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VOL. II

NO. 4

◆ VOX ◆

WESLEYANA

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Summer School
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.. JANUARY, 1898 ..

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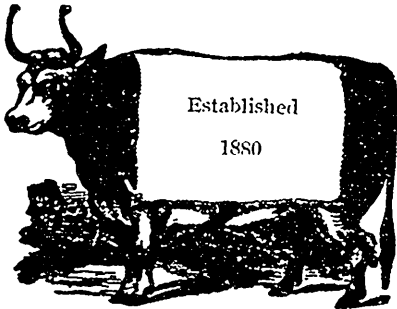
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Admiration is a good thing to let other people have for you. It's possible to think too little of yourself, but highly improbable.

The choice of a profession is the most important question that presents itself to the student during his College course. In some of the American Colleges one member of the faculty is devoted almost entirely to the duty of advising young men on such points. He is a man of wide knowledge, unquestioned principle, and who knows men. Any of the members of our College faculty are willing to advise a student should he go to them, and no one who is in doubt could do a wiser thing. Make him your confidant to the widest extent; he probably knows you better than you do yourself. His advice will be valuable, whether you act upon it or not. Never decide to enter a profession until

you know what is required in it. To this knowledge the Professor can help you, and afterwards it is wise to go to some one engaged in that particular vocation and talk the matter over. From him you will get another view of the situation. Do not be afraid to ask questions; any man who has attained any success in his profession will be glad to talk to an aspirant.

College days are to many the formulative period of life. A young man enters a new sphere of life, forms new associations and acquaintances when he enters college, and under these conditions his habits and characteristics are in that condition most susceptible to outside influences. It is no small part of a College education to form habits of observation, acquisition and application. What a man is when he leaves College he will be for life. Among the most subtle temptations that will come to the student is that of wasting what is most common and yet most precious—time. Small pieces of time are like small coins, they disappear very readily without leaving any trace. The man who can conserve the minutes will not waste the hours, and yet how much can be accomplished in a few stray minutes if we but seize the opportunities and make them count. It is so easy to sit down in one's chair and chat for five or ten minutes, or drop in on a neighbor, wasting his as well as our own time. It is not the minutes themselves that are so valuable; it is the habit of wasting them that proves destructive. Formed while in college, it clings through after life, and its victim becomes one of those people who are always behind. An advanced stage of the disease is indicated by the habit of procrastination, putting everything off until the last moment, and then doing what actually must be done in a hurried,

unsatisfactory manner and leaving what might have been done untouched. College, rightly viewed, is a habit-forming machine. The actual knowledge acquired is a mere bagatelle compared with the habit of making things we meet part of ourselves by looking into them and probing them to the bottom. A superficial knowledge is like a beautiful landscape viewed through a mist—dissatisfactory, unreliable, and easily forgotten. Upright-ness and adherence to principle are largely habits. Valuable above all is the habit of using every minute because it is in a great measure a part of all the others. I am not praising the man who studies

from morning until night. I do not admire that man enough to praise him. It certainly shows a tenacity of purpose commendable, but it is a waste of time to most. Such students make men narrow and dogmatic and unfitted to apply the knowledge they may have acquired. The man is very unwise who leaves College without a social education as well as a mental and a physical education. Take advantage of every chance to enter society or to engage in athletic sports. Don't do it at the cost of your mental training, but find the time for it by utilizing the minutes.

SUMMER SCHOOL

Behind the Y. M. C. A. camp, and on the hill above it, stands the celebrated Yerkes observatory, the property of the University of Chicago. For many years Lick observatory claimed the distinction of being the largest in the world, but the enterprise of the University of Chicago and the generosity of Mr. Yerkes has compelled Lick observatory to take second place. Mr. Yerkes, the patron and benefactor of the observatory, is the principal shareholder and manager of one of the main divisions of the Chicago street railway, and one of the richest men of that progressive city. The observatory is located at this point in order to keep clear of the two human evidences of advancing civilization—the smoke of the factory chimney and the electric light. The situation is beautiful, on a high eminence, enclosed by the leafy woods and overlooking the surrounding country, dotted with lakes, fields and forests. In shape the building approaches the triangular, with the intention of having a dome and telescope on each angle. The large dome and a smaller one have already been completed, in each of which a telescope is placed and is at present in use. The apex of the largest dome, which

is moved by electricity, on the massive wall is 110 feet from the ground. In this there swings upon its solid iron foundation the largest telescope in the world. It is 60 feet long, with lenses, whose outside measurement is 40 inches, but whose view space is about 36. These lenses are plano-convex and plano-concave, as these designs have been found most effective in collecting the rays of light. The observer is seated upon an immense moveable platform, which is raised or lowered or made to swing in unison with the motion of the telescope and the dome by electricity. The large telescope is used only for taking observations on the stars, and the whole institution exists, not for the teaching of the Science of Astronomy, but for scientific observation and investigation in the great untraversed fields which our Father has peopled with myriads of worlds. Prof. Barnhart, late of Lick observatory, who is the head professor, bears the reputation among Americans of being one of the most clear-sighted and farsighted of present day observers. Prof. Hale very kindly conducted the students of the summer school through the observatory. Before entering the main hall, he gave a lucid explanation of the use of the many rooms

in the manifold operations of reducing observations to forms which the far-reaching press could seize and make permanent. In one dome Prof. Bernhart was stationed at the smaller telescope and gave to each student the privilege of actually seeing at least one spot on the shining face of Old Sol.

The faculty of the summer school were deservedly popular with all the students. They were men who were not afraid of soiling their sanctity by mingling with the sporting side of life. Their presence on the ball ground, their participation in the races and the games added zest and dignity to the sports and increased respect to themselves. They endeavored to impress upon the minds of the young men that Christianity is a thing intended for life and its activities, not something made for the cloister and the death-bed. Mr. Sayford, the chairman of the faculty, a man of middle life, at one time a successful merchant in the Eastern States, was converted through the instrumentality of a commercial traveller, and has become one of the most successful workers in this promising field of personal work. Mr. Michner is a bright, cheerful young man,

who keeps his life and character hopeful by a strong faith in God and plenty of health-giving exercise. He excels as an organizer and supervisor. His appeals to the boys always ring out in a strong, clear inspiring moral tone. What is lacking in fluency and gracefulness he easily supplies from his fervency, earnestness and sound common sense. Mr. Lewis, who represented the Student Volunteer movement, is an enthusiast in the line of missions. His talks to the school on mission work and to the Volunteer Band were along the line of the need of mission work and the methods of getting information to the people respecting the needs of the mission field and the duty of the home church. Mr. Fisher, a graduate of California University, took charge of the department of Bible study, following in outline the life of Christ. He is a very young man, of retiring manner, but of a good, strong, practical mind, one who will do good work in his chosen field as missionary to Japan. At another time we shall have more to say about the platform speakers who visited the school and some of the addresses and lectures given.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON

In calling for tangible signs of the utility of the teaching of literature and the criticism of it, we ignore too much the work of teacher or critic in simply arresting attention upon a work of art. A great poem is a work of art, and familiarity with such products is the only known means of taste-culture.

In this paper I shall discuss the mechanism, the action, and the lyrical elements of Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta."

Scarcely any of the story given by the author as argument transpires as action within the tragedy. When the poem opens Meleager, a man grown and a warrior of renown, is already in love with the daughter of Jasus, and Calydon has al-

ready been harried by the wild boar sent to punish Oeneus' sin. The precedent part of the "argument" is narrated by Althoea in her first long speech to the chorus. The story is hinted at in the prayer of the Huntsman to the Sun and to Artemis that opens the tragedy. This habit of suggestion, rather than direct narration, re-appears at other points. Thus, when as yet the reader knows nothing of Meleager's connection with the quest of Jason for the Golden Fleece, his mother says,

"For in the greener blossom of thy life,
Ere the full blade caught flower, and when
time gave
Respite, thou didst not slacken soul nor
sleep,

But with great hands and heart seek
 praise of men
 Out of sharp straits and many a grievous
 thing,
 Seeing the strange foam of undivided seas
 On channels never sailed in, and by shores
 Where the old winds cease not blowing,
 and all the night
 Thunders, and day is no delight to men."

Up to this point the interest has been neither dramatic nor lyrical, but narrative. The first real incident within the tragedy—and even this does not take place before our eyes, but is presumed—is the arming for the hunt. The second (the killing of the boar), and the third (the death of Toxenus and Plexippus), are both reported. One is confirmed in the narrative impression of the bulk of the piece by the epic enumeration of names in the herald's report of Aithoea of the slaying of the boar. Be it said, in passing, that the vivid recital of this event does no small credit to the poet. The massive beast, the oozy marsh, the warrior-maiden, the straining hounds, the crushed reeds and the bloody waters—the whole scene is enacted before us. Seldom is simple narrative more alive with movement than are the lines that tell how Meleager met and overcame the foe.

"But Meleager, but thy son,
 Right in the wild way of the coming
 curse
 Rock-rooted, fair with fierce and fastened
 lips,
 Clear eyes, and springing muscle and
 shortening limb—
 With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening
 throat,
 Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a
 God"—
 Aimed on the left side his well-handled
 spear,
 Grasped where the ash was knottiest
 hewn, and smote,
 And with no missile wound, the mon-
 strous boar
 Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide
 Under the last rib, seer through bulk
 and bone,
 Deep in : and deeply smitten, and to death,
 The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
 Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging
 lips
 Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life."

This absence of action, as indicated by paucity of incident, the undisguised em-

ployment of the messenger scene, together with the prominence of the choruses justify us in considering the poem to be a Senecan tragedy and Greek choral drama in one. The brand is burned almost before our eyes,

CHORUS

"I see a faint fire lightening from the
 hall."

* * * * *

"And a long brand that blackens ; and
 white dust."

Then Meleager may be said to die in our presence. The curtain sinks before the final moment comes, but we know that he must pass. It will be seen that five pseudo-incidents constitute the total action of the piece.

As regards mechanism. Besides contributing its quota of song, the chorus (composed of maidens) joins in the dialogue. The dialogue is in blank verse ; the choruses have rhyme and stanza-structure. Swinburne's blank verse in the "Atalanta" is, of course, not to be compared in majesty with Milton's, nor is it nearly so musical and flexuous, as say Shelley's in "Prometheus Unbound," or Byron's in "Manfred." Neither does it seem, at least in what may be called ordinary conversational passages, to be lighted up by those sensuous devices that elsewhere render this author's rhythms both attractive and unique. The above exception is made because that these devices are not present is manifestly not true of the prayer of the Chief Huntsman, or those other areas where the verse is flushed with emotion. The musical excellence of his blank verse would seem, then, to depend upon feeling. If this text be a true one, alliteration, at any rate in Swinburne's hands, is worthy of more respect than is ordinarily accorded it.

Some remarks upon the choruses will naturally be involved in a study of the lyrical elements of the poem. In Aithoea's marvellous declaration of mother-love, and in Meleager's worthy response to it, the poem, for the first time, becomes lyrical. That deliverance proper begins,

“ But by thine hand, by thy sweet life and
 eyes,
 By thy great heart and these clasped
 knees, O son,
 I pray thee that thou slay me not with
 thee,”

and includes these lines, that in the majestic simplicity of their truth to nature reject the platitude of comment,

“ For what lies light on many and they
 forget,
 Small things and transitory as a wind o’
 the sea,
 I forget never ; I have seen thee all thine
 years

A man in arms, strong and a joy to men,
 Seeing thine head glitter and thine hand
 burn its way

Through a heavy and iron furrow of sun-
 dering spear ;

But always also a flower of three suns old.
 The small one thing that lying drew down
 my life

To lie with thee and feed thee ; a child
 and weak,
 Mine a delight to no man, sweet to me.”

Outside of the semi-choruses and the stanzas at the close, there are six choruses. Taking them in order, they might be named, *The Coming of Spring*, *The Creation of Man*, *The Birth of Venus*, *The Sorrow of Life*, *The Hymn to Artemis*, *Fate*. The first opens with that classic example of decorative alliteration:

“ When the hounds of spring are on win-
 ter’s traces,

The mother of months in meadow or
 plain

Fills the shadow and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.”

In *Meleager’s* declaration of his intention to persist in his love for *Atalanta*, even in the teeth of *Althoea’s* warning, we see the tragic role that is to be played by this luckless passion. It is, therefore, with the appropriateness and in the manner of our Elizabethan dramatists that *Swinburne* chooses this point to introduce his hymn to *Aphrodite*. At the beginning, and once or twice during the progress of this chorus, the poet uses the (odd) rhyme-scheme, *abcd. abed.*

In the fourth chorus—*The Sorrow of Life*—we have one more variation upon that eternal theme of the modern lyricist, the evanescence of all earthly things and the contradictions of human life. *Pes-*

simism and a timid rebellion against the gods or God also enter. This mournful lyric closes with an admonition to silent endurance.

In the next chorus—*The Hymn to Artemis*—the absence of a single full pause for three-fourths of its course is pointless and somewhat tiresome. In spite of this, however, it is a dainty bit of verse. The first half of the chorus is idyllic, the second mingled prayer and praise.

The name given above to the sixth chorus is a fair index of its context.

The six stanzas headed “*semi-chorus*” with the rhyme-order *abccab* are a sort of abstract narrative, repeating several times the incident of the burnt brand. The only excuse for associating them with the choruses is that they are in lyric measure.

Althoe’s lament for her brethren, beginning

“ I would I had died for these,”

and resuming after the interruption of the chorus, might be set down as first in order of a number of lyrical passages. We have here no conventional elegiac, but genuine sorrow. This continues for upwards of two hundred lines, though pure grief is, towards the close, alloyed with perplexity and mother’s love.

The hysteric exaltation of the queen just before she calls the girls’ attention to the flaming brand (of which the following lines give a fair idea) :

“ Fate’s are we,
 Yet Fate is ours a breathing space ; yea,
 mine.

Fate is made mine forever : he is my son,
 My bedfellow, my brother”

as well as her words while the fire does its work must be put down as lyrical. Indeed, the woman’s love for her son finds its most sublime, because most passionate, expression in the words,

“ Yet, O child,
 Son, first-born, fairest—O sweet mouth,
 sweet eyes,

That drew my life out through my suck-
 ling breast,

That shone and clove mine heart through.
 O soft knees

Clinging, O tender treadings of soft feet,

Cheeks warm with little kissings—O child,
 child
 What have we made each other?"

How startling, having cast your eye
 over the pages that remain, to find that
 she keeps her word and never speaks
 again!

"From this time,
 Though mine eyes reach to the end' of all
 these things,
 My lips shall not unfasten till I die."

The death-scene is portrayed in lyric form. Five-line stanzas, rhyming ababb, are given to Meleager, Atalanta, Oeneus, and the chorus. There are thirty-one of them in all.

It would be almost painful to think that the pathos of Meleager's farewell to his father, his kinsmen, his mother, and his love, could be surpassed.

W. F. OSBORNE.

LATIN LITERATURE

Latin literature commences shortly after the captures of Larentum, 272 B. C. Among the captives, a young Greek, Livius Andronicus, was brought to Rome, where he taught Greek in the home of his patrician master. From this time Greek became a regular part of the education of the young nobles of Rome. Soon after this the Punic wars commenced, and while Greeks and Romans were brought into friendly relations, contending against a common foe, the Romans must have become familiar with the Greek drama as it appeared upon the stage. Livius and his immediate successor, Cn. Naevius translated and adapted both tragedies and comedies from the Greek. Naevius, however, was a Roman by birth, and while being the first to bring the Greek drama upon the Roman stage, was also the first of Roman poets and satirists. His most important work was a poem on the First Punic War, in which he not only gave an account of contemporary events, but also gave shape to the legend of the settlement of Aeneas in Latium—which later became the theme of the great national epic of Rome.

Two names more familiar in early Latin literature, than either of the foregoing, are those of Plautus and Terence—names often associated since, while being partly contemporary, their works are all that remain to us of the Roman drama. Both borrowed freely from the Greek, yet throughout there is a strong smack of

real Roman character. These plays have their scenes laid somewhere in Hellas, the names of the characters were mainly Greek, the life represented was rather Greek than Roman, and yet Roman civic institutions and Roman traits and manners were introduced.

Plautus was a man of the people. Terence was cultivated somewhat apart from the people. Plautus worked for his living, lived to a good old age, wrote many plays; Terence was a favorite with the great, lived at his ease, died young, wrote only six plays in all. Plautus was a natural dramatist. He wrote to amuse his contemporaries. He is full of movement and life. In his comedies there is an incessant change and bustle going on. He does not pause to reflect. True, progress is not uniformly made until the end be reached, but if the plot stand still, the play does not rot.

Terence, on the other hand, depends more upon what the eye cannot see. There is an element of reflection introduced, and in this his work more closely resembles the Greek drama. Plautus' writings are the more rugged in character. Those of Terence the more polished. In haste there is the grossness so common in the productions of this and later periods.

Lucretius is the other writer of the Ante-Classical period, and is essentially different from the ones of whom we have spoken, in both purpose and production.

He aimed to establish a great philosophy and incidentally to write poetry. What he was intent upon doing has perished, and what he was indifferent about remains. The poem of Lucretius preserved to us is "De Rerum Natura." In this he attempts to explain the universe. It is quite worthless from a scientific standpoint, but is valuable as containing true poetry, of which the invocation of Venus is a most delightful example.

We now pass on to what has been termed the Classical period, and which embraces the well-known Golden and Silver ages.

Cicero was, perhaps, the most brilliant example of the Golden age. Had we his speeches alone, we should rank him with Demosthenes as a master of oratory and as one who had reached the highest literary ideal. We should think of him as the creator and master of Latin style—the writer by whom the full, passionate, living power of the language had been called forth and combined into a great literary organ. But Cicero is more than an orator, he is a philosopher, not indeed as an originator of new theories, but as an interpreter of those branches of philosophy which are capable of practical application. His expositions, too, are not mere abstract discussions. They are most eloquent appeals to the world to accept hopeful views on human destiny and to adopt principles of conduct most conducive to elevation and integrity of character.

The letters of Cicero are among the most delightful, not only of the Latin, but of any literature whatever. They are thoroughly natural. They let us into the secret of his most serious thoughts and cares, and they give a natural outlet to his vivacity of observation, wit humor, and kindness of heart. Here we are once for all convinced that the language which so often seems heavy and inflexible, can, while complying with the conditions of perfect literary taste, do full justice to his passionate flow of oratory, to the rhythmic flow of his philosophical meditation, and to the natural interchange

of thought and feeling in the every-day intercourse of life.

From Cicero we pass to one who was not only his rival in oratory, but seemed equally fitted to excel in everything; to the one whom Brutus, his assassin, is made by Shakespeare to call "the foremost man of all this world." As a literary character, Caesar is known to us almost solely through his "Commentaries" on his wars in Gaul. These are memoirs of his eight years' campaigns in that northern province, stories of great achievements, hardly, but triumphantly, performed. Whatever may be our estimation of this great man's character, we cannot but admire his clear, straightforward, simple, forceful style. Caesar writes constantly in the third person, and there is hardly anything in the book more remarkable than the impersonal form under which the strong personality of writer and actor is forced to appear. From merely reading the book, you could scarcely guess that the writer is the one who furnished the matter of action which the book was written to report. Given the fact that Caesar is the author, you then immediately feel that the author could have been no other than he.

Sallust, a prose writer of note, though much less able than Caesar, wrote three historical works: The Conspiracy of Cataline, The Jugurthine War, and A History of Rome from the Death of Sulla to the Mithridatic War. This last, the most important of the three, with the exception of a few fragments, has utterly perished.

His style aims at effectiveness by pregnant expression, sententiousness, and archaism. He produces the impression of caring more for the manner of the saying than for its truth. Yet he has great value as a painter of historical portraits, and gives us, from a popular side, the views of a contemporary on the politics of his time.

The past of Rome had always a peculiar fascination for Roman writers, and Virgil in a supreme degree, and Horace and Ovid in a less degree, had expressed

in their poetry the romance of the past. But it was in the great historical work of Livy that the record of national life, colored by idealizing retrospect, received its most systematic exposition.

The value of this work consists, not in any power of critical investigation, or weighing of historical evidence, but in the intense sympathy of the writer with the national ideal, and the vivid imagination with which he gives life to the events and personages, the wars and political struggles, of times remote from his own.

He makes us feel, more than any other, the majesty of the Roman state, of its great magistracies, of the august council by which its policy was guided.

Thus, while the general conception of his work is animated by national enthusiasm, the details are filled up with every resource of clear imagination, and literary art. The vast scale on which this work was conceived, and the thoroughness of the artistic execution with which the details are finished, is characteristically Roman.

The prose style of Rome, as a vehicle for the continuous narrative of events, colored by a rich and picturesque imagination, and vivified by dignified emotion, attained its perfection in this celebrated writer.

Virgil, the earliest in order of time of the poets who adorn this age, is at once the greatest in genius, the most richly cultivated, and the most perfect in art. He is the idealizing poet of the hopes and aspirations, and of the purer and happier life, of which the age seemed to contain the promise.

He is the true representative poet of Rome and Italy, of national glory, and of the beauty of nature. While still more sensible to native influences, he was more deeply imbued with the thought and learning of Greece.

The first works of Virgil were his eclogues, which pre-suppose a Utopian pastoral life, a life which never really existed anywhere, and certainly not in Italy. The scenery and circumstances are partly

from Greek Acadia and partly from Rural Italy. Shepherds, cultivated in music and poetry, tend their flocks and spend their time alternately in love-making and in snatches of verse and song.

In his *Georgics* we have a poem on farming designed to encourage agricultural pursuits.

His greatest work is the *Aenid*, a national epic in the strictest sense. His theme is nothing less than the founding of Rome. In the first book, Aeneas, the seventh summer after the fall of Troy, lands with his companions on the shores of Carthage. Here he relates to Queen Dido the story of his sufferings. This narration occupies two books. The fourth book contains the episode of the mutual passion between Dido and Aeneas, ending tragically for Dido, in his faithless desertion and in her death by cruel suicide.

The fifth describes the games celebrated by the Trojans on Sicilian shores, in honor of Aechises, the dead father of Aeneas.

In the sixth Aeneas arrives in Italy and makes his descent into the lower world, and the rest of the poem relates the fortunes of Aeneas in obtaining a settlement for the Trojans in Italy.

Pope draws an elaborate parallel between Virgil and Homer, a few lines of which we subjoin :—

“Homer excels in invention, Virgil in judgment. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches in an abundant overflow, Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream.”

Though not one of the great poets, Horace is certainly one of the best known. We are not overawed by the vastness of his genius, but satisfied with his perfection.

If Virgil, Dante, Milton are like a great statue, a Phidian Jane, Horace is like an exquisite cameo, delighting not with mass

but with fineness, not with majesty but with grace. His lines are not large but they are clean and clear. One must not look for the great thought that "strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek." His reflections cling to the ground. Occasionally there is a bold stretch of wing and a rising, but the poet soon recollects himself and descends to the lower levels of life."

Horace's poems are classified as odes, satires and epistles. His odes are short and their metre is borrowed from the Greek. The first ode, to Macenas, indicates the author's preference. It simply says, "Every man to his taste. I, for my part, like to make verses. If you grant me that privilege, Macenas, I shall be happy." His odes, running through four books, embrace a great variety of subjects.

Of his satires, a fairly adequate specimen is the fable of the "Town and Country Mouse," which is playfully introduced by Horace as a threadbare story told by a guest at a banquet.

Of his epistles, the two decidedly most interesting and valuable are the Epistle to Augustus, and that to Pisis. The former discusses the subject of poetical production.

Horace, in his satires and epistles, was more a wit than a poet, and in this he resembles Pope. Horace was eminently of the world, and the world will love its own. No one will grudge so accomplished a man his merited reward.

From that Golden age we pass to the Silver age of literature, and the first figure we meet is that of the elder Pliny. He served with the army and rose high in office under Vespasian.

His "Historic Naturalis" resembles the Cosmos of Humboldt, or the Magnum Opus of Bacon, and passes in review the whole circle of human knowledge. It treats of the heavens, the earth, and its inhabitants, of the various races of man, of animals, trees, flowers, minerals, the contents of the sea and land, of the arts and sciences. It showed that the author possessed an intellect of almost unequalled activity.

The younger Pliny, his nephew, is remembered for his agreeable letters.

The next in order, though perhaps the first in importance, in this age, is Tacitus. He was, as Livy, a historian, and though very different, is not less interesting. His history is not rose-colored, as is often that of Livy's, but is a stern, often livid, likeness of life. You read Livy and you are inspired, Tacitus, and you are oppressed. *But the inspiration is the effect of romance and the oppression the effect of reality.* Reality is generally much more sombre than romance. Tacitus is far more sombre than Livy.

The principal historical works of Tacitus are two. The History and the Annals.

He enjoyed great renown in his day, but soon after his death sank into unaccountable neglect. But neglect of such a writer of Tacitus could not long continue. He stands forth to-day as a historian, confessedly without a superior in the republic of letters. If he does not flash like Livy, he burns as strong as Thucydides.

Perhaps no more weighty, no more serious, no more penetrating, no sounder, truer, manlier, mind than Tacitus ever wrote history.

Juvenal, like Tacitus, was a satirist, but while Tacitus satirized incidentally and in prose, Juvenal satirized expressly and in verse. There was no play about his work. He wrote with might and main. His whole soul was in it, and his soul was large and strong.

Satire in his hands was less a lash than a sword. It cut through and through. Hardly ever in the history of literature has such a weapon been wielded by any man.

Personally, Juvenal is a great unknown, but his satires have won him undying fame, as a literary and political character.

The one other writer of the Silver age whom we must mention is Quintilian, easily prince among Roman writers of what may be called "literature about literature."

Being one of the last writers of the

classical period, he passes under review every writer whom we have thus far mentioned.

Very little is known of the writers of the post-classical period. Those belonging to the Brazen age devoted themselves mainly to historical work, while those of the Iron age paid more attention to legal and forensic literature. Rome had rapidly declined: the language was no longer

pure: the harmony and elegance of the golden age had disappeared, and a certain sadness and discontent forms a striking contrast to the cheerful tone of the earlier writers.

Rome fell, and with her fall, Latin literature ends, but we may well be thankful for the treasure-stores she has left us of Roman thought, feeling, aspiration, and endeavor.

ATHLETIC

FOOTBALL

In reviewing Wesley's prowess upon the football field during the first half, it may seem to the public in general, and even to our own supporters, that our record has been one which we may view with some degree of shame. Certainly, three ties out of five games is a rather discouraging circumstance. But, then again, we may point with pride to the fact that only one team was able to defeat us, and even that team had no snap.

At present the Meds. have a lead of four points, with Wesley, the Schools and Toba tied for second place. Of course, a number of Wesley enthusiasts (?) say it is of no use for Wesley to make a struggle for the cup this year. Let us remember that stranger things have happened.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."

Let cravens give up before the battle is done, but let all true Wesleyites stand true to the Football club until the last goal has been scored for the season of '97-'98.

The success of our second eleven, under the able management of Captain Brown, is a matter of congratulation. At the present time that gentleman, metaphorically speaking, wears at his belt the scalplocks of the Schools and Medicals. In a good second eleven lies the hope of the College for the future.

The following schedule of football matches has been made:—

SENIOR MATCHES

Jan. 15.—Wesley vs. Manitoba. W. A. McIntyre.

Jan. 15.—Medicals vs. St. John's. W. Clark.

Jan. 22.—Wesley vs. Schools. E. Hamber.

Jan. 22.—Manitoba vs. Medicals. E. C. R. Pritchard.

Jan. 29.—St. John's vs. Schools. C. Logan.

Jan. 29.—Wesley vs. Medicals. F. Clark.

Feb. 5.—Manitoba vs. St. John's. M. C. Markle.

Feb. 5.—Medicals vs. Schools. C. W. St. John.

Feb. 12.—Wesley vs. St. John's. C. T. Sharpe.

Feb. 12.—Manitoba vs. Schools. E. C. R. Pritchard.

JUNIOR MATCHES

Jan. 14.—Schools vs. St. John's. F. Clark.

Jan. 21.—Manitoba vs. Medicals. C. W. St. John.

Jan. 28.—St. John's vs. Wesley. W. Clark.

Feb. 5.—Schools vs. Medicals. H. Walker.

Feb. 12.—Manitoba vs. Wesley. E. C. R. Pritchard.

There is much talk of organizing an Intercollegiate hockey league. It is expected that teams will be entered by Manitoba, St. John's, Medical, Wesley and Schools. Hockey is fast becoming one of Canada's national games, and is decidedly one which is adapted to our long Manitoba winters. It seems to us that a good hockey league would not clash with successful football.

'TOBAS VS. WESLEY

January 15.—The second series opened most auspiciously for Wesley on the above date, when she succeeded in defeating her old-time rivals, the 'Tobas. The victory was all the more glorious because it was the first time the doughty Presbyterians have had to lower their banners to the meek and humble followers of John Wesley.

Wesley has been very unfortunate this year in losing players. First, Ed. Walton sought fresh pastures, and thereby deprived us of the services of one of the best all-round half-backs in the city. Then, to make matters worse, Carter, our Nonpariel goal-keeper, was laid on the shelf. And now "Geordie" McCrossan, imbued with a strenuous desire to become a second Pestalozzi, has seen fit to leave us. However, we gathered up the fragments of a team that were left, and still persevere in the struggle.

On Saturday, the 15th inst., we certainly expected to receive a drubbing from the 'Tobas, but, resolving to take our medicine without making wry faces, we lined up determined to do or die. Our opponents had been strengthened by the addition of Con. Logan, the crack Carberry back, and "Jimmy" Creighton, the elusive forward, who was of so much assistance to the Schools last half.

The respective teams were :—

'Tobas—Goal, Marshall ; backs, Logan, Walker ; half-backs, Hall, Kydd, Harvey ; forwards, Saunderson, Creighton, Taylor, McLean, Kavanagh.

Wesley—Goal, Murchison ; backs, Gilbert, St. John ; half-backs, Spear, Wheel-don, Nicholls ; forwards, Clayton, Clendenning, Markle, Walker, Laidlaw.

For the first ten minutes the 'Tobas rushed things, and gave the Wesley defence a lively time. Several corner kicks were secured, but they failed to score from them. At last, Laidlaw made a brilliant run and nearly scored. From this out the complexion of the game began to change. The Wesley forwards were continually on the aggressive, Markle and Laidlaw being conspicuous at all times.

About fifteen minutes before half-time Geordie Walker, who had been paying assiduous attention to the goal-keeper, sent in a fast shot which was out of the goal-keeper's reach. Just as it was going through, Clayton and the other Walker appeared upon the scene, but all the latter could do was to transfer the ball into a different part of the basket from the one intended by "Geordie."

At half-time the score still stood 1—0 in our favor. Soon after the resumption of play Laidlaw, by one of the prettiest runs of the season, took the ball down from centre field, and, having dodged all obstructions, beat 'Marshall completely, with a fast shot. Strange to say, the 'Tobas, although demoralized for the time, soon began to set the pace. And not until the wearers of the white and blue had placed a goal to their credit did our boys wake up to the fact that the game was not yet won. Creighton scored the goal from a long shot, the ball rebounding from the post through the goal. After this, although both sides had opportunities to score, none of these were accepted.

For the 'Tobas, Logan, Hall and Creighton played excellently. For Wesley, Laidlaw, Markle, Wheeldon and Gilbert distinguished themselves.

Ed. Hall, of the 'Tobas, was so unfortunate as to have his knee-cap displaced, and it is feared that he will be compelled to give up the game. If so, the 'Tobas lose a man hard to replace.

HANDBALL

Those of the students who did not go out of the city during the holidays, desiring some means of amusement, met and arranged for a handball contest. Eight teams entered, and a schedule was arranged extending over three days.

The games passed off in rapid succession with few hitches. Messrs. Stevenson and Vernon swept down all opponents, and it looked as though they would win with ease. But Fate had ordained otherwise, and they fell before the skill of Messrs. Earle and Johnston in one of the most keenly contested games of the series.

After all the matches had been played, it was found that two teams, viz., Sipprell and Spear and Stevenson and Vernon, had an equal number of wins. This necessitated the playing off of a final match, which proved to be the most exciting one of the tournament, and was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators.

The result showed the smaller boys, Sipprell and Spear, to be the most active in scoring. In the first half of the game the number of points was fairly evenly divided. But as the game grew warmer, Messrs. Sipprell and Spear forged rapidly ahead, and finished by the score of 21 to 16.

LOCAL NEWS

Windsor had a little lamb,
Its name was Mathematics,
And regularly every day
He fed it on quadratics.

Shortly before Xmas Mr. Chas. St. John, tutor in Junior Prelim. Mathematics, was made the happy recipient of a handsome copy of Tennyson's poems. The presentation was made on behalf of the class by Mr. White, and it was accompanied by an address read by Miss Harrison.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.
Time, 11.15. Scene, a front gate.

Freshie (lingeringly) — "Er — Miss —
See this key?"

Miss — "Yes. What does it belong to?"

Freshie (suggestively) — "It's a key to
the College. Can get in at any hour
y'know."

Miss — "Um — Better use it soon, hadn't
you?"

Tableau. Precipitate departure of
Freshie.

Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are naught,
But placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget but to adore thee.

A Science student, who is apparently
deeply interested in the anatomy of the
Crustacea, procured a big red lobster and
in the early morning hours proceeded to
dissect it with a jack-knife. Now, lob-

sters have no doubt a legitimate sphere
of usefulness, but there was something
about this particular specimen that did
not commend it to the aesthetic sensibili-
ties of the other residents in Hogan's al-
ley. Future purchasers will please pat-
ronize dealers who advertise in Vox, and
get fresh goods.

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roll,
Do ye not know some spot,
Some holler in the ground,
Where freshettes do not grow,
And Freshies are not found?
The cold wind blew the snow into my
face,
As it quickly answered, 'There is no
such place.'"

My heart leaps up when I behold a
Freshie in the hall: so it was when my
course began, so is it now I am a Senior.
so let it be when I graduate — Just
then the conductor called "All aboard,"
and the whole trainload of Muses pulled
out and left me sitting in the cold, cold
snow.

However, I got a start, and that's the
main thing in tobogganing.

More Freshmen are here, not, of
course, a wholesale deluge of them like
last October, but just a nice sprinkle.
Unlike some other batches, we have tried
to digest and failed, they are a quiet,
modest lot of boys, and do not walk
around with a 10,000-dollar air and a
Now-I'll-Vanquish you smile.

They are taking very kindly to the
Seniors and the Professors, and have not

asked, as yet, for the resignations of the latter.

A short biography of each will be furnished on application.

Lives of theologs remind us

That vigils, we should ne'er give o'er.

And, departing, leave behind us

Double fasteners on our door.

—Dedicated to W. B. C.

The Literary Society has begun the Spring term with the following officers :

Hon. President—Dr. Laird.

President—H. J. Kinley.

Vice-President—Miss W. Beall.

Leader of Glee Club—C. W. St. John.

Secretary—J. E. Lane.

Treasurer—T. D. Brown.

Councillors—Miss A. Jamieson and S. P. Riddell.

With such an able executive, the success of the Society for the present term is assured. There is nothing in College life that is more helpful to a student than participation in the exercises of the Literary Society. We hope to see many new faces, as well as old ones, on the Friday evenings yet to come.

On the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 15, the members of the Previous Class betook themselves in a body to the home of Professor Cochrane. The Professor, emerging from his study, was somewhat taken aback at first, but soon recovered, and, with the aid of Mrs. Cochrane, gave the boys and girls of the class a hearty reception.

When all were seated, Miss Jamieson presented the Professor with a gold-headed cane, inscribed "R. R. C., Previous, '97-'98." The Professor's reply was in a most apt and happy vein. He thanked the class for their appreciation of his services, and assured them of his interest in their progress.

Refreshments were then served by the hostess, which, as usual, put the boys in great good humor, bursting out in college songs, one of the musicians of the class at the piano. Amusing anectodes by the Professor "filled each pause these night-

ingales had made," and so the evening wore on. The programme closed with "He's a jolly good fellow," and the class took their leave.

Then the boys lined up on the street, spelled W-E-S-L-E-Y, gave the Professor the college yell in regular Wesley style, and all returned happy, resolved never in future to neglect Mathematics.

When one of the boys, who rooms in the College, returned after his Christmas holidays, he found that an enterprising theological student had entered the room, put all the portable property outside and moved in his own. A "somebody's been in my bed and ruffled it" feeling took possession of the proprietor, and the interloper received a sudden call to sojourn elsewhere. We believe he is now preparing a discourse on the uncertainties of an itinerant life and the mutability of all human affairs. Truly,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor has that little long."

On the evening of December 15th Professor Stewart received a visit from the Theological class. The Professor evidently wondered what was about to transpire, as one after another they filed into the parlor of his home. However, the mystery was soon solved in the presentation of an address and a large comfortable study chair as an expression of the high esteem in which the Professor is held, not only as a man of deep learning, but one who manifests great interest in the welfare of every student under his charge.

In a few well-chosen remarks the Professor thanked the Class for their kindly words in the address and for the gift of the chair, and trusted that not only while in College, but as they went out for the battle of life, each student would consider him as their most interested and earnest friend.

Junior—"May I have the pleasure?"

Miss P—"Oui."

Junior—"What does 'oui' mean?"

Miss P—"O. U. and I."—Ex.

COLLEGE SUPPER

One of the most pleasing events of the closing College term of 1897 was the one bringing it to such a pleasant termination—the College dinner. It was, indeed, a gay scene that met the eye on entering the Convocation Hall on the festive occasion. The tables were resplendent with glittering glass and silverware, while a profusion of flowers increased the beauty. The lady students, becomingly attired, were all that was required to make the gathering perfect. When presently the ladies appeared, leaning on the arms of their escorts, enjoyment beamed from every countenance, except perhaps from a few owned by fellows who were counted out because there were more gentlemen than ladies. Dr. Sparling occupied the chair and Mr. C. W. St. John the vice-chair. The ability of students at a dinner table is a theme for mathematicians and poets, and consequently will have to be avoided in this necessarily brief account of the proceedings.

Dr. Sparling introduced the toast to "The Queen" by a short address, in which he referred to what the College was doing and had done, and the prospects of the future. This was drunk heartily,

and the National Anthem sung in response. It would be nice to publish the speeches made that evening in full, but as that cannot be done, since the speaking lasted several hours, the names of the toasts, with those proposing and responding, will be given :—

"The University," W. A. Cooke, J. A. M. Aikins; "Sister Colleges," C. W. St. John; St. Boniface, N. Bernier; St. John's, C. E. Fortin; Manitoba, Mr. Williams; Medical, Rev. Mr. Chestnut; "Our College," H. Taylor, Thomas Nixon; "Faculty, L. J. Carter, Prof. J. H. Riddell; "Graduating Class," E. R. Wylie, H. J. Kinley; "Our Graduates," A. E. Kenner, H. W. Whitla; "College Societies and Vox," W. G. Tanner, T. D. Brown, E. Woodhull; "Ladies," S. R. Laidlaw, B. B. Halladay; "Our Guests," S. Wilkinson, Dr. McLean.

In addition to this, musical selections were rendered, including soprano solos by Miss Clara Bull and Miss Minnie Coultry, the latter a friend of the College from the city but none the less welcome, and a mandolin solo by Howard P. Carper. The evening was passed off most pleasantly, and was certainly one of the red letter events of the year.

 PERSONAL AND EXCHANGE

Miss Edith Breen will teach during '98 at Gretna, and Miss Minnabel Dowler at Killarney.

Rev. W. J. Sipprell, B.A., B.D., brother of our business manager, has been appointed principal of the B. C. College.

Miss Louvia Stewart, who was attending the Normal last session, has also re-entered Wesley and is pursuing the studies of the Modern Language course.

I. F. Brooks, '97, crossed our track the other day. We had no gun. He is gone. The winds sigh and the little birds comfort one another. Our best wishes follow him, as do also the thoughts of many enchanted maidens.

Miss Grace Jones has returned to Wesley after a few years' absence, and is resuming the studies of the Preliminary year, preparatory to writing next May.

We learn from authentic sources that a very serious event is likely to occur to disturb the even tenor of the life of our old friend, A. E. Smith. Just watch him.

We regret that Ed. Walton has practically severed his connection with us. Ed.'s happy, jovial countenance will be greatly missed by all the boys and girls, but more particularly will the football team feel his absence. Ed. was one of the best centre half-backs in the Inter-collegiate association.

J. P. Wadge, bronze medallist in the Natural Science course of '95, has been appointed Science Master in the Brandon Collegiate Institute. Congratulations, old boy.

We hear encouraging reports of the work done on the Gilbert Plains by the Rev. W. Tucker Halpenny, of last year's Previous class. We hope to have him with us again next year to renew acquaintanceship—possibly with the fire escape.

Mr. W. T. Shipley, late of the Dauphin Press, has been renewing acquaintanceships at the college. Ship is now editor and proprietor of the Glenboro Gazette, and under his able management we expect to see the Gazette become one of the leading family papers of the west.

Who else should desert us but George McCrossan. Still, George does so very reluctantly. The football team is again the loser, but we hope that next year it may regain the lost with interest. George is attending the Normal. Practice hard for next year, old boy.

We are pleased to welcome back our former colleague, N. H. Carwell. How our thoughts turned to him when "All day long the battle raged," and the furies held high carnival over our fallen bodies. However, he is back and our courage is renewed. Carwell will wander with Homer and hold tete-a-tete with Virgil and others.

Looking up the other evening, at the entrance of a caller, we were most pleasantly surprised to see the genial phiz of R. W. Cumming, '97, smiling down upon us. After shaking him nearly to pieces, we put him under the reflector. Bob looks pretty much as he always did, and has still the happy faculty of provoking our best feelings. Bob will attend the First Class Normal during its present session.

The December number of *Acta Victoriana* is particularly good. It contains, among its many excellent contributions, an instructive article by Prof. L. E. Horning, Ph. D., on "Canadian Literature";

also an able criticism by the Rev. G. C. Workman, M.A., Ph.D., on Hall Caine's new book, "The Christian."

Student—"Why is my brain like the north pole?"

Prof.—"Because no one has ever discovered it."—Ex.

The following exchanges, in addition to others, have been added to our list during the past month. The *Iowa Wesleyan*, The *Midland*, The *Student*, The *University of Oregon Monthly*, and The *Argosy*.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a Freshman. Shun him. He who knows not, and knows he knows not—he is a Sophomore. Honor him. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is a Junior. Pity him. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is a Senior. Reverence him.—Ex.

"Oh, Freshie, when you hear
That the hockey doth begin,

And all the rink

Is filled with noisy din,

Put on your skates and straps,

And a pad upon your shin.

There'll be a hot time

For hockey

This winter."—Ex.

We find in the *Methodist Young People's Paper Onward* the following eminently true expression about the Canadian Press. We agree with *Onward* in saying that the *Press of Canada*, taken for all in all, is as high-toned as that of any country in the world. Our readers will have no difficulty in recognizing the *Montreal Witness* as the paper specially referred to:

"Nowhere, we think, is there a press of higher moral tone than that of our beloved country. It possesses, we think, the unique distinction of having a leading journal in its largest city which for over fifty years has been a moral crusader, a champion of reform. In all that time it has not published one liquor, or tobacco, or theatrical advertisement. At the sacrifice of much money it has stood true to its high principle, and

"stands foursquare, a tower of strength,
"against all the winds that blow."

From an article entitled "The Study of Mankind," which appeared in *The Argosy* of last month, the following observations concerning Man are quoted: "Man is a two-legged animal without feathers." "Man is a dupable animal." "Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived and has seldom been disappointed." "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicate, how wonderful is man!" Pope calls him "the glory, jest and riddle of the world," and Carlyle thought mankind were "mostly fools."

The whole world loves the modest man,

Whether he's great or small,

But gives its plunks, in great big chunks.

To the fellow with piles of gall!

The whole world loves the quiet man,

Who's silent all day as the owl,

Its absorbing attention, permit me to mention,

'Twill give to the fellow that howls.

The whole world loves the peaceful man,

Who never will quarrel or bicker,

But the full right of way, allow me to say,

'Twill give to the strenuous kicker.

This funny parody on Longfellow's *Hia-watha* is about twenty years old. The author is unknown, but whoever he is, he has a whimsical humor:—

He killed the noble *Mudjokivis*,

With the skin he made him mittens.

Made them with the fur side inside;

Made them with the skin side outside:

He, to get the warm side inside.

Put the inside skin side outside:

He, to get the cold side outside.

Put the warm side fur side inside.

That's why he put the fur side inside.

Why he put the skin side outside,

Why he turned them inside outside.

—Ex.

Mark Twain recently delivered a humorous lecture in the German tongue. The Germans who heard it were so pleased that they are going to have it translated into their language.—Exchange.

He—Who is your favorite writer?

She—My guardian. He signs all my checks, you know.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Hicks—"Look at that tandem. That's another instance of the fact that woman is coming to the front."

Wicks—"Yes; but if you'll notice them carefully, you'll see that it is the man who does all the work."

Soda water is made out of marble dust. Therefore, do not treat your best girl with it too liberally. It may give her the marble heart.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Will swear off mathematics and stick closely to hockey and football.—*St. John*.

Will finish all my conference work this year.—*Halladay*.

Will swear off making puns and original jokes.—*Elliott*.

Will not take more than three girls to church at once.—*Sipprell*.

Will not endeavor to carry more than 14 bottles of pop at once.—*Carwell*.

Will try to be content till after next May.—*Murchison*.

Will not stay out more than seven nights in a week.—*Post*.

Will study practical botany with special attention to the *Rosaceae*.—*Laidlaw*.

Will not get married till I'm of age.—*Small*.

Will take my course wherever the girls are most numerous.—*Walker*.

Will use Ayer's Hair Vigor for my whiskers.—*D. Rhodes*.

Will play a piano solo first time I'm asked.—*Campbell*.

Will continue my pastoral visits.—*Markle*.

Will get up in time for dinner, except Tues., Fri., Mon., Wed., Sun., Thurs., Sat.—*Kenner*.

Will not contract any more livery bills until spring.—*Knowlton*.

Will not get married till June.—*Fifth Year Theologs*.

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—*Ichabod Katrina & Co.*

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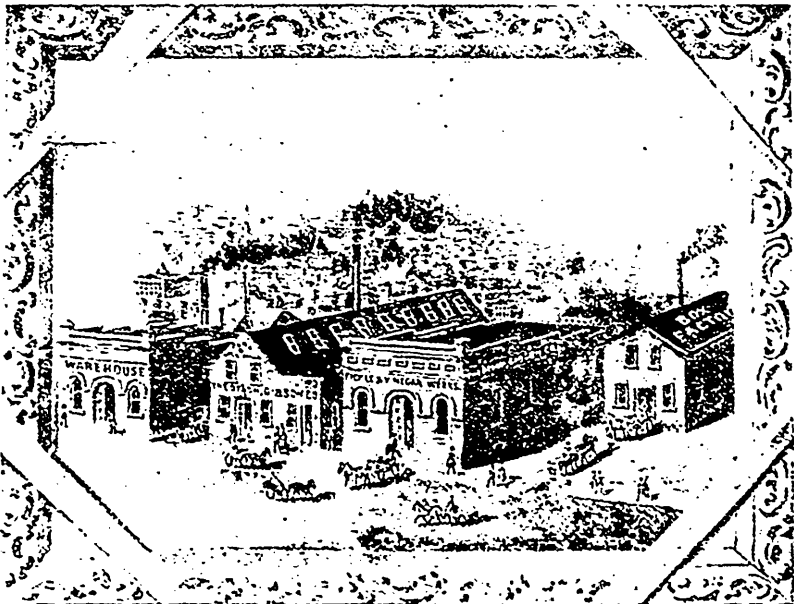
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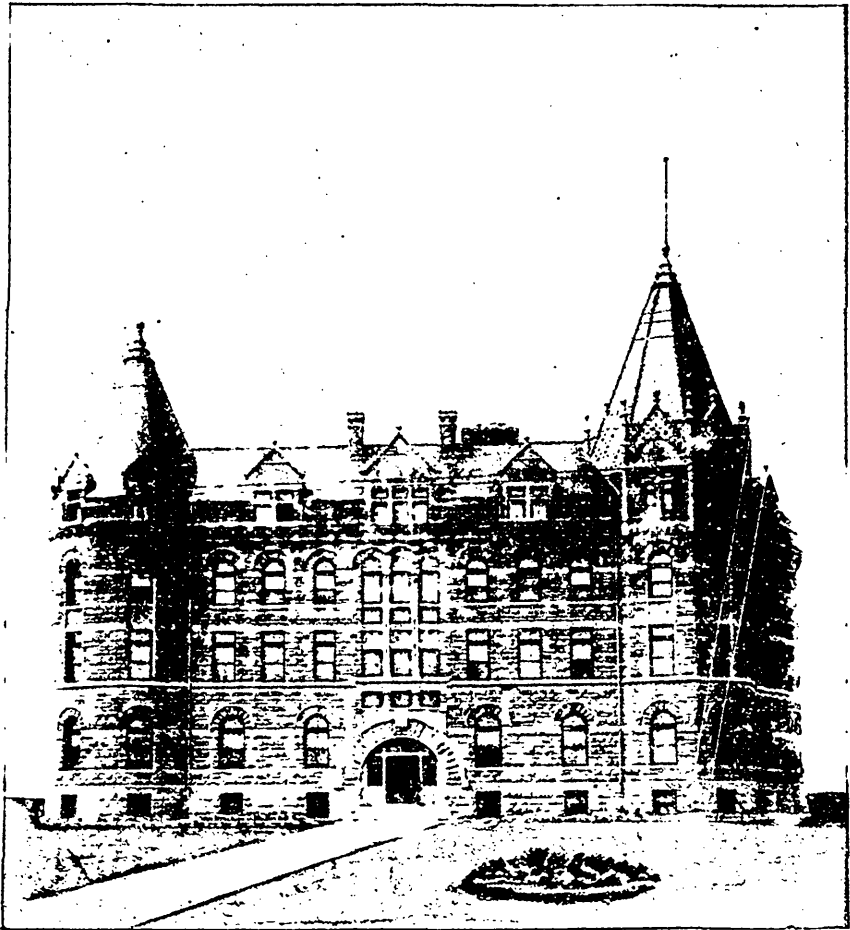
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