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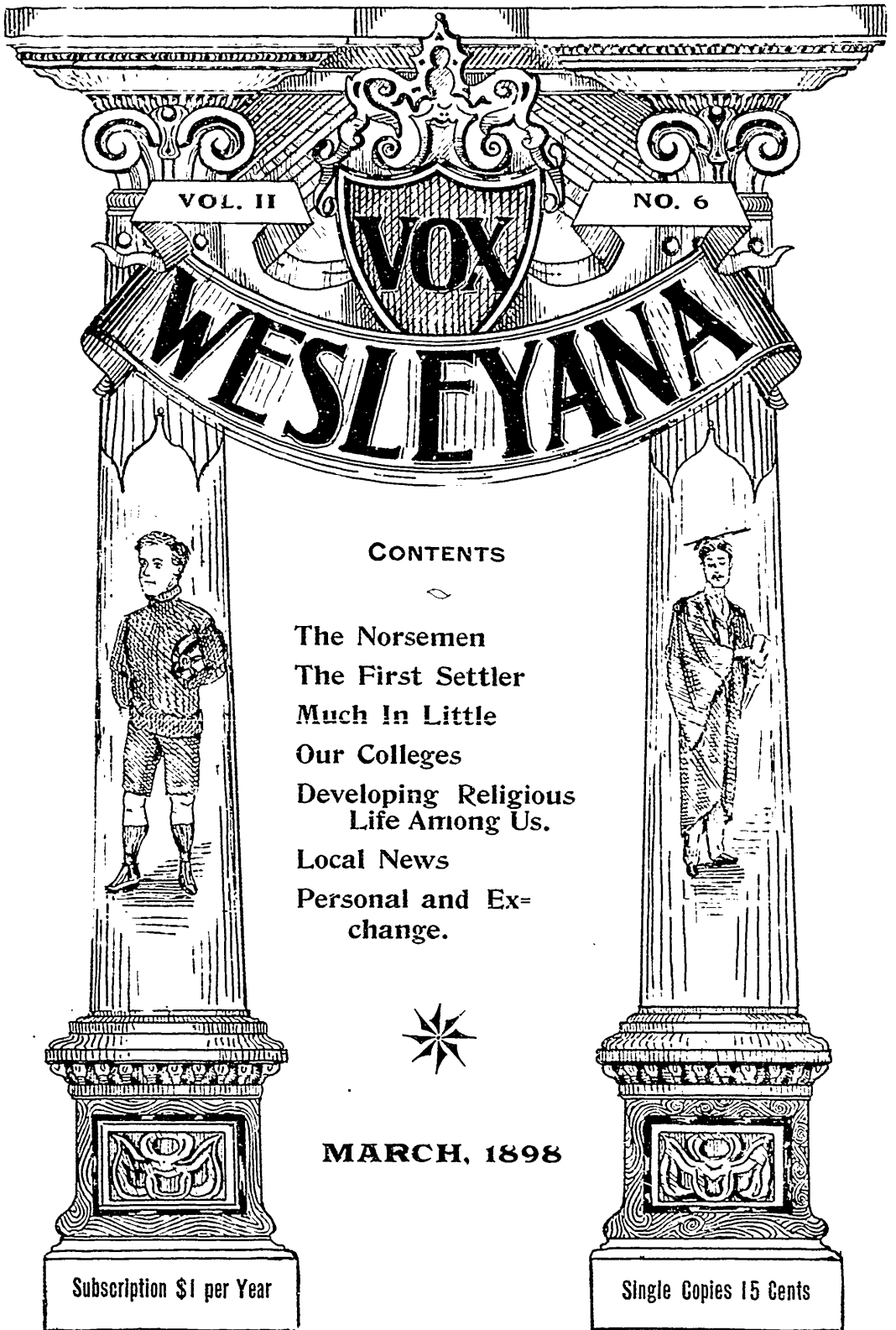
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VOL. II

NO. 6



# WESLEYANA

## CONTENTS

- The Norsemen
- The First Settler
- Much In Little
- Our Colleges
- Developing Religious  
Life Among Us.
- Local News
- Personal and Ex-  
change.



MARCH, 1898

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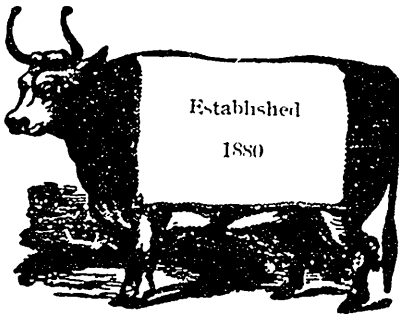
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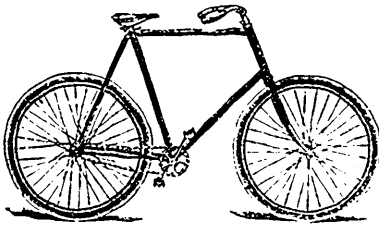
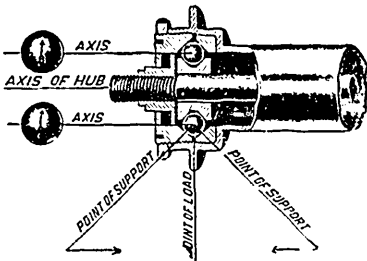
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# VOX WESLEYANA

VOL. II.

WESLEY COLLEGE, MARCH, 1898.

No. 6

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## THE NORSEMEN

From the earliest periods of history there had been traditions of a land beyond the great western sea. This had shown itself in ever varying phases in the old Greek legend of the lost Atlantis, in the mediæval fancies and myths of the Island of St. Brandon, the retreat of an Irish hermit of the sixth century, and in the story of the Seven Islands, whither the Christians of Spain fled under the guidance of the seven bishops, when Spain fell into the hands of the Saracens in the eighth century.

Southey has taken as the theme of one of his poems one of these legends. Madoc, the son of Owen Glenowyth,

the king of North Wales, is said, in 1170, to have sailed into the unknown west in search of a resting place where he might be free from his brother Youweth, who was trying to free himself from all rivals to the throne. He found a home in a new land, but returning to Wales for additional colonists, and again setting sail, he vanished beyond the western horizon and was never heard of more.

That America had remained separate and apart from the Old World through unnumbered centuries until the memorable year 1492 is indisputable, and there was and is yet, to a certain extent, a disposition to resent any rivalry with the great triumph of Columbus, as though patriotic spirit and national pride demanded an unquestioning faith in that as the sole link binding the New World to the Old. But as the old proverb says, "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," the same spirit that leads Genoese and Spaniards to claim sole credit for the discovery of the new continent also leads other nations to claim precedence for the same great achievement.

The claim of the Welsh is invalidated by the non-maritime character of the Welsh at that time, but the claim of the Norsemen has every probability in its favor. They had navigated the Arctic Ocean with no



compass but that of the stars, and the publication of the history of Greenland, in 1845, recalled minute details of their settlements in that inhospitable land, which by a strange misnomer has been called Greenland.

The brave and hardy race that emerged from the Scandinavian peninsula early overran and conquered the corrupt Roman Empire, supplied the maritime energy of Europe from the fifth to the tenth centuries, and colonized Northern Italy with an element which was to cause the rise of the maritime republics, including the one which was to furnish the re-discoverer of America in the fifteenth century.

Genoese and Spaniards could not have colonized either Iceland or Greenland. Had the Northmen been less hardy they would probably have prosecuted their discoveries and found more genial settlements. But of their actual discovery of the mainland of America prior to the eleventh century there can be no reasonable doubt.

The voyage from Greenland or Iceland to the shore of the mainland is not more difficult than the voyage from the Baltic to the Mediterranean coasts. Wherever the Northmen went they left their records in graven ruins. The stones found in Greenland, engraved in Runic characters, constitute monuments of great historical value, furnishing as they do indisputable evidence of the presence of the Northmen beyond the Atlantic centuries before that 12th of October, 1492, when European eyes were gladdened by the sight of a New World.

The narrative of the voyages of the

Northmen bears no evidence of fancy. Eric, the Red, a banished Icelandic jarl, made his way to the Greenland coast and effected a settlement there. About the year 1000 Leif Eriksson, a son of the colonizer of Greenland, discovered the mainland of America. Sailing southward from Greenland, he landed on a barren coast, where a great plain, covered with flat stones, stretched from the sea to a lofty range of ice-clad mountains. To this he gave the name of Helluland, from "hellu," a flat stone. This is supposed to have been Labrador. The next point touched presented a low shore of white sand, and beyond a level country covered with forests. To this the name of "Markland" was given, meaning woodland. This is supposed to have been Newfoundland. Voyaging again southward for two days, they landed at a place where the dew tasted sweet. Some have contended from this circumstance that it was Nantucket, where honey-dew abounds. Near this place they wintered. The crew was divided into two companies, which took turns in exploring. One of these companies discovered a great quantity of wild grapes, from which circumstance the name of Vinland was given to the newly found land.

The question, where was this Vinland? has given rise to no end of wrangling among historians and antiquarians, the details of which it is not necessary to enter upon here. The Dighton Rock Inscription and the old tower at Newport were taken as evidence that it was in Rhode Island. But the Dighton Rock soon fell into

discredit and the old tower was identified as the old stone mill built by Governor Benedict Arnold in 1653.

Some antiquarians have claimed Nova Scotia as Vinland. In support of this theory a stone was found at Yarmouth bearing an inscription, which was interpreted by Mr. Phillips of Philadelphia, "Hako's son addressed the men." On reverting to the old narrative of the expedition of Thorfinn Karlsefne in 1007, the name Haku occurs among his companions. The story of this expedition is as follows:

In 1006 Thorfinn Karlsefne arrived in Greenland from Iceland. He fell in love with a maiden named Gudrida and obtained the consent of Leif, her brother-in-law, to their marriage. At the wedding feast the conversation turned upon Greenland, and Thorfinn was urged both by his wife and others to undertake a voyage thither.

Accordingly in 1007 three ships started, one of which was commanded by Thorwald, who had married a daughter of Eric the Red. They took with them everything necessary to start a colony. Finding a place where a firth penetrated far into the land they resolved to stop. Soon they perceived a great number of canoes approaching filled with people who are described as sallow-colored and ill-looking, with ugly heads of hair, large eyes and broad cheeks. To these the name of Skraeling was given. After the Skraeling had observed them for a time they rowed away. Thorfinn and his companions erected their dwellings a little above the bay and there they spent the

winter. One morning they again perceived the Skraelings approaching. Thorfinn held up his white shield as a friendly signal and the Skraelings coming near, they commenced to barter. The Northmen gave them pieces of cloth in exchange for skins and furs. Thorfinn then caused the women to bring out milk soup, which when the Skraelings had tasted, they preferred to everything else, and so, as their historian quaintly says, "They ended by carrying away their bargains in their stomachs."

Whilst this bargaining was going on an ox which belonged to Thorfinn rushed out of the wood, bellowing loudly. The Skraelings got terrified and rushed to their canoes, rowing to the southward.

The next winter they returned, showing symptoms of hostility. At the first battle the Northmen got panic-stricken and fled. Freydisa, the wife of Thorwald, taunted them with fleeing before such miserable caitiffs, and vowed that if she had a sword she would show better fight. She, accordingly, followed them into the woods. There she found the dead body of Thorribrand Snorreson with his naked sword by his side. Taking up the sword she prepared to defend herself. Baring her bosom she dashed herself against the naked blade. The Skraeling were terrified and rushed to their canoes. Karlsefne and his companions now came up and praised her courage. But they were now aware that they could only hope to hold the country by force, so they resolved to return to Greenland.

Thus ended the abortive attempt of

the Northmen to found a colony in America. The story which the survivors brought back told indeed of a fair and fertile land, but it was inhabited by the fierce and warlike Skraellings. These, indeed, might seem contemptible foes to the brave old Vikings, but the plundering of the degenerate Franks offered greater re-

wards than the founding of a new colony in the wilds of the western continent.

Accordingly the Northmen devoted their time and energies to the raids on European nations and in course of time the discoveries in the west passed out of mind or were remembered only as dim traditions of a fabulous age.

A. E. VROOMAN.

### THE FIRST SETTLER

Millions upon millions of years ago I was living on the slope of a barren hill. The weather was excessively hot. No blade of grass, no tree, or bird, or living thing was there to gladden my existence. One day a heavy black cloud rolled up from the deep, and poured out its fulness in such torrents that I was washed away and carried hopelessly down into the mouth of the ocean, there to be tossed about from place to place and lashed mercilessly against its shore.

Year after year my troubles were increased. Great burdens were heaped upon me until I could stand it no longer. Gradually I began to give up my gentle, soft nature, and soon I was as hard as adamant. I lay in this dormant condition for ages, when one night, away in the distance, I heard a dismal, rumbling sound. I shivered; it grew worse, and at last it tore me with awful violence from my long resting place and fractured and distorted me in every possible way, and above all it fairly choked me with hot vapors which penetrated all my wounds. However, I managed to pull

through and, comparatively speaking, I was left alone for ages and ages, and in direct proportion to my age so my burden. I began to murmur, again I could hear that awful noise, and, quicker than thought I was roughly pushed, amid groanings that I cannot now express, away into the dazzling sunlight again. But oh, how much colder it seems now! My present home is on a hillside as before, but how different the scene! With the exception of my elder brothers, Granite and Gneiss, and my younger, Cambrian, I do not recognize a single scene. The days, though bright, are cold and chill, and each night envelops us deeper in a cold white shroud of death. Weary of this monotonous life, we, with one accord, agreed to emigrate. So huddling ourselves as best we could upon a large toboggan, we began our journey down toward the seemingly cheerful plains below.

After many weary years of extreme peril, in which many and many a companion was crushed to death, we at last came to our journey's end, bruised, scratched and disfigured almost be-

yond recognition. The sun in this part was much warmer than at our last home, and we were obliged to abandon our toboggan and take up our homesteads wherever we were left. The Mound Builders have come and gone; the Indians, I believe, are fast dying out; succeeding races of pale-faces stamp through the land as though the aborigines had no rights. the common crowd pass me unheeded by, but the inquisitive scientists alone have found out my real history and credit me with the honor of being the first settler. They say I am of the Huronian system of the Archean period. I am generally called a boulder. However, even if I am slighted by the popular crowd, I can tell of more heroic history than any of them. Lovers, too, on moonlight nights, oftentimes rest themselves upon my bosom and breathe into each other's ears sweet songs of gladness. Poets at times have sat upon my back and penned such lines as :

Conflicting winds and clouds appear  
O'er all the troubled sky;  
The thunder rolls, and fierce between  
The hail like bullets fly.  
Flash after flash with vivid glare,  
The zigzag lightning darts,  
Astounding thunder rends the air,  
And quails the stoutest hearts.

I have a place in every manual of geology. Great men debate on my history and poets and students alike pay me strict regard, and I need not heed the sneer of the vulgar, who say that I am only a stone that has grown out of the surrounding dust. Any intelligent person, who will take the trouble to search into my history, will find that my story is true and that I was indeed the first to view the fair scenes of this fair land, and to enjoy the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn and winter, when all nature lies wrapt in her shroud of sheeted snow.

GEO. H. KNOWLTON.

---

### MUCH IN LITTLE

---

It's curious what a sight o' good a little  
thing will do;  
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it  
begins to brew.  
An' take the sting from whut commenced to  
rankle when 'twus spoke;  
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wuz a  
joke.  
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles  
instead o' tears,  
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the  
shadows of the years  
By jes' laughin'

Folks sometimes fail to note the possibilities  
that lie  
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the  
twinkle in yer eye;  
It ain't so much whut's said thet hurts ez  
whut ye thinks lies hid;  
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing  
is did.  
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented  
day by day,  
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued  
from decay

By jes' laughin'

—Washington Star.

## DEVELOPING RELIGIOUS LIFE AMONG US

*Spring is coming—Spring! with flowers—and blood medicines.*

And there are those among us who have been lying the movements of the student body who agree that a tonic is required. We have been getting lethargic and bilious religiously. The inevitable social scratches and toe trappings do not heal with the quickness and ease we expect of healthy organisms. Some say, "Your clothes and manners are too rough," and the accused retort, "The fault is in your blood." Nothing very serious. No, no, but just enough to destroy the best flavor of fraternity, and cause absolute, definite "progress" to be at the vanishing point. And that is surely serious enough.

In our institution we must expect—and, indeed, hope for—an element to whom education is a mere means of distinction, of making them "not as other men," bent on developing a "narrow and ungenerous type of culture."

We must expect to find many who have aims quite below that spirit of magnanimity and liberality which prizes each new addition to our number as a contributor to its wealth of personality and influence. But we can have this latter sentiment among us only as the production of spiritual resources actually in our possession.

Have we this magnanimity? Have we ground for this confidence? We fear not.

We are "run down" constitutionally and religiously, that's all,

and might as well admit it. Will we agree on that? We must see what can be done for this apathetic and unprogressive condition of affairs. Here are some opinions by the students.

### FIRST ANSWER.

*How shall we intensify our religious life?*

That our religious life should be intense is clearly the will of the Divine Master. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." But how shall we become possessors of this abundant life? The cause of the lack of it may be expressed in one word, *neglect*. In these days when the demands of language, mathematics and science, upon our time and energies, are so great it is not difficult, to let our devotional reading of the Word become a matter of a hurried glance. Too frequently, a few minutes each day seems to be sufficient time, or at least all the time we can spare from our studies, to spend in private communion with God. And not only so, but our minds become so engrossed with these things that we fail to see the opportunities for Christian work that come to our hand from day to day. Now for the answer to our question, and surely if we have rightly divined the cause the remedy is not far to seek. If there is low vitality physically nourishing food, pure air and vigorous exercise are generally the best restoratives. Regular and

diligent use of these will in the majority of cases raise the vitality, intensify the life. So in the cases of low spiritual vitality, the food of the Word, the atmosphere of prayer, and the daily exercise of effort for God are the chief means of toning up the system spiritually. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure for if ye do these things ye shall never fall."

## SECOND ANSWER.

A young man was once asked: Whose preaching was it that led him to accept Christ as his Saviour. "No person's," was the reply. It was my mother's practising. It is not preaching or a profession that will bring more spiritual life to our college, but a genuine practice of the Christ-life among the boys. Every student ought to be so busy practising that there will be no time to dally with the enemy. When God trusted Nehemiah with the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, he was so busy with his work he would not leave it to go down to the Plains of Ono to make a compromise with his seducing enemy. God has entrusted every student with the building a good character so that we should find no time to compromise with any enemy.

## THIRD ANSWER.

*About intensifying the religious life among us.*

The College Y. M. C. A. is the centre of the Christian life in the College. Hence by making the weekly meetings as helpful and as full of the Divine Spirit as is possible the religious life of its members will be intensified. To the student worn by the studies of the day, and feeling the need of the physical exercise so demanded by his nature, the prospect of spending almost his entire evening in a dry prayer meeting is, perhaps, not inviting, and as a result many almost entirely ceased to attend. This should be remedied. Let us make greater use of the piano and hymn book. Let the hymns selected be familiar, and of a bright, cheering tune, and let the prayers and addresses be freed from all dullness. But all this will still be of little avail if we neglect our private devotions. All our efforts must be backed up by the Divine assistance, and nothing so secures this as the private communings of the soul with its Maker. If these be properly attended to, and we see to it that all our duties are performed according to the spirit of our professions, I think the religious life will be deeply intensified.

## THE POET.

Most mighty of magicians, he  
Who, with some subtle sorcery,  
Can kiss a cold, forbidding truth  
To beauty and immortal youth.

—Robert Loveman.

### Y. M. C. A.

---

A very helpful paper was read by Miss Ruttan at the monthly union Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. meeting on "Reflex Influence of Missionary Effort." The following are some of the thoughts.

First—We are knit together in a common brotherhood—for "no man liveth unto himself."

Second—The world is ruled by the Creator on a system of reciprocity, which applies in all departments of thought as well as action.

Third—What do we give as our testimony that we feel ourselves reciprocating with the Great Giver.

Fourth—Do we give ourselves, our souls and spirits in our prayers and earnest thought and eager attention?

Fourth—Praying for others takes

us out of ourselves. The very lifting of our voice in behalf of our stricken brother lifts our own hearts to a higher plane. Selfishness has ruled our hearts long so. Let us get out on the broader field of human interest and affection, where we feel the world's anguish and hopes and strivings.

Fifth—Give money. A sure way to acquire interest in those for whom it is given.

Sixth—"Social Solidarity" is a maxim now of sociologists. There is no such thing as purely individual righteousness. ("Why should we despise the milk man or the servants when it is no praise to us that we are not they rather than ourselves.")

Give love and self and get purity and charity for yourself and for all men.

---

### OUR CURLERS

---

Although neither the Grand Challenge nor the Walkerville Tankard came to our rink in the bonspiel, our boys made a remarkably good showing. Some unknown friend sent them a consolation prize accompanied by bottles of "catch-up" and bars of "Comfort" soap which have been the source of great solace to their sorrowing souls. An epic poem accompanied the prize. It is herewith appended:

Oh! Muse to thee we turn, thine aid invoke,  
A soul of song divinely now inspire.  
Noble the theme! Forth then, melodious  
    strains,  
To sweetest music we would tune the lyre.

#### SCENE I.

[The Wesleys, after the first game.]  
" 'Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"  
The game this afternoon, we've cause to rue.

#### SCENE II.

They do not on the scene appear,  
A victory then we score, 'tis clear.  
They've stayed at home, such luck is rare,  
Then Fates be kind to them there.

#### SCENE III.

[After the third game.]  
Oh! Night with sombre robes of black,  
Relieved but by the jewels rare  
Which shine resplendent, sparkle bright  
Against the dull tints thou dost wear;  
'Twas in the stillness of thine hour,  
When holy calm pervaded all,

We saw the palm of victory ours  
And saw the noble Huffman fall.

SCENE IV.

Once more upon us fortune smiles,  
We did not quite expect to do it ;  
Come out and cheer the dauntless four ;  
St. John and Markle, Laidlaw, Hewitt.

SCENE V.

[After the fifth game.]

'Tis surely but a happy dream  
That we, once more, have victory gained.  
Would that we ne'er defeat might know,  
Where victors' joy so long has reigned.  
If "there's a tide" in men's affairs  
"Which taken at the flood leads on"  
To fortune's favor, here's our chance,  
We'll seize it ere 'tis past and gone.

SCÈNE VI.

[After the sixth game.]

'Tis said "Man wants but little here below,"  
But this we strongly feel inclined to doubt.  
Man's wants are legion, but his heart's  
desires  
Must oft go unfulfilled, as we've found out.

SCENE VII.

[After the seventh game.]

The hopes to which we vainly clung,

Were only "beads of morning strung  
On slender blades of grass,"  
We're "crushed to earth" and cannot "raise"  
For we, oh grief! have won no prize.  
Alack! Alack! Alas!

CONCLUSION.

The end has come, the conflict's o'er ;  
We're proud of Wesley's noble four,  
Though prize or trophy you have none  
Yet fame as curlers you have won.

You must not unrequited go,  
Who long have swept and labored so.  
Then daily on this trophy gaze,  
Your drooping spirits, it will raise,  
Your future 'twill inspire with hope,  
Just one word more — use "Comfort"  
soap.

N. B.—Just one exception we must here  
write down—

Let Brother Markle use the "Royal Crown."

The above has a prologue, an epilogue, an invocation, a conclusion—and in fact all the qualities of a great poem. We recommend it to freshmen for the purpose of scansion.

---

LOCAL NEWS

A few of those magnificent photos  
left.

—  
What famous wits we all would be  
If we could only say  
Those brilliant things in repartee  
We think of the next day.

—  
The N. W. and A. T. Society held its initial meeting on Friday night last. It was a pronounced success; great enthusiasm prevailed. A resolution was passed making any person a life member who should donate the Society one two-story cake.

Kenner—"You don't seem to like the ice very well."

Halladay (as he lifted both skates simultaneously about two feet in the air)—"No, I'm down on it."

—  
The gymnasium is being well patronized by the boys, who are becoming adepts on the bar, trapeze, etc. Charlie is practising faithfully at the handspring both early and late, and hopes to be able to beat the R. D. before spring.



Don't fail to get one of those splendid pictures of the College.

Parson Johnston—So dis little chile am a gal. Do de udder one belong to de contrary sex?

Mrs. Jackson—Yais, pahson, dat's a gal too.

Life is mingled with joy and sadness,  
From the chemistry class coming back  
See the Theologue, mute with gladness,  
Hanging on behind a hack.

The fine weather and good ice have induced the students to patronize the rink much more of late. Quite a number of the fair sex are to be seen each afternoon either enjoying the pleasure of skating or hockey. Among the gentlemen who are present on these occasions might be mentioned Clayton, who is by no means an expert goalkeeper when Miss Stephenson is on the opposing forward line. Halladay also tries goalkeeping for the ladies, but he is also learning to skate backwards (with occasional tumbles), so that he may get even with Bennest, who thinks he has a cinch because he is the only gentleman who can skate backward with the ladies. Down at the end of the rink, Bastedo may be seen flying around in pursuit of the puck, and Roblin attempting to crack him over the toes. Someone yelled (that was Gilbert). He was very likely in goal without any skates on, and Walker came up too close range to shoot. Bro. Oke also comes out and gives exhibitions of fancy skating, while Lousley gazes on him in silent wonder. But who can that be on the side, surrounded by a bevy of fair

ones? Oh, that's Sid. He is learning to skate, and may be seen practising at the McIntyre on Friday evenings. A few like Windsor are looking wise and propelling themselves by means of a hockey stick, but this description must stop or some one will say "Zeus has been back looking on from some corner."

The ladies of the Modern Languages Class have had a photo taken of the group of six young ladies who compose the class. We venture to predict that if one of these photos were offered as a premium with Vox, in place of the photo of the College, the sales of our College paper would very materially increase.

A very notable and long-to-be remembered occurrence happened on Friday night last in the room in the south tower. Two of the fairest girls, in all the college donated two of the nicest, lightest, sweetest cakes in all the universe to two of the great army of the famished in our halls. These two called in their friends and made merry, and such a time. Your author was privileged to be there, and as we sat around intent upon those two perfect specimens of the culinary art,

"Oh that my tongue could utter  
The thought that arose in me."

Words fail to describe the delightful emotions felt as the delicious morsels went capering down the ever-gaping maw of that hungry crew. Again in thought we sit beside that festive food and listen while

"Rills of oily eloquence lubricate the course they take."

The donors were lauded to the skies. The kindness, unselfishness and generosity, of these fair collegians will live forever in the minds of those present. Again and again were toasts drunk to their health and every possible good thing was wished them. Volumes would have been spoken on such an attractive theme had not the appearance of the resident tutor called us all from the sublime to the ridiculous and scattered us as leaves before the wild hurricane fly.

[We would feel ourselves under deep obligation to the girls if they would furnish cake occasionally to the above scribe, as his bursts of song would be welcome to Vox.—Ed.]

Many men of many kinds  
A saw we oft recall  
Does very well, but oh, one finds  
So many freshmen of many kinds  
Who have no minds at all.

On Friday evening, March 4th, the assembly hall of Wesley was well filled by students and friends of the College, who came to listen to the programme which would be given by the Preliminary Class. The President, in opening, drew attention to the length of the programme in a manner which said prepare yourselves either to endure or enjoy for the space of two hours, for we are now at the mercy of the Freshmen Class. But judging by the hearty applause and frequent and persistent calls of "encore," as the different items of the programme were rendered, its exceptional length was still too short to satisfy the desires of those present.

The chief feature of difference from other class programmes was the abundance of music, which consisted of songs, choruses and several numbers by an orchestra. If any performer were mentioned as worthy of commendation justice, would demand that all be mentioned, for if one excelled another it was because of the good fortune of having a choice selection at their disposal.

PROGRAMME.

- 1—Solo and chorus, accompanied by orchestra.
- 2—Reading . . . . . Miss L. Dunfield
- 3—Solo . . . . . Miss Harrison
- 4—Recitation (in Icelandic) Mr. Peterson
- 5—Essay . . . . . Mr. Dobson
- 6—Duet . . . Messrs. Hames and Oke
- 7—Recitation . . . . . Miss Metcalfe
- 8—Selection . . . . . Orchestra
- 9—Recitation . . . . . Mr. Johnstone
- 10—Speech . . . . . Mr. McConnell
- 11—Recitation . . . . . Miss Cook
- 12—Solo . . (Irish lullaby) . . Miss Jones
- 13—Recitation . . . . . Mr. Tait
- 14—Solo and chorus . . . . .

The literary programme given by the Theologues on the evening of Feb. 18th was a success in every way. The programme was as follows:

- Glee . . . . . Glee Club
- Speech . . . . . S. P. Riddell
- Solo . . . . . A. R. Robinson
- Reading . . . . . H. A. Goodwin
- Solo . . . . . L. D. Post
- Recitation . . . . . J. Murchison
- Duet . . Messrs. Post and Robinson
- Address—Penmanship with cartoon illustrations. A. R. Robinson
- Glee . . . . . Glee Club.

Mr. S. P. Riddell gave a very interesting talk on the theological course. He stated the many advantages of the course, and showed very clearly the absurdity of students proceeding

to study the "science of sciences" before having acquired a knowledge of the elementary principles of science. Every student of theology should first take the natural science course. It would be the best preparation he could get. The "natural" way to proceed to a knowledge of an unnatural or supernatural science was by way of the natural sciences. Mr. Riddell is a good speaker, and his arguments clear and convincing. The promising theologians of the future will no doubt be found in the natural science classes. The other parts of the program were well rendered, Mr. Robinson's cartoons being worthy of special mention.

---

WHEN SHADOWS FALL.

When shadows fall at eventide,  
When o'er the great world far and wide  
The dark's gray mantle covers all;  
We know somewhere the sun shines bright  
And that at home there's love and light,  
And full of beauty is the night  
When shadows fall.

When shadows fall on happy hearts,  
When joy with saddened mien departs  
And deepest sorrow broods o'er all;  
The sun still shines, the grief but hides  
The light of home where God abides,  
And pure-eyed faith toward Heaven guides  
When shadows fall

—Susan M. Bradley in *The Mount Holyoke*.

---

The evening of March 5th saw tremendous excitement among the freshies. They spoke in hoarse whispers, and their eyes shone with something resembling intelligence. In fact they had just learned that an upper classman had some cake in his room. How their hearts burned within them as they consulted how to get it. From six till ten in the evening did they

confer. It was known the owner was out and his door unlocked, but if he should return—ah! that was the rub. But what cannot talent—to say nothing of genius—do when the will is set? A guard was placed, while the rest—about forty or so—made a brave sneak for the room. Once in, all shut their eyes and repeated softly, but firmly, "I have a dog, his name is Jack, my dog Jack eats rats," to show how calm they were. Then the nicest young man of all the freshies (whose presence is as the passing of exquisite music), spake forth, "Is yer eyes all shut?" "Yup," came the reply. "Well, put yer hands over yer faces." They did so forthwith. Then followed silence deep as death. "Got it," they asked, "n—n—no, but I see it," answered freshie, mopping his countenance. "Go on and take it," they urged, "he'll be comin' in first thing you know." This last thought was too awful to be contemplated, freshie grabbed the plate, and with one wild look of terror sped away. Then this intrepid company, since known as the "fire eaters," "hot line club," etc., proceeded to the banquet, and so deep and dark was the mystery they left behind, that although all was known at No. 31 on Monday morning, the freshies still all constantly affirm that the details of their plot can never be known, even on the other shore. The situation was admirably summed up the other evening by a freshie, when he said patronizingly, "There ain't no use of yees akicking against a corporation," or, we would add, rushing against the bossy shield of omnipotence.

The premium given away with this journal for 25 cents can be had down town for \$1.

Dr. Smiley—Ah, professor, is your little one a boy or a girl?

Prof. Dreney—Why-er-yes, we call it John. It must be a boy, I think.  
—Ex.

OUR WRONGS.

When girls are only babies,  
Their mammas quite insist  
That they by us—  
Against our wills—  
Be kissed—kissed—kissed.

But when those girls  
Are sweet eighteen,  
Their mammas say we sha'n't,  
And though we'd like to kiss them,  
We can't—can't—can't.

—Williams Weekly.

A good many of our otherwise quiet and well-behaved students have, of late, been attacked by a recently discovered disease, *skatis rinkis*. One of our staff was suffering severely from it last week, but we are glad to report that he is recovering.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

The one sits shivering in Fortune's smile  
Taking his joy with bated doubtful breath,  
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while  
Laughs in the teeth of Death.

—Thos. Bailey Aldrich.

Junior B. A. Girl in Physics Class  
—"Say, Dr., is it a south-peeking sole,  
a sole-seeking pouth, a south-poking  
sea, a seeth-soking poul, a peel-soking  
south?"

Dr.—"A south-seeking pole, my  
dear!"

Bismarck has said that one-third of the students in the German universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork, and the rest govern Europe.  
—Ex.

Samson, the strongest man whom we read about in the good Book, was the first to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, when several thousand people tumbled to his scheme, and he brought down the house.—Ex.

AN ELECTROSTATIC PAIR.

He was the gallant engineer  
Of a giant dynamo ;  
She suug to the wires the whole day long  
With a chorus of "Hello."

He loved this telephonic maid,  
Till his heart's vibrating plate  
Was magnetized and polarized  
At a milliamperic rate.

His love he well expressed in ohms,  
And amperes, or even in volts ;  
In voltaic phrases and dynamo figures,  
Or currents, arc lights and bolts.

Said he : " By the great broken circuit,  
Or more ; by the Ruhmkorff coil,  
Your negative answers will drive me  
To some subway under the soil.

" Not a spark of inductive affection,  
Not a positive 'Yes' have I had ;  
I'm afraid the wires have grounded  
In favor of some other lad."

Then regret, like a galvanometer,  
Or an astatic needle, it smote her,  
And she said : " Of love I have ions  
As strong as an Edison motor."

So he opened the circuit and clasped her  
In arm-ature, and held her there ;  
And she was the belle electric  
Of this thermo-electric pair.

—Hardware

### PERSONAL AND EXCHANGE

---

H. J. Kinley accidentally sprained his ankle the other day.

R. A. Rutledge appeared at classes recently minus his moustache. We learn he was meddling with fire.

Will Morgan underwent an operation a short time ago for appendicitis. We are pleased to see him out again.

Miss Sarah Good, '96, was renewing acquaintances at the Literary Society meeting a couple of weeks ago.

Geo. McCrossan, while practising football the other evening, fell and fractured one of the bones in his arm. He is getting along splendidly.

S. E. Greenway, of last year's Preliminary Class, is rusticated at Crystal City. We hope to have him back again next year at work on the forward line.

J. K. Sparling, bronze medalist in classics, '93, left on the 3rd for Dawson City, where he purposes practising law. We wish him every success in his new northern home.

Rev. W. L. Armstrong, B. A., '94, has been unanimously invited by his quarterly board to remain for a third year. This year has been one of marvellous success in every department of church work.

Rev. J. W. Bruce, '97, sends us word that he likes the recent issue of *VOX* very much. He is glad to see shining in its pages the effulgence of our classical and philosophy stars. Same here, J. W. B. You know a good thing when you see it.

M. A. Griffith, late of Queen's University, is taking his final year in the general course at Wesley. He is a first-rate fellow, has subscribed for *VOX*, and needs a hair cut. We are sorry he did not come west sooner.

A. R. Robinson took charge of the Sunday evening service not long ago for G. J. Elliott, at his mission in the north of the city. It is almost superfluous to add that G. J. took advantage of the opportunity to visit a sister church, accompanied by a bosom friend.

In last month's issue we had the pleasure of chronicling the marriage of one of our old boys. Again we have the pleasure of extending congratulations. This time it is to our friend of last year, John Pollock, who was wedded to Miss Annie Fee, of Brook, Ontario. They spend their honeymoon at St. Thomas, and then leave for their home in Manitoba. *VOX* joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Pollock a long, pleasant and prosperous journey through life.

One of our former students, Rev. A. W. Kenner, of Reston, wishes us to state that—Whereas, he is aware that divers and untrue reports have been circulated to the effect that he has entered upon the matrimonial estate, and Whereas, such false reports have even reached publication in certain irresponsible periodicals in this country, and Whereas, he being much disturbed and harrassed by said reports, does hereby take this opportunity of publicly denying these aforesaid alle-

gations, and singly, in part, wholly and unequivocally, characterizes them as wilful, malicious, infamous and diabolical falsehoods, and disclaims even any such intention whatsoever.

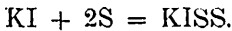
Messrs. Carwell & Gilbert are now to be found at their new quarters in Knox Terrace, Hargrave street. The spring work is crowding upon them, and they find they have as much as they can possibly attend to, therefore do not call, except on business.

In beginning German: Dr.—“Decline pie, please.”

O. J.—“I never do; I always accept it.”

The following may be of interest to freshmen pursuing the study of chemistry:

“Potassium iodide and sulphur, under slight pressure, gives an exceedingly interesting result, as follows:



This experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and instead, the reaction may be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should be attempted in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.”

#### JOHNNIE'S COMPOSITION.

Hens is funny critters. They don't have any nose, nor teeth, nor ears. They swallow their vittles whole and chew it inside of 'em. The inside of a hen is filled up with marbles, shirt buttons and sich. Hens is smaller than a good many critters, but'll dig up more garden stuff than any critter that is not a hen. Hens is handy to

lay eggs for plum pudding, Shimmie Clarke ate so much plum pudding wocnst that it set him into the collery. Hens has got wings and fli like 60 when they start. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens. I cut my Uncle William's wife's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death.—Ex.

“Wordsworth's Love of Nature, Leading to a Love of Man,” is the subject of an article in the January number of “The Volante.” The article is very interesting and very nicely written. It traces the development and changes in his loves for nature, and shows how it led ultimately to his study and love of humanity.

Books in the Home, Books for Youth to Read, Public School Libraries, The Careful Reading of a Few Good Works, How to Gain the Most Good from What We Read, and The Old-fashioned Fireside Reading Circle are the topics of excellent articles in the January number of the College Barometer. The following paragraph is clipped from the second of the above articles: The power of a book is not any shock which it may produce upon the feelings to make the effeminate weep, but the gentle, increasing, inspiring influence which stirs the soul to its depths. The value of a book is not in its power to amuse, but in the amount of material for reflection which it furnishes. He who puts in material to build upon the soul is doing more than piling up an enduring pyramid or monument. A thought that can measure and weigh a world is greater than the

world. A pure thought, a holy emotion of love, a divine impulse of devotion is better than a whole planet on which there is no thought! Such thoughts are the world in which you may choose to live. These are the associations by which we may help our lives to be sublime. These are the spirits in whom we may seek a likeness by drinking in their characteristics.

---

ROSEBUDS.

She plucked a rosebud by the wall  
And placed it in his outstretched hands,  
It was love's token that was all,  
And he rode off to foreign lands.

He kept the rosebud in his breast,  
And when the battle charge was led,  
They found him slain among the rest,  
The rosebud stained a deeper red.

But she, beside the wall that day,  
A rosebud gave to other hands;  
Nor thought of that one borne away  
By him who rode to foreign lands.  
—Bowdoin Orient.

---

She—"Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?"

He—"Naturally I cannot help feeling for her."—Ex.

---

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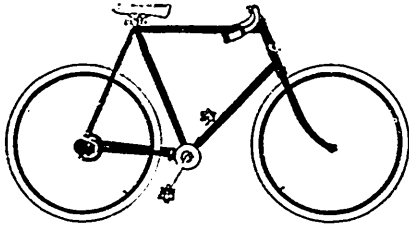
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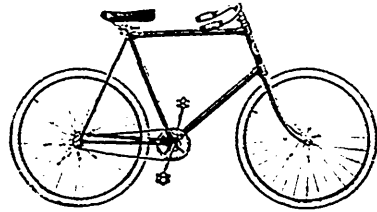
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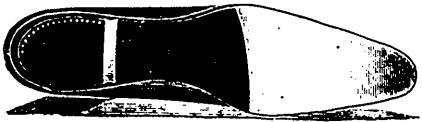
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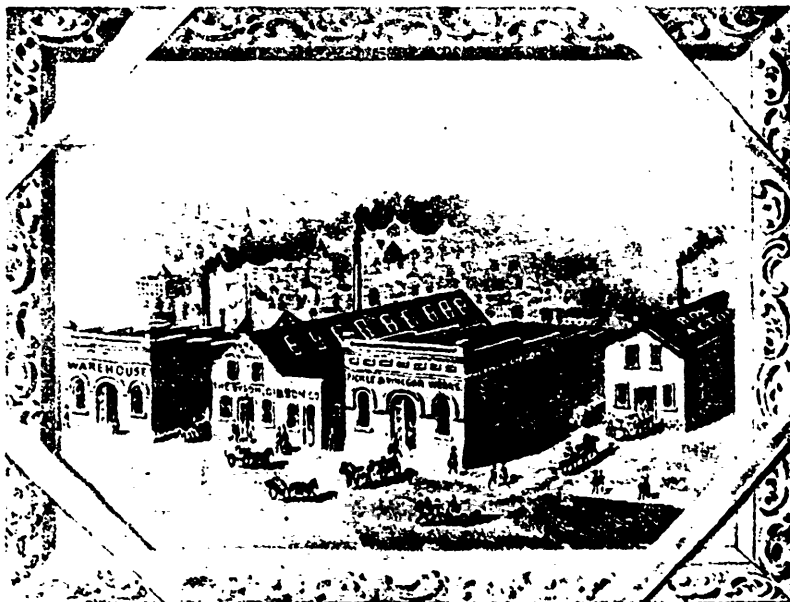
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