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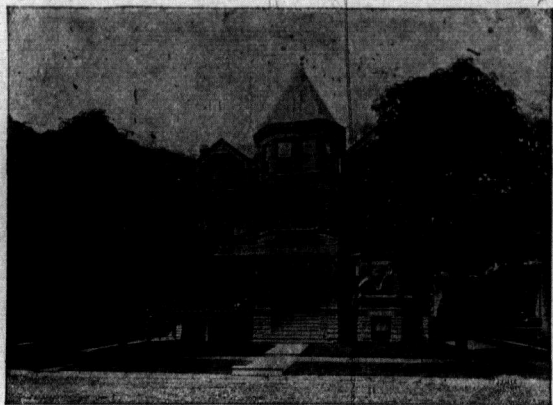
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SESAME



1897

The Annual Publication of the Women Graduates and Undergraduates of
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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
PRINTER,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Editorial Board.

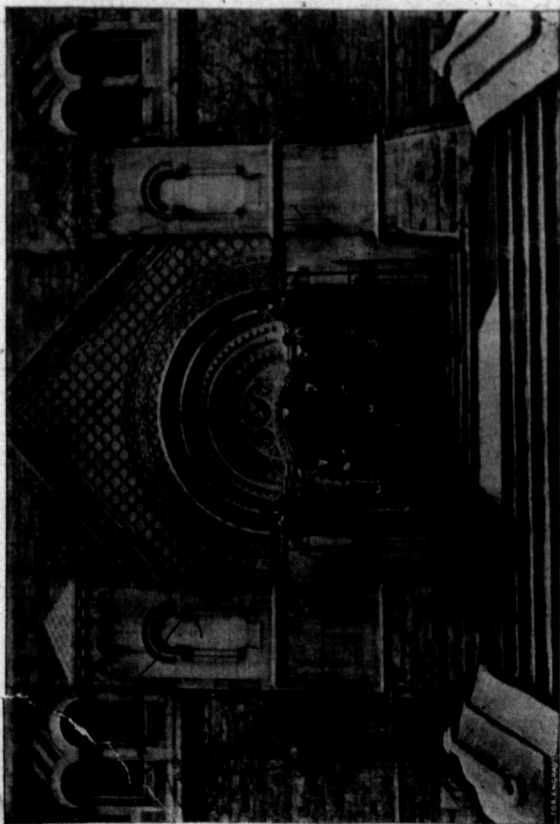
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THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

SESAME

Vol. I.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1897.

No. 1.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES: A REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR.

ANNUUS A year of wonders, indeed! It is a common comment of MIRABILIS! historians that the closing years of centuries are apparently most memorable. It was towards the close of the fifteenth, that the great Genoese discovered America; towards the close of the sixteenth, that little England struck the fatal blow to the giant power of Spain; towards the close of the seventeenth, that the same little England won a still greater victory, this time over domestic tyranny, in that altogether glorious revolution of 1688; towards the close of the eighteenth, that France strove to work out ideals the most splendid that have ever been embodied in a national programme of reform—too splendid, it seemed, for success. And now, towards the close of the nineteenth century, the world seems preparing for another tremendous struggle, with neither England, nor France, nor Spain, for the central and heroic figure, but a little, puny kingdom, with barely seventy years of national existence to boast of, and behind that, centuries of degrading and demoralizing servitude; though back of that, again, lies a part of unparalleled historic renown.

It certainly seems as if the world were spoiling for a fight. One war scare no sooner passes away than there comes another. A storm may be necessary to clear the air, and the storm, if it comes, is likely to be a hurricane.

Yet, in spite of such ominous indications, it is for another reason that this year is to be marked, at least in the history of Britain, as a memorable year. For with it all preceding reigns are eclipsed. Queen Victoria has now reigned longer than any of her predecessors, and the red-letter year is to be properly celebrated throughout the empire on which the sun does not presume to set. There is a good deal of absurdity in most formal celebrations and rejoicings. The ingenuity of man cannot apparently invent a other method than the somewhat unsatisfactory one of processions, and,

great affair in connection with the "Diamond Jubilee" festivities is, it seems, to be nowise different in kind from a Battle-of-the-Boyne turn-out.

The Victorian has certainly been a remarkable era, and Britons have good reason to be proud of their country's achievements during sixty progressive years. Years of peace they have been for the most part, for though, perhaps, the doors of the temple of Janus have stood open nearly all the time, the wars have been generally small and inglorious. Peace has naturally been accompanied by prosperity, and in the case of Britain, this has been particularly marked. Even during the last few years, with depression generally prevailing and deficits in the ordinary course of things, England's budgets have been most satisfactory; not only have ends been made to meet, but a comfortable surplus is year after year announced. The statesmanship of the reign has been in the main broader and more liberal than that of any other period in history, and the steady growth of democracy has, in spite of some attendant evils, been marked by little of that extravagance and mob-violence which is the great danger of government by, for, and to the people. In literature, science, and art, England has more than held her own among the nations of the world. In literature, indeed, the reign is generally classed as one of the three great epochs of English history—the Elizabethan, the Augustan, the Victorian. The Muses are partial to women rulers.

* * *

"Man is by nature a fighting and quarrelling animal," Lord Palmerston used to say, and the history of 1896-97 seems to verify the statement. It has certainly been a year of wars and rumours of wars. In Africa, north, south, and central; in Cuba and the Philippines; and now in Eastern Europe, strife has broken out. Generally to be regretted, war is peace and learning, ^{being} that can happen to a nation. It was Ruskin who found that those were not the words ^{and} of peace and civilization; but I together; that on her lips the words were, peace ^{and} sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death."

It may be true that war is good for a nation, a war, for instance, in which a people are battling for some sacred cause, such as liberty, as in the case of Cuba. But of war in the majority of cases, where the soldier is merely the slave or hireling of his employer, Carlyle's well-known description is certainly true to life. At the word "Fire!" these soldiers blow the souls out of one another, not because they have any quarrel with one another but because "their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

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"THE PURPLE
EAST."

Just now the attention of the world is directed to that little island so famed in classic legend—Crete. In that island is a worse monster than ever was Minotaur of old, and a modern Theseus is not likely to despatch him so successfully and promptly as did the Attic hero of far-off time. It is only part of a long story—too long to more than glance at here. What to do with the Turk is a problem too hard for European statesmen. Since his capture of Constantine's "incomparable city" in 1453, there he has stubbornly remained guarding the entrance to the Black Sea. "The integrity of the Turkish dominions" is a sacred phrase to British statesmen—that part of their political creed at the repetition of which the head should be reverently bowed, and the face turned towards the East. Toward the East—that is just the point. Russia and Britain, with their Asiatic possessions, separated only by that "scientific frontier"—another sacred phrase—which must at all costs be kept up, are the two powers most interested in the Turkish problem. Russia's interest lies in the speedy dismemberment of Turkey; England's, in her preservation. In the Crimean war, when Russia, apparently with the disinterested purpose of protecting the Christian subjects of the Sultan, really, as Englishmen said, to extend her own territory, made war on Turkey, England, mindful of her Asiatic possessions, gave aid to the Turk. It was not a very edifying sight, a

Christian nation helping the persecutor of Christians against the Christian's friend. From a recent utterance of Lord Salisbury, it appears that that eminent statesman considers the part played by England at that time unwise and regrettable. England let a golden opportunity pass, he said, when she refused to accept the plan proposed by the great-minded Nicholas. Readers of Mr. McCarthy's "Our Own Times" will remember how he speaks of the Czar's overtures as if they could not for a moment have been considered by an honorable nation; but at last, tardily indeed, history is doing justice to the memory of the candid and magnanimous Russian, whose life ended amid the disasters of the Crimea. What was the proposal, which was considered so dishonorable then, but which Lord Salisbury regrets now as a lost golden opportunity? Simply to recognize facts and signs of the times,



SULTAN OF TURKEY.

and prepare themselves accordingly. The Turk was "a sick man," and his sickness was unto death. It would be wise to be prepared for his passing away. In other words, Turkey, if left to herself, was bound to go; and, as England and Russia were the countries chiefly interested, it would be wise for them to come to an amicable agreement as to the division of the country. If England had accepted the Czar's offer, she would be to-day in possession of Crete, and her sovereignty of Egypt would rest on a firmer and more honorable basis. But at that time English statesmen had a kind of faith in Turkey—Palmerston had particularly—and did not think the Turk necessarily a very "sick man." And so we had Alma and the other "heroic scrambles," and Russia was beaten, and a peace was made, by which the "integrity" of the Turkish power was to be preserved, and a vague promise was made that the Christians should be better treated.

Since then the developments in the "Eastern Question" have been far from gratifying to England. Mr. Gladstone, differing from most English statesmen, in not regarding Russia as England's natural enemy, allowed her to put a fleet in the Black Sea, and though Disraeli came home covered with glory after the Berlin congress, nothing very splendid seems to have been accomplished after all. Turkey, stripped of some of her provinces, it is true, but a pretty compact and large territory still, remains, and, profiting apparently by dissensions among the powers, has done pretty much as she has pleased. The writer of an interesting character-sketch of the present Sultan in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews*, remarks apologetically, referring to the Armenian massacres, that the Turk can no more help doing such things than a tiger can help its appetite for human flesh and blood. Agreed; but we don't usually allow tigers to go at large. It is a most astonishing spectacle we have been treated to during the past year or two—massacre succeeding massacre with frightful frequency, and—making due allowance for newspaper exaggerations—of a ruthlessness and barbarity scarcely paralleled in the darkest ages. It sets one wondering whether in our policy of non-intervention, we are not less wise than were our forefathers who waged fierce religious and sectarian wars, and decided points of doctrine by the persuasive power of the sword. We grandly tolerate the Moslem, and permit unnameable horrors to be daily enacted. Britain, the statesmen say, cannot act alone; if she should act without the other powers, she would precipitate a European war. Truly, she has sown the wind and now reaps the whirlwind. By so long maintaining and bolstering up "that Vicegerency of Hell, which is acquiesced in as the Ottoman Government," she has lost the confidence of the nations. She has been forced to look on, while

"A homeless people, in their mortal pain,
Toward one far and famous ocean isle,
Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those hands in vain."

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How differently reads an earlier page in her history, when, bolder than now, she faced a hostile Europe—that most unholy “Holy Alliance”—and answered the appeal of Portugal, threatened by France and Spain. One reads with a thrill of patriotic pride of how the word came from Portugal on Friday, the English Cabinet met on Saturday, completed their arrangements on Sunday, and on Monday had their troops embarked. “We go”—those were great words of Canning’s—“to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted foreign dominion shall not come.”

Now, instead of acts, we have words. A massacre occurs; Sir Philip Currie and the other ambassadors address a mild reprimand to the Sultan; another massacre, another reprimand. Until the other day, there was a cessation of massacres for some weeks, then came the report that seven hundred Christians had been put to death at Tokat. On this occasion, Sir Philip Currie, it is said, used strong language to the Sultan. Dear, good, reasonable Abdul Hamid, please stop those nasty massacres! They are hard on our vocabulary.

* * *

Armenia has lately been forgotten in the interest attaching itself to the Cretan struggle. On February 10th, Greece notified the Powers, that she could no longer look passively on at the struggle of a kindred people with their Moslem foe, and a torpedo fleet, commanded by Prince George, set sail for Crete. On March 2nd, the Powers notified Greece that she must withdraw her forces from the island; but Greece replied, in a note as firm as it was temperate in language, that she would not yield. What was to be done? Lord Salisbury wired the Powers, and France and Italy concurred with England in thinking that coercive measures towards Greece should be delayed and negotiations continued. On the following day, in the British House of Commons, the Liberal leader, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, desired an assurance from the government that British forces should not be employed against Greece before Parliament was given a chance to express its judgment on the matter. Mr. Balfour, however, politely declined. The course demanded by the Opposition, he said, was most inexpedient and absolutely contrary to precedent.

The next thing heard of was the relief of Kandamos, when, owing to the efforts of the British Consul, the beleaguered inhabitants were rescued and conveyed to Canea. Evidently British non-intervention is sometimes a one-sided affair. On the 16th, word came that six hundred British troops from Malta were ordered to Crete to join in the blockade of the ports of the island. The threatened blockade became a reality on the 21st, and now the Christians are, according to the programme of the Powers, to be starved

into submission. And this is the policy of that power that we used fondly to think held

“ a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,
To smite the wronger with her destined rod.”



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

That such a policy should provoke fierce opposition was inevitable, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt was backed by the national support—with the [exception, always, of the Turkish bond-holders—when, in the House of Commons, he protested that to take up arms against a people rightly fighting for their freedom, would not be tolerated in Britain; that the only policy worthy of Britain was to detach Crete from the Turkish rule.

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GLADSTONE THE
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From the great ex-chief of the Liberal party has come, too, a fierce protest. Mr. Gladstone, has always been regarded as a warm friend of the Greek people, and the pamphlet which he issued on March 19th censured the Powers in strongest terms, and praised the spirited little nation that is giving Europe such an object lesson. Greece is a David, said Gladstone—the epithet once applied to him, the Philhellene, is recalled now—fighting with Goliaths. Success to thee little Hellas! May the unerring aim of a David, and the genius of a Miltiades, be thine in this hour of peril!

* * *

AN interesting item of news in connection with this GARIBALDI'S SON. struggle came on March 15th. Riciotti Garibaldi, a son of the famous Garibaldi of the Italian Liberation war, has raised three regiments of volunteers for service in the Greek army of Crete. But with this piece of news comes another. The Italian Government, hearing of Garibaldi's schemes, wires the Italian Admiral at Canea to arrest Garibaldi and his followers if they should land in Crete.

* * *

THE ISSUE.

How is it all to end? Either, apparently, in the autonomy of Crete, or in her annexation to Greece.

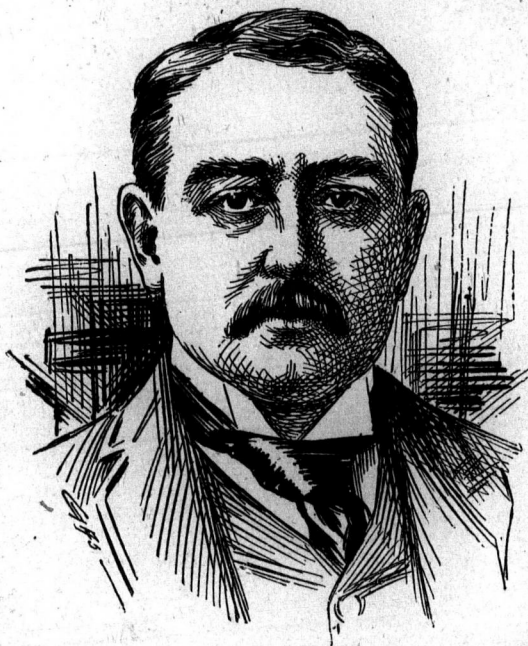
"No autonomy!" say the Cretans. "Nothing will satisfy us but annexation to Greece." In any case, little honor can accrue to England in the matter; she will be fortunate if she escape dishonor. Is it true—even more sadly true now than when the words were uttered—that "we English have, as a knightly nation, lost our spurs; we have fought where we should not have fought, for gain; and we have been passive where we should not have been passive, for fear"? Is it true that "the principle of non-intervention, as now preached among us, is as selfish and cruel as the worst frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being not only malignant but dastardly"?

* * *

THE TRANSVAAL:
MR. RHODES'
REVELATIONS.

The story of the Jameson raid into the Transvaal will make another not too creditable chapter in English history. It was a very mysterious affair, and, though some light has been thrown upon it by the examination conducted by the English parliamentary committee of inquiry, the situation is still a perplexing one. When, during the first week of 1896, the news came that Dr. Jameson had advanced into the Transvaal in response to a petition from the Uitlanders, suspicion was naturally roused. Purely disinterested conduct is so very rare in the history of wars! The failure of Jameson, his surrender, the handing of him over to British justice, his trial and brief imprisonment, all left the affair in which

he had been engaged a mystery. From the first Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that conspicuous figure in South Africa, had been suspected of, at least, complicity. His sudden resignation of his post of Premier of Cape Colony increased suspicion, and when he practically admitted, under the rigid cross-questioning of our own Edward Blake and others, that he financed the



HON. CECIL RHODES.

Johannesburg rising and placed Jameson's troops on the Transvaal border for the purpose of assisting it, no one was surprised. The Napoleon of South Africa has been not inaptly named; for was not his aim to emancipate an oppressed people—and extend his own power? Oh Liberty! how many crimes are still committed in thy name!

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No doubt the Uitlanders had real grievances; no doubt their burdens were excessive. On the other hand, they were not, and apparently did not wish to become the citizens of the land in which they were living, though, apparently, they wished all the privileges of citizenship. No doubt, either, that that British South Africa Chartered Company has had too free a hand. Britain has had enough experience with chartered companies to know the danger connected with such huge and unmanageable monopolistic concerns,—the East India Company, for instance.

One curious feature of the affair is in the fact that the chief agent and author gets off free, while his subordinates are punished. We have become reconciled to such necessary absurdities as that the king can do no wrong, and that therefore his ministers must always be his scapegoats; but if the theory is so expansive as to apply to ministers themselves, so that they escape and the consequences of their misdeeds fall upon their subordinates, to what are we coming? There has certainly been a marked change since the days of Clive and Hastings.

The Transvaal story is not nearly ended yet, apparently. President Kruger's little bill of damages—material damages, £677,988, moral and intellectual damages, £1,000,000—is not yet paid, by the way. The recent suppression of some English papers in the Transvaal has called public attention to the grievances of the Uitlanders; and the latest reports make war a not improbable issue.

EGYPT AND THE
SOUDAN.

Baffled for the time in South-Africa, Britain has tightened her hold upon the north. The Dongola expedition having proved such a success, General Kitchener, commander of the Egyptian troops, received in November last authority from the British war-office to prepare for an Anglo-Egyptian Nile expedition from Dongola to Khartoum in the spring. Incidentally the affair, so far, has been greatly to England's advantage. When the Court of Appeal at Alexandria sustained the judgment of the Egyptian mixed tribunal, declaring that the money taken from the Egyptian reserve fund for the purpose of the Soudan expedition must be repaid by Britain, John Bull chuckled with delight. Egypt is his now for keeps. For can anyone deny that he who pays the piper shall have the privilege of calling the tune?

OTHER BRITISH
EXPEDITIONS
INTO AFRICA.

Into remoter parts of the Dark Continent has the indefatigable Britain been penetrating, ostensibly to carry British justice into the innermost wilds. In February word came of the success of an expedition sent to punish the king of Benin for the murder of the members of a peaceable expedition which was attempting to reach Benin city. The

avenging party captured Benin city and the latest reports announce that the king is a prisoner. A similar expedition by the Royal Niger Company has resulted in the capture of Bida, in the Nupe territory. Will these things be the usual prelude to further conquests? Assuredly John Bull thinks that the blessing promised to the meek is his. He is not generally credited with a remarkable amount of this virtue, but he certainly intends to inherit the earth.

* * *

THE QUEEN OF
SHEBA'S
DESCENDANT.

Before we leave the Dark Continent, there is another and far more terrible war to chronicle. It is not many years since England had to reckon with a king of Abyssinia, but in England's case the balance was on the right side. Poor Italy has fared worse. March 1, 1896, was a terrible day for Italy, for on that day General Baratieri was defeated at Adowa, and 5,000 of his army were left dead on the field. The defeat brought about the fall of the Crispi ministry, and the elevation of the Marquis di Rudini to his position. But the disaster of Adowa could not be retrieved. On November a treaty of peace was signed by which Italy abandoned entirely her protectorate over Abyssinia and recognized the independence of Ethiopia. Decidedly Menelik is no unworthy representative of his illustrious ancestress, the Queen of Sheba.

* * *

Wars! Wars! The record seems to have no ending.
CUBA LIBRE! The Cuban, like the Cretan, struggle is interesting to all who sympathize with a people struggling against tyranny.

One cannot help thinking, in reading the story of hapless, heroic Cuba, how different might have been her fate if she had been, as she came so near being, a British possession. That a great blunder was made in the framing of the articles of the Peace of Paris in 1763, by which Britain took Florida instead of Cuba, is now generally admitted. Cuba, with her marvellous natural resources, would more than justify to-day the title which nature has given her of "The Gem of the Antilles." Under the oppressive rule of Spain, with her rigid and monopolistic control of her colony's trade, prosperity has been impossible. Cuba has, it is true, representatives in the Spanish Cortes, but the boon has been of little value. She has not had that which is absolutely necessary to her happiness—self-government and control of her own tariff. The second of two obstinate wars is now being waged, with, so far, very unsatisfactory results. At the close of the 1868-78 struggle, promises of reforms were made, but apparently were not fulfilled; and so in 1895 another rebellion broke out. Owing to the strict censorship of the press in Cuba, the vaguest and most conflicting reports come to us from time to time, so that it is quite impossible to

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chronicle details with any confidence in their accuracy. The leaders at first were three—Maximo Gomez, José Martí, and Antonio Maceo. Of these



ANTONIO MACEO.

only the first is now alive. Very early in the campaign of 1895—on May 19th—Martí, led into ambush by a treacherous guide, was killed. On De-

ember 7, 1896, Maceo also fell, apparently by treachery. He was the last of nine brothers, all of whom have perished in the cause of Cuban liberty. And now, Maceo's successor, the gallant Rivera, is a prisoner awaiting his sentence. On the Spanish side, two generals have figured—the humane Campos, who was recalled early in 1896, and the brutal Weyler, who is at present in command. The Cuban armies are possibly about 60,000 strong; their policy is always the same—to avoid an open fight and to gain what small advantages they can. There is a kind of Cuban government established, the capital being Cubitas, near Puerto Principe. There is a President—Salvador Cisneros—and there are other functionaries, but the Government can scarcely be recognized as such. If it were, such countries as England and the United States, following the precedent established by Canning and President Monroe, should have no hesitation in at least recognizing the Cubans as belligerents. The United States, for geographical reasons, is more interested than Britain, and actually offered her services to Spain as mediator, but Spain politely declined. She could not, she said, be influenced by another Government in her domestic affairs, though she at the same time intimated her intention to grant a generous measure of self-government to Cuba. In accordance with this declaration a royal decree promulgating a scheme of reforms for Cuba was signed on February 4 by the Queen Regent of Spain. It is evident, however, that the time for conciliation has passed. Cuba will accept nothing but absolute freedom.

* * *

Unfortunate Spain! National, like individual, misfortunes rarely come singly. In another part of her once so vast, now so sadly dwindled empire, the standard of revolt has been raised. Details, however, of the war in the Philippine islands are even more meagre and unreliable than of that in Cuba. The record, so far, seems mainly to consist of changes in generalship—an ominous enough token. General Blanco was succeeded by Palavieja, and, if the latest report is true, the latter has given place to a third. It is a very remarkable and significant thing that of the nations of Europe Britain alone has been successful as a colonizing power. With the exception of the one memorable blunder, her policy has been marked by as much wisdom as generosity, and by proportionate success. In striking contrast to Spain, she is drawing her vast possessions more and more closely to her, and welding them and herself together into one grand imperial entity.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS.

The most memorable event in the history of international intercourse during the year is, of course, the much-discussed Arbitration Treaty between Britain and the United States. Out of evil good does sometimes come, and out of that mighty contention over a miserable swamp in Venezuela or

British Guiana—which, is not yet ascertained—was evolved the epoch-making treaty. To a certain extent it was undeniably a backdown on the part of Lord Salisbury, for it involves a tacit acknowledgment of the Monroe doctrine. In November the terms of the settlement, providing for an arbitration tribunal to determine the boundary, were made public. This was but preparatory to the greater scheme. On January 11, Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote signed the great Arbitration Treaty, providing for three tribunals to decide questions of varying importance between Britain and the United States, and President Cleveland sent the treaty to the Senate with his warmest approval. In the Senate, unfortunately, the reception given to the treaty was not altogether cordial. Its fate is still doubtful. If it is finally acquiesced in, it will prove the most memorable event of a memorable year. War between the two kindred nations will be practically impossible.

WHAT THE ARBITRATION TREATY MAY MEAN TO CANADA.

It is just possible that this treaty may have a special significance for Canada. As it will make war between Britain and the United States an impossibility, it will remove one of the chief objections Canadians have to becoming citizens of the neighbor republic. Will it—with bated breath is this uttered, and with no disloyal leanings be it understood—prove a stepping-stone to annexation? "No!" Thousands of fusty, patriotic Canadian voices exclaim, "Never! 'The Maple Leaf, our Emblem Dear——'" There! There! The whisper—it was only that—is retracted. Absit Omen!

BRITAIN'S POLITICAL HISTORY DURING THE YEAR

The Salisbury Government is not in all respects fulfilling the promise of its early days. The strongest ministry since the days of Pitt the Younger, it has been forced, if not exactly to abandon, at least to greatly modify, one important projected measure, the Education Bill. On February the Bill was introduced, but so changed from the measure of the preceding year, as to be unrecognizable. The new Bill simply proposes to give state aid to voluntary schools at the rate of five shillings a child, making the annual amount £616,500.

ROSEBERY'S RETIREMENT.

The Liberal party has been in a bad way since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery maintained an unequal and heroic struggle for a time, but in October of 1896, taking advantage of a difference of opinion with the ex-leader on the Eastern Question, he resigned, evidently with great relief, the leadership of the forlorn hope. Lord Rosebery's retirement has been a great disappointment to those who have watched his

promising career for any length of time. He is a statesman of undoubted breadth of view and largeness of policy; his plan of reform of the House of Lords, his imperialistic schemes, his opposition to the "Little England" party are well known. We in Canada owe to him the measure admitting colonial representatives to the judicial committee of the Privy Council—a



LORD ROSEBERY.

idealistic, statesmen can ill be spared by his country.

step towards federation more satisfactory as more feasible than any plan of an imperial Zollverein. Such a man should do his country splendid service. It is most disappointing to read of him in these times of crisis, leaving the leadership of his party to Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord Kimberley, and sunning himself on the Riviera. Perhaps, as he put it once, the task of driving a chariot without being allowed to enter that chariot, was beyond human skill; perhaps his fondness for the turf makes his leadership impossible to a party whose mainstay is the serious English middle class; perhaps he finds his books and pen more pleasant employment. But the racy writer and brilliant speaker, the democratic peer, the practical, yet

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Space will allow of only a word on this head. In France the Bourgeois ministry resigned in April 1896, and was succeeded by that of M. Méline; in Switzerland a presidential election took place on December 17, the Federal Assembly electing Dr. Adolphe Deucher; in Portugal, the whole cabinet of Premier Robiero resigned in February because of economic difficulties, Senor Lucien de Castro assuming office in Robiero's place; in Russia, the great event, the coronation of the Czar took place on May 26; in Italy, as already told, Crispi has been succeeded by the Marquis di Rudini. In Austria, the other day, the whole Badeni cabinet resigned, but was almost immediately induced to resume its functions.

THE UNITED STATES.

The presidential election of 1896 in the United States was more than usually remarkable. A difficult economic problem formed the great issue; and democracy was sorely tried. The triumph of McKinley and the gold standard was viewed in this country naturally as only the less of two evils.

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For the name McKinley had a similar connection with a high tariff; and it was peculiarly unfortunate that just at the time a party pledged to freer trade came into power in Canada, the protectionist régime should be inaugurated in Washington. However, as during the past few years we have been finding other markets for our goods, and as now we are to be provided with a complete system of cold storage for the products we are sending to Britain, we can afford to stand on our dignity. That Immigra-



PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

tion Bill, too, is likely to make our relations with our neighbor distinctly less cordial. President Cleveland won hosts of friends in Canada when he vetoed the measure and described it as "illiberal, narrow and un-American," but it was the veto of a retiring president, and the Bill bids fair to become law yet. Very well, Brother Jonathan, we have been brought up in the Christian practice of dealing a straight from-the-shoulder blow at any one who smites us on the cheek, and the eagerness of two worthy members

of the Dominion Parliament to be the first to propose a retaliatory measure is a good indication of Canadian spirit. With our new markets and newer mines we'll make shift to get along without your assistance, you dear domineering big brother. And you can't play in our gold fields any more.

* * *

EVENTS IN OTHER
LANDS.

Elsewhere, the year has not been particularly memorable. Mexico seems settling down to a practically monarchical government under President Diaz, inaugurated for the fifth time, amid the great rejoicings of the people. Ireland has been wonderfully quiet, all things considered, though she has had a word or two to say on the subject of her fair share of the imperial burdens. The Irish party seems to be acquiescing in the régime of Dillon, as was shown by his re-election to the leadership in January. As for Home Rule, it grows dimmer and dimmer. In New Zealand occurred a signal defeat of the Prohibition party,—in spite of the fact that many women polled votes! India is suffering from a famine compared with which the Irish famine of 1845 fades into insignificance. India is undoubtedly England's greatest problem now. The situation is so entirely different from that of any other of her dependencies that a different plan of treatment is necessary. Self-government seems quite out of the question, and yet despotic government, even with the qualifications introduced by Britain, is not in keeping with British political ideals. Just now, however, the awful question is how to save those hungry millions from absolute starvation. Generous aid is coming in from all quarters, but will it be in time? It is a frightful situation.

* * *

CHURCH AND
STATE IN CANADA.

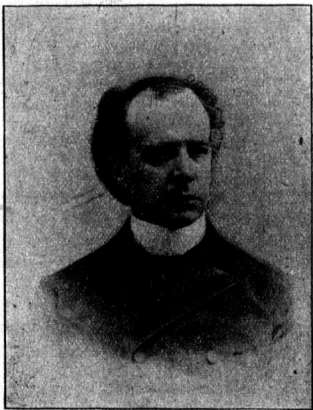
It is scarcely necessary in a journal published in this country to touch on incidents familiar to all. Yet, it would be unpardonable to pretend to give even such a cursory review of the year's history as this article can only attempt, and to pass over without comment our own country, particularly as its history during the past twelve months has been more than usually interesting. Two great questions have come up—the measure of control which may be properly exercised by the Federal over a Provincial Government, and the relation which the church should bear to the state. Provincial autonomy has certainly been strengthened by the triumph of Manitoba in the memorable controversy over the school question,—so strengthened that in an entirely different question, now before the Commons at Ottawa, the Federal Government seems little disposed to yield to the passionate pleading of a British Columbia member for interference in the affairs of his province. The second of the two great questions—the relation of church to state—has been apparently settled by the establishment of the

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unqualified supremacy of the latter. It seems an anomaly and an anachronism that such a question could possibly be raised in a British colony, and in the nineteenth century. But exactly the same clerical weapons that were used in the old days of French Canada, when strife between governors and bishops waxed fierce and furious, have been used with telling force in these latter days. And yet, in the very stronghold of Catholicism, the state has won its most signal victory. It certainly looks as if a momentous change were taking place in Quebec; a change compared by some to that which came over England during Reformation days. Just where the clerical influence is legitimate, will probably be more clearly defined now that Mgr. Merry del Val—though we scarcely know to what cause we are to attribute the honor of his visit to us—has arrived on the scene. Meanwhile, Mr. Laurier's luck lasts—Cornwall and Stormont—Bonaventure—Wright—everything comes his way. Beware of the fate of Polyocrates, O Favorite of Fortune!



HON. WILFRID LAURIER.

THE MANTLE OF
SIR JOHN
MACDONALD.

Liberals love to point out a resemblance between Mr. Laurier and the late and still lamented Sir John Macdonald. The new premier does seem to have a good deal of the kind of charm that distinguished the great Tory chieftain. But comparisons are misleading and prophecies uncertain. Mr. Laurier has still to show what he can do as Premier. A great success as a party leader, he had had practically no experience in office—a little over a year under Mackenzie—until he became first minister last July. His programme, as announced on March 25th, in the Speech from the Throne, is an ambitious one, but he has undoubtedly a strong government, and may confidently be expected to do good things for Canada. If he should in a moment of weakness accept a title next summer—when titles will surely be coming down in showers—let him look out for his popularity. Let him—the “democrat to the hilt”—remain as he is, “with none but Manhood's ancient Order starr'd,” if he wishes to retain his

hold on the Canadian people. Let not that Windsor uniform you wore the other day tempt to further toggery and tinsel, O Wilfred of the Sunny Ways! But the fear is baseless. Our gallant premier needs no ennobling, for is he not already a knight, "sans peur et sans reproche"?

* * *

GROWTH OF
INDEPENDENCE
IN CANADIAN
POLITICS.

Slowly, but surely, blind partyism in this country seems to be giving place to a more rational political creed. The number of independent members in the Canadian Parliament is still small, but their influence is making itself felt. If there were only a few more members courageous enough to say, as Mr. John Ross Robertson said in the House, "Above my head I shall never hear the crack of the party whip," governments would be purer and more efficient. However, the outlook of Canada is brightening, and as along with the clearing of the political horizon come indications of improved economic conditions, and of development of unsuspected wealth, Canadians have every reason to congratulate themselves. We are moving on.

* * *

AN OMINOUS SIGN
OF THE TIMES.

In the above summary of the events of the year, there is a serious omission. The great event has not been chronicled. For the Cretan struggle and the Arbitration Treaty sink into insignificance when compared with this other event. Not in the time of fiercest election fighting, not in the presence of a possible war, was the excitement so intense throughout a whole continent as it was on the 17th of March, over an affair which took place in a certain western town, where two animals engaged in a brief but sanguinary fray, while several thousands of other animals looked on. Oh no! this is not a page of ancient history put in by mistake; not a Roman gladiatorial contest. Oh dear, No! The Romans were not quite so bad as that. The animals that furnished their pugilistic entertainment were of the human variety, it is true, but slaves, not freemen. It remains for the two freest nations under the shining sun to produce such specimens as those that gave that delectable performance on the memorable day of St. Patrick. It is useless to moralize over these things, but it is painful to the student of history and of human nature to find so much of animalism perpetuating itself through the ages, so many more signs of the "Descent" than of the "Ascent" of man, "so slow the growth of what is excellent." In the presence of such things, faith in humanity is the hardest of all creeds to accept.

NELLIE SPENCE.

For the accompanying illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of *The Globe*.

A BALLAD.

By EVELYN DURAND.

HER happiness she drew
Like some rich robe around her,
Her olden garb she threw
Aside with that strong zone of blue,
Which formerly had bound her.

And in this web of light,
As if it were securer,
She lived by day and night,
And though they fled before her sight,
She thought it would endure her.

But when her worldward eyes
Became by looking clearer,
With ominous surmise
She saw a multitude in guise
Of evil, drawing nearer.

And in her troubled ear,
Their varied miseries bringing,
These many shapes of fear,
In notes indisputably clear,
Set all their discords ringing.

Beneath her gems her heart,
By grief and pity rended,
Heaved till it burst apart
Her robe—and there was not an art
By which it could be mended.

And then in nakedness
One came, and asked for cover,
Whom, in her new distress,
Unfastening her dazzling dress
She would have put it over

Had not a sweeping wind,
 Seizing its most frail texture,
 Left naught of it behind
 To make her richer or more kind
 Than he who shivered next her.

Awhile she lay, and where
 It was, there is no learning,
 Until the soul lies there,
 And with the memory of wide air,
 Feels not a place of turning.

But quietly at last,
 An upward movement making,
 She smiled where she was cast,
 She smiled and turned not to the past,
 But rose like one awaking.

Nor went she robeless on,
 But her old garb and girdle found,
 Strewn where the warm sun shone,
 Where she had thrown them off, upon
 The patient, fruit-producing ground.

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A REMINISCENCE.

BY E. GARDINER.

THE months of August and September, 1884, were anxious ones for a small band of young women, who were eagerly awaiting the privilege of entering the halls of University College. For some years, University examinations had been open to women, and several had availed themselves of the opportunity thus presented, but how or where to make preparation for these examinations was puzzling the minds of various eager aspirants for higher education.

A year before, these same girls had sent applications for admission, signifying their desire to be registered students of the College. These were to be laid before the College Council, but little or no notice was taken of them until after the College had re-opened in October. Then each of the applicants received a letter from the learned President, stating at great length all the evils that might arise, were the doors of University College opened to women. At the same time the Doctor outlined a scheme which he had in his mind. To quote his own words :

"What I desire, and heartily aim at, is the establishment of a Provincial College for Women, erected on the University grounds, placed under the charge of a Lady Principal and Instructors of its own ; but where also the Professors and Lecturers of this College might take some part in the instruction. The lady students could have full advantage of the library, the philosophical apparatus, etc., and would be cordially admitted to every privilege of undergraduates suitable for them."

Unfortunately, however, the Doctor forgot that while this Utopian scheme was in process of preparation, several young women at various stages of a university career were wholly without provision. This letter discouraged but did not baffle them or their ardent supporters.

During the next few months, the *Globe* opened its columns for full discussion of the subject of co-education and the higher education of women. A list of questions was submitted to prominent educationists of our own land, the United States, and England, and the answers received were published at length. All who watched the main currents of the year perceived that a change was approaching.

On March 6th, 1884, in the Local Legislature, Mr. Gibson of Hamilton moved that in the opinion of the House provision should be made for the admission of women to University College. Messrs. Harcourt and Ross warmly supported Mr. Gibson, and, after a prolonged and intensely interesting discussion, the motion passed.

The year went by, however, without any action being taken by the University authorities, and again a college year was to begin with the coveted admission apparently no nearer than before.

Encouraged by their friends, these young women then determined to force an issue, and early in September, 1884, they sent their fees, announcing their intention to present themselves as students of University College. A change of registrars had just occurred, and the new registrar received the fees in good faith and sent genuine receipts to all the applicants.

The girls were jubilant, and thought at last their hour of triumph was at hand. Their hopes were, however, suddenly crushed, when from the Registrar came the following letter :

"As no change has been made with respect to the admission of students to University College, I have the honor to remit to you the amount —\$20.00—which you sent me."

Driven to desperation, they then wrote to the Registrar, stating that they had been advised that they had a legal right to attend lectures, and would accordingly present themselves as students on October 1st.

The fateful day arrived, and with awful forebodings but with courage screwed to the sticking place, the young women were prepared to go to the lectures, the expressed opinion of the Legislature giving them confidence that they would not be ejected. Imagine the relief when, upon opening the morning *Globe*, the first editorial was seen to bear the heading "Women at University College." It announced that it had been decided to admit women to the lectures at University College, and that temporary internal arrangements for their convenience were to be made at once.

On account of the necessary work of preparation, the opening of the College was postponed until Monday, October 6th. That morning at 9 o'clock the three pioneers entered University College, one taking her place in the lecture room of the venerable Professor Young, and the two others hearing as their first lecturer, Mr. VanderSmitten, who gave them a cordial greeting. The private room of the latter had been fitted up as a waiting-room for the girls, and Miss Salter was installed in charge as Lady Superintendent.

Within a week, three others joined their ranks ; in November, another came ; and before the end of the year the number had increased to eleven.

The young women had no reason to complain of their treatment at University College. From the first, they were at all times shown courtesy by both students and professors.

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Dr. Wilson's lecture on Ethnology that first morning, was largely a description of the formation of the skull. Exhibiting many skulls, he showed how to distinguish those of men and women, and holding up a highly developed one, he remarked that that skull had belonged to a Roman woman, who, had she lived in our own day, would, no doubt, have availed herself of opportunities for higher education; and, bowing to the young women, he continued, that possibly she also would have presented herself for admission to a university. After the lecture, he asked the young women to retire to his private room, where he assured them of his good-will towards them, and encouraged them to call upon him whenever they required assistance.

Feeling that their presence in the College was an experiment, the girls deemed it wise to meet and draw up a code of regulations which were to govern their movements. They were prompted to do this, too, because orders had been sent from the President, forbidding them to stand in the halls at the bulletin boards or before the Lecturer's doors. These regulations were signed by all the girls in attendance, each recognizing that a great responsibility rested upon her to prove that what women wanted was higher education and not, as had been tauntingly suggested, co-education.

Accommodation for women students was at first somewhat crude. The lack of a reading-room and of access to the library catalogues was keenly felt, but all were so devoutly thankful for admission to lectures that minor matters were cheerfully overlooked. Mr. McKim, of Crimean fame, proved a warm friend, and contributed largely to the comfort of all. Gradually improvements were introduced. Unbounded was the delight when Mr. Keyes took the initiative in duplicating notices and sending them to the waiting-room. Miss Salter, "rich in saving coming-sense," looked wisely after the interests of the young women.

Every girl in attendance felt herself under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Houston, recognizing that he had been a prime mover in the opening of University College to women. Frequently he was appealed to for advice, and all had confidence in him as a wise counsellor.

Invitations came from the male students, requesting the young women to join them in their societies, but these were respectfully declined, without permission being asked of Dr. Wilson. The nucleus of a Modern Language Club was formed at once, that all engaged in that study might seek to acquire fluency in conversation.

At the May examinations, three presented themselves in the fourth year, one in the third, two in the second, and two in the first. Of the others in attendance two were but occasional students, and one had been obliged to desist from failure of eyesight. All who wrote were successful.

Thus was exemplified that truth, "The old order changeth; yielding place to new," till now women have a firm foothold in the precincts of the

College, even being there in numbers approximating to those of the young men, few of them being aware of the anxieties and struggles of their pioneer sisters before the eventful day when University College was proclaimed open to women.



MISS FRESHETTE—IN OCTOBER.

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CHOOSING THE MINISTER.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON.

THE congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, Moretown, was without a spiritual head. This state of affairs had been known before. It occurred frequently at irregular intervals. Presbyterian Moretown, departing from Calvinistic precedent, chose hastily and repented at leisure, with the result that a succession of ministers had joyfully resigned the care of this large and wealthy congregation. The last incumbent had, in fact, hastened to put a continent between him and his late charge.

The Moderator of the Presbytery then, in the usual impressive manner, declared the pulpit vacant. The Session duly arranged that candidates for the position should occupy the pulpit in succession for the ensuing three months. The ministers came, and the congregation, Argus-eyed and elephant-eared, sat in judgment upon them. So far all was decent and in order.

At the expiration of the three months, the Moderator called the congregation together for the purpose, as he announced, "of ascertaining if it is now in a position to proceed with a call." The meeting was held, and is still alluded to by those who were absent in terms of the deepest regret.

The Moderator, the Reverend James Meeking—deaf, fretful and highly nervous—opened with a prayer, Presbyterian as to length and orthodoxy. Beside him on the platform—the meeting was held in the lecture-room attached to the church—sat the secretary of the meeting, Dick Garret, in private life a rising book-keeper. He was surrounded by an air of importance, a long lead pencil, and a new, black, fierce-looking mustache. The Moderator explained the object of the meeting, pointing out the steps which had already been taken; "and now," he ended, "I would again impress upon you that we are met, not for the purpose of calling a minister, but of ascertaining if the congregation is ready to proceed with a call. In the event of your being of one mind in this direction, I shall summon another meeting two weeks from to-night, when you can decide upon what pastor to invite."

"Master Moderator, before the motion is put, I wud like to ax you a question," came with the force of an explosive from old Edwards, who suddenly and unwarrantedly took the floor, stamping his cane with every word he uttered. He was the stationmaster, red-faced, white-bearded, with

small, fierce black eyes, and was constantly at loggerheads with the half of the inhabitants who were susceptible to quarrels. For three years he had been Mayor of the town. He was elected the first year as a joke, the second because there was a dearth of candidates, the third because he had just lost all his small savings and people were sorry for him. He offered himself for a fourth term and received one vote. He then swore vigorously at the whole population and retired into active church work.

"I would just like to ax you a question," he repeated. "Why (thump) was the gentleman——"

"What does he say?" peevishly asked Mr. Meeking of the secretary.

"He wants to ask you a question before the motion is put," replied Dick.

"What motion?"

Dick looked hopelessly around for it. Not finding it on the ceiling or elsewhere, he answered cheerfully: "Guess there ain't one."

"There is no motion," repeated Mr. Meeking, looking vaguely in front of him, everywhere but at old Edwards, not having as yet located the voice.

"Beg pairdon, beg pairdon," said the late mayor fiercely, giving a final terrific thump as he sat down. The nervous Moderator jumped. "What does he say now?" hurriedly grasping Dick's shoulder. Dick repeated the apology.

"Oh, very well, very well," Mr. Meeking went on irritably; "now I really do not know the best method of arriving at this result of finding out whether you are ready to proceed in this matter. I might ask some one to speak, I suppose." He paused and looked around, hesitating. Half a dozen men cleared their throats. "But perhaps a vote"—visible disappointment manifested itself throughout the masculine portion of the audience—"or," vaguely, "some gentleman may have something to suggest, and——" There was a possibility that this chance might slip by also; so, while the Moderator hesitated, the town tailor, John Maclean, jumped up.

"I feel sure the congregation is ready, from what I hear around, people coming into the shop and one thing and another, and——"

"Muster Moderator, I would like fur to ax you a question," interrupted old Edwards explosively. "Why did the gentleman which preached last Sunday get only one Sunday and them others two? Answer me that, will you?"

In the dramatic pause which ensued Mr. Maclean endeavored to continue his speech.

"I has the floor, I has the floor, Brother Maclean," roared the station-master. "Sit down," pointing his stick at the astonished tailor. The latter sat down, then, promptly regretting his muscular weakness, stood up again and tried at intervals to cut in.

"I'm not speaking on behalf of myself," went on the irate old man;

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"there's those in the congregation as would like to hear Muster Murray again, and they would like for to try to get him next Sunday." (Thump, thump.)

"What are they saying?" whispered Mr. Meeking, fidgeting with the secretary's coat collar. Dick explained. The Moderator leaned forward impressively toward the late mayor.

"Do I understand that the gentleman wishes to make a motion?"

"I do, Mr. Moderator," came from the unexpected quarter of Mr. Maclean. "I move that we are now ready to proceed with a call."

Old Edwards nearly had a fit. "Muster Moderator," he ejaculated, spluttering with rage, "I want to ax you a question. I like things fair and aboveboard—" A subdued titter arose from the back of the church in pleasureable remembrance of Mr. Edwards' municipal reputation. He glared fiercely about him and continued: "I like things fair and aboveboard, and it's not treating Mr. Murray, and us as would like to hear him, right."

Mr. Meeking, by dint of beffding in old Edwards' direction with his hand behind his ear, had managed to hear the remark.

"Does the gentleman," he began; then in an irritated aside to Dick, "what is his name? Oh, yes, does Mr. Edwards wish to make an amendment?"

"I don't care," grimly, "what way you put it. I want justice."

"In the meantime," said a bland voice as Dr. MacTavish arose, "allow me to second Mr. Maclean's motion."

"Certainly, certainly," hurriedly agreed the relieved Moderator. "Now does anyone second Mr. Edwards' amendment?"

"Mr. Moderator, will you let me speak now?" and the humorist of the church, a strayed Irishman, Tim Doolan, rose briskly to his feet. "I may be wrong, and again I may be right; but it's my impression that Mr. Edwards' amendment is not an amendment at all, for I'm thinking it's a direct negative—"

"It's not my amendment," observed the stationmaster sulkily.

"I beg your pardon most humbly," returned Mr. Doolan, bowing profoundly; "I thought I had heard your dulcet tones during the course of the evening; but—"

"What are they saying?" asked Mr. Meeking in an anxious whisper. Dick rehearsed the speeches.

"You have heard the motion," began the Moderator sharply, "made by Mr. Maclean and seconded by—who was the seconder?" fretfully to Dick—"by Dr. MacTavish, that you are now ready to proceed with a call. Now then—"

"I would like to ax you a question, Mr. Moderator. I like things fair and above—"

The Moderator interrupted impatiently: "Will you kindly put your objections in the form of an amendment? Do I understand that you are not ready to proceed with a call?"

"No, sir." (Thump.)

"Well then. Now," standing up straight and folding his hands with the points of the fingers out, "you have heard the amendment made by Mr. Edwards——"

"He can't make an amendment, Mr. Moderator," expostulated Henry Neil, whose wife had once given an afternoon tea. It is true that the ladies came early with their knitting, stayed until night, and ever afterwards regarded her as a particularly stingy person because the refreshments were handed around. But Mrs. Neil had made a creditable emulation of city life and rested in dignified contentment. "It's a direct negative and——"

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Meeking peevishly, "what does it matter? Let him have his amendment. It can do no harm. I shall put the amendment first——"

"It's not in order, Mr. Moderator," said Tim Doolan smilingly. "It——"

"What does he say?"

Dick grinned. "He says you are out of order." The astonished Moderator gasped.

"Sir," he ejaculated, "I cannot have this—I—I——" pointing a long arm at Tim, "I must request you to leave the building," and he nervously rubbed his hands together.

Old Edwards, who was in the direct line between the Moderator and Tim, took the request as personal and jumped up in a fury. Doolan was already on the floor. Both started in at the unfortunate Moderator. Some time elapsed before he could call them to order.

"I has the floor," shouted the stationmaster.

"It's a tempest in a teapot," skilfully interpolated Tim; "if you'd let me explain——"

"I saw him get up first, Mr. Edwards, I saw him get up first," got in the excited Moderator. "Go on, sir."

"I merely wished to tell you, Mr. Moderator," said Tim good-naturedly, "that you couldn't put his worship's—begging your pardon for forgetting that you are not now alas! the honored mayor of the town—amendment for the simple reason that no one seconded it unless I do it myself, which I will just to give the old man a show."

By this time old Edwards exhibited every sign of an internal volcano and Mr. Meeking hastened to put the amendment. It had two votes, those of the mover and the seconder. The motion carried by a large majority. The Moderator then formally asked the meeting: "Is it your wish that you

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now proceed to express your preference for any particular gentleman?" And the speeches of the evening began.

Henry Neil first arose. His speech had obviously been carefully prepared. "Mr. Moderator, I believe there has been one gentleman which preached in the pulpit which came with the highest recommendations from Professor McGregor to me, which speaks well for any man, and he can handle the Bible class second to none, which I ought to know, for I have managed the Sunday school for twenty-two years," was heard by the congregation with a unit of satisfaction. "As a pulpit speaker he is second to none and gave most uniform pleasure to all that heard him, which is a good test to any man, and his ability is equal to any gentleman in the Province, which is shown in his successful efficiency in his past work. I believe as a worker, which is a man as can go round among us and a gentleman, he is a suitable man. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Gregg of Montreal."

Henry sat down amidst a buzz of admiration. Old Mrs. Anderson, who always carried her psalm-book to church, and when the minister gave out a hymn, turned to the corresponding number in the Psalms and sang it through irrespective of metre, remarked aloud: "Ye should be i' the pulpit yoursel', Hendry," to the vast delight of the younger and giddier portion of the audience.

"Muster Moderator," angrily demanded old Edwards, "will you tell me why that man from Montreal, when he was here, was axed if he wud take the position and none of them others was axed the same question? I like things fair and aboveboard, and I ax you, Muster Moderator (thump), why was he picked out and favored and taken around and given to understand that he could have the place? Tell me that. There's those here wud like to know why, and I'm not speaking on behalf of myself, but them as has spoke to me and now sit in the back seats and keep their mouths shut," glaring at the seats in question, the unhappy inhabitants of which vainly tried to look unconscious, "why was he treated different I ax you? Why did that committee (Mr. Edwards put the accent on the last syllable) not say the same to them others? I ax you——"

"I think you are out of order," quickly put in the Moderator, for whom Dick had been interpreting; "still if anyone——"

"Mr. Moderator," fell in the pleasant tone of Mr. Doolan, "I came here to-night unprepared to speak, but after some remarks which has been said heretofore to-night, I feel like saying a word or two in support of Mr. Edwards' position. I don't want to see a split in the congregation" (grunts of incredulity from various parts of the audience were heard. Mr. Doolan's love for scraps was well-known), "and his motion——"

"Not any motion," interrupted old Edwards sulkily; "I won't press the motion, Brother Doolan, if the congregation don't wish to hear the gentleman."

"You forget, Mr. Edwards," reproved Tim, "that we are not in lodge. Mr. Doolan, if you please, *not* Brother Doolan. I speak," he continued, "in the cause of justice, not that I care myself, for I think that Mr. Gregg is just the man for us. I like him splendid, but there's others to be considered, and some of the others was real nice gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Burns for instance."

He paused blandly, while as he had expected and hoped, strong murmurs of dissent arose. He was spoiling for a fight and old Edwards had failed him. Mr. Burns had remarked in the course of his sermon that if the congregation would prayerfully consider whether they were fit to have such and such a minister, instead of his fitness for them, a great deal of unchristian sentiment would be avoided. To mention his name was to flaunt a superlatively red rag.

"And others," he resumed smilingly, "we would like to hear such as we have not heard yet; and Mr. Edwards' friend which preached last Sunday——"

"He's not my friend," contradicted the stationmaster fiercely. Tim placidly continued: "We could put them all in a motion together and be friendly-like all around."

"What *does* he say?"

"I think," replied Dick, "that they don't want to vote for Mr. Neil's motion to call Mr. Gregg."

"Then," asked the exasperated Moderator, "why don't they make a motion to that effect?"

"That's what I do," returned Tim cheerfully. "I move in amendment that we hear some others before we decide. Perhaps his Worship will second the amendment?"

Old Edwards ignored the insult in the mode of address and sulkily objected: "What's the use of hearing Mr. Murray again when they've decided on the man from Montreal?"

"I second Mr. Doolan's amendment," broke in a quavering voice from the back of the church, as old McPherson, the wealthy elder, arose. He was deaf as the Moderator and seconded the amendment only because some evilly-disposed youth had informed him surreptitiously that it was against having the choir sing anthems.

"Did any one second the motion?" inquired the secretary wearily.

"I take much pleasure in seconding that motion. I believe Mr. Gregg to be the most suitable man we could procure——" Thus far Mr. Stirling when

"Muster Moderator, I want to ax Mr. Stirling a question. Did he wait on any of them other ministers and go round with them and show them the manse and ax them if it was good for their health, and they say it was the very thing, and fust-rate for the children?"

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"My friend, Mr. Edwards, is equal to his best days in the town council," put in Tim in a loud aside.

Old Edwards turned threateningly on the speaker.

"I'll speak to you, Mr. Doolan, when we adjourn," and sat down.

Tim wriggled with delight.

"What do they say?" asked the worried Moderator.

"Just an appointment for a little social distraction," said Tim cheerfully.

The Moderator gave it up and hurried to put the amendment.

"Why, Mr. Moderator, was the man from Montreal told all about the members of the congregation; I ask you that?"

"No tongue could tell all about you," suggested Tim, in tones meant to convey a suggestion of delicate flattery.

Then the committee arose in succession and explained. They walked around the subject, hinting vaguely at the college work of Mr. Gregg, and his not having come as a candidate, and the necessity for asking him his intentions, acknowledging unintentionally that they had done all they had been accused of and generally mixing up the subject, with every remark subject to sudden and violent interruptions from old Edwards, until in sheer disgust Dick Garret arose.

"The managers merely wish to say, Mr. Moderator, that since Mr. Gregg is engaged in college work they had first to ascertain whether he were eligible. I think that is all."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Meeking hastily, "and now I hope the gentleman is satisfied," looking at old Edwards, who sat still breathing hard, "and I shall proceed to the amendment."

"Mr. Moderator, you can't have an amendment to a nomination," said Dr. MacTavish, plaintively.

"Oh, dear, dear," said Mr. Meeking, nervously, "really—I—I—really you must allow me to proceed in the manner I have been accustomed to." He summoned up courage and spoke firmly. "Now I shall put the motion."

The motion carried, the amendment receiving the customary two votes.

"Muster Meeking," burst in old Edwards, "a lot of them that voted is not legally qualified voters, not members of the church. You had ought to call the roll (thump) and keep out them as has no right to vote. It's not bonny fidy."

"There was no gentleman preached," remarked Mr. Neil, irrelevantly and unexpectedly, "which could handle the prayer-meeting like Mr. Gregg. A lot of youse never come near the prayer-meeting, and then you think you are fit to come here and pronounce upon a minister, when you never seen him in prayer-meeting, and——"

"If you mean me," roared the stationmaster, "I tell you I am as fit as any man. Wasn't I mayor of this town for three years? Answer me that."

"You were, indeed," agreed Mr. Doolan, politely. "And that you are not still cannot be laid up against you."

"Havers, but it's plain it's a man's meeting," said old Mrs. Anderson aloud in disgust, "it's nothing but talk, talk, talk."

"Mr. Edwards," ejaculated the Moderator, who had failed to hear anything since the latter's latest thunderbolt. "I decline to call the roll. To my mind it would be a most ungracious proceeding to exclude the adherents, who perhaps take as prayerful an interest in the choice of a minister as you do."

"That's a good one on his Worship," parenthetically observed Mr. Doolan.

"Now," firmly, "you have expressed as a congregation your mind on this matter, and I trust," sarcastically, "thrashed out a good deal of unpleasantness——"

"Not yet," murmured Tim, ecstatically.

"——and I hope the atmosphere is cleared. Two weeks from to-night we shall meet to moderate in a call."

The benediction was then pronounced and the meeting dispersed, various as to groups and to states of mind.

After hard work among the disaffected, the call was made unanimous to Mr. Gregg. The call was accepted. Latest reports from Moretown state that the minister and old Edwards go round arm in arm, and that the latter is fond of asseverating complacently that it takes him to choose a minister.

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CANADA'S CAPITAL.

BY MAUD C. EDGAR.

To a stranger visiting Ottawa the main point of interest is Parliament Hill, and thither his steps will surely tend at the first opportunity. On entering the main gate, which is of wrought iron, with carved stone posts, he will find himself on a broad path separating two large, velvety lawns. On his right hand is the Eastern Block, in which the Governor-General has his office, also the Minister of Justice, and many another high dignitary. Here also is the chamber in which the Privy Council meets for weighty consultations. On his left hand stands the Western Block, the main features of which is the lofty and graceful tower, built by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. In front of him, and approached by wide stone steps, is the portico and high tower of the Main Building, which is flanked by symmetrical and well-proportioned wings, whose monotony is relieved by two smaller towers on each side.

If he is wise, he will now turn to his left, and, skirting the western corner, he will find himself on one of the most beautiful terraces imaginable. Tastefully ornamented with trees, shrubs and flower-beds, it extends to the edge of a cliff, the height of which is a surprise to one who has approached by a very gradual slope from the south. The cliff is thickly wooded, and is broken only by a path, called the Lover's Walk, which encircles it about half-way down. Below lies the beautiful Ottawa river, and the attention is attracted by the roar of rapids to where the Chaudière Falls seethe and foam about a mile to the west. Across the river, and beyond long piles of lumber, which are picturesque enough at a little distance, rise the towers and steeples of Hull, and still farther, as far as the eye can reach, the blue-Laurentian Mountains stretch in graceful undulations until they are lost in a hazy distance.

If the sun is just setting behind these hills, casting long purple shadows, and lighting up little clouds of mist till they look like tiny silver lakes, suddenly appearing at the touch of a fairy's wand, it will be hard to turn from such beauties to admire man's handiwork again. Yet this is by no means to be despised when it appears in such exquisite workmanship as in the Parliamentary Library. The Library is a circular, or, rather, a many-sided building, of beautiful design. The exterior is broken by many pinnacles, which crown the buttresses at each angle of the polygon, and extend about half way up. The roof then gradually slopes in, till each sec-

tion is terminated by a high Gothic window; above these it narrows to a pointed spire. Such a description is, however, quite inadequate to convey the impression of perfect proportion and finished detail which the exterior of this building affords.

In order to gain a good view of the structures as a whole, it is well to cross the river and see them from the Chelsea road. At this distance the three buildings are merged into one mass of graceful turrets and spires, half hidden in blue haze, which form themselves into ever more fascinating combinations at every change of the gazer's position. Still another impression do they convey when viewed from the water below on a moonlight night. As the boat suddenly rounds a bend in the river, high above, on the top of a steep cliff, they loom up cold and hard and black against the starlit sky, and seem utterly inaccessible in their stern isolation.

But we must not forget that these buildings are but the outward expression of the law and order of a nation, and that, within their walls, stirring scenes are almost daily enacted. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and our visitor will surely enter the main door and despatch a page with his card to some friendly member, who may perhaps be able to obtain for him, from the Speaker, a seat in his gallery. In the meantime he mounts a few steps to the left and finds himself in a large vestibule, which is used also as the members' postoffice. From here he can see two corridors which extend along each side of the chamber, but he may not enter them, for their doors are sternly guarded by Dominion policemen, and none but members or their wives are allowed to pass. One of these corridors terminates directly in the Speaker's apartments; the other, which leads to the reading room, library, etc., is hung with portraits of former Speakers, some of which are very good paintings. The corridors at this hour are full of members, eagerly discussing questions which are not always political, while they await the arrival of some of the Cabinet in order that the Speaker may take the chair and the business of the evening may proceed. A page soon arrives with permission to conduct him to the Speaker's gallery, and very willingly he follows him upstairs. On taking his seat he has time to examine the chamber before proceedings begin. It is a large oblong room, running north and south, and surrounded by galleries. Opposite him, and immediately above the Speaker's chair, which is in the middle of the west side of the room, is the reporters' gallery. It is a balcony, which contains but one row of seats, and is built out below the main gallery, so that the reporters may be nearer the floor of the House, and thus hear the speeches better. The correspondents of Ministerial organs sit to the right of the Speaker, while those of the Opposition journals have seats at his left. The division to the left of the Speaker's gallery is reserved for Senators and their friends, and beyond that is the visitors' gallery. The ladies' gallery, which is not, like the English one, enclosed by an iron grating, nor is the same rigid

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silence observed there, occupies the south end of the chamber. The west and north galleries are open to the public, who avail themselves very freely of the privilege of listening to the debates.

But there is a stir at the door, and the Speaker enters, wearing a black silk gown adorned at the back of the neck with a large rosette of black ribbon, a cocked hat and lavender gloves. He is preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms with his sword at his side. The mace, which is borne in before the Speaker at 3 o'clock every afternoon, is resting on a table in the centre of the chamber, where it remains until the House adjourns at night. The Speaker mounts the dais on which rests his handsomely carved chair, and seats himself. The little pages, looking very trim in their Eton suits and white ties, sit on the steps at his feet until called upon to carry some message for a member. On each side of the Speaker are rows of double desks, extending to the far ends of the chamber. On his right are the Ministerialists, the Premier and his Cabinet occupying seats in the two front rows. Immediately facing them, on the left side, are the leaders of the Opposition, while the rank and file fill the back benches. It is strange to note that though an honorable gentleman is discussing, very ably and somewhat vehemently, a question of great importance, few except the spectators in the galleries seem to pay much attention to him. Most of the members, on both sides, are writing letters, reading newspapers, or preparing future speeches; but it is a noticeable fact that if any personal allusion is made the member for whom it is intended glances up, however deeply immersed in his newspaper he may appear to be.

The debate has continued for some two hours, when the Speaker rises and asks the House if it is ready for a vote. As no one else wishes to speak, he reads the motion before the House, both in English and French, and then says: "Those in favor of the motion will please say 'yea.'" This they promptly do. He then calls upon those who are not in favor of the motion to say "nay," and they also respond vigorously. Thereupon the Speaker decides, according to his judgment, whether the "yeas" or "nays" are in the majority, and gives his decision in favor of the "yeas." As five members rise in their places and call for the recording of the "yeas" and "nays," the Speaker then directs the Sergeant-at-Arms to call in the members.

The whips, who have been anxiously surveying the empty seats all evening, and trying to learn the whereabouts of all absent members of their own party, who have not been paired with absentees of the other side, now hastily leave the chamber to gather in their flock from library, smoking-room or club. The division bell is ringing loudly in all parts of the building. A gay party of guests, who have been refreshing themselves with tea in the Speaker's chambers, hurry through the corridors and up to the gallery to see the fun. There is everywhere an air of suppressed excitement. Until the

Sergeant and whips return, discipline in the House is relaxed. Some one on the floor begins a rousing song, in French probably, and the chorus is taken up by members on both sides.

But the seats have been rapidly filling, and now the Sergeant-at-Arms returns with the whips, who have gathered in all whom they could find. This is the signal for the Speaker to read the motion again, first in English and then in French, after which the voting begins. Those in favor of the motion rise in turn, beginning with the Premier, and as they do so their names are called by the Assistant Clerk, while the Clerk of the House records their vote. The Independent or doubtful members are eagerly watched and their decisions are frequently applauded by the party which they support. When both the "yeas" and the "nays" have been taken, the Clerk of the House announces the numbers, and the Speaker declares the result amid a breathless silence, followed by applause from the victorious party.

As nothing more of importance or interest is likely to come up this evening, it will be a good opportunity to visit the Senate and the Library. The Senate chamber, which is on the opposite side of the main entrance, is a *fac simile* of the Commons chamber in size and shape, but it conveys a totally different impression. The rows of seats and desks run lengthwise instead of across, and they are raised in tiers above one another. The carpet and hangings are red, which has a better effect than the green of the other chamber. Moreover, there is an air of calm repose about it, which is somewhat of a relief after the movement and suppressed excitement of the more numerous and active House.

But a few steps lead to the Library, the height and space of which are astonishing, even to one who has seen its exterior. Its interior diameter is 88 feet, and its height, to the top of the dome, is 140 feet. All around it, at regular intervals, are deep alcoves, each of which contains a table and chairs, and forms a complete little library on some special subject. These alcoves are continued up to a great height, and are lined to the top with handsomely bound books. They are made accessible by two galleries, with floors of heavy glass, which are approached by winding stairs. In the centre is a large statue of Queen Victoria, and busts of many celebrated men connected with Canada add to the beauty and dignity of the whole.

On passing again through the busy corridors, now thronging with the men who make our country's laws, and out into the silent night, the visitor must be impressed by the thought that here, in this noble structure, are assembled together the people's representatives from Victoria to Cape Breton, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, and that upon them depend the peace and prosperity of a nation, which shall one day stand among the foremost of the world.

PHYLLIS.

BY MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

FOOLISH Phyllis flouted me
 When the sun was shining,—
 Toss'd her head coquettishly,—
 Laugh'd at my repining :
 The stream was running fair and free,
 She drew her little canoe apart ;
 Our prows cut the water daintily,
 As she had cut my heart !

Flighty Phyllis, paddling swift,
 Led the gay flotilla,
 Let her craft an instant drift,
 Waved her bright mantilla,—
 Flashed her saucy eyes of blue,
 Cried—her laughing done :—
 "I can paddle my own canoe,
 And there's only room for one !"

Fainting Phyllis fell behind
 As the sun was sinking,
 Worn with rain, and storm, and wind,
 When the stars were blinking.
 Swept the gay flotilla on,
 Nor missed the wee canoe ;
 Cried she : "Night falls, my strength is gone,—
 I think there's room for two !"

SIR WALTER AT HOME.

By HENRIETTA CHARLES.

This is no reminiscences of an octogenarian or nonagenarian contemporary of the great wizard ; it is merely a few thoughts evolved from the mind of a wholly modern pilgrim to the spots hallowed by his life and work. Whatever may be true of latter-day Scotchmen, whether their well-known loyalty to Burns leaves them little to spare for their other great countryman, it may safely be said that to most of us on this side of the water, to whom Scotland is as yet new and fascinating, there is no man in the three kingdoms to-day more alive than Walter Scott.

We walk through the rooms of Abbotsford, touch with reverence his study chair, and pay silent adoration to the calm majesty of Chantry's bust of our great man ; we stand beside the locked gates that bar off his tomb in Dryburgh Abbey ; but it is not there alone that we feel his presence.

He is with us in Melrose Abbey. His hand guides our eye to the beauties of vaulted arch and delicate stone tracery that have survived the buffets of the ages ; with a poet's heart he knew and loved all its features, and from him we learn to love them too, with a far deeper love than any inspired by guide in the flesh, be he never so versed in architectural lore. It is Scott's River Tweed by whose banks we love to wander ; under his spell we are awe-struck in presence of the Eildon Hills cleft in three by Michael Scott's magic word.

Not Queen Mary alone is it, nor John Knox, nor the marks of Monk's cannon balls in the tower of Grey Friars Church, nor the glimpse of Bannockburn in the distance, that invites us most persuasively to "Grey Stirling with her towers and town." Who but our poet is again with us as we explore the old castle, stand on the Lady's Rock, shudder at the sight of the beheading hill, and are almost ready to receive as a fact the information that Roderick Dhu died in the cell whose door is just inside the entrance to the castle.

We have the same sympathetic companionship as our boat sweeps round the majestic windings of Loch Lomond or glides noiselessly over the sleeping surface of Katrine ; with his eyes we search out islet and inlet, and mark the rugged summits and weather-clad sides of the mighty brotherhood of Bens, the mountains that he loved and that we love for his sake as well as their own. It is the same as we drive or stroll through the

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Trossachs, and if we meet with a drenching downpour there, we grumble chiefly because we do not recognize our master in the rain.

Edinburgh, too, I might dwell on, and its associations with the novels, but why multiply particulars? Scotland itself is to us the land of Scott, because it is he who has taught us to know it so well that on first arrival we greet an old friend instead of a new acquaintance. Then too, in its free, wild atmosphere, bracing without harshness, its profusion of bold, natural features, brought sharply into contrast with scenes of softer but not less picturesque beauty, we find the elements that go to the making of that high-bred courage, that fine scorn of treachery towards friends or enemies, and that chivalry towards the weaker, that are seen in his men—even in many of the faulty ones. Exterior qualities, perhaps Matthew Arnold would call these, but fine things nevertheless. Walt Whitman says in the presence of nature, "I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air," and he adds, "I could stay here myself and do miracles." Even the ungifted, drinking deep draughts of Scotland's beauty, almost echoes the latter.

The wise critics have said that Scott is not a great poet; some of them are unwilling even to grant him first rank among novelists; but he gives us something that no one else among the multitude has given us, and freely does he give it, with royal bounty. If not greatness, what is it that brings so many people to worship at his shrines? "Affection," says someone, "we love the man." If a man through his work inspires us with such love, is he not great, and is not his work great?

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A FEMININE BACHELOR HALL.

BY MARY ELIZABETH McOUAT.

THERE is no class of human beings so well cared for, as far as creature comforts are concerned, as the bachelors of New York. The apartments provided for them are like fairy palaces, where every wish is satisfied by the touching of a bell, and buttons grow into their places as if by magic, the one only thing that requires personal attention being the trivial matter of paying the bills. But with the woman bachelor things are altogether different. She has not, it is true, so much money as her male prototype; but that is not why she fares so badly, for her resources are quite sufficient to make it worth while to cater to her needs. The real trouble is that she is an innovation; and society, being somewhat thick-headed and incapable, therefore, of moving very quickly, has not yet had time to adjust itself to the new condition. It will do so eventually, no doubt, in some far-off golden age; and in the meantime the unfortunate woman bachelor must make the best choice she can between the evils at her disposal. The following is a story of how two of them tried to do this.

Before proceeding, however, to narrate their sufferings, it may be well to introduce them. They were both British subjects. That is how they came to fraternize and provides the only possible excuse for inflicting this account of their experiences upon a British public. Their names are of no consequence, but for the sake of convenience we will call them Helen and Edith. Helen was a Canadian and a journalist. Edith was English and was studying vocal music. It may also be well to state, since the possession of personal beauty generally adds interest to a character, that they were both fair to look upon, Helen being statuesque and stately, and Edith fair, petite and dainty.

Their first experiments were with boarding-houses, but it did not take them long to decide that it was useless to continue them. For Helen, particularly, they were an absolute impossibility, since she could not turn up once or twice every day at a certain time and place for her meals, and could not endure the growling attendant upon getting them out of season, nor the expense of eating half the time in restaurants, and paying her board at the same time.

Then began a siege of what is known in New York as "furnished room" life. The victim hires a furnished room and takes his or her meals, as the case may be, in restaurants. A woman generally procures a little oil or gas stove and gets her own breakfast—that is, if the landlady is at all accommo-

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dating and will permit it; for as a rule that estimable person is primed with a bit of fiction about the insurance policy, and no doubt it is dangerous to carry on such operations in one's sleeping apartments. But even with this concession, life in a "furnished room," though infinitely preferable to a boarding-house existence, is very cheerless. It is lonely in the extreme; going out to meals in all kinds of weather is very trying; while a furnished room that is fit for habitation, and is not so expensive as to be out of the reach of the ordinary woman bachelor, is an unknown quantity. Our heroines were not so foolish as to expect to find closets, or hot water, or room enough to dress without standing on the bed, or even light; but they did insist on having a rat-proof apartment. They did not mind mice in the least, but after Edith had all her best handkerchiefs chewed up and the end of her finger chewed off by hungry rodents of the larger variety, neither of them ever took a room again unless it was warranted against such intruders.

They kept up their investigations in this line longer than in the first, for it was just possible to live in a furnished room, while it was quite impossible to do so in a boarding-house. They moved on an average about once a month, and Helen sometimes, rather oftener, as her irregular hours and burning of the midnight oil caused her various landladies to regard her with suspicion as a not quite respectable person, and to complain loudly of the size of their gas bills.

One day, after one of these experiences, Helen met an acquaintance who was going away for the summer, and wanted to rent her studio during her absence. Helen did not have to be asked twice to take it, for she had always wanted to live in a studio, and had only been deterred from so doing by the fact that she had nothing to furnish one with. When she moved in, she felt that, for three months at least, she was going to have a little peace and comfort, and for a time the delight of being able to burn as much gas as she chose to pay for, and of feeling that no one knew or cared what she did, atoned for other inconveniences. Long before fall, however, she had decided that studio life was more romantic than comfortable. One of her principal objections to it was the absence of bath-rooms; and while she discovered on inquiry that there were studios with bath-rooms, she learned at the same time that they were very expensive, and that a studio of any kind, moreover, was the most costly kind of abode that one could find.

At the time our story opens she was again living in a furnished room, while Edith had gone off on a new clue and was experimenting with a distinct variety of domicile, the only thing on earth that is more uncomfortable than a boarding-house, namely, a "Home," spelled with a capital H, if you please. There are any number of these institutions scattered over New York, and any one who has read Sir Walter Besant's "Katherine Regina," knows exactly what they are like. Unhappily, Edith had not read the

book and had never seen a "Home" before. So she walked with open eyes into the net that was spread for her, and at first thought she had entered the confines of Paradise itself. The expense was several dollars less than her living had previously cost her; she had a room to herself, and it was actually provided with a closet; the meals seemed quite satisfactory, and there was a piano in the parlor with no one to use it but herself. Helen, however, regarded the move with supreme disgust from the outset. It was sufficient for her that the guests were not supplied with latch-keys, and how a free-born Briton could submit to such an indignity as that passed her comprehension.

"But think how much more money I will have to spend for the opera," objected Edith.

"And ask permission every time you go," returned Helen.

"I had not thought of that," said Edith dubiously.

"And I suppose you have not observed," continued Helen "that there is no possible way of heating this room. Most of the rooms you have been in heretofore have had some semblance of heat, but this hasn't even that."

Edith laughed and said, "Oh! it will be all right except in the cold snaps, and they don't last long."

Helen paid no attention to her.

"I suppose you have to get down to breakfast at eight," she went on, "and at half-past eight or nine on Sunday; and, of course, your light must be out at half-past ten."

Edith assented, and Helen concluded with:

"Well! If you can stand it, and save any money out of it, it's none of my business; but give me liberty or give me death."

It took only a very short time, however, for Edith to make up her mind that she could not stand it either. She also decided that she could not stand anything that she had previously tried, and the state of desperation to which she had been reduced, led her to suggest something that never would have occurred to her in saner moments, namely, that they should join forces and go to housekeeping. She had a married sister living in New Jersey from whom she thought she could beg or borrow whatever would be necessary to begin with, and she felt sure that even if they had nothing but their beds and a few dishes, they would be less uncomfortable than they were then.

Heretofore she and Helen had acted independently, and this was responsible for much of their sufferings. It would have been far easier to have found tolerable quarters within their means, if they had been willing to occupy a room together; but each would rather have lived in a dry goods box alone than have shared the most magnificent apartment with anyone else. For the same reason also they had refused to have anything to do

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with co-operative housekeeping schemes; they were utterly unable to understand how four or five women could live together in the limited quarters of an ordinary flat and not become deadly enemies. They knew they could not stand each other continuously, and were very sure they could not stand anyone else.

"They are all very pleasant people," said Helen, after a proposal of this kind, "but I don't want to see all of them all the time, and I don't want to share my room with any of them; and I don't want to eat what they do, nor when they do. I don't want to have the same kind of pictures on the walls, and I don't want bows of ribbon tied on the chairs, nor silk draped on the mantle. I don't want pictures of their relatives and fiancés stuck all around the premises. I don't want to see their friends, and they won't want to see mine. And lastly and above all, and especially, I don't want to take off my boots and sneak around like a thief for fear of waking some one when I chance to come home late at night."

Such feelings as these were united in our heroine with a great dislike for domestic cares and occupations, and she therefore treated Edith's suggestion with withering scorn. But Edith had come to the conclusion that this was the right thing to do, and she argued her case so well that Helen came to look upon her plan, first with less disfavor, then with interest, and finally with enthusiasm.

It was a "co-operative apartment," Edith said, that she was proposing. She looked upon such establishments as inventions of the evil one, and was as firmly determined as Helen to have no dealings with them whatever. But two women were not four, nor yet five or six, and these two fitted into each other so perfectly that it seemed clearly contrary to the laws of nature for them to be living separately. They both disliked American cooking and both disliked "clutter;" and she, Edith, was such a sound sleeper that Helen's nocturnal habits would not disturb her in the least. As for pictures, they would not put any in the sitting-room except by mutual consent, and in their own rooms they could do as they pleased; while, as regards their friends, they had none to speak of but each other, and in case they should make any in future, there was no reason why one should inflict hers on the other so long as they had rooms to themselves.

Helen made a few faint objections about the housekeeping and the furnishing, but Edith assured her that the house could be made to keep itself and that they did not need any furniture. Edith meant, of course, that they did not need any thing more than the few bare necessities that she had arranged to get from her sister—a bed, a wardrobe couch, which was to be used as a bed, with what bedding was necessary for both, a dresser, one chair and a few stray dishes—and she had no idea of beginning housekeeping, as they actually did a little later, with literally no furniture.

It was arranged that Edith should find the flat, as she had more time than Helen, and a very hard task it proved to be. But she was too much enamoured of the prospect her imagination had conjured up to be easily induced to give it up, and her efforts were at last rewarded by the discovery of a flat that surpassed the wildest hopes she had ever ventured to indulge in. It was on the upper west side, and was so tiny and yet so perfect in its appointments, that Edith could think of nothing with which to compare it when describing it to Helen, but a doll's house and a jewel box. There were four tiny rooms arranged in a square around a tiny hall, with a bathroom out of all proportion to the size of the whole; and all of these were as light as day, a perfection which only a New York flat-dweller can appreciate. The bedrooms were furnished with ample closets, and the kitchen with a refrigerator, an unusually large cupboard and a range with gas attachments. The bath-room was finished in white enamel and marble, with exposed plumbing and walls in imitation tiling. There was steam heat and hot water, and lastly, as the flat was at the top of the house, with no high buildings between it and the river, a most beautiful view. The chimes of an adjacent chapel began to ring just as Edith finished her inspection, and as she looked out of the kitchen window across the Hudson and saw the sun setting behind the Jersey hills, she was so transported with delight that she almost forgot the subject in hand. When she returned to herself, she asked the attendant janitor how much the rent was, expecting it would be away beyond her, and obtained the astonishing information that it was only twenty dollars a month. That was exactly what they had decided upon as their limit, and the hot water supply made it a great deal less. Edith could not suppress her surprise, and the janitor explained that the apartments were inconveniently located, being a full ten-minutes' walk from any elevated railway station. Edith knew that this would be a disadvantage for Helen, but she also knew that that water-loving young woman would put up with more than that for the sake of a white enamelled bath-tub with hot water that could be turned on at any hour of the day or night, to say nothing of the light and the view; and so, fearful lest some one should discover and appropriate the gem while she was consulting her colleague, she went straight to the agent and closed the bargain by paying as a deposit all the money she had in her purse.

On her return home she wrote to her sister telling her to forward the furniture, and it was decided that they should take possession on Friday, four days later. On Thursday evening, however, Edith was notified that her household goods could not reach her before Monday, and on Friday morning Helen received a card to the same effect.

Now Helen had made all her arrangements for moving on that day, and she was not going to change her plans for circumstances of such little moment as the ones set forth in this communication. Her room was

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engaged by the week, and that week was up Friday evening. If she stayed one day longer in it she would have to pay for seven days, which would be a clear waste of three dollars and a half. Moreover she had packed her trunk and engaged a man to remove it. She intended to move, therefore, and she proceeded immediately to the "Home for Lost Dogs," as Edith had nicknamed her residence, to acquaint that young woman of her purpose.

"But how can we?" objected Edith. "We can't sleep on the floor."

"Yes we can," said Helen. "I can, anyway, and I am going to, moreover, if I have to do it alone."

"But you will be afraid to stay alone," said Edith, who, as yet, had no intention of joining her.

"No I won't," was the confident reply. "Look here," and she drew a tiny pistol from her reticule. "Colt's 22," she went on, "I got it from my uncle. I had to go to him to get money to make up my share of the rent. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Is it loaded?" asked Edith somewhat nervously.

"No, it isn't loaded, and it isn't cocked either, and you observe that I am not pointing it at you."

"It's so little! Would it kill any one?"

"Yes, if the ball struck in the right place. But its moral effect will be just the same as that of a larger one, and I will be just as well pleased, other things being equal, not to kill anyone. Of course, I don't suppose we shall ever have occasion to do so, but I am sure we shall feel vastly more comfortable with the pistol than without it. I often wished for one when I was in the studio. But to come back to our subject, are you going to start housekeeping with me to-day?"

"My dear, I don't see how we can do it, quite apart from the question of sleeping on the floor. I shall have money on Monday, but now I haven't enough to pay the expressman. It was all I could do to scare up the rent, and now the housekeeper here tells me that we will have to pay a deposit of three dollars to the gas company before we can have any light or gas for the range. What are we going to do about that? Have you any money?"

"Not a red," answered Helen elegantly. "I spent it all for the pistol, and I have nothing left that I can pawn. But you must have a lot of things, as you have never patronized your avuncular relation."

Edith put her hand to her throat and took out her brooch, then drew a ring from her finger and handed both to Helen.

"Will that be enough?" she asked. "And will you pawn them for me? I will move to-day if you will. I am ashamed to confess it, but I don't quite see how I could bring myself to go into a pawnshop. I should feel as if the whole world were looking at me."

"And supposing the whole world were?" said Helen. "It is nothing to be ashamed of. I am proud of it. I really can't do it for you, for I have a lot of work on hand to-day, and there is no reason why I should. Go to that place on the corner. I've been there and can recommend it. There is a side entrance which will save your modesty, and delightful little confession boxes inside where no one will ever see you, and then, perhaps, you can attend to the gas too. Ask the housekeeper here which is the best company."

"Well, if you won't do it, I suppose I must," sighed Edith, and they separated.

When they met again it was at the door of their new abode, and the men had just arrived with their trunks. By this time Edith had become quite reconciled to her fate, and the spirits of both had risen so high and rose so much higher as soon as they felt themselves actually under their own vine and fig tree, that the discomforts of the situation were as nothing to them. This was a good thing, for there were even more of them than they had expected. To begin with, there was no gas, for they did not know until the janitor told them that they ought to have ordered it the day before, and they were forced to depend for light on the evil-smelling oil lamp which they borrowed from their informant. Fortunately this individual was more obliging than the generality of his class, for they had also to appeal to him for coal. They had not known where to procure such a commodity, to say nothing of paying for it, and had to have a fire to keep them warm during the night. The janitor furnished it without hesitation, sending up a bundle of kindling along with it, and after they had started a fire, they left it to burn up while they went out to get something for dinner. They bought a tenderloin steak, a quart of potatoes, a can of string beans and a box of dates; and, in spite of the scarcity of their cooking utensils and dishes, they had the best dinner they had eaten in months. For a frying pan they used a little tin pan about five inches in diameter, cutting the bone out of the steak to make it fit. The beans they heated by setting the can in a little water in the tea pot which Helen had used for making tea and coffee in her room. The potatoes occupied a saucepan which Edith happened to possess and which cost just ten cents. Their dishes consisted entirely of a couple of glasses, a cup and saucer apiece, a pewter knife and fork, a silver knife and fork, and a silver spoon, but they found these sufficient for their needs, and decided that more would have been superfluous, particularly when it came to washing them. The saucers did duty as plates, of course, while the repast was served on the stationary tubs in the kitchen, and one of the trunks took the place of chairs.

Dinner being over, the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room to unpack and arrange such belongings as they had. Helen wiped the dust off the

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mantel—which was an unusually pretty one, or rather, less unsightly than most of them—and put her books on the top of it. On the lower shelf Edith placed a cast of the Venus de Milo, which some one had given her to begin housekeeping with. Then by the light of their smoking lamp they studied the effect and decided that their flat was elegantly furnished.

Their bed was the next consideration, and to construct it they selected all their wearing apparel which could be used for that purpose without injury to itself. But before proceeding any farther they were obliged to mop a quarter of an inch of dust off the floor of the kitchen where they had decided to sleep in order to be close to the fire. For this work they made use of the pan in which the janitor had sent up the coal. This done, the floor having been allowed to dry sufficiently they spread the smaller articles on it, reserving the larger ones, which included, fortunately, a steamer rug for covering. Meanwhile they prepared for bed by putting on as many clothes as they thought they could sleep in, and when all was ready Helen loaded her pistol and they put out the light and retired.

For two mortal hours both lay perfectly still, each one fearing to stir lest she should disturb the other. Helen could not suppress an occasional moan and at last she raised herself on her elbow and said softly,

"I say, old chap, are you asleep?"

"I should think not," answered a perfectly wide-awake voice. "What made you think I was?"

"I suppose I had no reason for thinking so," answered Helen, "but you lay so still that I really imagined that you might be sleeping. Do you suppose we will live till morning?"

"Heaven only knows," returned Edith piously.

"What do you say to having some light on the situation," asked Helen.

"If we can't sleep we might as well do something less unpleasant than trying to."

"All right," assented Edith. "I hope you know where the matches are, for I don't."

Helen didn't know either, but after falling over the trunk and breaking one of the family glasses, she succeeded in laying her hands on them. Having secured a light, she sat down on the trunk and began to laugh, while Edith sat up, a most forlorn looking piece of humanity, and rubbed her eyes and her aching limbs alternately.

"The floor is hard, isn't it," commented Helen.

"Yes," said Edith. "It's funny I never thought of it before, but the floor is hard—confoundedly hard. One's own vine and fig tree are all very well, but they seem to have drawbacks at present. We may live till morning, but I don't quite see how we are to survive two more nights of it."

"Do you wish you were in the Home for Lost Dogs?" asked Helen.

"No I don't," said Edith. "We are warm here at least, if we are not

comfortable ; and we had a good dinner. By the way, let's have something more to eat now. Eating is such a consolation."

"Anything on earth that will pass the time," said Helen, and she proceeded to hunt up some cocoa, condensed milk and crackers, that had been among her former housekeeping supplies.

With these they prepared another royal repast and grew so hilarious over it that next day they overheard the occupants of the flat below complaining to the janitor about something that was kept up till three o'clock in the morning. The janitor, however, had conceived an immense respect for the new tenants, notwithstanding their peculiarities, and refused to entertain the complaint. In his opinion the young ladies were too cultivated—with a strong accent on the third syllable—to do anything, whether at 3 a.m., or any other time, with which anyone could have any reason to be dissatisfied. As a matter of fact the people below had much to be thankful for, if they had but known it, for the revellers had half a notion to keep it up till morning light rather than make any more attempts to sleep on the floor. But they thought better of it, and having re-arranged their downy couch they tried it again, with such success that they went to sleep immediately and were only wakened by the postman's ring at half-past eight the next morning.

The mail brought a post-card to Edith from one of the boarders in the Home with whom she had been rather intimate during her stay there. "It makes me perfectly miserable," the communication ran, "to think of you. Do bring Miss Helen and come and stay here over Sunday. There are two vacant beds in my room and the housekeeper says you can have them for a couple of nights. It will be dismal and the meals will be nasty, but you can surely stand it for a day." The invitation was not hailed with much enthusiasm by the recipients, for in spite of the horrors of the night they felt that there were some things worse, and they discussed the matter for some time without being able to come to any decision with regard to it. At last Edith suggested that they go to the Home for dinner, and decide there about staying longer, and it was so agreed.

They met at the Home at half-past six, and after dining with Miss Robey, or "Robey," as Edith called her, they went up stairs to her room. The dinner had been a little more uninteresting than usual, and as a cold snap was in progress, the house was colder and more dismal than usual while Miss Robey's room was like the Arctic regions. Helen and Edith thought of the good dinner they had had before ; of their warm fire, and their hot water ; and of their little sitting-room—with no furniture, it is true, but with sun light and steam heat, and their beautiful Venus standing in armless solitude on the mantel ; and, without having exchanged a word with each other on the subject, they decided that they would not spend Sunday in the Home for Lost Dogs. "Robey" did her best to alter their deter-

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mination, but finding it impossible, set herself to devise some way of helping them. She had an eiderdown wrapper which she placed at their disposal, but as this would only keep one warm, she tried to think of something she could give to the other and a brilliant idea came to her. A heavy comfortable was laid over the mattress of all the beds in the Home, and "Robey's" proposal was nothing less than to lend this comfortable to her friends, and to make her own bed until its return so as to prevent discovery. They protested at first, but she insisted; and the end of it was that the stolen property was carried boldly out of the front door of the establishment in full view of anyone who might have been passing at the time, although happily no one did pass.

By means of this timely assistance Helen and Edith were enabled to pass the night in comparative comfort, and when Miss Robey called the next day to see if they were still alive, they endeavored to express their gratitude to her by inviting her to dinner and giving her the best meal they were able to prepare. The reader may wonder, perhaps, how a dinner could be given with the limited supply of dishes enumerated above, but that is the simplest thing in the world. They took turns in using the knives, Edith used the spoon for a fork, and Helen drank her coffee out of a condensed milk can and ate her steak from the pan in which it had (previously) been cooked. The dinner was a great success anyway; and though charming dinners and luncheons have been given since in that apartment, none of them have been more enjoyed by guests or hostesses than the first one. And in like manner, though the two bachelors have extracted the greatest comfort and satisfaction from their bachelor hall, they have never since been so wildly and deliriously happy as during that first week when they slept on the floor; for their furniture, instead of coming Monday as they expected, was not received until Friday, just a week after they moved in.

With its arrival the most exciting of their experiences came to an end, but the establishment never ceased to be unique, and it would scarcely do to end the story without telling what grew from that strange beginning.

On Monday the solitude of Venus and the books was broken by the arrival of a piano for Edith, the financial stringency having prevented her ordering it any sooner. On Friday, as has been already stated, their small furnishings arrived, and after that things came slowly for about two years; but there is not much even yet, and everything put together did not cost more than a hundred dollars. This is partly owing to simplicity of taste, and partly also to Edith's skill as a carpenter—extemporized to meet the necessity—and Helen's fertility of invention.

They had not been long in their apartment before they discovered that there was no place in it for beds. Fortunately they had but one, and as it was of the three-quarters size, they decided to make a divan of it. This was done by simply putting legs on the springs, covering it with blue denim,

and heaping it with brown and yellow cushions, some of them having adjustable covers that could be removed at night. The whole was placed in Helen's room which adjoined the sitting-room, and a shaded bracket lamp was placed above it, so as to be convenient for reading and to look very picturesque besides. Out of the discarded bedstead a book-case was manufactured, and there is still enough of the remains to make another, which will be done whenever books can be found to fill it.

All the chairs in the place are practically Edith's handiwork. She picked up half a dozen in a second-hand store and so transformed them with paint and burlap and liberty velvet that they were soon quite unrecognizable.

More money was spent for pictures, perhaps, than for more useful furnishings, and only in one case did the difficulty which Helen had predicted arise. She wanted the "Choir Boys" to hang over the piano, and eventually got it; but Edith declared that it was too disgustingly feminine to worship choir boys and she did not want it to be supposed that they were guilty of such a weakness. Among those on which they were agreed and which are now to be seen in their sitting-room, are Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded," and Raphael's Madonna del Granduca, with numerous photographs of real people. A picture of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen occupies a prominent position; Chopin and Cardinal Newman share the mantel with Venus; and Sir Walter Scott and Joe Jefferson face each other on the top of the book-case.

The very smallest item of expense was for carpets, curtains and portières, for both Edith and Helen considered these to be unnecessary and useful only to hold dust and microbes, and complicate the housekeeping.

The housekeeping was, is, and always will be a trial, for there is no room in the place for a servant, and even if there were, our bachelors find the charwoman who comes once a week about as much as they can endure in that line. The present incumbent has all the virtues but one, and that, alas! is competency. She is very respectful, not being an American, and has the best of intentions; and so Edith, who is the housekeeper, allows her to go her own sweet way so long as she does not use the best towels to scrub the kitchen with.

Edith's position as housekeeper is due not to her domestic qualities, of which she has none, but merely to the fact that she has more time than Helen and Helen more money than she, and that they have arranged to exchange the two commodities. She knew little about the subject when she began, but has since developed a great amount of skill in the art of letting the house keep itself. This does not mean that she lets things go to rack and ruin—although she does do that at times—but merely that she has eliminated from her domestic arrangements many things that other housekeepers consider necessary, and studies to keep things running with as little thought and labor as possible.

One peculiar effect that the establishment has had upon its proprietors is that of making them, without their even having been conscious of the process, rabid dress reformers. As they were so much alone and did not have to go out for their meals, they acquired a habit of wearing their house gowns the greater part of the time and of fashioning them with a view to comfort and according to their own ideas of the beautiful. This gradually made conventional dress intolerable, and they stopped wearing it in the house and modified it for the street as much as was possible without making themselves conspicuous.

And now nothing more remains to be said except that this is a true story. The hall described still exists. Helen and Edith still live in it and intend to do so as long as the circumstances which have brought them together in a foreign city continue to operate—or until bachelor apartments are built for women.



MISS FRESHETTE—IN MAY.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS.

BY BELLE L. TENNANT.

"Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied."

Dr. Johnson.

"God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good," and the finishing touch, the crown of creation, was a friend for man. For Adam's state was incomplete owing to his loneliness; man must share his gifts to enjoy them, thus God completed creation in Eve. As time rolled on, men and women increased and multiplied; and to-day our earth is a commonwealth of friendship.

Notwithstanding how vehemently some pessimists protest that friendship is only a word, no human being is so destitute, but that at some time, the comforting hand of kindly human friendship has been held out to him. Perhaps he has scorned the proffered fellowship, perhaps he has simply slighted it. Wisely, he does not tell; we judge of it only by his wretched condition. Whenever, then, anyone truthfully asserts that he has never had a friend, know that this lamentable dearth is the fault of the one lonely man, rather than of all the rest of the world. Everyone that knows how to be a friend to another, can have a friend.

Our world is a brotherhood of friendships, but there are divisions and sub-divisions of the brethren. We cannot always choose our friends any more than we can choose our lives. As Confucius writes: "There are three friendships that are advantageous, and three that are injurious. Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the observant: these are advantageous. Friendship with him of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued: these are injurious." In all probability the old Calvinist would bring his, theory of foreordination into this relation of life, and tell us that God arranged our friendships from before the beginning of Time, and that thus every true friendship is made of God, and is necessarily holy. And just as in our sinful state we have rebelled against all God's other holy decrees, so we have often turned unthinkingly from the benign friendships that were apparently forcing themselves upon us. We have all had the humiliating experience of feeling an unaccountable enmity towards some person that,

however, obstinately persisted in doing us kind actions, and who eventually became one of our truest friends. We have then felt with old Cicero—"Rome's least mortal mind"—that friendship is infinitely better than kindness.

Amongst friendships, in the forming of which the principal actors are but tools in the hands of the Author of All, are college friendships. Those of us who are so fortunate as to have a university course included in the map of life understand this subject; we know that we did not choose as friends those particular men and women whom we, as first year students, found our fellow collegians. During lonely weeks we looked around on hundreds of unknown faces; thought regretfully of dear friends whose paths in life had branched off from ours; and wished that we could people our new "school" with our own old friends, and perhaps with our own ideal though imaginary friends. But "what ye know not now, O ye idealists, that shall ye know hereafter," when your generation of novelists, historians, poets, philosophers, and statesmen will try your strength; when ye see their minds in comparison with your own. Then some will wonder why ye never caught a glimpse of that celestial light of prowess brightening your old fellow students, those thoughtful, earnest beings who have come to the front, and who have run in the battle of life.

For surely it cannot be that the good old days of historic college friendships are gone, and that we are never to find another group such as Goethe, Schlosser, Horn and Oeser, formed at Leipsig University. Our Wesleys and Whitefields, too, may be meditating in some new Cambridge the reforms the world sadly needs. Are we never again to have a Milton and a Diodati, a Milton and a King? And is the Harvard group of Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes never to find a counterpart? Shall we never see again a Hallam and a Tennyson? Envy the friendship that prompted the lines

"O Friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!"

Most undergraduates, however, do not deliberately keep their eyes closed to the excellencies of their companions. After the eager Sophomore has sufficiently impressed the fact that some are "Freshies, only Freshies," and after the Freshie has made the acquaintance of the various magnates in the upper years, the new-comer begins to feel that perhaps after all these students of the upper years are rather attractive, indeed, may approach ideals as closely as the world affords, not perfect beings, but with minds more or less cultured, and with strong individualities, which soon endear, so that, before college work is well begun, comes dread of the moment when, the four years over, there is a plunge into the vast ocean of

Life. We wonder how we shall exist in that great, cold life, where all our little world of college joys and college sorrows, college life and college people will be lost. Who has not heard from some newly-hooded graduate, "What shall I do without my college friends? I haven't a home friend left—and I'm afraid I'm not very anxious for one." Now, of course, this is hardly the proper spirit towards our old friends, but they of by-gone days were the choice of our childhood, and these of to-day are friends of our manhood and womanhood. This wail of the departing student helps to show how dear are become the friendships of our little university kingdom.

The peculiar circumstances of our life at college serve to strengthen this friendly sympathy. We are to a more or less degree all studying, all learning, all growing. We watch our fellow students with deep interest; we talk of the subjects we are studying; of the effects being produced on our minds; and thus, not only is mutual help derived, but we come to know one another with a peculiar intimacy. We see into souls, and we see ideas of life and death. We are with congenial beings, and we choose from amongst them the most congenial. If our advances are at all reciprocated, there grows up a life-long friendship. This friendship may influence us very decidedly, or it may influence us but slightly—circumstances of various kinds controlling the degree. But even if the end of a college course brings the end of friendship, we should not make light of such a short-lived relationship, for every little influence is helping to form characters.

In some ways these separations of college friends will help the outside world. There are individuals other than university graduates in the world, individuals whose lines have not fallen in particularly pleasant places, and who need those bright educated men and women to help, and to guide. Thus it is that our universities spread their mighty influence over the whole land. Here a lonely graduate domiciles himself, there another takes up his abode, until the students of college renown are "scattered far and wide," and "union is strength" means nothing to them. But the presence of these men and women meant much to us, when, as boys and girls attending our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, we had some of our first glimpses of nobility from the members of those disbanded companies of friends. Those teachers were true and good to us, they bore in a patient way with all our weaknesses, and we know from experience that they are doing a great work, a work that they could never have done if they had remained banded together. We recall Emerson's magnetic words: "The condition that true friendship demands is ability to do without it."

A LEGEND.

BY LAURA M. MASON.

THREE angels once, for wisdom wide renowned,
Were sent that they might search the haunts of men,
And, having found the loveliest thing on earth,
Return triumphant from their quest again.

Those eyes which heaven's light had rendered keen
Upon the wonders of the world they bend ;
They search its teeming cities through and through,
And tread its solitudes from end to end.

Deep in the mine they mark the diamond gleam,
View on the mountain top the stainless snow,
And in earth's Babylons and Arcadies
See all that Art can boast or Nature show.

When each had made his choice,—and they were three,
A flower, a baby's breath, a mother's love,—
The searchers winged their way through shining space
To hear the judgment of the court above.

But lo ! when they had reached the realms of peace,
Faded was flower, vanished was baby's breath ;
The mother's love alone no power could change,
Strongest and loveliest it had conquered death.

THE MAKING OF KING'S COLLEGE.

BY JULIA COWAN.

I.

"THE time will come when every, the smallest particular respecting the origin of this Institution—the delays it had to suffer, and the obstacles it had to surmount—will become matter of the deepest interest to its many sons."

This prediction, spoken at the opening of the University of King's College in 1843, by the Hon. and Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, President of the University, has now been fulfilled. What Bishop Strachan probably did not foresee, but which has nevertheless come to pass, was that this matter would become of interest also to its many daughters.

To reach the beginning of the movement which finally culminated in the founding of King's College, we must go back in our history as far as the War of American Independence, when Canada gained as settlers the U. E. Loyalists. These people, who indeed made in person a great deal of the subsequent history of the country, entered at once into the national life. Canada was their adopted country. It would be the native land of their children and of their children's children. Naturally, therefore, one of the first matters to which their attention was turned was education. Junior schools there were, but in what became Upper Canada there was no provision for higher education, and in this it was felt there lay a possible danger to the nation, as the natural result would be the flocking of the young to the new republic over the border.

In 1789, Mr. Richard Cartwright, a U. E. Loyalist, made application on behalf of his fellow settlers to Lord Dorchester, the Governor-General, for provision for a "decent seminary of education," and in pursuance of this a large appropriation of the waste lands of the Province was set aside for educational purposes. But many reasons combined to delay the desired end. Affairs of more immediate urgency pressed upon the attention of the rulers of the new country. The form of government was changed. The appropriated lands were unproductive, indeed, almost worthless. Although, therefore, in 1807 Grammar schools were established by law in each district, it was not till 1826 that action bearing directly on the founding of a University was taken. In that year Dr. Strachan prepared for Sir Peregrine Maitland, then Lieut.-Governor, a statement of the scheme of a University, and in the next year, having been sent to Britain in the interest of various

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matters of political importance, brought back with him the first Charter of the University.

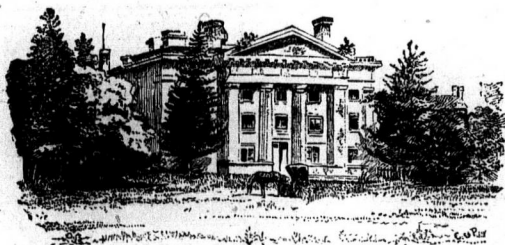
It was nearly forty years since that first early movement of the Loyalists, but the long-looked-for charter itself now became the cause of further delay. The trouble was a religious and a sectarian one. It was enacted: (1) That the Bishop of the diocese should be *ex officio* Visitor of the College; (2) That the Archdeacon of York should be *ex officio* its President; and (3) That each of the seven professors who were to be members of its Council should be also a member of the "Established United Church of England and Ireland." Plainly, the college was to be a sectarian one of the Church of England. But the settlers were of many religious beliefs, and it was felt to be their right that the only place of higher education open to them should not place the creeds of a large proportion of them at a disadvantage. Their wish was that the college should be wholly secular, and so all creeds would be on a common footing. They appealed to the Legislative Assembly. This body, the elected representatives of the people, remained firmly true to their wishes in the matter. But there was another governing body, intensely loyal, strongly conservative, firmly convinced of being right in the matter, and as firmly determined that right as they saw it should be done—a laudable determination, but unfortunate in a minority—a body which, although small, and not elected but appointed by the Crown, could nullify every bill of the larger Assembly. This body, the Legislative Council of Family Compact fame, under the influence of Bishop Strachan, steadily refused to sanction a change in the Charter. It was cited as "the most open charter for a University that had ever been granted." But the settlers, who were forming a new nation, and who had but just passed through a crisis when the question of liberty had been examined in a very searching light, did not see the force of this point. Relative liberty was nothing to them. If they were to live together in peace and the strength of union, the institutions of the country must be absolutely in common. "Most deeply," says the report of a special committee of the Assembly to which the matter was referred, "is it to be lamented that the principles of the Charter are calculated to defeat its usefulness, and to confine to a favored few all its advantages." From the little maternal island across the Atlantic to her giant infant came a cordial note of sympathy. "It would be deservedly a subject of regret to His Majesty's Government, if the University recently established at York should prove to have been founded upon principles which cannot be made to accord with the general feelings and opinions of those for whose advantage it was intended." The vexed question was now dropped for some time, but the Assembly had come to the conclusion that they were at liberty to amend the Charter, and proposed measure after measure of such sweeping character that they merely breathed and died. The Lieut.-Governor attempted to settle the matter by

drawing up a scheme of his own, but the home government refused to confirm what did not emanate from the people. Not only so, the scheme must be agreed upon by both Houses, which latter, seeing no help for it, finally did agree on a compromise in 1836. The main provisions of the new statute were: (1) That the judges of the Court of King's Bench should be the Visitors of King's College; (2) That the President need not be the incumbent of any ecclesiastical office, and (3) That no religious test should be required of any member of the College Council, or of any professor, except a belief in the "authenticity and divine inspiration of the Old and New Testaments and the doctrine of the Trinity."

Now, however, when peace on the University question loomed in sight, trouble appeared in a new direction, and it was not till a quietus had been put upon the rebels of 1837, by hanging some and pardoning others, and passing an Act or so to please the rest, that, with a general "cedant arma togæ!" the authorities at last, in 1842, had the great joy of seeing the foundation stone of an academic building laid.

II.

On the 23rd of April, 1842, behold the city of Toronto, but lately "our Town of York," in gala array. All the forces of the little town were en-



OLD KING'S COLLEGE.

isted to do honor to the occasion, and the procession must have been of imposing length, not to mention its wonderful composition. At front and rear it was guarded by escorts of the 1st Incorporated Dragoons, and, between these, public officers of every kind swelled the procession, mingling amongst the more direct devotees of Minerva the Societies of St. Patrick, St. George and St. Andrew, the Masonic Society, the Mechanics' Institute, the Fire and Hook and Ladder Companies, and, a body which no longer, by this name, graces our public occasions, the Gentry. King's College was represented, in addition to the officers with whose titles we are still familiar,

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by the Bedels and Verger, and the Esquire Bedel, a picturesque touch which reminds us that we are fast growing into a nation with our own institutions, and the old colonial borrowing system passing away.

"The countless array," says a newspaper of the time in newspaper language, "moved forward to the sound of military music in the most perfect order. . . . The sun shone out with cloudless meridian splendor upon perhaps the fairest scene that Canada has ever beheld."

"The site, selected for the quadrangle," says a note to the account, "is on an elevation in the beautiful park belonging to the University, a short distance from the city, with which it communicates by two avenues, bordered by plantations, one leading to Lot Street, seven-eighths of a mile in length; the other leading to Yonge Street, about half the length of the former. The principal entrance is at the Lot Street Avenue, which faces the main building."

This spot we identify with that now occupied by the buildings of the Provincial Legislature, to make room for which the old college wing was pulled down some years ago, after suffering such indignities as serving in turn for isolation hospital and lunatic asylum.

Here, however, stood on that April day the waiting crowds and looked into the future, and no doubt, King's College was to play a great part in the "Vision of the world." And then the professors talked Latin, and speeches were made; and a bottle with English coins of ancient and modern date, and newspapers of the day, and a plate with a Latin inscription were put in the stone, which was lowered into its place and the mortar smoothed over it with a little silver trowel by Sir Charles Bagot, Governor-General of British North America, Chancellor of the University. Finally, the officials and dignitaries repaired to Upper Canada College where, amid "a fresh scene of beauty and pleasure . . . was spread an elegant and plentiful cold collation." Among the names of those who were present may be noted many which still have honored representatives in Toronto. The toasts were "The Queen," "The Chancellor" and "The President."

Meantime, the University was homeless, and until the building could be ready for occupation, the Parliament Buildings on Wellington Street, deserted at this time, as the seat of government had been removed to Kingston, were placed at the disposal of the College authorities, and here, on the 8th of June, 1843, took place what might be called the first Commencement of the Provincial University.

Something of what the Israelites felt when first their eyes beheld the Promised Land, and their feet in reality pressed its longed-for soil, must have filled the hearts of those early Upper Canadians, as in the solemn stillness, up the aisle of the gorgeous Legislative Chamber, slowly filed the first academic procession of King's College. This was its order:

1. The members of staff, the pupils and the officials of Upper Canada College.
2. The members of staff, the students and the officials of King's College.
3. Graduates, not members of the University.

We draw on our stock of memories to *see* what the privileged onlookers saw. In vain! The stately academics of Oxford and Cambridge were there, and many a fair colour from sister seats of learning. But there was no modest white rabbit skin, vision of joy to the undergraduates of to-day. The quiet M. A. hood, mark of gentility, the coquettish LL.B., where were they? We wonder also if there was a mace. If there *was* a mace, we call them brothers.

After divine service in the Chapel, the company took seats on the dais, and the President, Bishop Strachan, conducted the proceedings, on his right and left hand being ranged the professors as follows:

- Rev. John McCaul, LL.D. (Classical Literature).
 Rev. James Beaven, D.D. (Divinity and Philosophy).
 Richard Potter, Esq., M.A. (Mathematics).
 Henry H. Croft, Esq. (Chemistry).
 William C. Gwynne, Esq., M.B. (Physiology).
 John King, Esq., M.D. (Medicine).
 William Beaumont, Esq., M.R., C.S.L. (Surgery).
 William H. Blake, Esq., M.A. (Law).

"When the members of the procession had taken their seats, the Registrar of the University, Henry Boys, Esq., M.D., called up the students, and they subscribed the declaration of obedience to the Statutes, Rules and Ordinances, each, when he had signed, withdrawing to the robing-room, where he put on the Academic costume, and then returned to the hall."

Then follow the names of those first twenty-six who wore our gown, each prefixed by the title Mr., with old-fashioned politeness.

Addresses were then delivered by the President, the Vice-President, Mr. Chief Justice Robinson and Mr. Justice Hagarman, and King's College University was no longer a dream but a living fact.

III.

The name of Bishop Strachan has occurred frequently in this sketch. To his perseverance and energy the University owed much. We are not surprised to learn that he was Scotch. He was born in Aberdeen in 1778, and educated in King's College of that town. In 1799 he came to Canada, invited by Hon. Richard Cartwright of Kingston, to found an Academy, "afterward to become a College under the patronage of the Government of the Province." As we have seen this dream was not fulfilled till 1843. Meantime, however, young Strachan was conducting a school on his own account in Cornwall,

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which became famous in the country, and being a warm loyalist he strongly influenced his pupils. "He was," says Professor Bryce, "a politician of the most ardent type. He added the persistency of his Scottish nature to the uncompromising principles of loyalism." In 1839 he was made the first Bishop of Toronto, and died in 1867.

Dr. McCaul was a brilliant classical graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He also edited several classics and was the author of a number of works on classical subjects. Dr. McCaul became President of the University on the resignation of Bishop Strachan, and held this office until the time of Dr., afterwards Sir Daniel Wilson. He died in 1887.

Professor Beaven was an Englishman and an Oxford man. Before he came to Canada he had been settled as Vicar in Welford, Northamptonshire. In those early days of student revelry in King's College, the gentle influence of the Northamptonshire rector no doubt acted considerably as



DR. M'CAUL.



BISHOP STRACHAN.

fessorial chairs, in the Fenian Raid of 1866; coming home when it was

the "little leaven," as he was much with the students, being the first Dean of Residence. We hear that "he took much interest in the music, both in the College Chapel and in the Choral Society of the College." No doubt, the latter was the progenitor of our redoubtable Glee Club, now of Provincial fame.

Professor Croft held the departed D.C.L. of our own University. Much affection still clings to his memory. In the days when 'Varsity yet allied herself with "the defenders of our country," Professor Croft was an officer of the College Company of the Queen's Own, and took part with many of his pupils,

some of whom now in turn occupy pro-

over to beat "his spear into a pruning hook" in the beautiful garden which was his pride, the remains of which might still be seen a few years ago blooming forgotten in peaceful ecclesiastical shade.



PROF. CROFT.

until they reach their Second Year. No doubt they looked meek enough, however, as they promised submissively to honor and obey, with the meekness of the animal that is about to put its hind feet through the dashboard and empty its driver into the road.

Then commenced those glorious days to which former students, who have since guided the destinies of their country as well as those of their own youthful sons, look back still with a half suppressed chuckle. "Your hazing, your hustling," they say "mere nothing, child's play. It was fun then, glorious fun." Which reminds one of the saying "but death on the frogs." The frogs, otherwise college and civic authorities, had to put up with it as best they might.

In the days when the Provincial University was not the "college of the poor man," the lords of creation who condescended to attend its lectures dashed up to the doors of learning behind their own foaming tandems,

IV.

But what of the undergraduates, who after all lie nearest to our hearts, and formed presumably the centre of all that brilliant June assemblage? Doubtless, never again were freshman so honored, except at a Y.M.C.A. reception. Can we compare those pampered creatures, who amidst the admiration and envy of the waiting throng repaired to the robing-room to don the flowing black gown and majestic mortar-board, to the luckless beings who are now counted by hundreds, like little tubers for October planting, and scarcely regarded as having an individual existence, at least,



DR. HEAVEN.

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shouting imperially, "Gate! Gate!" (an aristocratic fiction—there was no gate). Within the richly painted and hung walls of the chapel—the old Legislative Council Chamber—the little college met for religious service. (O tempora! O godless University!) A favorite custom of truants from this service was to pop their heads within the Chapel door and shout, "Glory!" On one occasion when this was done the exasperated Dean suddenly left the desk in pursuit of the offender, his white vestments floating around him on the air. The choir in their surplices followed suit, and thus the whole worshipping body proceeded at a good pace through the corridors, up and down stairs, back and forward, till the culprit disappeared, when the Dean led the way back to the chapel, and finished the service.

Prayers over, lecture time came. The honor students, we are informed, sat in the front row, and may reasonably be supposed to have had their attention fixed on the lectures. We are, however, credibly informed that there were certain of that small company of elect of the land whose minds were bound by no such prosaic aims. During a certain lecture when the drop in a spirit level had been referred to as a "bleb" by the lecturing professor, suddenly a sponge, the size of a man's head and filled with water, was hurled from the back of the class room toward the heads of the devoted honor students. As it swept their papers from their knees, a high-pitched voice was heard in imitation of the professor's well known falsetto: "Good heavens! gentlemen, there goes a bleb!"

In residence, notwithstanding the pompous corps of servants in plush liveries, a spirit of unconventionality seems to have prevailed. Potatoes have seldom been used as a weapon of offence—particularly when boiled—but we hear of a professor retreating from "commons," where he had appeared without academics, amid a volley of those nutritious tubers. In the mysterious darkness of night, ravaging parties dropped silently from the windows and descended upon the defenceless town. On one occasion it was the boast of the gowmsmen that there was not a house in town with windows intact. When the affair was investigated, the students declared that they were all in by ten o'clock. "Which was true," added the narrator contentedly, "but we were all out again by eleven."

These were the first to wear our gown. The identical undergraduate gown with its three velvet bands which we proudly wear on state occasions, spic and span, they wore in class-room and hall, in midnight rout or afternoon constitutional. Legally they were not in the class-room without it. Their story touches in us a chord that is very human. But do we, "foremost in the files of time," look with even a touch of regret back to those days of glamour and glee? Nay,

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

If the golden age of romance in our College is gone, surely we live in an age of romance with a deeper meaning, in the days of "the poetry of the steam engine," of science, and of labor. And if we sometimes sigh for the gown and the so-called "College spirit," surely, if we could only see it,



NEW BUILDING—1856.

these are but the price we must pay for the firmer grasp on the realities of life and the nearer glimpse of truth.

Thanks are due to Miss Beaven for the picture of Dr. Beaven; J. Ross Robertson, Esq., for the engraving of Old King's College; Dr. W. H. Ellis, for the picture of Prof. Croft; and Mr. E. C. Jeffrey for kindly preparing the plates for printing.

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THE VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES.

By JEAN SCOTT BROCK.

WHEN in 1887 a committee of eminent women was formed in England to collect a woman's special fund to commemorate, in some fitting manner, the Queen's Jubilee, it was decided, with her Majesty's sanction and approval, to supply the sum collected to the establishment of a charity to be administered in her name, and "The Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nursing Institute" was established, by which means those who devote themselves to the specially womanly work of nursing were made available to serve those who could not afford to employ the ordinary trained nurse.

So great has been the value of this work, that, in order to celebrate the "Diamond Jubilee," or Sixty Years' reign of Her Majesty, no better way could be suggested than by an extension of this scheme.

Through the efforts of the National Council of Women of Canada, a meeting was held in Ottawa on February 10th, to propose a somewhat similar scheme for Canada. At this meeting, it was moved by Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, and seconded by the Hon. Clifford Sifton:

"That this meeting heartily approves of the general character of the scheme described as the 'Victorian Order of Home-Helpers,' as a mode of commemoration by the Dominion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and that a fund be opened for the carrying out thereof."

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen having submitted the proposal to Her Majesty's Secretary, word was received that "Although the Queen has refrained from expressing approval of any particular scheme for commemorating the Diamond Jubilee, any project for the relief of the sick and suffering will be assured of Her Majesty's sincere sympathy."

Florence Fenwick Miller, writing in the *London Illustrated News* on the Jubilee Celebration in 1887, says, although she saw the Queen at every event of the Jubilee at which she was present, she never saw her face so radiant nor such an expression of satisfaction on her speaking and candid countenance, as when she met the representative women of the committee above referred to in Windsor Park. In no better way could the Sixty Years' reign be commemorated by the people of Canada. It is certainly preferable to the sending of a personal present, however costly and valuable it might be.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen has forwarded to the newspapers an outline of the details of the project, so that they are familiar to the public by this time.

As stated in her letter, there is great and urgent need for women in the rural and outlying districts in Canada, who will be able to nurse intelligently and at the same time assist with the work of a home, especially when the mother is ill.

The trained or professional nurse, as she exists in Canada, is at present a luxury, and only obtainable by people of more than moderate means. Her vocation, moreover, is a special one; she is a sick nurse *par excellence*, and when in charge of a case devotes herself to that alone.

The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier pointed out at the meeting in Ottawa that the Province of Quebec is already supplied with self-sacrificing women who perform the office of nurse and home helper, in the person of the Sisters of Charity, who, although not so highly trained from a scientific point of view as the professional nurse, are able to carry out the doctor's orders when he is in constant attendance, and do any house work that may be required of them.

In connection with this subject, I might refer to a paragraph on "Nursing in Irish Workhouse Infirmary," quoted in an article on "Nurses à la mode," by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick (sometime Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital), in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, which states that in hospitals under the management of nuns, the manual work of scientific nursing can only be done by a trained nurse. Mrs. Fenwick further states that in the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, the nuns are trained side by side with ordinary probationers, and finally obtain the same certificates as nurses, thus showing that the need of special training in nursing is recognized by the nuns themselves. A change in their religious garb while performing the duties of nurse is advisable, and instead of the flowing draperies of woollen material a simple uniform of a more sanitary nature should be worn.

As the matter presents itself in Ontario, there is, indeed, a great lack of intelligent nursing.

Those who cannot afford the expense of the fully-fledged nurse are sometimes able to obtain the nurses in training at the hospitals at much less cost, and failing this are obliged, especially outside the large towns and cities, to accept the services of anyone who considers herself competent to take charge of a case.

This difficulty will be done away with when the Victorian Order is once established. The candidates will have to undergo an examination, and be practically tested as to their fitness for the work which they are to undertake.

The examination will especially bear on the three following points:

(1) A practical knowledge of midwifery, sufficient to obtain a prescribed certificate.

(2) A practical knowledge of first aid to the injured and of simple nursing.

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(3) A general knowledge of housekeeping and simple home sanitation, with the ability to prepare suitable food for invalids.

The co-operation of the various hospitals and medical men in Canada is invited to assist in carrying out this examination, so that there may be convenient centres for all candidates.

Living in one of the sparsely settled districts of the Province, and being the wife of a practising physician, I am constantly seeing and hearing of distressing cases, where the lack of proper nursing, or indeed of any kind of nursing, causes infinite suffering and often the loss of precious lives. Owing to the long distances to be travelled, and the often impassable state of the roads, the doctor's visits cannot be frequent, and where his orders are not intelligently understood they cannot be properly performed; in many cases they are simply ignored, because there is no one to carry them out.

Many of these people would be willing to pay a proper nurse a moderate amount for her services, if she were only procurable. What nursing is done at present is performed by women, who, however well-intentioned they may be, are appallingly ignorant of the most simple sanitary laws, such as ventilation and cleanliness. The patient recovers, when she does do so, in spite of their nursing more often than on account of it.

Lady Aberdeen wisely suggests that the women to be trained should be chosen as much as possible from the districts in which they are to work after they are trained. It is obvious that they will be able to perform their mission better in those conditions of life with which they are most familiar.

It is proposed that no person under 28 or 30 years of age should be admitted to the Order, and that they should undertake the work for at least three years, health permitting.

I do not think it advisable to place the age limit so high, especially at first. In the district with which I am most familiar the women marry young, and are accustomed to perform such housework as is needed, viz.: baking, washing, scrubbing, milking, from their childhood. They would be much more easily trained say at 23 than at 28, and would be much more likely to possess the education necessary as a basis for their special training as nurses.

The financial part of the scheme seems to be the one which presents the most difficulties. I do not mean in regard to the subscriptions. It is to be hoped that the response in this direction will be prompt and liberal, and that sufficient money will be subscribed to inaugurate this great work at once.

It is to be hoped that the project will not appear in any of its phases to partake of the nature of a charity, else its value will be greatly limited where otherwise it might be far-reaching.

The various districts who wish to secure the services of a Home Helper

will be required to raise a certain sum towards her maintenance, or else to provide suitable board and lodging for her and means of conveyance for her during her residence.

A grant is to be given towards her expenses by the Central Committee to meet the sum raised by the district, and her salary, too, is to be paid by the Central Committee. This plan has the advantage of securing a competence to the nurse even during the times when she may not be employed, but it prevents those who engage her from paying her directly for her services.

As the project develops, it may prove a better plan to use the funds subscribed only towards the training of the nurse, and let her salary be paid as that of the ordinary trained nurse is, namely, by individual employers. In cases where they would not be able to do so, the ordinary aid always given from the funds of the townships to indigents could be used for this purpose. There is not a district, or even town or city in Ontario, where these Home Helpers would not prove a great boon, but many people would be prevented from employing them if they could not pay them directly for their services.

I have no doubt that the training of these women will do untold good in many directions. Many will gladly take up this work who would object to going into domestic service, and it will prove an outlet for those employments that are overcrowded.

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GLIMPSES.

BY JESSIE ORR WHITE.

I.

He was silent and uninteresting, not only to other people but also to himself. For days and weeks and months he centred his thoughts within himself, and by no tangible sign gave any evidence of his feelings even to the few with whom he did come in contact. People wondered what interest could be left in life for him, and he indeed thought there was little. He did not care for anyone; he did not care even for himself. He seemed to show in his countenance nothing of the congeniality of life which arises from the mutual understanding of friendship. He passed by the little village station every morning, but he scarcely ever looked to see who were standing there. His fellow-men had little interest in him and he tried to have none in them.

* * *

At a little village station-house, one dismal, autumn morning, a woman stood leaning against the railing, and by her side was a little child. There was nothing in their appearance to attract a second glance. She was a homely, middle-aged woman, with a worn countenance, which was brightened now by a somewhat decorous and subdued enjoyment. This was the impression gained from a casual look, but had you looked at her again, you would have seen a face, from whose every feature shone that inexplicable something, which lends an unconscious influence, when the soul speaks through the eyes. Near the station stood a carriage, and in it was an ordinary man. He, too, was a worker. He had peculiarly expressive and sympathetic eyes. He looked towards the woman on the station platform and she looked towards him. Their faces spoke mutual happiness and love. They did not speak. They did not need to speak. When the woman had waved a mute farewell, and the train had disappeared away in the distance around the curve, the carriage drove away. The train carried two ordinary passengers, who passed quite unnoticed amidst the crowded streets of the city.

* * *

The silent, uninteresting man had passed by the station-house as usual that morning. He had been forced to wait for the train on some business. He passed home again at night and went to his comfortless lodging, and sat in his uncomfortable chair before a cheerless fire. He sat there longer than usual, wondering why his heart did not whisper a note of love to other

hearts. He had unconsciously been attracted by that mute declaration of happiness and love, and he was changed.

II.

It was twilight and as the sun dropped behind the clouds, the trees and houses through the dim light gleamed weirdly. The train drew up to a crowded station-house, and no one paid much attention to the man with the deep scar over his eye, nor to his companion who seemed to be helping him on the train. The two men occupied a seat together. The one was a grave, dignified gentleman; the other had on his countenance the hardened expression of an outlaw or a desperado. He had the wild look of a fugitive exhausted by his wanderings.

* * *

Not far from these men, was a little group of three people—a father, a mother, and a little girl. The child was prettily dressed. Her light brown curls danced about her face, and she had great dark eyes which danced one minute and were grave the next. When she had wearied of seeing the fences and telegraph poles glide quickly by, she turned to look at the people who were sitting around her. She saw many, but seemed to be attracted by none. Suddenly, her eyes met the eyes of the man with the scar over his eyes. Her great brown eyes looked straight into his and she smiled, and then looked grave and compassionate. The man looked too, and then his eyes slipped sidewise at first, as though they wanted to run away, and then as she gazed intently into his face, the sly, alert look changed into one of half kindly, half indifferent attention. Soon she slipped into the seat in front, and as he answered a few childish questions which she put to him, he spoke words of gentleness which would have astonished those who knew him. And when the child said, in her genuine simplicity, "I like you," the guard caught a softened and strange expression in the criminal's face, which he had never seen before.

* * *

The train stopped; the two men stepped off, and the criminal's face showed again only hatred and crime. In his heart, ever and anon, as he was confined to his cell, a little voice whispered, "I like you," and that strange, peculiar expression crept into his eyes again.

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LETTERS WITHIN LETTERS.

BY BESSIE HOSKING NICHOLS.

MY DEAR CHILD,—You told me when you wrote the other day that you never kept the letters that came to you, because you “didn’t like such a litter around,” and because you were “sure they would never be of any interest or importance afterwards.” Now, I may be an old sentimentalist, but there is nothing I like better than to turn over my store of old letters, opening one here and one there as any oddity of shape, or size, or color, stirs my curiosity, or the familiar characters of some long-vanished hand awaken a saddened interest. There is an absolute fascination about it, when I give myself up to the leadings of pure caprice, and dive hither and thither among the mysterious packets to bring up who knows what treasures. It is the nearest approach which an old woman can have to the delightful excitement that thrilled you when, as a child, you thrust your hand into your Christmas stocking. You have still forward-looking hopes, we have none; our joys are shadows of joys, they come to us from reliving those of the past. That is why such records of our past have their quite peculiar value. They do for our dim memory-pictures what the damp sponge of the curio-dealer does for the long-faded outlines of some old masterpiece. Even were they not *our* letters and *our* memories, they have a value as belonging to that dim background of the past, over which the magic medium of time has flung a misty glamour, veiling it from the fierce light which beats upon the present, and making of the real the ideal.

There, I have rambled a long way about to tell you something which I have not told you after all, and that is, that a week or two ago, in clearing the rubbish out of a decrepit writing-desk I came upon a drawerful of such letters. All were yellow with age, but among them lay a packet of four—even more faded than the rest—that for a brief moment made me a girl again. They were written by a school-girl friend during a year’s roughing it in a little frontier village of Dakota—unaffected and simple enough in style, as not meant for critical eyes; but the story was a true heart-story, and might, I thought, lead even your tidy, practical self to cast a more favorable eye on the poor, despised “litter,” whose cause I have been pleading.

Here they are, then, though not in full, for some of the details would scarcely interest you as they do me.

DAKOTA, June 14th, 18—.

DEAR FLORENCE,—It's over a month since I came here—time enough to settle down in, if you could ever settle down for any length of time in a parsonage. There are always so many visitors coming and going; either it is the travelling missionary secretary, or a minister driving to his appointment, or somebody else on some business or other, and they all put up at the parsonage, of course. Often I have to give up my room, or Edith has to make shake-downs, for all the houses here are cottages, and haven't many rooms. Poor Edith! There is a great deal required of the minister, but more of the minister's wife. . . . Well, about my first impressions. That first night I came into Kushing, James met me at the station. We had tea at the hotel. James wanted me to stay all night there, because it would be a dark eighteen-miles' drive home, but I said I just wouldn't; that I had been in trains and waiting around at poky stations for so long that I wanted to be in some place where I was sure of staying for awhile. Wouldn't you, if you had had nearly two thousand miles of it? Just after we started it began to lighten, and all I saw of the country was by flashes of lightning. In the morning Edith said to me: "Well, what do you think of our country?" "Think of it!" said I (I had been gazing out of the window), "it looks as if the houses had dropped down out of the sky, one here, and one there, and stuck just where they had dropped, like so many mud-balls." And that was just what they did look like. It's all level prairie land, and the roads are two parallel furrows made with a plough. Our village is laid out in streets, and our house is supposed to be at the corner of Grant avenue and President street, only the signboards are not up yet. . . . On Sundays James preaches here in the mornings, and drives over to Granton, about thirteen miles away, in the afternoon. I often go with him. The Sunday school superintendent there is a queer old fellow—a Mr. Sutton—a widower with three children. His wife has been dead only about a year. They had been talking about him at the parsonage, and last Sunday James introduced me. I have made several acquaintances in our village, especially in the Sunday school, because I teach the infant class. One of them is Herbert Allan, a young farmer, who lives about a mile from here; he is the superintendent; and another is Arnold Truax, a tall, fair young fellow, rather good-looking, and such a sincere, earnest Christian. Whenever they speak of him here they say, "Oh! he's No. 1 hard." That's the best grade of wheat, you know. It is time to end this epistle, but I suppose you will expect at least a few startling adventures in this wild country. My only one so far is being caught in a sandstorm, the first time I drove out with our horse. I just covered my eyes and left him to find his way home, which he did in short order. Even though hair-breadth escapes are not everyday occurrences, yet the life is so new here

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that it has quite put eastern ways out of my head, but it has not made me forget you, and never shall.

Auf Wiedersehen,

NELLIE A.

DAKOTA, Oct. 25th, 18—.

DEAR FLORENCE,—So glad to get your letter. It was nothing but what I expected when you told me you were working hard. I don't do a great deal but help Edith and fly around. I have some great news, but they will keep till later. I was joking about adventures when I wrote to you last, but since then I have been through some in earnest. Just two weeks ago I came as near the freezing point as I ever wish to get, in a drive home from Rushing. It took us four hours, because the snow was drifting so, and the horses had to walk every step of the way. James and a neighbor had to carry me into the house, at the end, for I couldn't walk. But the worst is to come. You remember my telling you about that Mr. Sutton in Granton. Well, in the winter there is no preaching at Granton, we have it here in the afternoon, so the Granton people come here. About the last week in September Mr. Sutton came driving in to church and put up his horse at the parsonage. After church came Sunday School, and I went into the school-room to teach my class, which is separate from the rest. Mr. Sutton followed, though I told him visitors were not allowed, and that is the rule, you know. However, James told him to come along, so he came and watched. After Sunday school he came to the parsonage for tea, and stayed, and stayed. We had hymns in the parlor. Edith played and Mr. Sutton sang (he thinks he has a voice), only he would sing nothing without finding out whether I liked it or not. I was so annoyed at his continually asking "Did I like this?" and "Did I like that?" and "Would I like anything else better?" that at last I suggested "The Home Over There," and "Beckoning Hands," thinking of his wife so lately dead. At last he "thought it was time to go." James went out to get his horse. Edith and I sat in the parlor with him. He fidgeted about a little and at last jerked out "Mrs. Boyd, would you mind leaving the room a minute? I want to speak to Miss Ashton alone." Edith was up and out before I knew what was happening. I suppose you can guess what he wanted. I gave him the worst tongue-banging he ever had, I'll warrant. Think how you would feel yourself. I had only seen him three or four times in my life, and never said more than "How-do-you-do?" and besides he is so ridiculous and so horrid. It disgusted me to hear him talk. "Didn't I like him? Was it the farm I objected to? He would move into town. Was it the children? He would make arrangements for someone else to take care of them." When I asked him if I had ever shown him the least preference, he said, "he thought I might have shaken hands with him more warmly than with the

others." The idea! At the last he even put up his hands and cried. Then James came in and he departed looking very glum. We three sat down in the parlor and laughed, and laughed. We couldn't help it. Heigho! I hope you may never have such troubles. I don't feel so badly about this as I might though, for he is getting bravely over his disappointment. He is back to the village again, though he swore he would never come near it. There will be another Mrs. Sutton before six months are out, or my name is not what it is. Please give my love to the father and mother and sister.

Your loving

NELLIE A.

DAKOTA, Jan. 25th, 18.—

DEAR FLORENCE,—I have a great piece of news for you, and why I have not told it before I do not know, except that perhaps I was selfish and wanted to enjoy it all by myself. Do you remember that you always used to prophesy that I would be the first to desert you? For a wonder, though I never believed it, the prophecy has come true. I have promised to marry that Hubert Allan I told you of. We were engaged as long ago as August. Hubert wanted to make it known. I said he could tell his sister and his own people, and I would tell mine, but it was no one else's business.

... We had some very delightful times last summer that I couldn't crowd into my last letter, because it was so full of Mr. Sutton. There was one picnic, especially, at the lake. A party of us drove out in the morning. It was beautiful weather. In the afternoon Arnold Truax rowed two of us girls around the lake in a boat. We were late getting in and all the buggies were gone except two, but Hubert was waiting for me. Here it is only eight months since I came and it seems like ages. I am coming home to be married. Hubert wants the wedding this winter, but I say if he cannot wait for a year he will have to do without me altogether, so perhaps I shall not see you for some time yet. Until then,

Yours ever,

NELLIE A.

DAKOTA, May 23rd, 18.—

DEAR FLORENCE,—My heart is almost broken. I am coming home in a week or two, and this is why. I told you about that picnic in the summer, and Arnold Truax. I was blind, blind as a bat. He brought me pampas-plumes in the fall when the prairie-grass grew twelve feet high, and didn't bring them to the other girls round in the village. But still I was blind. He brought prairie chickens, too, and birds that he had shot. Edith remarked once or twice that the Truax family were very attentive this year, more so than they had ever been before, but I thought they had just taken a special fancy for her. One day, about three weeks ago, Arnold Truax heard of my engagement for the first time through one of the girls I know. It was on Wednesday. That night I did not go to prayer-meeting.

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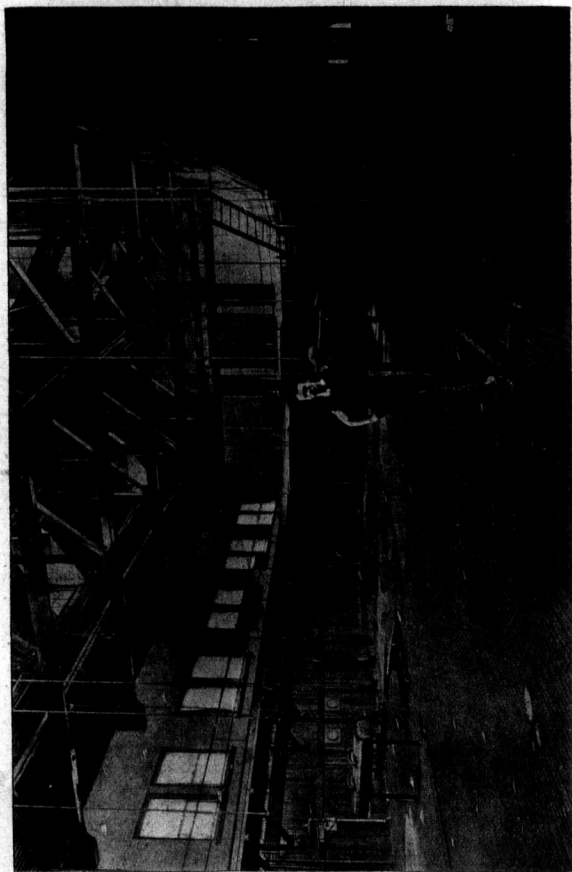
About 9 o'clock there came a knock at the door, and I went out and opened it. It was Arnold Truax. I asked him to come in, thinking he had come, as he often did, on Sunday school business. I asked him to take off his overcoat. He said "No," and then I saw that his face was deathly-white and his hands were trembling. "Why, what is the matter?" said I. "I want you to tell me whether something I have heard is true?" "If I knew what it was I could tell you better," said I, without suspecting in the least what he meant. "I want you to tell me if it is true," he said, "and even if you say it is, I won't believe you. It isn't true." "Well, what is it?" said I. "Are you engaged to Hubert Allan?" "And what if I am," said I, coolly, for my pride was up, "That is not your business, but mine." But it is my business," said he. "No, it isn't your business, nor anyone else's." And then he seemed to accept the fact. His great fear, after that, was that I would think less of him for his interference. He asked again and again, that he should not lose in my esteem, because of it. His last words were: "The lesson to-night was how to get good out of trouble. I thought I saw it before to-day, but I can't see it now." He left before James and Edith came in, and I was so glad. I had been badly frightened, and so very, very sorry. If I had thought how much in earnest he was over everything, I might have seen, but I didn't think. He goes around with the whitest face, and it is very hard to meet him at Sunday school and prayer-meeting in the old way. I can't keep on doing it, and that is why I am coming home. James and Edith do not make any objections, but if they have suspected anything they have never said a word. I will be so glad to get away for awhile. You may expect to see me soon. Till then,

Yours faithfully, NELLIE A.

She came home and I saw her once. Then heavy trouble fell on me, and when that was lifted, she was away to her far home. My life was busy, a long sea journey put another two thousand miles between us. In the one letter that reached me, she was well and happy. About the other actors in the little drama I know nothing. Their lives are part of the great world's tragedy-comedy that never reaches its fifth act.

I leave these letters to plead for mercy for their kind. If they do not obtain it no argument of mine can. Only that you lay up for your future such unique treasures is the counsel of your solicitous philosopher and friend,

DAME DURDEN.



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MATTHEW ARNOLD—THE POET.

BY MARY ARD. MACKENZIE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was the eldest son of Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby. Though in many respects very unlike his father, we can see the effects of his home-training in Matthew Arnold's high moral character, in his thirst, ardent, unquenchable,

"Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,"

and the importance of duty and action towards a clear-purposed goal was ever before him. The love and admiration of the son for the father are seen in "Rugby Chapel," that sad, sweet, but forceful, elegy, containing, as it does, Matthew Arnold's conceptions of life and death, and paying the grandest tribute a son could pay to the memory of his father.

But though he had the greatest love and admiration for his father, the boy seems to have chafed under his school training. Boys were then turned out from Rugby too much after the same pattern, and our poet's individuality strove for expression. Coleridge tells us how unlike other Rugby boys Matthew Arnold was when he went to Oxford, and, from his works since, we can well believe it. He could never do things nor say things merely because others did them or said them. He did his own thinking, and his actions followed, and were all stamped with originality. His poems show the same quality, his criticisms are all marked by it. There is never any doubt about what he approves, about what he disapproves, whether in conduct, in literature or in creed. It can well be imagined, then, how such a boy would chafe under the Rugby training and with what a relief he would bid farewell to the school of his youth, where his ample spirit had felt cramped and caged.

At Oxford, Matthew Arnold drank in the beauties of Greek and Latin literature, and there is no doubt that the refinement, directness, beauty and simplicity of his expression are due in a great degree to his appreciative study of the Classics.

He first became known to the reading public as a poet of classic taste and purity of imagination, and all his works, both prose and poetical, are stamped with those qualities. His poems have been compared to Greek marbles, and in some ways the comparison is a very happy one. It is, however, by his prose works he is most widely known, and, though I do not

intend to treat of his prose in this article, I may say that they are well deserving of a careful study and will afford pleasure to all who read them, for they are all marked by clearness, calmness, strength, simplicity and beauty. Some critics claim that such was Matthew Arnold's power, that he could make even school reports interesting to the general public!

Matthew Arnold is not a popular poet. His poems will never be widely read, and the reason for this is not hard to find. He seems to have realized early the extreme sadness of human life. Life is sad, tragic, awful. One has only to look on calmly to see its unvarying sadness. Most people try to deceive themselves into the belief that they are enjoying themselves. Men and women rush into pleasures of various kinds, some quite harmless in themselves, it is true, and bringing a lull for a time to the fevered discontent from which all suffer more or less, but only emphasizing the hollowness of this life. Nothing is sadder to contemplate than this "eddy of purposeless dust," into which people are drawn to kill thought and make them forget the awful tragedy of human existence. Now, though all recognize this, few like to have it brought home to them, and prefer bright, sparkling literature, which hints but rarely at the darkness and gloom, to literature which bears in every line the seal of seriousness.

Matthew Arnold read life's tragedy with the clear eye of the poet and philosopher, and the result is that a sadness, accompanied with exquisite sweetness, veils all his poems—it is their prevailing tone. He was too sincere to go into ecstasies over things, he is always "free from mists and sane and clear," and although he is never morose, moody or melancholy, the reader feels that here is a man speaking, who has lived, thought, loved and suffered, but who has triumphed and won sweetness and light.

You will not find in his poems the burning passion of Byron, the voluptuousness of Keats, the melancholy of Shelley, the ruggedness of Browning, but you will find beauty of thought and of expression, strength, philosophy and pathos, in moderation. Matthew Arnold is never extreme, but withal is never weak or vacillating. There is never any doubt about what he approves or disapproves. We all know the relief it is to rush to extremes at times, and at first are apt to be impatient with Matthew Arnold for his want of enthusiasm and fire; still in our saner moments, we must confess he is right and must admire him for his great self-control, when stirred by emotions as strong as ours. He was conscious of our feverish unrest, and has tried to find for suffering humanity a cure. In his poems will be found no writhing under the stern hand, no useless repining, but a strong, sympathetic call to be up and doing, to throw aside all weakness and deception, and win a crown of calm:

"Sink, O youth, in thy soul!
Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!"

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After what has already been said, I need hardly say that Matthew Arnold was a Philosopher. His philosophy is shown in everything he has written, but some of his poems are more imbued with it than others.

The one dealing most directly with speculative philosophy is "Empedocles on Etna." This poem is distinctively a "dramatic poem," but it claims our attention by its beauties of thought, of setting and of language, rather than by strength and beauty of characterization. The setting is extremely simple.

Empedocles and Pausanias have met on Mount Etna, and, from time to time, as the philosopher is propounding the philosophy of life to Pausanias, which is to make his friend "brave front his life and in himself find henceforth energy and heart," are to be heard those sweet Songs of Callicles, the "sweetest harp-player in Catana." Pausanias leaves Empedocles

"Alone!—

On this charr'd, blacken'd, melancholy waste,
Crown'd by the awful peak, Etna's great mouth,
Round which the sullen vapour rolls—Alone!"

Left alone, his grandeur now reduced to nought, Empedocles, the famous Philosopher, has to acknowledge:

"No, thou hast come too late, Empedocles,
And the world hath the day, and must break thee
Not thou the world. With men thou canst not live,
Their thoughts, their ways, their wishes are not thine;
And being lonely, thou art miserable,
For something has impair'd thy spirit's strength,
And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy.
Thou canst not live with men, nor with thyself—
O Sage! O Sage!—Take then the one way left;
And turn thee to the elements, thy friends,
Thy well-tried friends, thy willing ministers,
And say: Ye helpers, hear Empedocles,
Who asks this final service at your hands!
Before the sophist-brood hath overlaid
The last spark of man's consciousness with words—
Ere quite the being of man, ere quite the world
Be disarray'd of their divinity—
Before the soul lose all her solemn joys,
And awe be dead, and hope impossible,
And the soul's deep, eternal night come on—
Receive me, hide me, quench me, take me home!"

Thus the only thing left for the baffled Philosopher is despair, and he ends as he had to end, when he found out the inadequateness of the power of man. The Poet brings out clearly that he failed solely on account of the failure of his own nature.

"The Sick King in Bokhara" is the best of Matthew Arnold's longer narrative poems and emphasizes the same truth as "Empedocles on Etna," viz., that "we are all the fools of our own woes." I shall not give an analysis of the poem, as time will not permit, but may say that it is of deep interest. The story is vividly told, the style is vigorous, and the reader's attention is held throughout the poem and his deepest sympathies stirred by it.

Of his other narrative poems, I shall mention only two—both treating of the same subject—"The Neckan" and "The Forsaken Merman."

Many poets have written of the wicked mermen and mermaids, who entice away Christians down to their sea-homes; but it was left to Matthew Arnold to give us the other side of the subject, and in his sweet, sympathetic way he has pictured to us the fate of the Neckan, who left his ocean-home to live on earth, but who found out that earth, sea, the starry poles and God above have kindness, but man has none. So,

"In summer on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold
And sings his plaintive song."

"The Forsaken Merman" tells pathetically the sorrow of the merman and his children, forsaken by wife and mother. One day the sound of a far-off church bell was heard down in the depths of the sea. On earth, it was Eastertide, and a longing seized the merman's wife to return to pray with her kinsfolk

"In the little grey church on the shore."

And the merman says:

"Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves,"

but she does not return and the father and children become restless and steal up to see where she is:

"Call her once more, before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
'Margaret! Margaret!'
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once more and come away;
This way, this way!
'Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild, white horses foam and fret.'
Margaret! Margaret!"

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But the cry is unanswered, and sadly the sorrowing merman and his little ones return to their home, beneath the ocean.

"Singing: 'Here came a mortal
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea!'"

The last stanza is very beautiful, pathetic and musical. It tells how the merman and his children go up to earth at midnight, when the winds are hushed, and silver moonlight rests on the water, and how they creep along and gaze at the white sleeping town and at the little church, that stole away their darling, and then they return,

"Singing: "There dwells a loved one
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea!"

Here the sad story of the forsaken merman is told as only Matthew Arnold could tell it, with such sweetness, pathos and sympathy, that the reader is stirred to the depths and is forced to sympathize with the "lonely kings of the sea."

It is as a writer of lyrics that Matthew Arnold deserves special mention. His lyrics are sprinkled through his poems with the happiest of effects. Each one is a gem in itself, and their being interspersed through heavier or longer poems has the most artistic effect. I have already mentioned the Songs of Callicles in "Empedocles on Etna." A poet who had written nothing but those five songs would deserve everlasting fame; but Matthew Arnold has a large number of others, equally as fine. I shall quote one which I consider the gem of the whole collection. "Requiescat" is one of his earlier poems, but it shows his great power as a lyric writer:

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be!

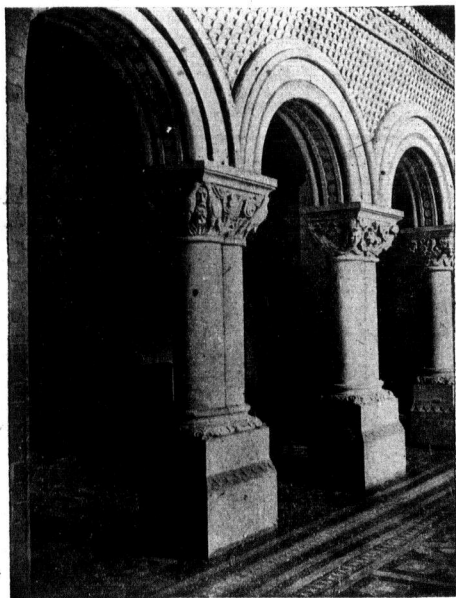
Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death."

I have endeavored in this article to express what Matthew Arnold as a poet is to me, and to make others enjoy him as I have enjoyed him. A truer poet is nowhere to be found. His every thought is strong and beautiful. He bears the stamp of having suffered, and recognising the sadness and disappointments to which all men are subject, he looks deeper and farther and tells the world that the end of life is not joy but peace. Just as Carlyle says in his "Sartor Resartus": "There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness and instead thereof, find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times have spoken and suffered, bearing testimony through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom?" That is what our poet preaches-forth in his poems, from beginning to end.

I could not end this paper on Matthew Arnold as a Poet better than by quoting from his poem, "Resignation," his own description of a poet. This is a good example of a piece of unconscious self-analysis, as a recent writer on Matthew Arnold points out.

"Lean'd on his gate, he gazes—tears
 Are in his eyes, and in his ears
 The murmur of a thousand years.
 Before him he sees life unroll,
 A placid and continuous whole—
 That general life, which does not cease,
 Whose secret is not joy, but peace;
 That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
 If birth proceeds, if things subsist;
 The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
 The life he craves—if not in vain
 Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
 His sad lucidity of soul."



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

By J. K. LAWSON.

It was a cold autumn evening. Weary, mentally and physically, I made my way to my room, anticipating a good long sleep. As I was finishing plaiting my hair I heard a mumble of voices just outside the bedroom door. Some one was calling me, and not wishing to lose a moment of my needful rest, I quickly twisted some hair round the end of my plait, and hastily, but softly, crept under the bedclothes. Not any too soon, however, for just then the door opened. Ted stuck his head in and asked "Are you asleep, Jess?" No answer. "Well she will not be sleeping so peacefully if that snake makes its way up here." There was a smothered chuckle as if he almost hoped it might, and I was left to consider the situation with as much calmness as possible under the circumstances.

Now darkness is a splendid magnifying glass for viewing impending evils, and the imagination is very likely to supply wanting details. That day Ted had been out in the woods hunting specimens for his zoological collection, and returned with a very long water-snake coiled in the bottom of his game-basket. I had been up at my window when he came home, and with the usual feminine weakness, inquired what he had in the basket. He lifted the lid, hauled out the wiggling creature, and asked if I should not like a closer view. With affected indifference the kindness was declined, but with judicious haste I withdrew from the window, and in a marvellously short time had the bureau, table and chairs against the door, while I seated myself on the last and put my feet flat against the wall. You see boys are very obliging at times, and think it no trouble at all to come up a flight of stairs to show their sister a snake.

Fortunately Ted had an engagement to dine with a friend that night, so having tried my door once, he hurried off and left me in peace—but only for a few hours. I put the furniture to rights and went down to tea. Here I learned from the children that the snake had got away, and gone, no one knew where. I declared that I was heartily glad of its escape. Then it was a relief, but now—I had not even looked under the bed before putting out the gas! How I wished it safely in the game-basket! What should I do if the reptile made its way up stairs?

At this thought Kitty, my room mate, came in and lit the gas much to my relief. Believing me asleep, she hurried her preparations for bed and in a few moments, after turning out the gas and opening the window, crept in beside me as I became unconscious in sleep.

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Suddenly I awoke. A cold shiver ran down my spine. Beads of perspiration stood out on my brow. Oh horrible! Something cold, round and clammy slowly slipping down my forehead! I tried to move, but my limbs were powerless. I opened my mouth to cry out, but no sound came forth. One of my arms was lying on the top of the bed clothes; I tried to move it but could not. The cold, clammy object was moving down my face, slowly but surely. The suspense was terrible. With a mighty effort I controlled myself, and made a frantic dive at the object slowly slipping down my face, at the same time leaping from bed with a wild cry. In an instant Kitty also jumped from the opposite side of the bed.

"Good Heavens! What is it?"

She looked at me in astonishment. Weak and almost hysterical, now that the high tension of my feelings was loosened, I felt too ridiculous to speak, for I stood holding in a grip like a vice my own plait.

IN THE MASTER'S GARDEN.

BY MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

ALL the long year they had toiled, and now
 Came the glad harvest : from branch and bough
 Glowed the ripe fruit, and the sunlit air
 Was laden with perfumes rich and rare ;
 While up from the valley, with sweet refrain,
 Rose the song of the harvesters gath'ring grain.
 And all were merry and glad and gay
 Knowing the Master would come that day.

But, lo, in a corner apart from the rest,
 With weary hands clasped o'er her quick-throbbing breast,
 Crouched a maiden, worn, haggard with pain and toil,
 And her tears fell fast on the dry, barren soil ;
 For amidst the flowers and fruit and sheaves
 She could offer nothing but withered leaves !

Oh, arid and desolate, drear the spot
 They had given her for her garden plot ;
 Darkly cold, and with twisted trees o'erhung—
 Heavy and thick like a dense curtain flung
 The shadows lay close, and the cooling rain
 And the warming sun sought entrance in vain.

But the little maiden with hopeful heart
 Had nobly striven to do her part.
 "What matter my work and woe ?" quoth she,
 "The Master's harvest must perfect be."
 So she had toiled in sorrow and pain,
 With hope for sunshine and tears for rain.

But the end had come as it must at last,
 The time was spent, the year was past,
 Midst the fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
 She wept alone with her harvest of leaves,—

Her pitiful, meagre harvest of leaves,—
 Her agony's guerdon,—leaves, only leaves !

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The Master paused in the desolate place : —
"Nay, why these sad tears, and thy hidden face ?
Is there one who at my glad harvest grieves ?"—
The maiden in silence offered her leaves.
Oh, wondrous the Master's smile, and his look,
Of love divine, as he tenderly took
From the trembling fingers the paltry gift,
And into a chaplet he wove them swift.

"Dost think thou hast labored unwatched, unseen,
That thy tears and prayers have unheeded been ?
Behold, I thy patience and travail know,—
Thou hast toiled in faith, thou hast wrought in woe.
And since thou hast suffered in love for me,
A crown of glory I give unto thee.
'Mongst the fruit and flowers and golden sheaves
I crown thee thus with thy garland of leaves !"

And, as she walked in the sunlit air,
Her chaplet bore blossoms strangely fair,
And of all the flowers with fragrance replete
None were so matchlessly, wondrously sweet.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BY FLORENCE V. KEYS.

COMPARED with previous collections of his verse, the latest volume of poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling has met, not with a greater, but perhaps with a finer success. The *Seven Seas* contains all that was admirable, in substance as in style, in the earlier volumes—all the manifest excellences that have won for this singer his reputation for realism, pathos and humour; for skilful handling of difficult facts, for vivacity of idiom and ringing flow of verse. It is difficult not to dwell upon the philosophy of such a poem as "The 'Eathen," upon the satire—keen and airy as a flame—of the "Three-Decker," one of the most exquisite poems of its kind: but it is scarcely these qualities, nor yet Mr. Kipling's patriotism (which is scarcely strong enough of wing to carry him without an occasional flagging across the whole area of British empire) that endow this volume with the most subtle and the most enduring element of success, its charm. By this is not meant the more obvious seduction of rhythm or of phrase that before now has attracted under the sway of Mr. Kipling some who were not his by conversion to the substance of his song; it does not depend upon any of those wonderful poetic "catches" that would seem to have sounded involuntarily, unheralded by exertion and unfathered by thought, upon the inner ear of their transcriber. Rather, it may be traced to certain poems where the conception itself is informed with a sort of primitive solemnity, a masculine tenderness; where a style of limpid clearness takes the place of the frequent "bloodies," which Mr. Kipling, like the six months' recruit, has learned to "sling at every word." It is not alone a sense of fact, but rather a sense of something finer than fact, that slips into these poems and takes captive the heart of the reader by virtue of its delicacy and truth. The "True Romance" with its exquisite refrain—

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find thee quick and kind
Nor know thee till I die—

softens and thrills us like a confession of faith. "The King," with its gentle raillery against a "backward-gazing world," has something of the same potency; but this charm may be met with, most persuasive, perhaps, because least expected, in Mr. Kipling's treatment of the British

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tramp and sailor. The poems "For to Admire" and the "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal," are no less than marvellous expressions of the passion for roving, for exploring, as it exists in the breast of the common man. "Men in a world of men," the speakers in these poems are no victims of the "inverted home-sickness" that seeks relief in reverie, solitude and dream; these are no visionaries nursed under Breton skies, and lending themselves to the fastidious and exquisite interpretation of an accomplished literary analyst. Mr. Kipling's tramps and sailors are left to feel and speak for themselves. Much of their feeling is rudimentary, obscure, their utterance faltering and abashed: but they never commit the unpardonable error of appearing in a box at the opera, and being mistaken for fine gentlemen. In no wise exceptions to their class, they are rather its fullest expression. Sharing in all the virtues and the vices of their fellows, they are, in greater degree than these, impassioned observers and testers of life. Neither fear nor interest avails to make them faithless to this master-feeling. It lends moments of zest and sweetness to their toilsome and brutal lot, and gilds afresh their tarnished lives. For some of them it comes to have, in time, something of the authority of a principle, of the sacredness of a creed. Thus, the "Sestina" is full of a fine courage, simplicity, and solemnity, befitting the veteran whose utterance it is. Its measure carries in it the tread of unwearied feet, its spirit as steadfast as the hills, free as its mate—"the wind that tramps the world." The melody of the sailor's soliloquy is more insinuating, soft as a lullaby sung in a drowsy ear:

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
 So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
 There aren't a wave for miles an' miles
 Excep' the jiggle from the screw.
 The ship is swep', the day is done,
 The bugle's gone for smoke an' play;
 An' black ag'in' the settin' sun
 The Lascar sings, "Hum deckty hai!"

What plaintive memory of "old, unhappy, far-off things" stirs within us to the magic of these lines? Their pensive flow carries us out, as upon a deep-sea swell, to the side of this humble Ulysses as he leans upon the taffrail, alone upon the crowded ship, and hearkens while life sings its siren-song in his ear. He has caught the absorption of the Orientals, upon his far voyages; but it is no fairy-tale, it is life itself, that holds him with its spell. The scenes that he tells over to himself are no novel ones to those who have read elsewhere in Mr. Kipling's pages: but this speaker appears, not as the mere waif of passion and circumstance, but raised to the dignity of the seer. In the midst of the stress and change of his experience, there comes over him a fresh and solemn wonder at the world.

Momentarily, he feels the touch of the strange and deep soul of things. His sense of it, as his utterance, is faltering; but it is enough to mark him as one of those who have known to possess themselves. Thus, without strain or artifice, by the fine innuendo of sympathy alone, Mr. Kipling has raised this poor toiler of the camp and barrack to what has been finely called "the true aristocracy of passionate souls":—

"I cannot say the things I feel,
But still I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire, and for to see,
For to be old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!"

It has become the fashion lately to write rather of sets than of authors. It is a comfortable fashion: it has furnished with a sort of benignant aura many a literary figure, hitherto left to shiver in the naked atmosphere of the reader's mind. Yet, accustomed though we are to this fashion, the title of *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* sounds a little strangely in our ears. Among literary names, that of Charlotte Brontë is surely one of those least congruously linked with the sort of suggestion that goes along with such a title. We open the book, therefore, with some wonder as to what we shall find there. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shorter has here added a large number of interesting letters to the Brontë correspondence already published; and, what is most satisfactory, nearly all the letters here collected are printed in full. They are almost all from the pen of Charlotte Brontë, and are grouped, with a few notes from Mr. Shorter, under the various titles that carry us through the seventeen chapters of the book, titles that borrow the names of the various members of the *Circle*. This is really very artfully contrived: it admits under cover of a reflected interest a number of people of no great intrinsic importance, whose relation to the writer is of the slightest. Who for a moment would admit that "The Curates at Haworth" (Chapter XI), for instance, may properly be said to belong to Charlotte Brontë's circle? But the letters themselves are invaluable, and the more eloquent of the writer because inserted with such notes only as are necessary to "place" them, and with little or no comment. There is naturally a very distinct difference in the tone of these notes from that of Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life*." Mr. Shorter indeed appears here as the arbiter on certain disputes arising from statements made by previous Brontë biographers. His attitude towards his subject is as scrupulously impersonal as is compatible with interest and respect. The only passage where he shows heat (he discredits Mr. Wright's Irish "traditions" very dispassionately), is in his disavowal of any real share, on the part of Branwell Brontë, in the genius of the family. There is occasionally almost an appearance of

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haste in these notes, as, for instance, on page 420, the singular allusion to the encounter of Heine and Goethe as a parallel to the meeting of Charlotte Brontë with Thackeray! As has been said, the book is one to be most grateful for, as adding a certain definiteness to the picture already possessed of Charlotte Brontë. To read it is to read her letters, and to have confirmed for us our sense of a nature at once ardent and stern, expressing itself with a curious mingling of freedom and reserve, of power and convention; a figure retreating, after we have closed the book, into its own native, loved, and solitary background of the moors.

One of the most interesting,—and one may add curious,—amongst recent publications, is that which appears under the title of *Philip Gilbert Hamerton*. This title covers an autobiography which closes with the twenty-fourth year of its writer, and a memoir by Mrs. Hamerton which continues the narrative to Hamerton's death in 1894. The result of this double authorship is interesting. The autobiography is characterized by a most ingenuous prolixity. It is crammed with details of personal history, yet never loses an opportunity of making some trite observation, and rarely dismisses an incident without the addition of some rather superfluous comment. Here is an instance, taken from the account of the writer's first journey through the lake district where he was but ill-accommodated with an unruly steed: "The only way in which it was possible to ride the brute I possessed was in putting him behind a carriage, which he followed as if he had been tied to it. In this manner I reached Keswick, after apologizing to a family party for dogging their carriage so closely. As soon as the vehicle came to a stop opposite the hotel, my horse, Turf, threw out his heels vigorously in the crowd. Luckily, he hurt nobody, but the bystanders told me that one of his shoes had been within six inches of a young lady's face. *A vicious horse is a perpetual anxiety.*" The autobiography tells frankly the story of what must have been an unhappy childhood, and of a youth uneventful enough, but notable for its struggles to discover, practically unaided, the right relation between "nature" and "art." Although indefatigable and unswervingly loyal in this pursuit—"when art lost an hour, literature gained it," he naïvely remarks of his nineteenth year—Hamerton had still many years in which to grapple with this problem, his notion of landscape in art remaining for an unconscionably long time at the stage which Mrs. Hamerton calls "topographic." In style, the autobiography is so easy and natural as to convey the impression of an apparent carelessness of literary effect. There is something captivating in its artlessness, and it is some time before the reader becomes conscious of a sort of giddiness produced by the crowding of facts in the narrative, and the lack of anything like system in detail. Again, the attitude of the writer towards himself produces in time a sort of dull irritation. His

immense seriousness over the most trivial facts that concern himself, and his careful estimation of the influence they later exerted on his thoughts and habits, may indeed be partly accounted for by the fact that it was his misfortune to have spent his early life chiefly among inferiors, or at best, in the society of well-bred, but intensely ordinary English women. We are inclined, indeed, wholly to overlook this after all rather naïve self-esteem, when we consider the entire earnestness of purpose, and disinterestedness of character that distinguished Hamerton throughout his life. In the memoir, which takes up the narrative immediately after Hamerton's marriage with Mlle. Gindriez, there are no longer any difficulties to contend with. In these pages, the tone of loving and, unhappily, often anxious interest (Hamerton was afflicted with intense nervousness that at times menaced his reason) is irresistible. Such recognition here becomes graceful and reconciles our sympathy with the object of it. There is certainly no lack of incident in the later, as compared with the earlier pages (for Hamerton continued a veritable Martha, none the less easy to live with because he was a man); but the charmingly simple style with admirable tact anticipates weariness by some fine touch of feeling, or by the insertion of some exquisite open-air scene. The whole volume indeed is full of the most fresh and ardent enjoyment of nature: its pages reflect the gleaming of water, the twinkle of leaves in the sunshine. Add to this that it is a perfect storehouse of interesting things, many of them about interesting people, and it becomes one of those rare acquisitions, a book to keep, and a book to talk over.

EDITORIALS.

THE word *Sesame* reminds the reader of a store of countless treasures, and doubtless he is surprised when the name is applied to our humble annual. We can plead but one excuse for its use, namely, that, though to him our magazine may open no intellectual storehouse, we hope that to the women graduates and undergraduates of University College it will be of inestimable value.

SESAME is one of the many benefits we inherit as a result of the hard-won victory of twelve years ago. Then, thanks to the indefatigable efforts put forth by a few earnest friends, women were granted permission to attend lectures in University College. A great source of knowledge was thus opened to us, but as time passes, and our numbers increase, the need of other means for mental and physical improvement is felt. The Women's Literary Society, the Women's Glee Club, and our other associations have resulted from efforts to meet these requirements. *SESAME* like them is an attempt to supply a long felt want; a want, not of women students alone, but of Canadians in general; the want of the cultivation of literature.

Men say truly that Canada has no literature, and is not likely to have for some time. Why do they make such a gloomy prediction? Because this art, like others, has to be developed, and Canadians are not cultivating it, as is evident from the miserable existence eked out by what literary journals we have. It is time some attempts were made to throw off this lethargy. Who should make the first advances? Surely the university graduates and undergraduates, who have the necessary knowledge, if they but had the power of expression. As a rule we look to them in vain, for few of the women students—it is with women *SESAME* has to do—ever make any attempt at literary writing. So far there has been no special inducement offered them, as in Toronto University we have had no literary organ in which either the women graduates or undergraduates took a proprietary interest. It is hoped that *SESAME* will supply the want of such a publication.

Nor do our aspirations stop there, for we expect that, in fulfilling this principal aim, our paper will indirectly aid in accomplishing others, which though perhaps of great importance, are not so confined to the sphere of a magazine. These aims are: to encourage the writers in their search for truth, by exciting a more lively interest in their work, and in that of others; to arouse a unity of interest and spirit, such as ought to exist among the foster-children of one Alma Mater; and lastly, to

remind the students yearly of the needs of their college, that they may endeavor, out of gratitude for the benefits they have received, to make her a still greater power for good in the future. If our purpose is attained, will not SESAME be a true representative of that Arabian word, whose magic power opened a storehouse of wealth to struggling humanity?

* * *

A LARGE percentage of the women attending the University of Toronto are not residents of the city, and so have to board during the academic year. Anyone who has gone through the agony of hunting up a boarding-house, and then through the further agony of living in it, will be able to sympathize with the undergraduates who come from comfortable homes and are forced to endure all the hardships, inconveniences and petty annoyances attendant on boarding in the city.

Naturally, all women are fond of home-life and miss the comforts of home, and it had been felt for a long time that something was needed to make the everyday life of our sisters from other cities and towns more convenient, more homelike and fuller. From that feeling, resulted the Women's Residence scheme—a scheme to build a Residence for the women attending the University of Toronto, who require to board in the city.

During the year 1892, this plan to have a Women's Residence in connection with the University was first discussed, and a committee was appointed consisting of representative ladies of Toronto, graduates and undergraduates of the University. A number of meetings were held, and an effort made to collect the sum necessary to carry out the scheme. For some reasons, however, nothing more was heard of it for some time. But, in 1896, the University women took it into their own hands and a new Committee was appointed, with Miss L. R. Hamilton, B.A., as President.

The aim of the present Committee is to put the plan into operation immediately, by building a wing of the Residence, which can be added to from time to time, until the whole is finished. In order to do this about \$10,000 is needed, of which \$5,000 has already been promised.

We have many wealthy men and women in Toronto, who are interested in the education and welfare of the women students, and to them in particular our appeal is made to help forward this plan, which must call forth the sympathies of all, but not only to the wealthy, do we make this appeal, but to every one, who will do his part, be it ever so small.

We are confident this appeal will not be in vain, but that soon—very soon—we shall see rise up in our midst a building which shall be a monument, testifying to the munificence of our citizens, and to their strong sympathy with the higher and fuller education, in every sense of the word of the daughters of our fair province.

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THIS is the first number of *Sesame*, and the editorial board does not mind confessing to the public—in confidence of course—that it has met with one difficulty in drawing up the present epicurean literary menu. We designed, as you see, a thoroughly high class magazine; but the question at once arose: Could anyone be found, with the one exception of yourself, honoured reader, to read a modern publication which was not stuffed with personal impertinences, or seasoned with slum sensations? This question was suggested by the lament we have heard from some of our leading pressmen, as to the financial impossibility in the present state of public taste of keeping up the tone of our dailies. Ask any journalist in Canada why his paper has relatively so little world news, and such a plethora of criminal reports, not alone local police court jottings, whose native ugliness seeks to borrow charm from a guise of facetious familiarity, nor the crimes of our county or province advertised in biggest type on the first page, but routed out of the farthest corners of the continent: Shot Dead on the Street,—ville, Io.; Criminal Assault by a Negro,—top, Ga.; Three Men Lynched,—, Texas. We have grown too familiar with such spicing of our daily papers, while the Atlantic cable contributes columns of unclean details of European scandals. Ask any pressman why this is so, why we must have this pint of poison served up daily with our breakfasts, or brought home of an evening to dinner, trusting to some hitch in the laws of nature that we may yet remain healthy;—and he will tell you it is the public's own doing, that the people like their poison, that they will pay better for sensation than for information, and he must give them what they want. Yes, more than that, good reader, who are a woman, if you ask him what people are so eager for these things, he will answer you: The women. It is needless to spin out the moral. Suffice it this time for *Sesame* to draw the attention of Canadian University women to the fact that among our journals some are much cleaner than others, and to urge upon them, as women of education and wholesome taste, to give their support to such as show a preference for cleanliness, and to keep the viler sheets out of their houses. The women of Canada can starve the baser press if they choose. Even a section of them can support a daily which they do not owe it to themselves to be ashamed to have in their homes or to see in the hands of their younger brothers and sisters. Let Varsity women lead.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

ASK of the women undergraduates, In what does your life at College consist? And the answers will be many and varied: as many and varied as the types of College girls. But you will probably receive the impression that the woman student has, of necessity, a great deal of mental work and worry; and of her own free choice, a dip into lighter literary matters twice a month, a little spiritual inspiration weekly, some physical exercises—limited as to ways and means to be sure—almost as often as she wish to take it, and during the Michaelmas term, when examinations are still a little considered part of the dim and misty future, she may, if she be musically inclined, become one of the band of sweet singers in our College. Truly, College life is not all a weariness to the flesh; there are compensations—there always are.

The four years' member of the Women's Literary Society returns home from the last meeting—probably, an exciting election contest—with a somewhat dejected feeling. She has a sense of loss, almost of injury, for her career in that august body is at an end, and she must step aside to make room for others, as so many have done in the past, and as those who are taking her place must do in the future. And her mind turns back to her maiden effort in the society, a part in a dramatic presentation perhaps, or a musical number if her talent lies in that direction; then more recently she has raised her voice in debates, literary and political reports, and, hardest of all, business discussions. But here a gleam of pleasure and gratitude penetrates the gloom which shrouds her thoughts, for have not her ideas been broadened and strengthened by many excellent programmes, and have not her own efforts increased her dignity and powers of expression. Besides these meetings have helped her to form friendships which will continue long after her college life is a thing of the past. Truly, the Literary Society is a potent factor in our College career, but it is only after we have stepped down and out, that we can thoroughly appreciate its value.

The Young Women's Christian Association is one of the oldest of our College societies. It had a very small beginning, but has grown and prospered year by year. For an hour each week a little band of the more earnest of us meets together for Bible study and prayer, varied now and

again by a consideration of missionary matters,—a short period of rest and peace in the midst of a week's rush and worry. But the society has not limited itself to religious matters only, and one very practical outgrowth is the lunch room, which provides for the material comfort of the girls. Indeed, it is very pleasant to come from the cold world outside, into so warm and cheerful an atmosphere. On the stormy winter days, the presiding genius of that mysterious little room in the basement is kept pretty busy, fulfilling the demands of a bevy of bright girls, all laughing and talking at once. Let no one say that a college education unfits a woman for domestic life, when we have daily before our eyes, a practical demonstration to the contrary.

* * *

Within the last year or two we have begun to realise that the old adage of all work and no play is quite as applicable to girls as to boys, and the Fencing and Tennis Clubs are a result of this feeling. Every autumn and spring the Tennis Courts are marked out—never twice in the same place to be sure—but that is a matter of minor importance, and racquets and balls become part of the furnishings of the Ladies' Rooms. Surely there can be no better indication of the interest taken in this delightful game than last summer's Tournament. When it is too late and too early to play tennis, we may fence, and two years' practice has made many of the girls quite proficient in the exercise. Here, too, we hope that small beginnings will have great endings, and that it will not be very long until we have a Gymnasium of our own.

* * *

The Ladies' Glee Club, also, is a product of recent times, in which we are all very much interested. We are able to see very clearly the rapid strides which it is taking, for the Club has been generous during the past year, and we have still fresh in our minds the recollection of the high class musical treat which it gave us shortly before Christmas. Just lately, there have been hints of a new departure for next year, in the shape of a Banjo and Guitar Club, under the direction of the Glee Club. It is to be hoped that the girls will take kindly to the suggestion, and that very early next year this new Club will become a reality.

* * *

We say that our College life is monotonous, that the daily round is ever the same. Perhaps so, but we certainly have the means to develop all sides of our nature—time alone is lacking. What a pity it is that each of us cannot regulate her own clock! Things might get tangled up, though, and our difficulties would be just so much increased. As we make specialties of our College studies, so perhaps the best plan is for each of us to follow her own bent—be it literary, religious, gymnastic or musical—in the matter of College societies.

SCENE IN THE SANCTUM.

(Chief, New Woman, Critic, Idealist, Sport, Cheerful Idiot, Poet. All seated around a table with paper before them.)

Sport (coaxing a dog to jump a stick)—There Spook, now jump! Come! That's it.

Chief (rapping on the table)—The next business to be settled is the completion of the list of editorials. The following subjects have been chosen: Ideals, The Press of To-day, and Applied Education. If any one has other suggestions, let her make them now, or hold her peace forevermore.

Sport (motioning to the dog)—There, lie down! We have had enough motions from you.

Idealist—I would suggest a comparison between Goethe and Euripides as an excellent topic for a high class magazine. It would not taste of the realistic tendencies of the age, and would show that we were battling against the tide, not floating with it.

Cheerful Idiot—Why not a comparison between May Agnes Fleming and John Stuart Mill?

Sport—For that matter you might give us an exposition on the resemblance of Bob Fitzsimmons to Achilles.

Critic—Comparisons are the thief of time.

New Woman (sarcastically)—We are not publishing a back number. The improvement of mankind should be uppermost in our minds, and the extension of the franchise—

Cheerful Idiot—And the bifurcated garment—To bloom-er not to bl—

Idealist—Extension of the franchise! Neither are we publishing a one cent political organ, Madame New Woman. SESAME should not stoop below classic ideals.

Chief—De gustibus non est disputandum.

Idealist (aside to Cheerful Digit)—What did she say?

Cheerful Idiot—She and Gus find it nice on a tandem.

Idealist—Oh yes, yes. The modern Pegasus!

Critic—The days of idealism in both art and state are gone; your propositions are out of date.

New Woman—What? Out of date? My propositions?

Sport—Hear, hear! As out of date as last year's bike. Give us something readable.

Chief (to Sport)—And what do you propose?

Sport—Why a plan for a series of paper-chases for the women undergraduates. That would interest the whole city.

Cheerful Idiot—Atalantas, eh! All right, provided you send Hippomenes ahead to drop the golden balls.

Sport—And a mob of reporters for the anxious suitors in the rear.

Idealist—Unworthy fruit of an ignoble mind.

New Woman—This is not to the point. Remember our aim to provide the public with a magazine in which the problem of government is to be solved, and in a nut-shell.

Cheerful Idiot—Shell? Our magazine should have lots of it. Fire away!

Idealist (aside)—“Hear you this Triton of the minnows.” (Aloud):
γυναικὴν μὲν τοῖς ἔθνεσιν ὄψα δὲ τοῦ εἰς ἔθνεσιν.

Poet (starting from a reverie)—Was it a dream, or did I hear the dulcet tones of the Grecian Helen's voice? Hark! 'Tis gone. (Gazes dreamily out of the window.)

Cheerful Idiot (aside)—To Paris? Helen! The “World's Fair”!

Idealist—We ought at least to rise to the level of the ancients.

New Woman—Of course. And above it. We are now in the high-tide of civilization, and our paper must attain the highest water-mark.

Idealist—Yes, the water-mark of a storm-tossed ocean, where the populace are seething to and fro, grasping at airy nothings.

New Woman—Better white-caps than stagnation.

Idealist (aside)—*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

Critic—Wasting time! Our magazine is for the sane, not for fanatics. You are carried away with your fads.

(Idealist and New Woman rise and speak together.)

Idealist—Carried away! Fads! (Sits down.)

New Woman—Fads! Fads! Did you say fads? You shall see fifty years hence if my life is a fad. (Sits down.)

Critic—O Socrates, it was ever thus with thy disciples!

Cheerful Idiot—It's time for the cordials.

Sport (to Cheerful Idiot)—Lemonade with a (hemlock) stick in it?

Critic—Calm yourselves. There is no call for a scene.

New Woman (aside)—Calm myself! Hum!

Critic—Suppose, Madame Chief, you tell our ambitious co-workers what the real aim of the magazine is.

Sport—To make money to build a gym. What else should it be?

Chief—I thought I knew our purpose a half-an-hour ago, but it has been snowed under. A purely literary aim will never meet the demands of these aspirants for socialism and demagogism.

Cheerful Idiot—To expedite matters, here are some directions for a popular magazine:

Make up your order for the various manufacturers in about the following proportions:

Advertisements	General Matter	20 : 15
General Matter	Bicycle Items	15 : 5
Bicycle Items	Fashion News	5 : 4
Fashion News	Fiction	4 : 3
Fiction	Humor	3 : 2
Humor	Wit	2 : 1

That's all that's needed.

Idealist—Scandalous! Are we children to be amused with puzzles?

Cheerful Idiot—I beg your pardon. The inference was not intended. Just let me finish.

Idealist—No, no; I'll hear no more.

New Woman—Nor I neither. I shall not stand by and hear the weakness of humanity held up to ridicule.

Critic—It comes to this. Are we to allow Mesdames New Woman and Idealist to make our paper the instrument of their vain efforts to turn the world upside down, or—

New Woman (looking furtively around)—Excuse me, Madame; I have another meeting to attend. I must go. (Exit.)

Idealist—Pax vobiscum!

Cheerful Idiot—Sic transit nova femina!

Idealist (Rises)—I fear I shall have to go too. There are some matters I must attend to. (Exit.)

Cheerful Idiot (after her)—

Stay! Stay!
Until the—the festive fray
Has run,
But to the—the—dinner-gong!
And having—scrapped—together, we
Will go with you along!

Chief—The time is up. We may conclude the meeting in a minute. For my part, I do not think any more editorials necessary.

Cheerful Idiot—Nor I. Let us leave our readers something to be thankful for.

Sport—Unless we have one on bicycles.

Idealist (putting her head in at the door)—I was afraid you might think I didn't want to write the article I proposed. On the contrary, I would be only too glad to oblige you. (Vanishes.)

Critic—There's the old story. Business all forgotten in a fad-battle. Each one comes with his own little pampered fad, the offspring of his own vanity; and the broad, liberal principles, which alone can bring the summum

bonum, are lost sight of amidst the dust and turmoil. Instead of the grand results which should follow when intelligent men and women "take sweet counsel together," we have nothing but hard feeling and a stronger determination on the part of each to make his fad tell next time. Alas! Why am I a Critic? My fad is to have no fad.

Chief—If all are willing, I declare the meeting adjourned.

Sport—Come, Spook.

(Exeunt all but Poet, who is still gazing out of the window.)

HER VISION.

Before my eyes there spreads a wintry scene,
Where beauty seems to have but little place,
For on and on stretch fields of hard brown earth
'Neath twilight skies, which duller grow apace.

Full well I know that in those frozen mounds
Are sleeping seeds of fair and fragrant flowers,
Which yet will waken at the touch of time,
And spring to beauty under April showers.

And so perchance in this our little book,
With all the imperfections it may hold,
There lies the promise of far-reaching good,
Which time will surely in its course unfold.

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