

Ontario Normal College Monthly

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY, 1899.

The Literary and Scientific Society.

BETWEEN the first and second meetings of the Literary and Scientific Society for this term, a curious mass meeting was called. The subject was a rendering of the battle of the gods and the giants. Apollo got up and twangled his bow mightily. And then Typhon, a snake-like portent, reared his head in hideous majesty and blasted with his breath. The prototype of Ther-sites broke in upon the din and the fight was abruptly called off. The advantage remained with the giants, but if Minerva had raised her spear the sun would not have lowered on a discomfiture of the immortals.

On January 20th the Society assembled mainly to elect officers for the term. At 2 10 p.m. the amphitheatre was packed. Some had to choose between sitting in the windows or on the floor. Men not yet out of the clammy grip of sickness tottered to the polls and stayed through hours of suspense in a hot room to hear the verdict of the urn. Some of the ladies might have been brought in the ambulance. President Martin looked well after a week of argument with the humming hope of Hamilton. At the arrival of Mr. Burnham just in time to vote, a slight sensation passed through the crowd. Of the scrutineers "Alec" Smith has experience and reputation. G. F. Smith is conscientious. Mr. Staples is as prominent as any single man in the college.

While they were counting ballots the Society did its best to kill time. Mr. Hinch and Mr. Langford fought about the class photograph. Mr. Hinch wanted an expression on the

matter. This is a tender point with the Society. Mr. Langford found himself in a minority of about 175 on his motion. Then they wanted Mr. Merritt to sing a song, and help the Society to "look pleasant." Failing him they attacked Mr. Rowland. He had a story but not a song. The pianist had already resigned. Mr. Martin received a note which he was pressed to communicate to the Society. Mr. Carson moved an adjournment eight times on various pretexts, but the Society was inflexible. No one said anything about obstruction. When Mr. Hinch talked conversazione, he was followed by Mr. Watt in a thrilling speech that woke up the half prostrate forms in the front rows. Then the resourceful Hinch called for the college yell. Mr. Meiklejohn washed his hands of everything connected with it. Mr. Menger had his doubts. Finally the editors taught a first lesson on Mr. McKinley's masterpiece. It was "a complete failure from a pedagogic standpoint." Mr. Wethey, the Last of the Patrons, declared his politics. Just before the election returns were announced, Miss Gahan swept lightly up on the platform. Afraid of being taken for a graduate, she stated her position clearly. Then she not only criticized the various *faux pas* incidental to true genius, but struck a vein of earnest exhortation for the future which sounded like the first note of warning of the coming catastrophe in a well constructed tragedy.

Faces paled amid the applause that followed, while the sun's last rays glanced feebly across the top of the room, playing on the blinds with a sort of shuddering smile. Doom was in the air, flapping her

dusky pinions heavily. The results were solemnly read. The old President gave place to the new. Many of the unredeemed now left the place. Mr. Mason spoke eight or ten impassioned words and then plunged back into the common crowd. Instantly the room was in an uproar. What was the matter? Some thought the President had resigned in favor of Mr. Charters, and certainly Mr. Charters looked embarrassed. But in a moment the President reconsidered things, sprang to the platform and called for God Save the Queen. Mr. Staples' historic saying was "Vox Populi Vox Dei."

At its first meeting the L. and S. Society adopted as its motto, "In Order to Expedite Matters." Not till January 27th, however, was the policy exhibited in perfect working order. Van Norman's agreement regarding the class photograph was accepted unanimously. With equal dispatch Mr. Tamblin's motion to appoint a curator was carried. But nobody wanted this office, so just to expedite matters Mr. Burnham was declared elected by acclamation in the middle of nominations. Mr. Burnham was overwhelmed. His friends, however, objected to such irregular haste. Accordingly Mr. Davidson tried another method of expedition, and moved that the curator be left on the shelf for a week. Thanks to a misunderstanding (for in pursuance of the expedition policy there were two motions before the house at once) the motion passed, and we hurried on. But it was soon discovered that in our haste we had forgotten to elect a critic and a pianist and it became necessary to return to the order of elections. Mr. Smith's nominee was elected critic unanimously. I didn't hear his name. Nobody could play "God Save the Queen;" at last to expedite matters Mr. Burnham consented to learn. Mr. Tamblin wanted the curator taken off the shelf; Mr. Martin thought he had been ndt there too

expeditiously anyhow. So Mr. Davidson's motion was rescinded. After a number of gentlemen had withdrawn from the contest for the office, the names of Messrs. Hinch and Murray remained; in order to expedite matters the election was laid over for a week. (Mr. Hinch was tired of standing himself, therefore consented now to let his name stand for him). Miss Mullin's motion to let the ladies bring their fancy work to the meetings was ruled out for purposes of expedition; for the same reason the programme was shortened to a piano solo by Miss McKinnon, Mr. Gillesby's violin selection and a reading by Miss Taylor. These and Miss Fyfe's excellent criticism were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Burnham played, and we sang, the national anthem as fast as was becoming.—and then we adjourned.

On Friday, February 2nd, the minutes, read by Secretary Charters, were largely made up of proper names and the word "withdrew." Under "communications received," Mr. Charters read his resignation, which was accepted. People wondered why he resigned. It could not be ill-health, nor yet over-pressure of study. All took it for granted that society claims the lion's share of his attention.

Mr. Murray was elected curator over all comers, and now receives the congratulations of his friends. The unfortunate but gallant Hinch on the verge of success was again "turned down" by this society.

Then came the nominations for secretary. Mr. Carson, a hot favorite in the field for critic, but so ugly at the pole that his starter was compelled to take his name off the boards, was again tried out for secretary by a new starter.

While listening to the rounded periods of Mr. Hansford, the audience, with one rude exception, who objected to speeches a mile long

[NOTE—This is the linear measure

ment of speech, the third, highest and most scientific measurement) was oblivious to the flight of time. But the speaker modestly fearing lest in his enthusiasm he should encroach upon the society's valuable time, kept referring to his watch. Mr. Hinch was ultimately nominated for secretary in a final outburst of oratory. It remains to be seen whether he will again be "turned down." Messrs. A. W. Smith, that conversat. man of the sorrowful accents, G. F. Smith and W. M. Martin (once president of the "Lit.") were some of the nominees to this office.

Mr. Langford rose to frequent points of order, but alas, so long has he exercised his faculty of saying funny things that the Society, like Uncle Remus' little listener, is convulsed with laughter even though the old man speak with the greatest earnestness of purpose.

Grim reports of election corruption were stalking about, Mr. Martin thought, and to clear himself and his able scrutineers, he wished to say that no crooked work was done. Some one would have liked to ask a question, and some one wanted to know if Mr. Martin was throwing mud at him. Mr. Martin answered the question, said that he was throwing no mud and begged Section 9 No. 3's pardon for calling him Section 12 No. 5, (it is not so personal to refer to the members in this way). And once more "silence was pleased."

It was now four o'clock and the secretary's fountain pen having run dry the Society consented to be adjourned without allowing the critic to give his six page criticism. After adjournment The Joker led in the National Anthem. Then "silence settled wide and still."

FESTINALENTE.



A large, lazy boy recently wound up a short composition on the subject of a runaway accident, with "The horse ran away and threw him out and broke his neck and cut his face."

An Essay on the Power of Thought.

Some time last term Mr. W. M. Bradley read a paper on the Power of Thought which was much enjoyed by the Literary and Scientific Society. Necessarily in a ten minute essay only a few aspects of so broad a subject could be touched upon. Mr. Bradley dwelt chiefly on the bearing of the intellect upon morality. While not, like Plato, going so far as to make knowledge the sole basis of ethics, he showed in a really brilliant manner the important part played by pure thought in the moral growth of the Spirit. Virtue is not the outcome of inconsiderate sentiment. The "clear, cold, logic engine" must raise to consciousness the vague impulses of our being. Doing right involves a process of keen discrimination, which is the function of the intellect. Mr. Bradley showed also the effect of various kinds of thoughts upon both the character and the health. "The mind that is filled with frivolous thoughts is like a garden overrun with weeds," he said—which recalls Hamlet's "unweeded garden gone to seed." An evil thought harms not only him in whom it is engendered, but those who come into contact with him. "Pure thoughts go out on missions of love and mercy, strengthening the weak and acting as a tonic for all humanity." Mr. Bradley's Spiritualistic tendencies crop out here and there: "If you would be surrounded by pure influences think pure thoughts. Crush out evil thoughts. Do not imagine for one moment that thoughts will remain unseen. Many clairvoyants have their spiritual sight so quickened that they can readily perceive the *aura* that surrounds each person, and by the color of it determine the nature of his thoughts." In a brief summary much interesting detail must be omitted, but the clearness of Mr. Bradley's exposition has doubtless left the main outline of his ideas in the minds of those who heard him, without the help of this synopsis.

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EDITORIAL BOARD.

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THE meetings of the Literary and Scientific Society have been so far this term full of life and interest. It was to be expected that when the members came to know each other better, they would find their bearings and feel less diffidence in expressing themselves on matters of common concern to the student body and therefore to the Society. For as we are united in the one Society, that Society is the student body. And it must register an opinion on practically everything, excepting athletics, which involves the interests of all the students. As a consequence we have now so much business to transact in the meetings of the Society, that little time is left for a programme.

WE have heard it said that squabbling over points of order, notices of motion, or constitutional technicalities is of little or no benefit compared with the graver argumentation of ordered debate. Some would have the business part of our meetings rushed through "any way to get there." Nobody of course wishes to obstruct proceedings by impertinent speeches or by needless haggling over trifles. We all desire dispatch in the transaction of the business. But the outcome of the "rush" method is often a determined blocking of operations by those who believe in system, ending sometimes in a dead-lock. There are many reasons why parliamentary procedure should be

rigidly adhered to in our meetings. Law is as essential as life. If rules of order are needed in more important assemblies, to prevent confusion and expedite business, we also should be guided by them. Besides, one of the great ends of a college society is the preparation of its members to act in the larger affairs of the world with dignity and decision. Any one who learns in our Society how a meeting should be conducted, and how to conduct it, has acquired more practical experience than another who has taken part in a debate or two and listened half asleep to half a dozen.

In the discussion of points of order and the various business matters, the student gains a power of prompt speech, an alertness, and a ready tact which formal debating would hardly develop. He has to get on his feet and fight for himself as the occasion demands. He forms a habit of initiative, acting for himself with a confident independence, and knowing what he wants. Many a college graduate looking back to the nights at the old "Lit.," remembers little of the formal debates in which he did or did not participate. His memories wander back to the animated business discussions, to the personal encounters perhaps, and to the rough and tumble battles of the Mock Parliament. That is what did him permanent good.

There are then opportunities for development in business discussions, which the formal debate does not offer. Who would smother these discussions for the sake of a trivial programme of songs and recitations? It may be admitted that the set

debate, all things considered, affords the best scope for the exercise of the faculties of argument and expression. We may imagine an ideal programme to consist of a debate, a literary essay and a little music. But there is always a difficulty in securing both debaters and subjects for debate which will hold the interest of the audience. There is none of this difficulty in the discussion of affairs which closely concern the student body. And therefore, while we may never lose sight of our ideal programme as the absolute best, it would be unwise even were it possible, to stifle spontaneous debate in the free field of business discussion. We must lay hold of the practical good. The Society is taking care of its affairs and that according to Plato is Justice.

THE attractions of the class-room, or reading-room, as it may now be called, have been heightened by the placing on file of so large a number of papers and periodicals. Spare minutes which were formerly wasted in idle talk or blankly staring out of windows may now be filled in with interesting and profitable reading. Perhaps the *Mail and Empire*, as well as the *Globe*, might be put on file.

THE course of lectures on the Psychology of the Imagination, just begun by the Principal, promises to be of considerable interest. For it is understood that he purposes dwelling at some length on this important subject. Covering so broad a field as the Pedagogics of Literature, which practically amounts, as treated, to a Philosophy of Literature, the Principal's lectures have so far been

necessarily of a somewhat sketchy character. The suggestiveness of these sketches should lead many of us to take some point from its setting in the plan drawn with so broad a touch, and develop it with a detail which the Principal must deny himself in the shortness of time at his disposal.

For example one might write a volume on the Unity, not simply of a literary work, but of the total production of any one man, or any one epoch. The unity of any artist's work, which we must suppose to exist if we believe in the unity or continuity of the individual consciousness, has been the subject of much controversy. This unity must lie in some logical principle of development or evolution. If we speak of a unity in Shakespeare's work, we do not mean that Shakespeare thought and wrote in the same way from first to last, but that his thought and his style were evolved according to a fixed inner law corresponding to the law of his vital growth. Still, what is evolved must have been involved. So that in determining wherein the unity of a writer's work consists, it must be borne in mind that the bud already involves the elements of the full blown flower.

This unity of an author's life and honest work implies their individuality. Work being the reflection of a personality, the result of a selecting and relating process, it will bear the permanent stamp of the writer's mental attitude towards things. No rational being can turn himself into a photographing machine. We cannot receive impressions without reacting on them. Some so-called realists, pretending to object to the "intrusion"

of the writer's personal attitude into the work, as though there could be any work which should not reflect its maker's tone, as though God were not reflected in his creation, have tried to fasten on this so-called ideal element in literature an invidious astronomical expression, "the personal equation." Just so far as no writer sees the truth as it is, "the personal equation" applies. But the so-called realists are generally so far from seeing the truth, that the mildness of applying the phrase to their divergence would appear ludicrous.

The unity and individuality of a writer's life is seen to be reflected in the style as well as the content of his work. But the unifying principle is even harder to discover in style than in thought. Bentley's errors are a warning to those who would apply uncertain theories too closely in practice. Commentators on the ancient writers often amuse themselves more than others by their various interpretations. Still, the study both of the general question of literary unity and of the particular development of individual authors according to a unifying principle, should be fascinating enough to induce somebody to undertake an investigation for the Monthly, or for the May examination.

Ethics and Mathematics.

STUDENTS of mathematics usually feel that so old and dignified a science requires no justification. But, when the admirers of other branches of learning claim that theirs is "the best" or "the only" or the "Alpha and Omega of education," the mathematician is tempted to enter the

discussion. I shall try to present the importance of a few ethical qualities, and to show how the study of mathematics favors their development, though I wish to be understood as suggesting a line of thought rather than as trying to effect a complete demonstration of my position.

Ethics and mathematics have several points of similarity. According to some philosophers, relations of right and wrong are deduced from certain intuitions in every human mind. In the same way, mathematical notions are deduced from a few self-evident truths. It is plain, then, since the modes of development are the same, that a training in mathematics will be valuable in acquiring a definite grasp of principles for moral guidance. But another school of ethics holds that morals are merely a matter of expediency, and that ethics is founded on analysis of circumstances. Granting this, the similarity to mathematics still holds. While the main development is deductive, yet a very large part, especially of applied mathematics, is analytical. And again it is plain that such a training gives the power of disentangling and judging the merits of alternative courses of action; and that it prepares the mind for that discrimination which will enable it to choose the right and avoid the wrong. Thus the study of mathematics is an aid to better living. Its methods of development give the individual the ability to form a rational conception of himself and of his relations to others. By the habits of thought which it forms, he is enabled to judge intelligently how far his actions fulfil his ideal of right. And as we have seen, it makes little difference whether that ideal be based on an analysis of environment, or built up from intuitive first principles.

Very little consideration will convince one of the scope and power of analogy. It is by analogy that the mind reaches from the known to the unknown. It is by analogy that the

mind apprehends moral and spiritual things, for all thought must be in terms of the physical facts and activities of experience. Thus we see that analogy is the only bond between material and immaterial things; that, in the words of Mr. Swainson, "Analogy, or symbolical representation, is, therefore, the most universal law of nature, because it embraces and extends its influence over the natural, the moral and the spiritual world." Hence any study that cultivates the ability to discover analogies is worthy of a high place in any scheme of education. Such a position is claimed for mathematics, because it gives a specific training to this power. In all analytical mathematics, the student is constantly engaged in finding the principles or physical facts which are represented by the symbols of the formulae. The mere forms into which mathematical expressions fall are poetical in their suggestiveness and in their wealth of meaning; and in the investigation of their significance the student develops ability to see the analogies between the facts of his environment and the higher laws of his being, and to connect the daily circumstances of his life with the abstract principles of truth and moral conduct.

In the world of conduct there is, perhaps, no greater hindrance to right action than prejudice. Personal feelings, likes and dislikes, arising out of preconceived notions, controversy or passion, are very often motives that lead the wrong way. But Sir J. F. Herschel maintains, with great truth, that prejudice must be laid aside in the study of science. This is particularly true with regard to mathematics. The propositions of this science are based on verities and their object is the discovery of truth. In this high realm "there is no party spirit, no personal controversy" and no partiality.

It is evident that intelligence is the basis of morals. Hence any study is useful that will provide mental

gymnastics by which the intellect may become a more efficient instrument for the right exercise of free will. For this work mathematics is unsurpassed. By its close scrutiny of the premises and of each succeeding step, by the rigorous logic of its methods, by its alternation of analysis and synthesis, by the required persistence of effort, by its continuity of thought, and by the earnestness and concentration of mind which it demands, mathematics affords a training which is of the utmost advantage in trying to follow intelligently the highest moral principles.

Growing out of a strong intellect is the power of imagination. In actual life man has to represent to himself the result of this or that action, and having decided as to the justice or rightness of his proposed action, he must picture to himself the available means of arriving at the result, as well as imagine how these will affect and be affected by the feelings and rights of others. Hence the ethical importance of the image-forming faculty, such as may be cultivated by mathematics. For this study has to do with the ideal conditions under which matter may exist in time and space, and at every stage of the investigation the student has to look forward to the desired end, to image the effect of certain operations, and to see in the mind's eye how these results would be changed by the introduction of new relations. Thus mathematics trains that sort of imagination by which the mind is able to trace results of certain actions, or of given combinations of circumstances, that sort of imagination which is a large factor in the qualities of prudence, forethought, justice, temperance, tact and sympathy.

There are, however, other manifestations of imagination in qualities of another kind. It is that imagination which "expands, diminishes, moulds, refines," and puts into new relations the materials derived from the world of fact and observation. It

is that imagination which delights the mind with conceptions of harmony and beauty. These have an important bearing on morals. They purify and ennoble the mind, taking away the gross and the base, and enriching the mental life with faith, hope and love. A person who can recognize and appreciate beauty wherever found is not capable of acting contrary to his ideals of right. If then mathematical study brings the individual into contact with beauty, it fulfils one of the highest functions of education. This it does in various ways. There is beauty in the truths which form the subject matter of the science, whether we observe "the subtle harmonies and affinities of number and magnitude," or regard the symmetrical development of truth from a few fundamental principles, or consider the applications of them to the explanation of physical phenomena. From a few self-evident truths mathematics has developed an instrument whereby the planets may be measured and weighed, the orbit of a comet may be traced, or still more wonderful and beautiful, the motions of the particles may be determined in that invisible, intangible and imponderable medium of the transmission of light. There is beauty in the grandeur and universality of mathematical truth. There are few main principles but on these depend an almost infinite variety and complexity of details. Besides the intrinsic beauty of the objects, there is beauty in the harmony of the laws obeyed by the tiniest rain-drop that helps to form a rainbow, or by the torrent of Niagara. These laws by revealing the intention of the Creator with respect to the material universe, make known to us the Divine power, wisdom and goodness. There is beauty in the simplicity of the primary principles which the Divine will has followed in creation. And finally the effort to see truth has a beauty all its own. There is beauty in the exercise of the understanding, and

any mathematical formula does nothing less than express an operation of the understanding. There is a rare beauty in seeing from the beginning to the end, in knowing from top to bottom, and through and through, for that is how Deity sees and knows.

Thus we have tried to show that by a similarity to ethics in its mode of development, by training the mind in the discernment of analogies, by the inculcation of liberality, by affording mental discipline, and by the cultivation of the intellectual side of imagination, mathematics gives a preparation for the formation of ethical ideas, and develops to a high degree the power of putting these into practice. Further, by pointing out the beauties of nature with which the mind is brought into direct contact, along with the higher beauty of the truths of which nature, including man, is but the outward exemplification, we have indicated that mathematics has a direct influence on that form of imagination which gives rise to emotional and æsthetic life. That is, the study of mathematics gives discipline and an appreciation of beauty. And discipline and beauty are the chief, if not the only factors of culture. The essential ideal in mathematics is physical and æsthetic truth, and nothing more noble and elevated can occupy the human intelligence. By its contemplation the mind is brought into reunion with it, and is prepared thereby to enjoy the sublime truth and beauty of a higher existence. For such reasons I maintain that the study of mathematics fulfils the highest end of all education which, in the eloquent words of Sir James Mackintosh, "is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty—especially of goodness, the highest beauty—and of that supreme and eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love, or delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims,

for their own sake only, the mind of man is used for low and perishable objects and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them."

MATHEMATICIAN.



THE W. A. A. AT HOME.

THE delightful At Home given by the Women's Athletic Association on the evening of Thursday, February 9th, will long be remembered by the students of this college as one of the brightest and happiest events of the year. For nearly two weeks everyone had been looking forward to it with eager expectation. The ladies were known to be having almost daily rehearsals, and conjecture was rife among the men as to the special form which the entertainment was going to take. The final revelation came as a complete surprise to all.

The scene which greeted the eye of the guest as he entered the Assembly Hall by the east door was indeed a splendid one, and well it might be. For two whole days the Ladies' Decoration Committee had been putting forth every effort to minister to the comfort and pleasure of their guests. In the very centre of the hall a large carpet was spread, and upon this were neatly arranged the huge inviting arm-chairs from the down-stair offices, with just enough palms among them to give the whole a cozy home-like effect. The east and west walls were gaily decked with long streamers of different colored bunting, which gradually ascended from both sides in graceful curves till they reached their highest point over each door. The doors themselves were tastefully draped with rich portieres, and the alcove at the back of the hall was decorated in a similar manner. The platform at the front was draped with purple and gold, falling in interlacing curves, and profuse quantities of college colors were also to be seen on the wall behind. Added to this the usual quota of flags, screens, cushions,

and rugs, animate the scene with an assembly of good-looking people and one may be able to form some vague idea of the brilliant spectacle which met the gaze of the entering guests.

Miss Northway acted as announcer, and the Reception Committee consisted of Mrs. Turner and Miss Healy, the energetic President of the W. A. A. Miss Gahan presented every comer with a programme and a smile. The latter was Miss Gahan's own, but the former was the product of Miss McDiarmid's mind and hand. In design it was exceedingly neat and appropriate. The outside represented a small basket-ball, with seams and lacings all complete, while on the inside was neatly printed with pen and ink the promenade programme of the evening.

It would be impossible to follow out in detail all the enjoyable features of the evening's entertainment, but there are one or two things of such paramount importance that whole volumes might be written on them without doing them justice. The first of these was "The Beethoven Symphony Club." At the first notes of the club the reason for the secret rehearsals flashed with all its awful significance across the mind of every one present. But it was now too late to turn back, so the audience was forced to grin and bear it. The conductor, Miss Rosenstadt, came forward wearing the trophies of a hundred triumphs. Under her baton the club then rended with exquisite delicacy a short portion of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata entitled "Jingle Bells." They then chased away the tears of the audience by singing in perfectly irresistible style a comic song entitled "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," from Beethoven's latest skit "Rob Roy." After this followed a mouth-organ duet by Misses Ashwell and Nicholson, and a trio by Misses Jamieson, Crane and Sutherland. Next a quartette consisting of Misses Ashwell

Tremeer, Kirkwood and Webster, came to the front and began the last number, which for lack of a better name, we will call "The Psychology Song." It set forth the difficulties encountered by a Normal College student in studying Psychology. Kindly responding to an encore, the club played by special request one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Tunes" entitled "Das Schweigen." This was rendered in the same high class style as the preceding numbers, though at times the fish-horn became unmanageable and threatened to mar the quiet harmony.

On the whole, the Symphony Club won for themselves golden opinions on every side, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of hearing them again at the Literary Society.

No account of this very enjoyable affair would be complete without mentioning the splendid arrangements that had been made to minister to the wants of the inner man. Small tables were spread in the hall on the west side of the assembly room, and here throughout the greater part of the evening light refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake, lemonade and ice cream, were served by a large staff of waiters whose only care seemed to be to satisfy the wants of their guests. Behind the scenes, in the pantry, things were kept running smoothly through the indefatigable efforts of Miss Hinch, who superintended the dish-washing department.

When at length all had been served, and the orchestra had reached the full limit of fourteen numbers, the weary pleasure-seekers began to prepare for home. Anon the building was deserted for the freezing air outside. One by one the lights went out, then the doors were locked, and the W.A.A. "At Home" was henceforth to exist only in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

G. M.

An Adventure.

IN THE month of November 1893, I was awakened one cold, windy night by a loud peal of thunder and the beating of rain against the panes. Unable to go to sleep again, I rose, dressed and on going down the stair-way, was very much surprised to find the hall-door ajar. I supposed that my father had forgotten to lock it on the previous night and the wind had blown it open. I closed it and thought no more about it. On entering the study on the left of the hall, I was amused to find it only half past two. As it was somewhat cold, I slipped into my father's overcoat, which was hanging in the hall, and sat down to read.

Just as I was comfortably seated, I heard a light footstep outside the study door. I blew out the light—why, I do not know—took off my slippers and went out. I was unable to see clearly owing to the darkness of the night, however I thought I saw some large object glide quickly out of the hall and I heard the closing of the door quite distinctly. I followed the form whatever it might be, and went out on the veranda and was confronted by a very large man who was standing perfectly still with his right arm outstretched. As we stood there, silent and motionless, there came a vivid flash of lightning. In a second I saw that he had long, sandy whiskers and very dark piercing eyes, was dressed in black and wore a derby hat. There was one thing I noticed particularly: on his right hand there was no thumb.

How long we stood there I do not know. It seemed ages to me. I wished he would break the silence for it was becoming unbearable. At last in a very deep voice, he said, "Well, you are a bold one." I answered nothing, but stood still wondering what would next happen. I determined to present a bold front, thinking that if I did not seem afraid,

he would judge there was efficient help within. Suddenly and without the least warning, he whistled, jumped off the veranda and ran—where, I do not know as he could not be seen—but his footsteps grew fainter and fainter. I thought the matter ended and went inside, locked the door, and entered the study again. After some time I lighted the lamp and went into the drawing room on the right of the hall. Here everything was upside down, even the carpets were partly torn up, and all was in confusion. I then went into a bedroom and here too every corner was ransacked. The bed was pulled apart, the mattress cut open; the dresser-drawers were out and their contents scattered over the floor. I knew by these unmistakable signs that some one had attempted to burglarize my home. Not wishing to rouse the other members of the family who had not heard anything of what had happened owing to the high wind and beating rain, I replaced nothing in these rooms. Again going into the study and beginning to read, I heard once more that dreaded footstep in the hall. After putting out the light, I went out again. Imagine how surprised I was to find that man back again. He had unlocked the door—probably by means of a skeleton key and had dared to come in, even though the light in the house warned him I was still there. It was then I became frightened, for it was evident he was determined to rob the house in spite of me. Though inwardly in a tumult, I compelled myself to be outwardly composed.

As we stood there, just inside the hall door, I was terrified by the entrance of a second man. I was utterly at a loss how to proceed. All sorts of alternatives flashed through my brain. If I screamed, they might strangle me, if I moved they might shoot me—there was nothing for me to do but wait. I felt, rather than saw their steady gaze upon me. This suspense lasted fully five minutes,

then the silence was broken by their whisperings. A few of the muttered words reached me: "How dare she then" "Oh! the deuce! let's go." "No, we will finish . . ."

My agony was awful. After a short time one of the men put his arm on my shoulder saying, "you are a brave girl." They whispered again and then to my intense relief, went out and shut the door.

I rushed upstairs, wakened my father, and told him to come down quickly as men had broken into the house. He was down in a few seconds with a loaded revolver in his hand. On my telling him the men had gone, he followed but could find no trace whatever of them. In the meantime I had lighted the lamp. He came, took the light from me and went into the hall. I shall never forget the look on his face as he said, "They've got it." I did not know what he meant, until he told me he had left his overcoat in the hall with money in it obtained from the sale of a farm. Before he had been able to deposit it, the bank had closed, and he thought the money would be safe for one night in his inside pocket. We looked in vain for the coat until, by a happy thought, I remembered that I myself was the thief, and had been comfortably enveloped in it, even while searching for it. On examining it, the money was found. We were very thankful at having no worse result of that night's episode than two badly disordered rooms.

Soon after these men, along with some others, were captured and stood their trial for several housebreakings. I was able to identify one member of the gang by that peculiarity of his right hand which I had noticed while we stood contemplating one another on that well remembered night.

VONHOLT.



TEACHER (nervously).—Hermes, otherwise known as Quicksilver.

LIFE.

Like mist at dawn of day, like flying cloud
Across the moon's fair face that hurtles
fast,

Like incense breath that floats o'er altar
proud,

Our life is past.

Our ivy-crowned youth, as yesterday
In morning's tender light and noonday
glare,

Has glided like a peaceful dream away
Untouched by care.

To-day the myrtle wreath of man's estate
Our brows adorns, and in our power dight
We bid defiance to the hand of Fate
In noble fight.

To-morrow, crowned with cypress foliage
dark,

In drear old age we'll drone o'er victories
won

And dire defeats and struggles dread that
mark

The life that's done.

C. M. K.

✻

A Letter.

HEAR HANNAH—I have not very much to write about this week. I had to elocute before the Principal on the pedagogics of the continuous activity of consciousness. My knowledge caused quite a sensation, or my sensation created quite a knowledge, I really don't know which. I get mixed up so. Some of the boys laughed at the idea. The Principal takes a great interest in the psychology of shorthorns. A study of animal psychology would have helped pa a great deal. Tell him there is a natural interest in shorthorns, and a natural discount in the long horns. If he were only richer I could have a fine time down here. I suppose when he was a boy in Ireland, they didn't know much about raising cattle and other staples. I guess they fattened the beasts on rational allowances more than on rational principles. Still I have a pretty good time except when I am teaching or observing. We learn a lot about Hygiene. A nice boy comes to see me often in the evenings

He is a graduate. I don't believe that man was right who told me just before the election that the graduates all smoke and drink and swear. They look as healthy as the Leavings, and alcohol and tobacco would soon have ruined their constitutions. They say I am a pretty good basket-ball player. One day I fell down and got my skirt dusty, and just before a match I found that I had left my tie at home and had to go after it. That delayed the game a little, but it couldn't be helped. The brunettes look lovely in the purple and gold. Some of the blondes have dropped out of practice since the colors came in, but the dark girls all play now. Some of the girls act very badly in class. Really you can't help talking sometimes. One awful girl threw a marble across the room among the boys. They are often quite noisy. The Literary Society is dreadful now. The President can't keep those graduates in order. He often rules them out of order. They argue like lawyers about all kinds of funny things. Most of them are very retiring, however, when put up for office. I don't understand all the jokes. There is one man they call Uncle Remus or Rebus who is very hard to make out. I think I told you I voted a straight ticket. I hope we have a good conversazione. What do you think? He wants me to go to the University conversat. with him this month. I am getting ready for it now. I found out that I passed at Xmas, so I guess I can get through all right in the spring. Good-bye, from

Your loving sister,

ANNIE.

P. S.—Do coax pa to send me some more money. I must have it.

P. S. 2.—Yes, I got the skates all right. We skate well together. I can do the Jersey now.

P. S. 3.—I do love Tennyson. Don't you think Sir Launcelot was such a nice man?

A. Q.