath a desk, something black and shiny? Her heart is filled with nervous dread, her voice quivers, her will power seems failing,—shall she call the principal? With characteristic tact she resolves to ignore the presence of the hated object. But no. Fate will not have it so. A young specimen of the genus *man* comes forward and in a tone of breathless horror remarks, “Please ma'am, Bill's got a pistol!” (Denouement.)

We learned that the small boy and girl can secrete many things under desks. Results from one day's work of appropriating mischief-working articles—six knives, ten pencils, one revolver, eighteen matches, five paper windmills, twenty-two marbles, nine tops, fifteen jacks, three balls, eleven cookies, fourteen pieces of gum, four novels, eight catapults, four pounds of candy, ninety-eight fire-crackers, etc.

What awkward questions children will ask! For example: Bobby—“Please ma'am, how many quarts are there in a peck?” Student “After a frantic scramble through mental pigeon-holes for stray information on the table of capacity”—“Why, you ought to know a simple little thing like that, Bobby.”

In one school a little lad was seized with a desire to fall out of his chair periodically, which he proceeded to do.

In another room the class was so

engaging that the student had to get one of the pupils to read the Scripture lesson, while she watched the rest.

Time and space would fail to tell of all our trials,—of the shakings and scoldings, the persuasions and ejections, the tired feet and aching heads, the weary brains and failing hearts, and—tell it not in Gath—the sundry whippings.

But we are still alive. Except that our youthful ideals have fled away, we are not much the worse—and we have gained a firm belief in the efficiency of corporal punishment. Everywhere we met with uniform courtesy and consideration from the regular staff.

But there is one thing which grieveth our spirits sore—we received no pay. We would recommend that next year the Government give us free transportation, at the very least.

### *O. N. C. and H. C. I. Conversation.*

This great social event of the year took place on the evening of April 26th, and proved most eminently successful. Shortly after eight o'clock the guests began to arrive at the brilliantly lighted building. On reaching the Assembly Hall they were received by Mrs. J. A. McLellan, Mrs. J. B. Turner, Mrs. Davidson, Mr. R. A. Thompson, B. A., and Mr. W. H. Thompson, B. A., assisted by Miss I. S. Butterworth, B. A., Miss A. St. O. Cole, B. A., and Mr. G. A. Fergusson, B. A. The hall itself was beautifully decorated with red and black and purple and gold hunting, tastefully draped from the centre of the ceiling to the walls of the room, while between the folds were suspended Union Jacks and other flags. The stage was transformed into a veritable flower garden for the time and added to the beauty of the scene.

A most acceptable program of vocal and instrumental music was presented

by Miss Bertha Kraft and Miss Edith Spring, violinist.

At ten o'clock the dancing commenced to the strains of Anderson's orchestra. To the onlooker the scene was charming as the greater number of the six hundred guests began to waltz. The light costumes of the ladies and the flowers they wore made an artistic medley of color. The corridor on the second floor was reserved for promenading for those who did not care to dance, but few of them took advantage of it, preferring to remain and watch the dancing, and so this floor was also monopolized by the dancers later in the evening.

The supper-room in the gymnasium, which was most prettily decorated for the occasion, proved a centre of attraction for all. Caterer Edwards served his patrons in a most tasteful and recherche manner. Indeed everything that could have been done by the committee to make the affair a brilliant success was attended to and they are to be congratulated on the results of their efforts.

It is worthy of note that the college students attended in larger numbers than ever before. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Davidson each chaperoned a number of the girls. It is rumored that a number of the gentlemen made their *debut* at dancing that evening and we must say that no one would ever have suspected that it was their first appearance.

The patronesses were: Mrs. McLellan, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Ballard, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Hogarth, Mrs. Hoodless, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Turner.

Mr. Morrow's work upon the class photo of the year is deserving of special comment as being a superior piece of artistic workmanship, of which every member of the class may well feel proud.

### *Athletics.*

Since last issue spring has arrived and out-door sports have been once more ushered in. The Y. M. C. A. grounds have been again secured and baseball and football indulged in on alternate days. A few weeks ago in a field of mud and water the "Grads" succeeded in overcoming at foot-ball the "Leavings" of Phillips and McEwen by a score of 2-0. Upon another occasion the Collegiate boys, with Dobson whom the fans laud as hailing from Room 8, defeated the College at the first and only game of baseball this year. The approach of the "exams." prevented the College from entering one of the city leagues, or else another cup might have adorned our halls.

Much interest has also been taken in tennis, and two courts are generally occupied each afternoon when weather permits. But the examination scare appears to prevent the ladies from joining in this game which the Education Department considers most suitable for them. Many of the gentlemen who play hope that they will not long continue thus to neglect their physical culture.

The present college year has been a notable one in athletics as well as in other lines for our class. Our footballers in purple and gold deserve great credit for having successfully defended the Spectator Cup and we wish a like success to next year's team.

Much thanks is also due to Mr. Dobson for his untiring and successful efforts to promote hockey among the students; as a result many novices at skating at the beginning of the season were turned out as expert puck-chasers at the close. In basketball we did not win a championship, it is true, but nevertheless a keen interest was worked up and excellent progress made in the game. Here as also in baseball was found a common meeting-ground with the Collegiate and in both, the boys from the class-rooms carried off the palm, though the looming up of "exams."

prevented a regular series in baseball. Special mention is due Messrs. Whitely and Watson, our "artful dodgers" at basketball, and Messrs. H. H. Smith and Matheson, our baseball enthusiasts.

The most pleasant feature of this year's work in athletics has been the unanimity existing between the "Grads." and "First C's." in their contests, and also between College and Collegiate. This friendly rivalry has helped greatly to enliven the sport, and to add to the interest both of player and spectator. We have been greatly assisted further by the presence and active assistance of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Crawford, for whose interest the members of the Association are deeply grateful.

At a mass meeting of the members of the class on Wednesday afternoon, May 15th, an "Alumni Association of the Class of 1901" was formed for the purpose of providing a nucleus for organization in event of any movement being set afoot that might render desirable the co-operation of the graduates of this year, or in case at any future date a class reunion should be undertaken. The following permanent executive was appointed, and upon them will rest the onus of taking the initiative for the class, or of acting as its representatives, in any matters such as the above: President—R. J. Sprott; Vice-Presidents—W. Rea and Miss E. J. Guest; Sec.-Treas.—E. H. A. Watson; Councillors—Miss M. L. Bollert and W. J. Spence.

SATURDAY, May 11th, the day chosen for the O. N. C. picnic to Grimsby Park, did not "dawn clear and bright" as is usual on such auspicious occasions. It was a genuine April day,—sunshine, clouds, rain and wind even, delightfully mingled in a surprising "totality". However, it cleared up for the return trip, and the picnickers forgave all early eccentricities, passing a vote of thanks to the clerk of the weather for

the "grand finale". As regards the trip to the Park, the less said the better. Suffice it to say that some wary collegians going on the second car, discovered the remains of the festive car standing at ease on a side track, and heard a mournful tale of a break-down. However, as another car came to the rescue all went well. Damp grass by no means quenched the ardour of the pedagogues, who admired the Park, searched for wild flowers, and, finally, enjoyed the dainty lunch in the best of spirits. Several snapshots were taken of the party *en masse*, and we prophesy good results from the cameras of the indefatigable amateurs. Just as the sun was setting in a delightfully clear sky, the collegians wended their way homewards, tired and happy, and all very sincere in their appreciation of a pleasant afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, who so kindly chaperoned the affair, have the gratitude of all the picnickers for their kindly interest.

THE Glee Club added fresh laurels to the glorious record of the class by their excellent concert on the evening of May 10th. Aside from the intrinsic merit of the numbers the pleasure of the audience was enhanced by the attractiveness of the entertainers and the promptness and orderliness of the programme. The Club made a specially favorable impression by their first number, which was ably maintained later by their rendering of "The Village Blacksmith" and "Star of Descending Night." The appearance of Miss Margaret B. McCoy was greeted with hearty applause; to a happy selection of songs she added a charming personality which gave a new significance to the old familiar words, "love" and "sweetheart." Miss Irving, the elocutionist of the evening, gave her selections in capital form. Probably her best numbers were, "A Serious Mistake" and "Maclaine's Child." The audience

showed their appreciation by repeated encores which were kindly responded to. Variety was added to the entertainment by the Mandolin and Guitar Trio of Messrs. Eager, Griffith and Sprott, while our own vocalists, Messrs. Newcombe and McDonald excelled themselves. During the evening a bouquet of roses was presented to Miss Harkness who has so ably and faithfully acted as accompanist.

The MONTHLY staff desire gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of the Toronto *Globe* in loaning for use in this issue the plate from which the frontispiece is produced.

### *Just Among Ourselves.*

Dr. McLellan.—"From Dan to Beersheba." We know who Dan is, but who is Beersheba?

R. Hottentot J—st—n (after third call, heaving a deep sigh) Oh, heavens! I'm getting *Weir-y*.

Elliot, B. B., has found a *Coin* on Wellington St., which he declares is worth more than all the spade guineas in the market. Poor Shep!

We understand that the project of an excursion under the auspices of the Wentworth Historical Society has been abandoned, to the regret of many intending patrons.

Deputy-Minister Millar.—"The new regulations of 1871 admitted ladies to the Provincial University and paved the way for their appearance at the Normal College. (Tremendous applause from Dobson *et al.*)

WE regret that lack of space necessitates our holding over *ad futurum infinitum* a large number of excellent jokes; we apologize to the victims who will thus lose their last chance of attaining this unique distinction, without which no college course is complete.

### *Class History.*

Already the class of '00-'01 begins to feel the pangs of coming dissolution, and like dying persons generally, it looks back on its life to review it and think with pride of its successes and with regret of its short comings. On the whole its life, if a short one, has been a merry one too, and we cannot help feeling very proud of it.

On the morning of October 1st, 1900, the class of '00-'01 first saw the light of day. It felt itself a strange vague totality, and its various members looked at each other curiously,—they had not yet been fitted into their places. The first step in this process was taken when the Literary Society (including all the students) was formed, and its Executive Committee elected. Everyone will remember—it seems odd when we look back upon it, from our present standpoint,—how then we had to ask the various nominees to stand so that we could have some idea of the candidate for whom we were voting. But somehow we did succeed in appointing a very able Executive. During the fall term Mr. Keith and his co-workers managed the business of the Society and supplied the pleasure, in the form of a good program for each Friday afternoon.

As soon as possible too, the Staff of the MONTHLY was elected, to hold office for the whole year. Their work speaks for itself in the pages of the journal, and needs no commendation. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

One of the earliest efforts of the Literary Society in the getting-acquainted process was the "First Reception," as it was called. There many a man felt his brain whirl in the attempt to identify the next person on his program by some such formula as,— "Miss Jones, little girl in pink"; "Miss Brown, tall girl with blue bow in hair",—and there were so many little girls in pink, and so many tall girls with blue bows in their hair! However the class already began to

feel itself growing together, and after this there was never the same constraint in its movements.

Nor was this the only opportunity for social intercourse. Several of the churches gave enjoyable "At Homes." Perhaps the most generally appreciated was that given by McNab Street Presbyterian Church. Everyone who was fortunate enough to be present will remember the pretty home-like rooms, the good music, and the pleasant time generally.

So far we have not mentioned the one thing for which we had all come to Hamilton—namely, the knowledge which we daily culled from our attendance in the amphitheatre, above all for the words of wisdom that have fallen daily from the lips of our beloved Principal. Beside the regular lectures on methods from the staff, we had a course in sanitary science from Dr. McCabe, another in music from Mr. Johnson, and best of all a delightful series on reading and elocution from Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black.

Mrs. Black, Mrs. Libbie Beach Knox, and Mr. Carnahan gave a very enjoyable concert before the close of the term. Another treat in the entertainment line was a lecture by Frank Yeigh, who was sent to us by the Education Department.

Early in the term the two athletic associations were formed, and began to do good work. The Men's Athletic Association formed committees for Association and Rugby football, for tennis, cycling and basketball, and later for hockey, baseball and fencing. Then a district football league was organized, into which four teams entered, and by the end of the season the O. N. C. team had covered themselves with glory by winning the Spectator cup, amid the wild "Zippety-whoops" of the other students.

The basketball tournament among the two College and two Collegiate teams was not quite so successful, the Senior Leaving team of the Collegiate bearing off the palm.



The ladies of the W. A. A. devoted themselves almost exclusively to basketball. They gave one exhibition of their skill before a very appreciative audience, and showed that they could play a good game.

Two other societies deserve very honorable mention, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Throughout the year they carried on a series of meetings, and did much good. It is to be regretted that they were not more generally attended, but those who did go felt well rewarded for their pains.

Just before Christmas the elections for the new Literary Executive were held, this time under the scientific Hare-Spence system of voting, and again with excellent results. Mr. Thompson and the other members of the committee had a great deal of work to do. The meetings continued to be most interesting—presenting debates, papers, music and so on, in great variety. A mock trial and a mock parliament took up two afternoons. But perhaps the most interesting of the whole term was a Canadian meeting, in which Canadian literature was ably discussed.

Two other societies in connection with the college occupied a good deal of time and attention on the part of the members, and in the end showed in public what they had been doing. The Glee Club was organized just before Christmas, with a membership of about fifty, and after the holidays held a weekly practice in the various choruses, under the direction of Mr. Johnson. They gave the regular concert on May 10th to a good sized audience, and all who were present pronounced it a great success. Those who felt in themselves the fire of Irving and Booth spent some time in getting up a farce which was very acceptably staged on March 22nd.

The most important social events of the spring term were a reception given by the W. A. A., another given by the

Domestic Science staff and students—both most enjoyable,—and last and greatest of all the *Conversazione* on April 26th. This is the social event of the year, and the six hundred guests all joined in pronouncing it a perfect success. The Assembly Hall was one blaze of light and color, and those students who could dance were in their element on this, the one evening of the year when it is allowed.

From the opening of the session the *Sword of Damocles*,—otherwise known as *Field Day*—had been hanging over our heads. At last it fell on May 9th,—and most of us found it didn't really hurt at all. Some of the more inexperienced had a rather trying day, but most of us found it on the whole a pleasant relaxation. One student was heard to say that he hadn't enjoyed a day so much since he came to Hamilton.

The class of '00-'01 have distinguished themselves above every other class in one particular—namely in their having a portrait of Dr. McLellan painted by Mr. Sherwood of Toronto. On the evening of May 17th, it was unveiled and an illuminated address read and presented to him. The address contained the sincere sentiments of all the students, and the Doctor in an eloquent reply told them how much he appreciated their love and sympathy, shown not only on this occasion but throughout the whole term.

This was the grand finale of the whole year—the effort of the class as a whole. A few more days are left us—days of worry and examinations, when a student can scarcely spare time to speak to his seat friends. But after the last paper is written and the last goodbyes said, and we are all scattered to the four winds of Heaven, then we shall all take out our little hand-books and look over the list and decide it was certainly the very very best class that ever lived.

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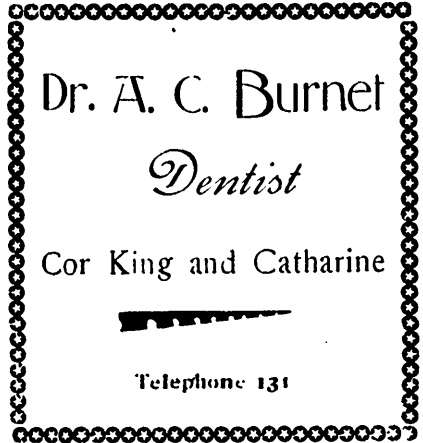
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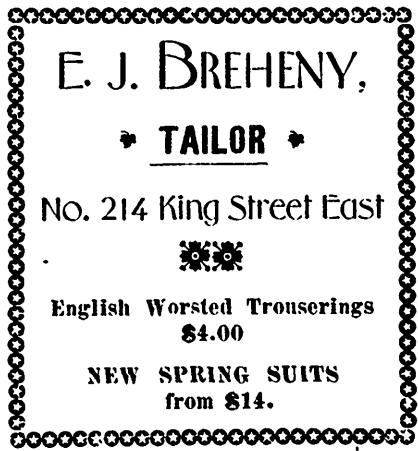

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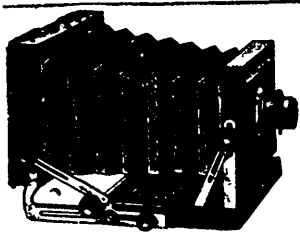
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