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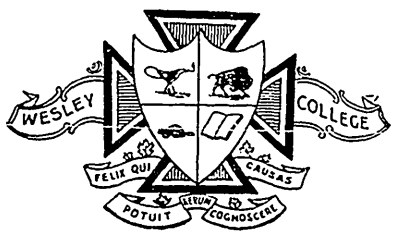
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March, 1900



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1891	\$223,237	\$157,267	\$ 837,437	\$680,170
1892	255,212	192,700	882,919	690,213
1893	301,100	291,760	989,901	695,141
1894	284,467	341,159	1,046,609	695,450
1895	277,576	415,621	1,118,274	702,653
1896	336,712	517,878	1,225,415	708,537
1897	391,501	618,481	1,331,448	712,967
1898	400,486	757,399	1,475,283	717,884

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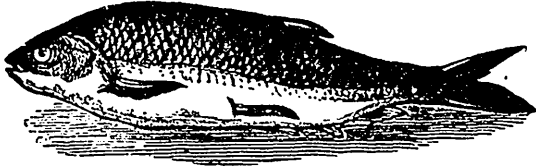
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Issued monthly, during college year, by the students of Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IV.

WESLEY COLLEGE, MARCH, 1900.

No. 6

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All communications regarding subscriptions and advertisements should be sent to the Business Manager, all others to the Editor-in-Chief.

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Local and Personal.
What our Students Have Been Doing.

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EDITORIALS

The attention of the graduates is again called to the claims of the Alma Mater Society in its endeavor to raise a scholarship fund for the present year. The time is near when the examinations will be held, and no doubt many who have been working with the scholarship in view are wondering what progress is being made in the collection of the money. In conversation with the president of the society a few days ago, we were assured the money would be placed in the hands of the Bursar of the College by the 1st of April. A letter from the secretary-treasurer is given below, which shows the state of the fund at the time of writing. Since that time a circular letter has been sent to all graduates, that the matter might become more personal. By our next issue it is hoped

the subscription list will be completed, and a full report given. Let there be a general rallying among all ex-students to give the scholarship fund a good start in this the closing year of the century.

Macgregor, Feb. 2nd, 1900.

To the Editor of Vox :

Dear Mr. Editor,—The executive of the Alma Mater Society thank you for your kindly words and publication of our letter re the Scholarship Fund.

We were also pleased to hear through your editorial that our letter had awakened considerable interest in this Fund. We simply wish to state that there has not yet been a panic in the department of the treasury. As yet only three have responded to the call, and the Fund stands as follows :—

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Again thanking you for your favors of the past, we ask you to give this letter space in your now valuable paper.

W. A. LEWIS, Sec.-Treas.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

The Faculty is much interested in the Library. It is rightly felt that an institution of learning not thoroughly equipped with books is an anomaly; a well-stocked library is an indispensable aid to culture. We want our advanced students to form the habit of collateral reading. To limit one's self to text-books directly in hand is vicious, since it generates no independence or resource. It even defeats the student's most immediate purpose, because, as a result of it, he fails to get a comprehensive grasp of the subject before him.

The plan in mind involves departmental libraries under the direction of the respective professors, and a central supply for general use. The former will consist of books bearing directly on special subjects. With regard to the latter I think our ideal should be an array of the popular and attractive kinds of literature.—I mean history, essays, poetry, and fiction. We wish this library when once launched to be a place of general resort. We expect it to set in motion among our men the cultivating agency of good literature. We shall not fill it with tomes for expert reference; we need books that will be repaired to naturally in leisure moments. To count on this as an agency for good is only to count on what is happily a great fact—the unconscious influence of high-class literature. The style of expression of our students will be immensely improved, and the level of their thinking indefinitely heightened, by commerce of this kind. Our object will be to add to set efforts after culture this insinuating and

important influence. I might add that the list in this case should be cosmopolitan. Our readers should have access not only to our own but to foreign masterpieces. There is no reason why Goethe's Faust, Dante's Divina Commedia, and Homer's Iliad, in translations themselves classic, should not figure on our shelves.

It is gratifying to say that a substantial start has been made. Some time ago Messrs. Robinson and Elliott, of this city, made the handsome presentation of \$125 to the classical library. Last summer, through the efforts of Professor Riddell, the sum of \$235 was given by ladies and gentlemen in Toronto for the buying of works of reference in connection with the study of the New Testament. Those joining in that gift were Mrs. Massey Treble, Messrs. W. E. H. Massey, H. H. Fudger, J. H. Houser, A. E. Ames, Chester Massey, J. W. Lavalley, and Dr. Sweetnam. Later, Mr. George Leary, of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, made it possible for Professor Riddell to purchase Benjamin Jowett's translation of the complete works of Plato. This session the College Board has enabled Professor Cochrane to form the nucleus of a library in Logic and Mathematics. The sum of \$60 or thereabout, furthermore, is being spent in the department of English. It is needless to say we are under obligation in all these cases of gift.

To end with let me remark that nothing better could happen us as a college than to have say \$500 a year to be laid out in the development of this important arm of the service.

W. F. OSBORNE, Librarian.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

IN ITALY

By Florence H. Ashdown

After a voyage of nearly two weeks, here we are at last at our first stopping-place in Italy, Genoa. As we walk up from the wharf we look around with a feeling of curiosity to see what this new, or rather, old world is like. Everything seems strange, the streets narrow, with tall houses crowded together, the women walking along with large baskets upon their heads, and the boys running beside heavily laden donkeys.

We are fortunate enough to meet a man who speaks some English, and who, for a few centesimi, politely puts us on a car on the way to the Villa Pallavicini, the first place of interest that we have decided to visit in the city. The conductor on the car is very obliging and when it is time for us to transfer actually leaves his car and takes us several steps to show us the tram that we must take next. Fancy one of our conductors keeping his car waiting while he takes the trouble to show some strangers their way. The Villa we find most beautiful. Vegetation is luxuriant and palms of all kinds abound. Upon the highest point stands a castle in the mediæval style, but it is not this that elicits admiration from the stranger. It is the grounds that make the whole like fairy-land. An artificial lake, upon which one is taken by the guide for a row, is formed by miniature torrents which come rushing down from the rocks above. Several small bridges span these torrents and a beautiful stalactite grotto at one side heightens the picturesque effect.

The next day we hire a guide, who takes us in cabs to the most interesting points in the city. As we go through the streets we have a good opportunity of observing the life and habits of the Genoese. One thing that strikes us forcibly is the great number of people whom we see doing washing. Going along the street one sees right in the open air and placed back just a little from the road a large stone basin, around which are perhaps a dozen women and children washing. Along the banks

of the shallow streams, too, the women wash the clothes and place them on the stones to dry. The Italian people all live in large tenement houses and in Genoa a most peculiar appearance is given to these houses by the washing that is hung out from all the windows to dry. It makes no difference whether it be one of the finest and most substantial of these buildings or one of the oldest and most squalid, clothes of all kinds may always be seen hanging from the windows and fluttering in the breeze. Baby carriages are seldom seen, but the nurse-girl is a pretty sight as she goes along in white apron, and around her head a broad pleated ribbon falling in long streamers behind. She carries the baby in her arms and always seems very fond of her daintily dressed little charge.

We visit the royal palace, a building with handsome marble staircases and balconies, and sumptuously furnished. The guide shows us through all the apartments through the bed-rooms of the King and Queen, with golden crowns over the canopied beds, through the throne room with its throne of red velvet fringed with pure gold, and through the dancing and dining halls, both glittering with glass and marble and ornamented with statuary and beautiful pictures. The King and Queen have not been at Genoa for twelve years, so the guide told us, but everything within the palace is in as perfect order as if they had left it but yesterday.

Another place of interest in Genoa is the Campo Santo Cemetery, the finest one of its kind in the world. Around the four sides of this cemetery runs a colonnade in the vaults underneath which are buried the wealthy people, while in the colonnade above all is placed the statues of those left mourning. Sometimes it is a wife mourning for her husband and lifting the child up to kiss its father's portrait, sometimes a husband grieving for his wife. Some of the statues are beautiful, and make the cemetery extremely interesting. In the

middle of one of the sides of the colonnade is a small but handsome chapel in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. In the open spaces enclosed by the colonnade the poor people are buried in small graves put closely together. These are buried at the expense of the city and each provided with a lantern and marble cross, but only for a certain number of years are the bodies allowed to remain here. After this length of time has elapsed they are taken up to make room for others.

Our next stopping place was Naples. The life of the people here is carried on with more freedom and indifference to publicity than in any other town in Europe. In the side streets itinerant cooks set up their stores in the open air or under an awning and drive a brisk trade in fish, meat, or macaroni, while the toy vender displays all his wares in his open booth to the passers-by. In Naples, as in all the rest of Italy, the stores in which wine and cheese are sold are very numerous. These two commodities seem to go together here, and the odor of sour wine mingled with very strong cheese is exceedingly disagreeable to the stranger and makes him think that even the middle of the road is not far enough away from these shops. Naples is the worst place in all Italy for beggars. The hackman also is a great source of annoyance to the stranger. He will follow him for blocks, cracking his whip and talking all the time, and this in spite of the most vigorous refusals to accept his services, until the poor pursued one feels almost compelled to hire him just for the sake of quieting him. The people of Naples live almost entirely out of doors, which is not surprising when one sees their dirty and dreary homes. Still, in spite of all the filth, nowhere in our travels did we see happier children than those in Naples, nor did we once while there see a crying baby. The women in Naples, as in all the other cities of Italy, go along the streets with their hair done up most elaborately, but without hats, though when attending church they always cover the head with a lace scarf, or perhaps a handkerchief.

Our first Sunday in Europe was spent in Naples and a strange one it was to us. All the stores and booths were open and the streets busier even than on a weekday. In the morning we visited the Cathedral, where service was being held, not in the body of the church, but in small

chapels at the side. Service is held in one of these without any attention being paid to what is going on in another. They are like small separate churches and service may be going on in one chapel when the bell within the Cathedral is ringing for it to commence in a different one. For this reason the people are always coming in and going out of the church. Then, too, a great many of them come in, say over their beads, and then go out again, and even while they are on their knees saying over their prayers their eyes are roving all around watching the people about them. In Italy there is no reverence for the House of God.

On account of rainy weather we were debarred from climbing Vesuvius, though we had a fine view of it from our hotel up on the hill. Very often in the daytime it was completely hidden by clouds, but when visible at all smoke could be seen coming from the crater, while at night it was a glowing mass of embers, showing clearly against the dark sky.

A most interesting half-day was spent in wandering through the ruins of Pompeii and observing this city for so long buried. The streets are very narrow and are paved with large blocks of hard lava, while at the crossings are placed large stepping stones to enable the people to pass from one stone sidewalk to the other in the rain. In the pavement rats have been worn by the passage of vehicles in olden times, and in a stone fountain on the street we noticed a groove made by the hands of those leaning over to drink. Many of the houses are now marked with the name of the former inhabitant, and as the walls are still standing one sees the plan upon which the old Pompeian houses were built. Many of the floors are paved with mosaics, which together with some very fine mosaic fountains in the houses seem almost uninjured.

From Naples we went to Rome. Here we visited St. Peter's, the largest and most imposing cathedral in the world, in which is the famous bronze figure of St. Peter, the toe of whose foot the people come to kiss. The building is vast and everything in it made on such a large scale that as one who is at the door looks at the people who are perhaps half the length of the church away, they seem to him like dwarfs crawling along. We went through the Vatican and the wonderful Sistine Chapel, the ceiling and walls

of which are completely covered with paintings.

An interesting sight is the Scala Santa, a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, brought from the palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, and up which the Saviour is said to have once walked. These stairs may be ascended only on the knees, a prayer being said on every step, and the blood-stains kissed through the open wood-work with which the stairs have been protected. It being Holy Thursday when we saw this sight, the stairs were crowded with people on their knees, and it was sad to see even old men and little children toiling up in this way. When the top is at length reached, the descent is made in the ordinary way by another flight of steps.

Rome is full of beautiful churches, some of which are very ancient. One curious and famous one is the small Capuchin Chapel. In the basement of this building are several rooms, the walls of which are decorated with the bones of the dead monks, all piled up in gruesome order—the bones of one part of the body being in one place, those of another in a different place. In the centre of the rooms, buried in holy earth, are the bodies of monks, which, at the expiration of a certain number of years, will be taken up and the bones added to those that decorate the walls.

A place to which great historical interest attaches is the old Manertine prison in which Peter and Paul were imprisoned. It consists of two chambers, the one below the other. The lower one was accessible only by a hole in the roof, and is a small, low room, dark, damp and repulsive. Here we were shown the well that miraculously sprang up for the baptism of the gaoler by Peter; also the impress on the

stone made so wonderfully when Peter's head struck it.

A drive along the famous Appian way is very interesting. On both sides of this road, which stretches for miles, are ancient buildings, some in good repair, but many in ruins. Much of the pleasure of a drive along here is taken away by the annoyance caused by beggars, who will run after the carriage pleading for money. A little girl of five or six years of age, bare-footed and with clothes all in rags, will come running out with a baby in her arms, and will follow the carriage for miles unless you throw her a coin. Sometimes there will be half a dozen children running after the carriage at one time, and the more we throw out money, the more do children spring up for it.

Rome is a beautiful city. The buildings, though all of the same plain architecture, are substantial and fine looking, while large handsome fountains on the street are very numerous. It seems strange to the foreigner to see the herds of goats that are driven along the streets. Goat's milk is used a great deal in Italy, and the goats are driven right to the door and there milked. The goats have right of way on the streets, and it is amusing to see the people stepping out on to the road to allow the goats to pass on the sidewalk. There are several flower markets in the city, where, if only visited early enough in the day, the most beautiful profusion of flowers may be seen. Flower-girls, too, here as in Naples, are very numerous. Naturally they are very anxious to sell their flowers, and will often stick a small bouquet hurriedly in the coat of a gentleman who is passing, or throw one into a carriage as it drives by, in the hope that it will not be tossed back again, but a coin instead.

A DAY AT BANFF

By a Student

Were you ever at Banff, my friend? If so, I bespeak your kindly criticism and commendation; if not, permit me to lend you my eyes for a day, that you may see the wonders of this place, and that you may perhaps catch some of the inspiration which sublimity and grandeur infused in me.

Coming from the west the night before, and having only one day to spend at Banff, I determined to make the most of my time. By the help of the Rev. Jackson Ray, I obtained a bicycle, and made my plans the night before, and retired for a good night's sleep.

At 6 a.m., July 27th, 1898, I arose and

made my first discovery. It was this—that one may pass through mountain ranges day after day, and be awed by their awful grandeur, but it all passes away with only the substance of a dream; but to look out and see these majestic forms the last thing at night, and then, after a refreshing sleep in the vigorous mountain air, to awake and find the same lofty peaks still there, never having moved their position, but looking down at one from the same angle of vision as the night before, is the first discovery of what a mountain really is. "Having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions," I proceeded to carry my plans into action. I wished to ascend Tunnel Mountain before breakfast. Out from the hotel, across the Bow River bridge, turning to the right, I made straight as I could for the mountain. At 7 a.m. I was 1,000 feet up on the west side. Wanting a real mountain climb, I left the road which is cut around the mountain, and scrambled up by stages, so here I sat and rested for a few minutes and looked back. There lay the houses below me, the graveyard through which I passed, whose stone records now looked like small specks on the ground, and I could look down on the top of lofty pines. Then up and up, till nature called another halt; but as I looked back this time, what a refreshing view met my gaze! Before me westward lay the beautiful valley of the Bow River, in the midst of mountains. The river meanders through the lovely valley at will; now it appears to go northward, as if it wanted to embrace the foot of the Vermillion Range; then, as if frightened at their majesty, it lies across to the Sulphur Mountain, as though it would hide in the shade of a more familiar friend, just like a shy child. On my right was the C.P. R. station, to the left the Great Hotel, and just beyond the home of the hot springs. Right before me, like a beautiful summer villa on the banks of a stream, was the Sanitorium, near the bridge which leads to the little town of Banff, where one could see the neat stone Episcopal church just in process of construction, the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, beside other public buildings and the police barracks. Up again, till that giant pine at whose base I stood seemed but a small Christmas tree at the mountain foot. Now we had reached the bridle path that leads to the top at the

south end. We followed it till, at a sharp turn, we were suddenly on the summit at the south end, and lo! before us lay a wonderful scene. In front of us was Mount Rundle, rising almost perpendicularly from the banks of the united streams of the Bow and Spray Rivers. To the right was the falls of the Spray, and just below the falls the confluence of the Bow and Spray Rivers. On the face of Mount Rundle, toward the rising sun, lay the sparkling mantle of perpetual snow, while the four strata, clearly seen on the side nearest us, made it quite a geological curiosity. A glance eastward revealed the Bow, wandering here and there through a beautiful plain bounded by the Fairholme sub-range of hills further east.

We now followed our pathway till we were on the highest point, 6,000 feet high. Here is an altar built by the adventurers, each one taking a stone and writing or carving his name on it, then adding it to the rest. I added my contribution, as in schooldays we cut our names in the beech trees.

Selecting a seat with a westward view, I was well repaid for my early visit. A glorious vision of nature was given me. The mountains were in splendid view for many miles. Try and see this wonderful sight with me. Before us lay the valley of the Bow, with its rivers and lakes in fine setting, and all surrounded with mountains. The Cascade Mountain on the right lifts its head up 10,000 feet high; just west was the curious Squaw Mountain, on whose wooded slopes we could look down; then on to the Vermillion Range, with its lakes creeping to its foot. Yet more wonderful than all are the great mountains of the main range of the Rockies, with Mount Massive, whose white-blue crystal wall seems to close the valley, at the west, and just then it was catching the rays of the morning sun, while at that very moment a rain shower was coming out from the Goat Pass, and was washing the crystal face of Mount Massive as it swept across the valley.

We watched the panorama before us. On the north end of the Bourgean Range at our left the sun was shining; on and on the rain shower was coming. It was right across the valley—over the river, over the lakes, hanging like a beautiful beaded curtain. We were looking down

upon the upper surface of the storm-cloud, and it appeared above like the billowy snow on the winter prairie, while white and beautiful at the farther side was the glacier of Mount Massive. The sun was shining on it all! What a vision! A beautiful rainbow spanned the whole valley, and seemed to rest on the mountain on the other side, while at the highest part of the bow, there was the great crystal face of Mount Massive surrounded by its snowy-clad field, appearing like a "Great White Throne." It was a glorious sight. Soon all was changed. The storm was passing to the N.E. and the clouds were drifting against the cascade. They broke, encircled the peak, they washed its slopes and passed on. A few scudding clouds were following over the valley of the Bow, making the whole valley alternate in cloud and sunshine and the refreshed nature a picture of light and shadow. At one moment the river and trees were all bright; at the next the shadows fell, and the lakes were glimmering in the sun, only to be followed with cloud and sun again, while above all, the changing of light and shade were the snow capped peaks glowing in the morning sun like crystal torches of massive proportion, beautiful to behold. There was a rustle among the trees. A stiff breeze swept over the mountain top where I sat, and the spell was broken, but I seemed to hear a whisper, and the words of Bryant express my emotion, "Thou art in the soft winds, that run along the summit of these trees in music." Feeling a need for refreshing the "inner man," I descended, by short cuts, with the aid of a long stick, and once was almost precipitated headlong. But I reached the hotel a little after nine and did justice to an excellent breakfast, and when I told my morning's experience of wondrous visions, one lady who visits Banff with her mother every summer, said, "You might have been here for ten years and never have seen such a sight: you are most fortunate, indeed—it must have been glorious!"

After breakfast I mounted my wheel and visited "The Sun Dance Canyon." The ride of three miles was bracing. I climbed to a position to get a view. From where I sat looking down the canyon the view is ended by the abrupt lofty peak of Mount Edit. Looking up the canyon is a fine sight. Here the rocks are of ig-

neous formation, and the canyon is formed by a huge mass of the original mountain having tilted over to the south-west. Evidently there has been a fissure in the rock through which the water must have percolated at first, and this with the sinking on the outside, has caused the tilt of this enormous mass. Just at the entrance, where the rocks are overhanging, as if they might settle back in their original place again, at any moment, are two fir trees leaning up against the impending mass, as if they would prop it up, and so assure the visitor, that all is safe while he is there. The water tumbling over the rocks, the sun shining on it as it leaps from ledge to ledge, seems like a sundance, indeed. On all sides is romantic scenery, and grandeur everywhere which calls to mind the strain of the Shepherd King, "How wonderful are the works of God!"

Wheeling back as far as the Cave and Basin, I visited first the Cave, and then took a bath in the Basin. The cave is a strange weird grotto eaten out of the slid rock by an old geyser, which must have had wonderful force at one time, for the debris is lying all around, but its force is now reduced to a few bubbles here and there in the pool. It was discovered in 1887, and Lady McDonald and others visited it, by coming down through a hole that is in the dome roof. The Government has made a tunnel in the side now, so that the access is both easy and safe. As I sat on the seat beside the old caretaker, we chatted over the wonder around us. Opposite us, on the other side of the pool, was a ledge of rock left in the shape of a great vampire, with its wings outspread. Over the right wing is a little trickling stream of fresh water which percolates through the rock above. Beneath it is the pool of warm water, in which it is delightful to bathe. As the water in the Basin—another hot spring—was of a higher temperature, I took my bath there. It was so delightful and refreshing that I had been in an hour without any idea of the length of time, and nearly lost my dinner in consequence.

After the lunch that I had instead of dinner, because I was past the hour, time being an hour faster here than at the Coast, I rested for a hour and then took the wheel again for Lake Minnewanka, or Devil's Lake, as it is called, which lies at the back of Mount Inglismaldie, nine

miles from Banff. I thought to shorten the road by taking a bridle path which seemed to cut off a bend in the road, but, alas! it only led me over to the foothills of the Cascade Mountains and I got into a labyrinth of fallen timber, which made me much hard work; but I emerged at last covered with perspiration, and the wheel on my shoulder, and the only compensation I had was a fine sight of the Cascade Mountain. Don't go into any by-paths unless you know where they lead. At the Lake there is an immense upright cliff of rock, called New Gibraltar, on the south side. All the life I saw here was a solitary man living in a little house near by, but the hotel was deserted.

The appearance of the lake at this point is triangular, the water clear, deep and cool, and contains plenty of good fish. The man said that it would take a whole day to see its beauties in a boat. The return was a delightful run down grade. I tried to see the buffalo in the park, but they were hidden among the bluffs. I went down by the falls of the Spray river which

I had seen from the mountain, and was well repaid for going, for they are beautiful as they come tumbling and rushing over their rocky bed.

After tea I went to see the museum which the Dominion Government keep there. It has the disadvantage of being set among a group of fir trees, and so seems rather dismal. I enjoyed seeing the specimens of the flora and fauna, but was most interested in the geological collection and chart of the region. Here we were in the midst of the carboniferous and Devonian rocks, with the cretaceous rocks a little to the east of us, and extending far east beneath the prairie. Boarding the train for the east, I felt that I had spent my time well that day. This is but an attempt to show how much a student can see in a day at Banff, if he is in good health and loves adventure, and makes his plans ahead and then works them out. I wish that every Wesley student might spend at least a day in this natural museum of our Dominion.

W. S. A. CRUX.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT

ON SURRENDER AS AN EVIDENCE OF STRENGTH

By Rev. W. A. Vrooman, Winnipeg

To surrender is defeat and loss and shame. It is the downfall of power and prestige. To avert the surrender of Lady-smith no sacrifice appears too great. The very possibility of such disaster is intolerable to British pride and awakens memories of Yorktown. Yet there is a surrender which is the victory of strength. The act which shames when an exulting foe has conquered becomes an honor when a friend disarms our enmity with Love. Not otherwise is our surrender unto God. He triumphs not by Force. Not to an enemy do we capitulate. The bitterness of defeat envenoms not the heart. God surprises us in the strongholds of our pride, overwhelms us with goodness, disarms us with his grace—and asks for our swords. Our warfare is revealed as a blunder. We have been blind. We have been in the

wrong. Surrender is the act of honor and the evidence of manliness. Then God restores unto us the freedom of the Kingdom and an honorable position in His service.

Surrender to God is acceptance of Duty. To some "the will of God" has an ultra-religious sound. They fancy they hear in the words the echoes of Cant. But to them Duty is a round, heroic, human word. With it are associated the achievements of a nation's chivalry. Yet Duty is only our more or less imperfect vision of the will of God. "In seeing a thing to be right we see at the same time that it is our duty to do it." We may distinguish between Duty and duties, as between Sin and sins, and Law and laws. One is generic, the other specific. Our knowledge is specific. We know laws, and sins, and duties. But we perceive the generic unity

in the midst of diversity. In Duty we see the Will of God which in various duties we may seek to fulfil.

The Will of God is synonymous with the whole law of Duty. Surrender to God becomes as heroic and manly as the performance of the most important and honorable duty known to men. The soldier in the battle or the sailor in the hurricane and wreck who does his duty with gallant self-sacrifice, is rewarded with the prize of valor. The Victoria Cross is the decoration coveted by all true soldiers. With it the nation recognizes the worth of courage in the performance of Duty. All honor to the heroes who proudly bear the military cross! They won it in a race with Death. They wear it in the joy of Life. Yet military duty is but a small fraction of all Duty. The man who never aimed a gun may be just as brave as the veteran of a hundred fights. The woman who trembles at the sight of blood may bear the scars of deeper wounds than generals can show. Paul is not less valiant than Caesar. Christ is a greater hero than Cromwell. Duty is a life-wide term. In every sphere of life he is strong and brave who does his duty. Mastering all mean temptations and sordid considerations he does the right he knows. In surrendering unto God he accepts all Duty as his law, makes peace with a Divine Friend, and prepares to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Weaklings fancy that 'tis a gallant game to be at war with God, but strong men see its baseness. In surrender unto the Sovereign-Father manliness flowers into Christliness.

Essential to every noble character is power of Will. In this is foundation of strength. No more notable exhibition of this power is shown than in the mastery of self-surrender unto God.

Stupidity often masquerades as Strength. Some men enclose their minds, vaults of darkness, in ironclad Ignorance, and secure the entrance with a cunning combination of Conceit and Pride, which no man can unlock.

The mule is their prototype. They have unlimited "staying power" and imagine they are strong. They can balk and object like fools of the animal creation. They often assume a lofty air toward Christians whom they believe to be weaker persons and only half wise.

Weakness often dreams that it is Strength. When the needle answers to

the pull of the magnet the strength is not in the needle but in the force of the magnet. So a very weak will may be controlled by very strong appetites and passions which carry the man to ruin. As the torrent of evil impulses carries him along the man may even boast that he is very strong; whereas his will is so weak that it cannot make even a respectable demonstration of its existence.

Strength of Will is masterful energy in response to Duty. Reason, conscience and God unite in revealing what ought to be done. Strength is shown in surrender to do it at any cost.

"So near is grandeur to our dust—
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can.'"

The bravest man may experience a tremor of fear when entering the fire-zone. The pallid officer in battle, taunted by another, keenly retorted, "Yes, I am afraid, and if you were half as scared as I am you would run." He held his ground. Courage is not absence of fear, but the conquest of it. In the consecration of life to duty, fear is not banished. Surrender to the will of God makes not the soul insensible to the pain of sacrifice. Paul confessed, "I was with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling." Even Jesus shuddered and shrank in view of the cross. The strength of the hero is shown in his mastery of nature's shrinking at the command of Duty. When he hears the voice of God he cries, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." The surrender of himself to God is the evidence of his strength and manhood.

During the terrible battle of Fredericksburg in 1862, which lasted several days, General Kershaw's brigade of South Carolina volunteers fought from behind a long and high stone fence. Late one afternoon and evening the Federals made several desperate attempts to dislodge them, but were driven back, leaving over 700 dead and wounded just outside the wall. These could not be removed, because the guns of both sides covered the field. All through the night the groaning of the wounded Federals was heard plainly by the Confederates behind the wall. In the morning the wounded men began to rend the air with dreadful cries for water. The heart of Sergeant Kirkland was melted with pity for the dying men. He ran to

the General and exclaimed, "I can't stand this—I can't stand it any longer!" The General with surprise replied, "What's the matter, Kirkland? What can't you stand?" He answered, "General, don't you hear those poor fellows crying for water? I can't stand it! Please let me go and take them water." The General said, "Kirkland, it is impossible. You would get a bullet through the heart the moment you appear upon the wall." To this he replied, "I have thought of that, but I would hold over my head a white handkerchief, and they would not shoot me." To this the General objected, saying he could not permit a white flag while the battle was going on. To this the brave fellow replied, "All right, General; but if you will let me, I'll go anyway. God will put His hand over my head; I'll trust to Him and take chances." The General gave permission. The young man covered himself with canteens filled with water, crawled to the wall, and climbed over. As he leaped toward the enemy, three or four bullets whistled around his head, and one passed through one of his canteens. As he ran forward other bullets buzzed past him. But, unharmed, he knelt beside the nearest sufferer. He raised his head, and put water to his baked lips. Then he placed a knapsack beneath his head, and helped him to a comfortable position. Rapidly from one sufferer to another he ran on his errand of mercy. The bullets ceased. In the distance shouts of applause could be heard. Around him arose the faintly whispered thanks of dying men. Not until he had refreshed and relieved all the wounded did he return to his post, having done his Duty. At the risk of death he had performed the highest Duty of love.

The strong manliness of this young sergeant in the military sphere of life is akin to the manliness of Christ in the moral realm. It was dangerous for Christ to do right. The will of God would lead Him to Calvary. He shuddered, but accepted Duty and Death. The fevered groans of sin-cursed men had reached His heart. He

could not stand it. He came to their relief. But ere the grandeur of His deed was known, and the breath of applause could cheer His heart, He died. But the duty of love had been fulfilled. He had been faithful to the will of God. His strength was evidenced in His surrender unto God. "Not My will, but Thine be done." Into every Christian life comes the glory of Christlikeness. With this is all the honor and valor of Duty done at any cost. In such a life manliness is strengthened with Godliness.

In obedience to the will of God, the universe finds strength and beauty. The laws of nature spell unto all creation one word—Duty. Unto men conscience utters the voice of Duty. The life of Christ incarnates the will of God and illustrates human Duty. In surrender unto God is found salvation, strength and Duty.

"Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face;
Flowers laugh before Thee on their
beds,
And fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through
Thee are fresh and strong.
To humbler functions, awful power,
I call Thee, I myself commend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of Truth Thy bondman
let me live."

Obedience to Duty is the evidence of manhood. The weakling shirks the discipline. In Christ all Duty is revealed, of which nature has but given glimpses. The surrender unto God through Christ is the acceptance of the highest law of Duty. It is the evidence of strength and the beginning of moral heroism and Christian manliness.



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588 MAIN STREET

SPORTS DEPARTMENT

CURLING.

On Friday, 9th inst., at the Granite Rink, a most exciting game of curling was played between rinks from the University Mathematical classes, in which the Juniors won from the Seniors by one point on the thirteenth end. Although the latter started out with a strong lead, the Juniors were not to be outdone. Lawrence by a fortunate shot on the fourth end lay four, making the score 7 to 2 in his favor. On the twelfth end St. John with a clever shot raised two of Lawrence's, thus tying the score and giving him a winning chance. On the play-off Tate placed his second

stone on the button, where it remained to count the winning point. The Juniors claim to have solved the coefficient of friction and the angle of collision, and are now ready to meet any other green rink in the University.

The score stood—

Seniors 1204002010200—12.

Juniors 0020110302031—13.

The rinks were :—

Seniors :	Juniors :
W. Lawrence (skip).	C. St. John (skip).
W. McCurdy,	R. Tate,
G. Watson,	W. A. Robinson,
S. Wark,	J. L. Veale,

HOCKEY.

The final match in the hockey series was played Saturday morning, March 10th, between the Wesley and the St. John teams. The hockey this year was a decided improvement over last and there is no doubt of the fact, that hockey is a great game and will, in the future, be considered indispensable as a college sport. The fact that two of the teams have players from the Victorias and Winnipeg intermediates and the Medicals a member of the Senior Winnipegs, indicates that the play put up in the series was as good, if not better, than that put up by the average team. Last year the Wesley team made a trip to Morden and Manitou and gave their representatives some pointers on how the game should be played. This year the 'Tobas took the main line, visiting Carberry, Brandon and Virden, and won two out of three games. While the 'Tobas were certainly the strongest seven in the league, the other teams were well up with them and in several of the matches gave them a hard rub. Should the style of play put up by the inter-collegiate teams improve each year as it has done this, it will not be long before they will have as good stick handlers as there are in the province.

Most of the players on the Shamrock team are old members of the McGill hockey club and it might surprise a great number if a picked seven from our University were to play one of the leading intermediate teams.

Wesley this year was forced to accept last place.

While it is hard to bear such a defeat we feel that we had more than our share of ill luck. Campbell and McCrossan were both injured in football, the former so seriously that he was unable to play throughout the whole series and the latter so badly that he was unable to play in the first games, when we needed him most. Just when we thought we had our team at the top notch Bastedo, who was playing in great form, unfortunately sprained his ankle so badly that he was laid on the shelf for the second half. La grippe added the last drop to the cup of bitterness by taking hold of Walker, Robinson, St. John and McCurdy. When we were scheduled to play the Meds and 'Tobas we had two forwards and a goalkeeper ready for action, but these three, not feeling con-

fident of upholding their college well enough, defaulted these matches.

The following is the standing of the teams:—

Teams.	P.	W.	L.
Manitoba	8	8	0
Medical	8	5	3
Schools	8	4	4
St. John's	8	2	6
Wesley	8	1	7

Manitoba v. Medicals—2-0.

Feb. 6th.—This was a very interesting match, as the Medicals, realizing that it was their last chance to head off their opponents exerted themselves to their utmost. They believe that, had not luck been against them, they would have won out. As it was the 'Tobas won on the small margin of 2-0.

Schools v. St. John's—1-3.

The Schools met with a great surprise when they found the St. John's were too many for them. Both teams played clean, fast hockey, and it was, without doubt, one of the best matches of the season. The St. John's succeeded in passing Warren three times while the Schools were only able to score on Lindsay once.

St. John's v. Manitoba—0-8.

The St. John's received a severe defeat, losing to the 'Tobas by 8 goals to nil. The Potash seven had evidently received a few pointers on their western trip, for they played a much more effective game. Roughness was not the least among the list of points learned and the fence was quite frequently decorated with one of their players. At one stage of the game they were playing with five men on account of McDonald and Gillespie being requested to take a short rest. In the first half the game stood 3-0 in favor of the 'Tobas and when time was up were 8-0.

Wesley v. Schools—3-7.

To all Wesleyites this was a very disappointing match, as the play was in their favor during both halves, but the final score indicated that they weren't in it. Shortly after the face-off the Schools made a rush and Gordon shot, when some distance out. Bawden made no attempt to stop it as it was, at least, three feet wide; but the umpire, who seemed to be somewhat rattled, put up his hand, when a

young lad, at his side, yelled goal. At the face-off Robinson got the puck and passed to McCrossan, but the latter was checked by Munton and the sphere was returned to our goal. Walker, at point, relieved, and for a few minutes the Schools' defence were kept busy. Dodd took possession of the puck and made a beautiful run up the ice and shot. Quite a number around the goal were under the impression that it went outside the post, but as the light was so poor it was hard to tell. The umpire, however, was quite decided that it went through and gave it game. For the next few minutes the play became very fast, but the Schools, this time, succeeded in puncturing the goal, thus putting them three up.

Wesley forwards then went at it with such vim that in three minutes Snidal scored goal one. Walker then went cover point and McCurdy fell back to point. The change was a decided improvement, for from this out the Wesley seven had much the better of the play. Robinson was playing the game of the evening and he was well supported by McCrossan, St. John and Snidal. The next two goals were taken in rapid succession by our boys, Robinson scoring each time. No further goals were taken in the first half, thus leaving the game 3 all.

In the second half the play seemed to be in the Schools' vicinity the greater part of the time, but our forwards were unable to score. A beautiful run by McCrossan landed him in front of the goal, and he was not slow to score, but the umpire failed to see it, and no goal was allowed. The Schools, however, were fortunate in adding to their credit four more points. McCurdy and Walker objected strongly to one of these, but the referee took the umpire's decision. No further goals were made on either side and at the call of time the score stood 7-3 in favor of the Schools.

The forward line showed great improvement, each man playing good, clean hockey, and particularly Robinson.

Walker at cover and McCurdy at point played a strong game, the former stopping the rushes of the forwards repeatedly.

Medicals v. Schools—3-4.

The Medicals received their third defeat at the hands of the Schools. In the first half the Schools gained a lead on their

big opponents and when time was called had maintained the advantage, thus winning by four goals to three.

Wesley v St. John—1-1.

March 10th.—It is said "Patience and patience, we shall win at last," and so it proved in our case on Saturday, March 10th. Up till this time we have not won a match, but kept pegging away, hoping that fortune would smile upon us. Our boys felt that it was in them to win, although no one else but themselves believed so.

The first half was rather slow, neither team seeming to warm up to their work. The St. John's, however, had the better of what play there was going and Walker, McCurdy and Bawden were kept on the alert. Bedson and Grundy made some splendid rushes, but failed to score. Walker finally relieved and Robinson and McCrossan took possession of the puck and by some pretty combination work passed the defence and scored. This seemed to act as a spur to the St. John's and, for the next fifteen minutes, rushed things rather lively. McCurdy and Walker were putting up a great game and were almost impregnable. About a minute before half-time Bedson made a run up the ice, passed Walker and just as McCurdy met him, shot and scored.

In the next half Snidal replaced Campbell, who was unable to continue playing on account of receiving a severe blow on the head. This was Wesley's half and Bawden had comparatively little to do. Robinson and McCrossan were particularly noticeable and their individual rushes nearly told several times. St. John, too, was playing in good form and through the combined efforts of these three Snidal received the puck in front of goal and scored. Game 2-1.

From this out the game became very fast and McCurdy had ample opportunity to distinguish himself, which he certainly did, his checking and lifting surprising all alike. When about centre ice Robinson secured the puck and by a beautiful run scored game three.

Profiting by former experience, Wesley did not play a defence game, but rushed things for all that was in them. Snidal, in the meantime, was sent to the fence for indulging in some rough play. However, no goals were scored in his absence, but

when he came on the ice again McCrossan received the opportunity and scored our fourth and last goal.

Just before time was called there was a general mix-up in front of the Wesley goal and Walker was asked to take a rest for playing the man instead of the puck. The result was not very disastrous as the referee a few seconds later blew his whistle and declared Wesley winners. Score 4-1.

FOOTBALL.

Football has revived with its old time vigor and the campus which for some time past had been forsaken by all, but a few

small boys, now presents a lively appearance.

The cause of the revival, it is said, is due to a few learned heads, Philosophers, Generals, and Theologs, etc., who congregate at a certain table, in The Students' Boarding House, and discuss, with much wisdom and an equal amount of vigor, Metaphysics, Politics, football and most everything under the sun. It so happened, that in one of these discussions, one of the wisest among them said the seniors could "lick" any other class in the college, for the oysters. The representatives from the other years thought they couldn't, so to settle the matter the following schedule was drawn up:—

Date.	Time.	Classes.	Referees.
March 17,	3.30 p.m.	—Seniors v. Prelims.....	N. Semmens.
"	20, 4.30	" —Juniors v. Previous.....	J. Lane.
"	22, 4.30	" —Seniors v. Juniors.....	R. Tate.
"	24, 3.30	" —Previous v. Prelims.....	G. McCrossan.
"	27, 4.30	" —Seniors v. Previous.....	C. St. John.
"	29, 4.30	" —Juniors v. Prelims.....	E. R. Wylie.
"	31, 3.30	" —Seniors v. Prelims.....	D. L. Bastedo.
April	3, 4.30	" —Juniors v. Previous.....	H. Young.
"	5, 4.30	" —Seniors v. Juniors.....	R. Campbell.
"	7, 3.30	" —Previous v. Prelims.....	E. J. Bawden.
"	10, 4.30	" —Seniors v. Previous.....	F. B. Richardson.
"	12, 4.30	" —Juniors v. Prelims.....	T. D. Brown.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss A. B. Jamieson is teaching at Findlay, Man.

Several Wesley students attended a skating party given by Miss Walsh on Friday, March 2nd.

Miss Mullins, who has been absent from College for some time, is once more taking lectures.

Seniors are advised to invariably follow straight roads, for by-paths always contain snares.

Wesley students extend their sympathy to Miss E. Breen on the sudden death of her sister Carrie.

Students be warned! Never order strawberries before pricing them.

Mr. Geo. H. Knowlton, B.A., is preparing a thesis, to be submitted prior to obtaining his M.A.

Wigle Harvey, OI, has been confined to his room with a severe attack of tonsillitis. We are glad to see him around again.

The preliminary history class held a very interesting debate the other day on the subject, "Resolved, that Marlborough was greater in ability and achievements than William of Orange. The negative, we learn, won out.

Stewart Laidlaw, B.A., passed through the City on his return from Montreal.

Game of tag on Flat 1.—Mr. Rich—n : It's all right, boys—it's all right !

Dr. S. : No, gentlemen, excuse me ; it's not all right.

The Previous class has visited the photographer. The photographs are not ready yet, but we believe they will be quite a credit to Wesley.

We fail to see where a student adds anything to his own glory or Wesley's reputation by pasting up malicious or slighting notices. Such things are rare, and should cease at once.

Misfortunes never come singly, and D. L. Bastedo, OI, has been laid up again for over a week with a sprained ankle. He is able to be around again, though not feeling in first-class condition.

In one of the early issues of Vox, we notice where "Zeus," the Personal and Local editor, bemoaned his fate because, even while he wrote, the inhabitants of the room above seemed to think the College was made for them, and turned the chairs into carriages, the beds into chariots, and the other articles to some other insane use. We can sympathize with poor "Zeus," because history repeats itself, only more so.

It was with much regret that we said good-bye last month to our Y. W. C. A. president, Miss Beynon. Miss Beynon will be missed in all departments, and in none more than in the Y. W. C. A., where she has proved an excellent and efficient president.

While we look on Miss Beynon's departure with regret, we hope to see her back next year ready for Previous work.

An informal little tea was given in the ladies' parlor, at which everyone seemed to enjoy herself, and which gave all an opportunity of saying good-bye to their co-worker and friend.

The Business Manager acknowledges with thanks subscriptions from the following :—F. G. Huntsman, L. D. Post, Mr. Bunt, M. M. Bennett, S. T. Robson, J.

B. Hugg, Miss E. Breen, Miss K. Lane, W. T. Lathwell, W. W. Abbott D. W. Harvey, Rev. H. Wigle, W. J. Fee, W. C. Hamilton, E. J. Hodgins, D. L. Bastedo, H. W. Wage, H. Magwood, H. Young, H. McConnell.

A large number of students and their friends assembled at the meeting of the College Literary Society, held on the evening of March 2nd, the occasion being an address delivered by Professor Osborne on "Confessions of St. Augustine."

The lecturer commented very ably upon the peculiarity of style and originality of thought exhibited in the works of St. Augustine, and must have made a careful study of that author. As the literary production under discussion was of a kind not generally read, much interest was evoked in it by the lecture, and doubtless this will result in the books being more widely read by those who were so fortunate as to be present at the meeting.

Vox regrets to state that W. McDowell, O2, has given up for the present his course in Wesley, and has returned to Ontario.

Mac took a prominent part in everything connected with college life, being on the forward line of the senior football team, secretary of the Hockey Club and secretary of the Literary Society. He will be greatly missed around College, and we trust will return as soon as possible and complete his course in Wesley.

To Wesley students who showed their appreciation of Mr. Daykin's act in joining Strathcona's Horse, the following facts may be of interest. Alfred N. Daykin was born in Derbyshire, England. His parents came to Canada, and settled in Ontario in 1883, when Alfred was seven years old. In 1892 they moved to Lacombe, Alberta, where their home is at present.

Mr. Daykin, in a recent letter to one of the boys, states that he has enjoyed his stay at Ottawa very much.

Speaking of a mounted parade on Thursday 8th, he says, "The Western horses have behaved exceedingly well, but on this occasion, when three cheers were given for the Queen at the request of Lord Minto, they could no longer contain their en-

thusiasm, but kicked and bucked in all directions."

Mr. Daykin had, at the time of writing, escaped censure, and had never formed one of the awkward squad. The officers found it almost impossible to get many of the Westerners to march well together, they having spent so much time in the saddle.

The men were overjoyed when word came to proceed to Halifax on Monday last.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Literary Society, February 23rd, the programme was given by the Preliminary class.

The energy of the class was apparent, not only from the quality of their own efforts, but from the fact that they supplemented their musical programme with the services of an excellent violinist and a pianist from the City.

The programme was as follows :

- Piano Solo Mr. Nelson
- Reading Mr. Small
- Instrumental Duet. Selected
- Speech Mr. Endicott
- Chorus Glee Club
- Speech Mr. Curry
- Solo Mr. Young

Intermission.

Solo Mr. Heidburg

Critics' Remarks

God Save the Queen.

On Feb. 9th the Seniors appeared before the Literary Society with a programme. The Honorary President, Prof. Osborne, occupied the chair. The Seniors, not being of a musical turn of mind, were forced to turn their attention elsewhere for that part of the programme.

They were very fortunate in securing instrumental solos by Miss Florence Ashdown and Miss Laura Sparling, B.A. Miss Belle Johnston also favored the class by rendering in her usual excellent style a vocal solo

Between these selections the Seniors themselves undertook to enlighten the opaque minds of the Freshmen and the translucent minds of the Previous as to the best special course of study when they came to the parting of the ways.

Vrooman argued for philosophy; Brown spoke for classics, Wylie pleaded for natural science; and McCrossan insisted on the general.

The judges decided in favor of philosophy, and after the critic's remarks by Prof. Osborne, this very interesting and instructive meeting was brought to a close.

EXCHANGE-REVIEW DEPT.

Give me the benefits of your convictions if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.—Goethe.

"O star-eyed daughter of the Gods, thy name ?

Bravely she answered I am named Success.

Thy race and lineage ? Sadly she replied, I come of failure and my mother weariness."

McGill Outlook has an excellent portrait of Lord Strathcona, their chancellor, and also an article on their boys who have gone with his horse. Evidently McGill does not lack "that fierce native daring that instils the stirring memories of a

thousand years." to judge from the number of her sons at the front.

From White Fish Lake, Alberta, comes this month the Indian Advocate. It is the only representative paper of our aborigines in our hands and will constitute a valuable addition to the exchanges. Here is an essay of an Indian boy taken from it :—

"I guess I will describe about bears. White polk, bears live in most northerly. Where found bears ? From Europe, America and parts of Asia, North America. Mostly in Rocky Mountains they found most fiercest animals. They found all different animals in North America. Sometimes they found nine feet long. Its hair is shaggy. But the bear hug his

enemy to death and his back teeth are very smoother down. I tell you, bear he can chew the vegetable food and can limped up the trees."

Acta Victoriana is even more than usually good this month. Two especially good essays are prominent. A spiritual interpretation of "Merlin and the Gleam," long looked for by some of us, and a first-class treatment of "Wireless Telegraphy." "First Impressions of Oxford," however, is what takes a "Wesley" eye, because beneath it is written J. S. Woodsworth, whose graduating photo decorates our halls and whose genial presence is not forgotten by many of us. Evidently "Jim" is well pleased with Oxford.

The following exchanges are to hand:— Presbyterian Record, Manitoba College Journal, The Western Presbyterian, The McMaster Monthly, The Colby Echo, The College Index, The University of Chicago Weekly, The McGill Outlook, The University of Ottawa Review, Georgetown College Journal, The College Transcript, The Studet, The Argosy, The Howard Collegian, The College Rambler, The Wellesley Magazine.

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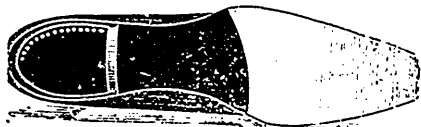
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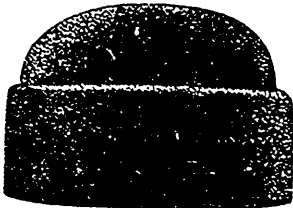
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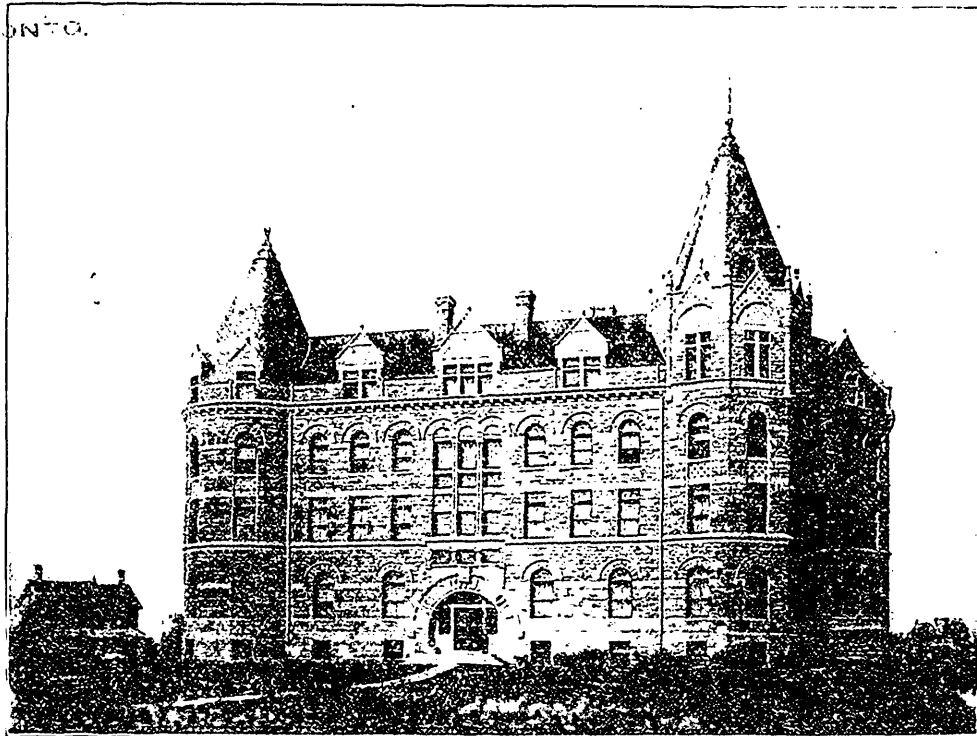
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