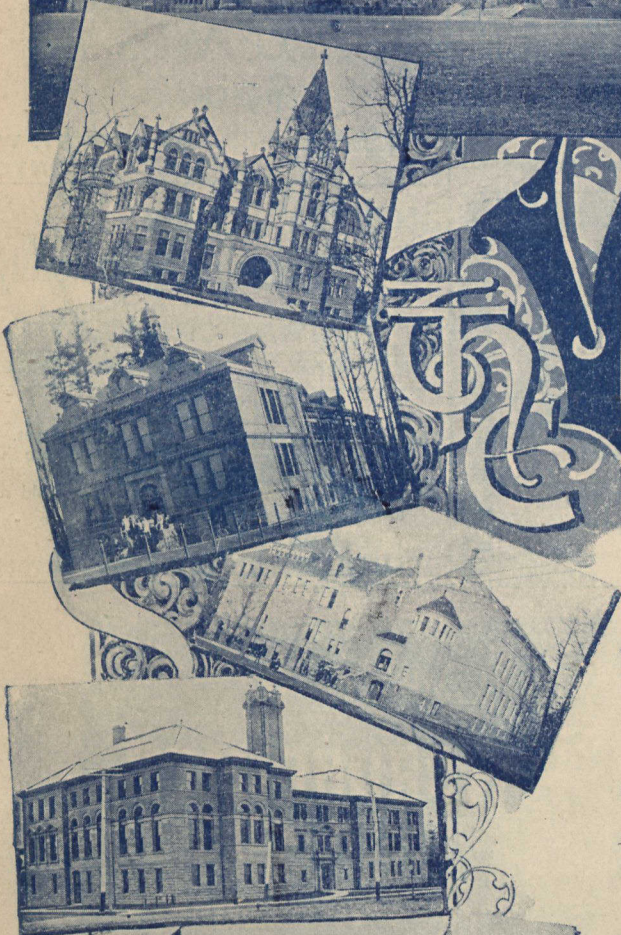


THE VARSITY



VOL. XIX.

[Combined Numbers]

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15th, 1899

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THE VARSITY

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1899.

Nos. 9 & 10.

THE SIREN CITY.

When the Scroll is inscribed and sealed,
And closed is the cloistral Tome,
When ye trend to the broader field
And the struggles afar from Home,

When from Study to City ye go,
When it comes that ye travel afar
Unto Marts that ye do not know,
Where a Philistine people are,

When forth ye shall venture o' night,
And walk where their women walk
And the Street is a mingling of Light
And Laughter and Song and Talk,

Though it seem to your eye and ear
As a world from your own apart,
And the things that ye see and hear
Strike hate in your lonely heart—

Take heed, for the sake of your Soul,
Of the Song that the City sings,
Of the Bantering Lip, and the Bowl,
And the flutter of Scented Wings!

And though idle, as scholars, ye stand,
Where they pilfer and swarm thro' their Home,
The honey of wrong waits the hand
That has strength to pilfer the comb!

Let the Musk Wing trail thro' the Town,
The Musicians of Midnight toil;
Remember the days of the Gown
And the years of the Midnight Oil!

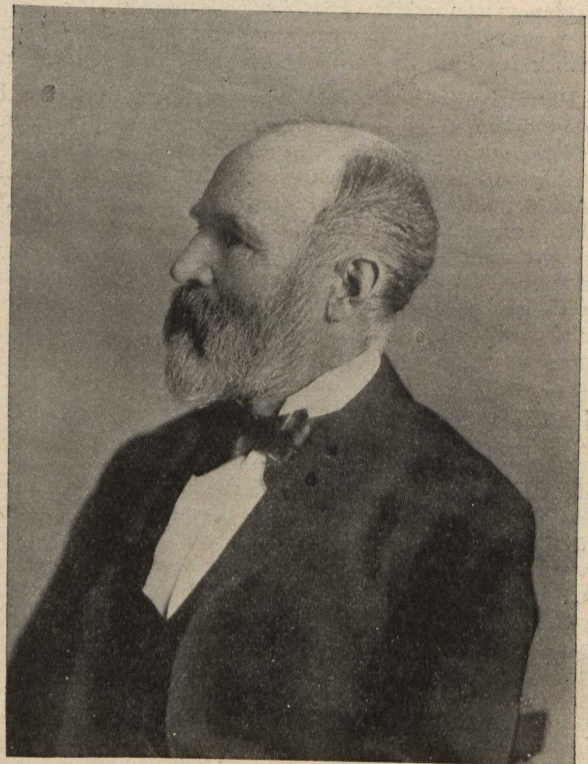
And plant, by the Right of the Mind,
By the Power of the Tome and Scroll,
Plant your heel on their neck—and grind!—
Or their millions will grind your soul!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF *The Outlook*.

IT IS interesting to note in contemporary history the difficulty of deciding the rank and value of a piece of literature when it comes warm from the imagination of the writer. If Shakespeare were to give the world to day those superb passages on England, which may be regarded as the high water mark of noble



JAMES LOUDON, LL.D., President of the University of Toronto.

expression of the passion of patriotism, there would be those who would urge that the eloquence of these splendid apostrophes was timely rather than enduring, and that they were calculated to catch the eye of the vulgar rather than the imagination of the cultivated. Mr. Kipling is now going through the process of being judged as regards the importance and merit of his verse which has been inspired by recent events. There are many who think that he has given the world nothing fresher, stronger, or more original in conception and decisive in utterance than

the poems called forth during the last two or three years by contemporary public conditions. The first of these was the "Recessional," which impressed most people who read it as a true insight into the spiritual significance of the Jubilee Celebration, but which a good many people, with Mr. Watson at their head, instantly challenged as barbaric. Mr. Birrell, who is usually as sane as he is fresh and entertaining, has recently questioned the quality of the patriotism which has found such vigorous utterance in three or four more recent poems from Mr. Kipling's hand, and declared that he was not ready to believe that "Kipling's muse really represented, in dignity or in feeling, the heartfelt emotions of a great people."

The poems to which he referred—especially that on Russia—have undoubtedly had a certain touch of almost brutal frankness; but great plainness of speech is something very different from vulgarity. Mr. Kipling interprets through the imagination what may be called the executive side of the English spirit. He is pre-eminently a poet of the Englishman in action. That which touches his imagination the world over is the spectacle of men at work under all conditions; and wherever he finds courage, endurance, and capacity, he is moved by them, even when they are allied with a good deal of personal coarseness and vulgarity. It is because he loves life with such passionate intensity that Mr. Kipling has awakened so wide an interest in a generation which has listened mainly, for the last twenty years, to echoes in verse, and has rarely heard a human voice sounding a clear, original, and genuine note.

Patriotism is essentially a concrete quality, and those who have detached themselves from the race movement and hold, with Tolstoi, that patriotism is a vice, will probably find any frank expression of it in the speech of men of elementary habit and conversation repellent; but it is to be seriously questioned whether the coarse and frank man who is ready to do something for his country, even though it may involve the sacrifice of his life, does not give his fellows something better and more real than the refined and cultivated man who stands at a distance, gathers his robes about him, and refuses to be defiled from contact with the coarse things of life. There are phases of poetic expression as there are degrees of poetic elevation and depths of poetic insight, to which Mr. Kipling has not yet attained; but the obvious reality of his work, its telling directness, and concrete force ought not to be mistaken for vulgarity. A hundred years hence his patriotic poems, if they are read at all, will probably be free from any suspicion of coarseness. Mr. Kipling has not, it is true, the fineness of feeling which always characterized Lowell; but there are many who thought "The Bigelow Papers" undignified as a form of argument of human rights, and unworthy a poet of position and reputation. There were some who thought the papers vulgar because they used the speech of very plain people. It is evident now that "The Bigelow Papers" are not only free from vulgarity, but are probably the most original contribution made by Lowell to American poetry. A generation which is hungering and thirsting for poetry which issues out of the deep springs of human experience instead of that which is born in graceful fancy, ought not to substitute fastidiousness for taste, nor the analytic spirit of the man who believes neither in himself nor his fellows for that insight which is born of a conviction of the essential dignity of human nature and the essential worth of human effort.



BROWNING'S SAUL.

BY JOHN ANGUS MACVANNEL, PH.D.

EMBODYING as it does the thoughts and feelings, the inspirations and aspirations of men and women, literature, and especially poetic literature, furnishes one of the best means at our command of acquiring that enrichment and expansion of our nature which characterises the rich, and ripe, and rounded life. For in the serious study of an author's work (of course an author whose work is worthy of serious study), we reproduce within ourselves that discipline through which his soul attained that soundness, sweetness and maturity we instinctively feel to be its essential nature, and which in turn exerts a purifying and quickening influence in the soul possessed of that inner preparedness necessary to the reception of a life felt to be higher than its own.

This preparedness of our inner nature is the inevitable medium of the quickening touch of a higher life. It is only through a waiting, listening sympathy that the intimations of the spiritual life become revealed to us. In its last analysis real knowledge is a matter of moral affinity, and only through affinity of nature, partial it may be, and as it too often is, may we come under the wholesome influences of the author's stronger imagination, respond to the deeper pulsations of his larger heart, and thus admitted to the inner circle of a soul that has lived, aspired and suffered, we learn to feel the infinity of what before were finite things, the beauty of the commonplace, and gradually to fashion for ourselves a fairer object about which to entwine our admirations, our hopes, and our loves.

For life is the one source of life. This is the basic principle of all education. Spiritual life cannot be kept at home; it must radiate, expand, go forth to meet its like. But only the deeper nature can reach the deeper nature of others: it is ever the greater lifting the less. With so many sources of supply it would be strange indeed if the truly earnest soul should forever fail to meet some other that is in the line of its type, some teacher that its nature needs. It is a hard matter to tell just how much one owes to the teacher or author he has once learned to reverence and love. Effects in the spiritual life are matters of soul-attitude and are to be measured only as they are inwardly realised. Yet the one who has made a sympathetic, sincere, patient study, and thereby attained a vital apprehension of even one representative poem of Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Browning, has communed with the poet himself, and henceforth will never quite forget his enrichment through another's life, the mysterious refreshment of his spirit, the inspiration to worthier living.

Browning, with Wordsworth and Tennyson, ever felt himself to be a consecrated voice, indeed one of God's truth-tellers. This consciousness of his high calling was the informing and fructifying ideal of his career as a man and as a poet. His work as an author, giving to us a soul's experience in its almost unsurpassed variety of revelation, is the message from the deeper life of one who ever strove to be true to himself and true to God. To him the human soul with its faiths, and hopes, and loves, its discouragements, failures, and its infinite wealth of weakness even, is the thing of supreme interest. The religious life as the fullest and freest development of man's nature is for Browning the truly normal life. "Soul and God stand sure"; and the perfect life of the soul is the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. In his earliest poem,

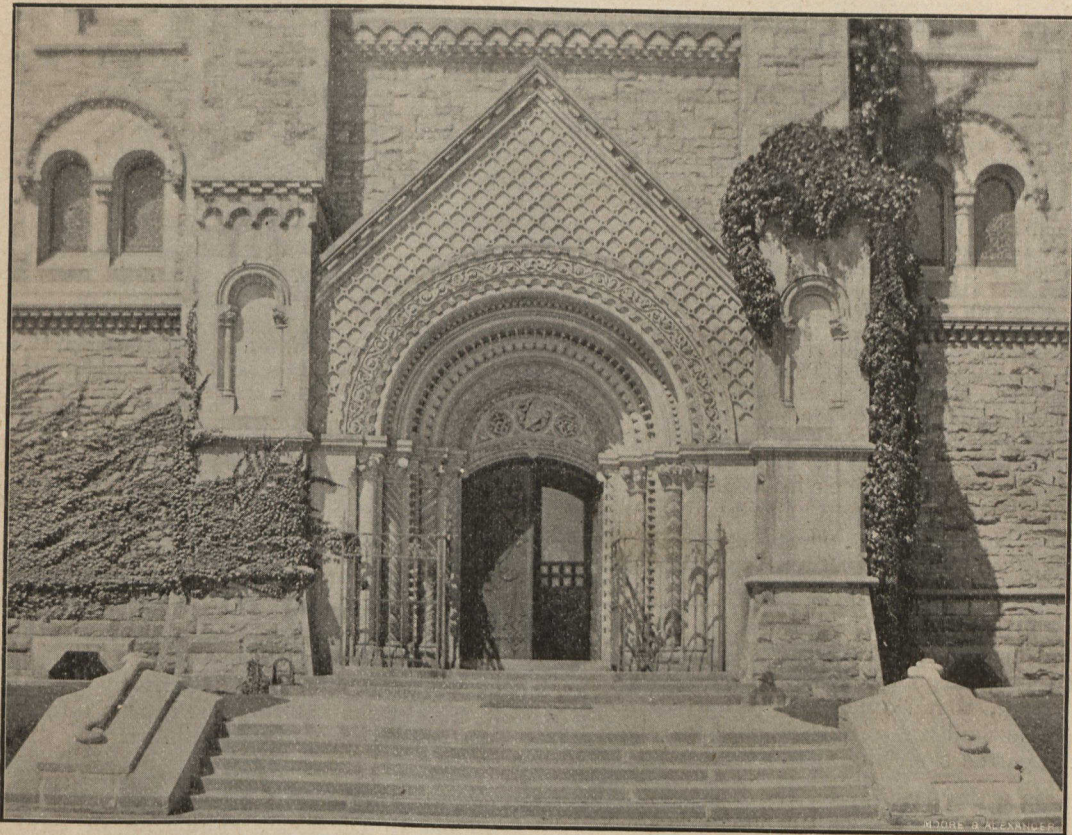
"Pauline," published when the poet had just reached his twenty-first year, he thus addresses the Saviour :

"O thou pale form!
Oft have I stood by thee;
Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less,
Or dying with thee on the lonely cross,
Or witnessing thine outburst from the tomb."

Never for a moment did Browning give up his allegiance to Christ. The poem "Saul," one of the noblest, if not the noblest, of all his poems, is the one most intensely religious. In no other poem is the claim of Christ as the

appears the harmony between its soul and body. The music of each line speaks to the ear with its own peculiar effect; but with a far deeper music the poem speaks to the heart, and it is with this appeal this brief introduction is concerned.

First of all, one or two interesting facts about its first publication may be noted; indeed, there is a special interest in the genesis of the poem as showing the gradual development of the thought in the poet's mind. Part 1, or the first nine sections of the poem as we now have it, was printed under the same title in No. 7 of *Bells and Pomegranates* (1844); and again without alteration in *Poems* of 1849. In this first part we have a picture of surpassing



Way, the Truth, and the Life of the world more profoundly or more beautifully asserted. Its climax "To see the Christ stand" is for Browning the highest word of poetry, of religion, and of life. Few, if any, poems in the language touch such depths of the religious life or induce within us the conviction that the incarnation of Christ, besides being the central fact of time, is the central fact of eternity as well. The poem is instinct with a living passion, the effluence from the vital soul whose experience it records. From beginning to end it is informed by a mystical thought and faith. The form in which the poem is set is beautiful. The oftener it is read the more complete

beauty; the lovely boy-minstrel David by the side of the dark, maddened king. His song is the joy of the hunter, the shepherd, and the reaper; of the Levites as they march to the temple; of the joys of the physical life—the mere living:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced,
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is crouched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,

And the sleep, in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so swiftly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

But a deeper note remained to be touched by the poet. Whether he had come to the later insight or not it is needless to inquire. If, indeed, he had attained the higher vision of the poem, as we have it now, when the first part was published, Browning at least seems to have felt his inability to embody it in the language of poetry. It would appear, rather, that the deeper significance of the incident was only gradually revealed to the poet through the more intimate contact with life which succeeded the year 1844. In the poem as enlarged by the second part, that is section ten to the end, the deeper note is sounded full and perfect. The good that David has worked for Saul, the king, has reacted on Browning's own nature, and has appeared in a new light. Through it there have been revealed to the poet depths of the divine nature and heights of human possibility undreamt of before; and through this story of a human love he has attained to the vision of the everlasting mercy—

" See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through,
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved! [weak,
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek it and find it O Saul it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Above was quoted a few lines from Browning's early poem "Pauline." Here in these grandly beautiful lines of "Saul" we have the belief of the poet's maturer years—his confession of faith in Jesus Christ as the Way of God in the world.

Let us try to follow the thought of the poem a little more closely. It is founded on the incident in 1st Samuel xvi, 23: "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand: So Saul was refreshed, and was well and the evil spirit departed from him."

The poem is a dramatic lyric, the boy David being the speaker throughout. He is the embodiment of the winning tenderness of youth and the perennial beauty of innocence; his whole being is instinct with the sweet, pure freshness of happy life; heaven's own gentleness and constancy is in his heart. He tells over, his voice to his heart, a wonderful incident which happened to him on the evening before—an incident whose imprint was on his soul forever. The setting is briefly this: Abner, Saul's cousin, sent to David, desiring him to play his harp before Saul in the hope that through the ministry of song and music the King might be freed from the evil spirit. David, with the kindness of his understanding heart, is glad to obey. He comes to the tent of the melancholy King. Abner's welcome is indeed in the heart's own language, tender, hopeful, loving:

" Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with His dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue,
Just broken to twine round thy harpstrings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

After a moment's uplifting of his soul in prayer to the God of his fathers, David opened the fold-skirts of Saul's tent, entered, and was not afraid. Saul, like humanity when it wanders far from God, no longer enjoys the daily communions and the favoring love of heaven. Because of his own wilfulness his soul is no longer refreshed by the rills of God's loving mercy; the divine guidance is withdrawn and he suffers the pangs of spiritual loneliness. There in his desert tent:

" He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs
And awaiting his change, the king serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come [dumb,
With the spring time—so agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind and

To the gentle greeting, "Here is David thy servant," Saul makes no answer. Untwining from his harp the lilies, emblems of purity and modesty, plucked on the way thither in the beautiful valley of Kedron, David begins to play and sing the simple, heart-felt songs of the lone shepherd lads, the home songs his own sheep know so well; songs in praise of the quiet loveliness and peace of nature, of the flock's instinctive obedience to law; how, just as the stars,

" One after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into the eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!"

The sense of his nearness to and kinship with all nature revealed through song and music suffused with love fills his young, loving heart. The unity of all life is felt in a new and living way.

" God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here."

God's love is above His law, yet the love is seen in the law of nature's instinctive obedience to His will.

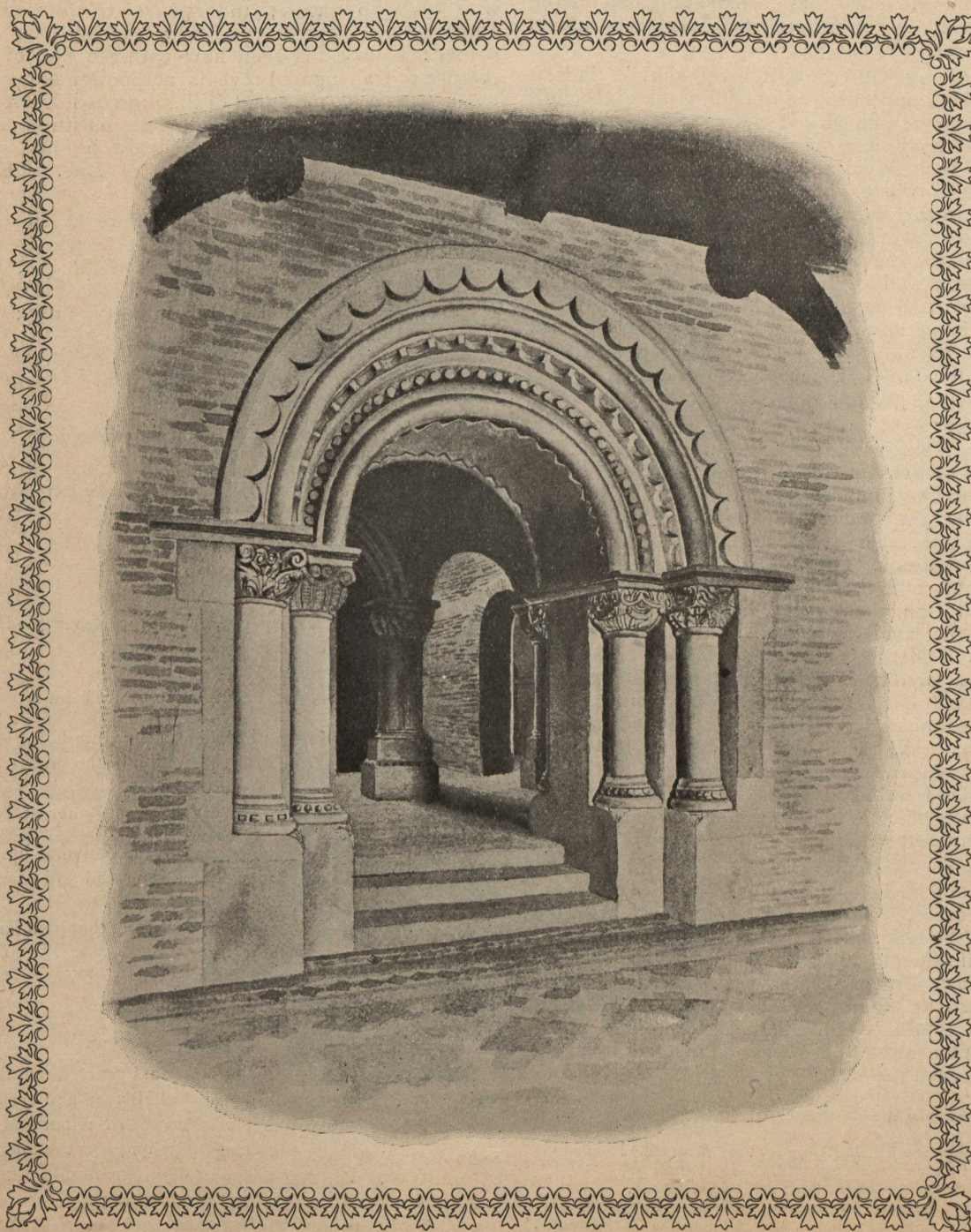
And now the generous sympathy awakened in David's heart inspires him to deeper and more human strains. The song is now the help tune of the reapers, the tender joys of living; now of the reapers' wine-song, when hand grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand and grow one in the sense of this world's life. A still gentler, deeper note is found among the strings, a note that speaks of pleading mercy, and the deep joys of wedded life. Now the song is an elegy of the worthy dead, now the builder's chant, now the chorus intoned as the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.

Here David paused for an instant. The waking memory of his former blessedness causes but a momentary shudder to the king. The soul of Saul will not come home. Wilfulness is the sin of Saul and he will not submit to the will of God whose law is the life of all created things.

Once more David bends to his harp and there issues forth a still more wondrous music. His thoughts are of Saul in his young manhood of wonder, of hope, of fulfillment—symbol of all that was manly and strong and joyous. David's song is the song of the vigorous life, the music of human existence. Naturally it is the joy of the physical life which first appeals to the sweet, healthy nature of David. Browning never for a moment lost sight of the truth that the physical should be the healthy, worthy setting of the higher, spiritual life. The physical is a means, not an end. But it must never be forgotten that it is a means. Physical vitality should be a great aid to spiritual vitality. In his deep and vital appreciation of this truth Browning is one of the healthfulest of poets. "All good things are

ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul," exclaims the aged Rabbi in the poet's psalm of life. The spiritual is always the more, never the less. It is only when the so-called natural is transformed and spiritualised that it becomes truly natural. When the natural is made to minister to the spiritual within us then and only then have we the full liberty of the tree of life.

sion of Saul's life in the lives of others avail? Will not the overflow of his once divinely replenished life into the lives which are to come after him sweeten his own life and inspire him to live? Even though death should one day come to him, nevertheless he is one of those ordained in God's Providence to the succession of witnesses to his presence and of the continuity of the spiritual life; nor



Saul feels somewhat the inspiration of David's heart-felt appeal. The memory of a glorious past with all that it had contained recalls him to a partial consciousness. But it is little more than a memory yet, and a memory that is powerless to give Saul's life a meaning.

Again the harp responds to the spirit of David as he turns to life's still deeper motives. Will not the transmis-

will heirs ever be wanting to the royal line of those who are indeed kings and priests unto God.

"In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit,"
 "Each deed thou hast done
 Dies, revives, goes to work in the world."

"Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
 Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too go forth
 A like cheer to their sons; who in turn, fill the South and the North

With the radiance thy deed was the gem of"
 "He is Saul, ye remember in glory—ere error had bent [spent
 The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though much
 Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same, God did choose,
 To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose."

Such words of solace and inspiration find a response in the troubled spirit of Saul. A human impulse suffuses his darkened heart. He places his rough hands on the golden head of the youth who kneels beside him and gazes on the mystic light of the love compelling face, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.

"And oh, all my heart how it loved him!" This is the moment of high import in the unfolding life of David's soul—one of the great moments of soul-revelation when the heart is brought by its response of love close to the very heart of God. For David it is a moment of prophetic insight in which he was to see the meaning of his life and the way of God in the world—Christ, and Christ alone. In this supreme moment of loving self-devotion the pure soul of David assimilates the mystery of the Incarnation, just as Pompilia, purest and loveliest of Browning's women, in the great moment of her life exclaims that Christ was "likest God in being born." Both could understand why Christ himself should say: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

David's heart is filled with a passionate love, a longing not to be expressed to do for Saul what he would if only he could. Neither the physical life, nor influence, nor the thought of lives made better by its presence, can satisfy, or give to the immortal soul the rest and peace it craves. His thought is now of the purifying and redeeming influence of love. The truest love, the only true love, is the love that redeems. The good David would do reacts on his own spirit and there issues forth the yearning of prophetic inspiration. Song and harp are useless now. The only voice that avails is the one that issues from the soul filled with a deathless tenderness. David's heart is flooded with the sweetness of love and self-renunciation. Surely God himself is self-sacrificing. Love must be the mingling of the human with the divine. David can give to Saul no more. Whence, then, this love of the human heart? Whose look can satisfy the yearning of the human face? Surely God would give, as he would if he only could, for the life which is failing, a new, never-failing life. Will not God himself suffer for all men?

In this moment eternal in the life of David sight has become vision and his love for Saul has been the medium of the divine disclosure. On the very heights of his life he has a vision of the Life that is higher. From the sight of the face of Saul whom he loves, he has gained the heavenly vision of his own divine Lover. In this vision of the unseen and eternal Christ is revealed to David, Christ of eternity and of time as well, the fairest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely—the One alone who can satisfy and save the soul.

"He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak,
 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek it and find it. O Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Jowett, of Oxford, once said of the David of the Psalms: "The Psalmist expresses with a fervor and power, greater perhaps than has ever been felt or found utterance in any age or country, the longing of the soul after God and the desire to live always in His presence." This is the youth in whom Browning has embodied the need, the trust, the longing of the soul after God. In the gracious performance of duty David has met with God and

experienced in the inner recesses of his soul his satisfying presence. In Christ is the soul clasp, and the heavenly alliance completed. For David, Christ has become the "Great Word which makes all things new."

On his return home all Nature becomes responsive to his inner life and adds her crowning witness. No longer is there world-strangeness; the Face has become familiar. Nature seems glorified with spiritual presences of one kin with his own nature, and speaks to him of hitherto undreamt of secrets. A new soul-attitude has been gained: the world is seen now with the eyes of the soul. Nature so transfigured reveals not power alone as before, but love as well. Instead of the scorched desert of yesterday, there is the sweetness of the pasture lands; and everywhere whispers may be heard by his spirit now attuned to the deeper harmony of Life. "E'en so, it is so!"

At the beginning of this lecture a few lines were quoted from *Pauline*, a confession of the poet's early years. "Saul" is the record of Browning's middle life. In his last poem, the "Reverie" to Asolando, is the poet's final confession of his faith in God and Immortal Love:

"From the first, Power was—I knew,
 Life has made clear to me
 That, strive but for closer view,
 Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
 If not on the homely earth,
 Then yonder, worlds away,
 Where the strange and new have birth,
 And Power comes full in play."

UNREST.

"O yearning, deep and strong, for higher good,
 And sad satiety of earthly gain!"
 Drear silent cry!
 A million hearts pulsate to the refrain.

But only here and there a master mind
 Can still the strange emotion of the breast
 By telling forth,
 In sweet immortal verse the soul's unrest.

But we that know not where the blossoms blow
 Wherewith to wreath a song and find us ease,
 Breathe only sighs,
 From wild, impassioned hearts that pant for peace.
 OUDEMIA.

CHRISTMAS.

SONNET.

O blessed day, through countless years foretold,
 O wondrous night, beloved of Heaven and earth,
 Wherein bright angels hailed their Saviour's birth
 To wondering shepherds watching o'er the fold;
 When Magi brought their offerings of gold
 And rarest spices, from the East afar
 To Bethlehem, led by the guiding star,
 And worshipped Him by prophets sung of old.
 Now the pure radiance of that day divine,
 Through the dim ages shines upon us still,
 And Christmas Day we welcome as the sign
 That Christ came down, Redemption to fulfill,
 And with the hallowed choir our voice combine
 In songs of "Peace on earth, to men good-will."

I. R. M., '03.

IDEALISM V. REALISM.

By W. LIBBY, B.A.

"The braive ol' Dook o' York,
 'E 'ad ten thoosan' men;
 'E marched 'n oop a 'ill
 And 'e marched 'n doon again;
 And wen they was oop, they was oop,
 And wen they was doon, they was doon;
 And wen they was in the middle o' the 'ill
 They was neither oop nor doon."

IN the spirit of this redoubted warrior, I wish for a while to play the intermediary between Idealism and Realism, and finally take up a judicial mid position, with the view of reconciling the claims of the opposing parties. The disputants differ in reference to the method and in reference to the scope of literary art. It is with the dispute concerning method that I wish first to deal.

It is generally agreed among critics that art is necessarily selective. No one would question the assertion that the photographer, however perfect his processes, can never replace the painter, whose eye gives accent and proportion to the scene portrayed. Similarly a cumbrous catalogue of the contents of a room would constitute a very poor description, unless the author spoke from the standpoint of the auctioneer, because usually only the salient points in an apartment appeal to one's observation. The most extreme realist has not yet ventured to picture the vast jumble of apparent trivialities of which life might seem to be formed. To so depict life would be inartistic. You could possibly listen with complacency, but certainly not with aesthetic delight, to a phonographic reproduction of your ordinary conversation, its blunders, irrelevancies, prolixities and repetitions.

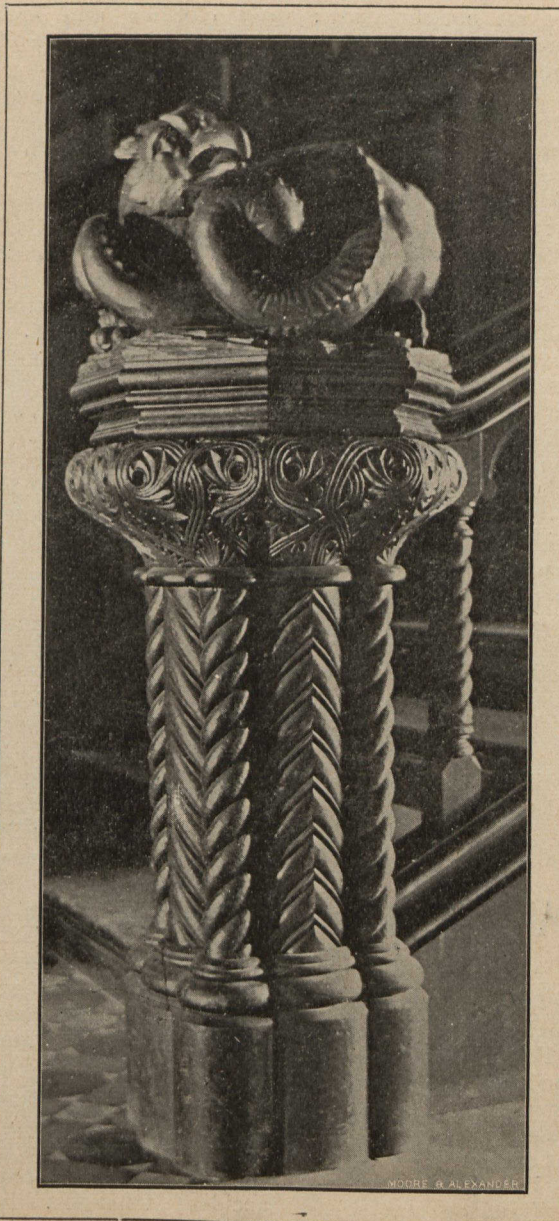
Realists, as well as idealists, then, are under the necessity of selecting their literary material, although the former, the exponents in *belles lettres* of the scientific spirit, lay greater stress upon detail, and what are called facts. Moreover, it might be shown that the realist, in the treatment of a story is forced by the exigencies of art not merely to suppress some details but also to make additions to his raw material. The motive of the composition determines what he adds or takes away. Even Zola, who very properly styles himself an *ouvrier* rather than an artist, in telling the story of that famous criminal family, not only cuts down, but combines after his own fashion, enhances, emphasizes and adorns the facts concerning the Rougon-Macquarts. In fine, the realist neither tells the whole truth nor is all that he tells true.

You sympathize with the realists in their claim that accurate anatomy should precede figure-painting, that good drawing should precede glorious coloring, and that the truths of science should not be lost to sight in imaginative vaporings. On the other hand, in imaginative work the facts must not lie unenlightened, crude, and unassimilated by the genius of the author. Dissecting-room diagrams, though their accuracy gives a keen satisfaction bordering on pleasure, cannot be said to please the aesthetic sense. Let us say then, by way of reconciliation,

that the literary artist is justified in introducing into his work as much fact material as he has genius to illuminate. In judging the merits of a composition we must ask whether the idea floats the fact. Kipling has been accused of daubing on the technicalities rather thick, but his defence is assured if he has merely used such minutiae as serve to touch off the spirit of an age that is very technical and almost smothered in detail. Walt Whitman conceived himself endowed with such comprehensive ideas, standing so in the centre of things, possessed of such a god-like vision, that nothing in the universe, in his eyes, stood detached, trivial, or uninspired; hence the congeries of irrelevant matters so laughably incongruous to his readers. Wordsworth also shared this vision of a spiritualized and ordered universe, and according to many of his critics was betrayed by the sublimity of his genius into similar absurdities of style.

The second phase of the controversy between the idealist and the realist is, as I have indicated, a dispute in reference to the scope of art, and the choice of subject. Should literature describe the higher planes of life, what the mass of us hope to be rather than what we are, marshal us to a coming golden age along the way we are pursuing, through a process of evolution, and tempt from sphere to sphere timid wings to bolder flights? Or is it rather her province to picture the race as it actually is, sprung from the dust and liable to terrible relapses, in order that our pride of spirit may be humbled and that with health and sanity and a

cunning knowledge of conditions we may lead on this fair earth the life neither of gods nor of beasts, but of men? Here also I see the possibility of reconciliation and choose not one or the other, but both or neither, neither because each in itself is incomplete, both that we may not forfeit our delight and interest in that which now is, nor our joy in the substance of things hoped for. The choice is between *Evangeline* and *Pot-Bouilli*, between King Arthur and *La Bête Humaine*. *Belles lettres* cannot exist without the higher, spiritual, imaginative element, and



imaginative work that is false and founded upon untruth is a vain will o' the wisp. Of course the realists might claim an advantage in that a sound foundation is superior to a showy superstructure on a flimsy foundation. True, but it is not a thing of beauty. No one, meantime, can dispute Zola's title to be called a capable and laborious workman.

Let me say in conclusion that all literary men are not arrayed in two hostile camps under the banners of idealism and realism. For example, W. D. Howells is a realist in his method, an idealist in his choice of subject. In fact, these terms I have been discussing are the poles of all true art. The great literary artists have set nought aside; they accept the universe in its entirety, light and darkness, Inferno and Paradiso, Heaven and Hell. Milton was a man of superlative genius, born, unfortunately as it might seem, in an age when extremes ruled. He was forced to cast in his lot with the contemptibly narrow Israelites to escape from the more contemptible and infamous Philistines. The fine equipoise of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* was struck aslant by the evil days on which he fell, and when he came to justify the ways of God to man he treated his subject in an analytic and controversial spirit. Shakespeare essayed the task on a broader basis. To him divinity was more immanent and vital; he showed definitely and in all relations that the earth is, as it was declared to be, good; that the low is the necessary complement of the high, and that neither this part nor that part of life is to be cast aside. Art holds the mirror up to Nature—the whole of Nature. The image is false when it lacks balance and proportion; the base is vile only when it is obtruded and out of place. He is only a half-seer that fears to look on both the light and shade that compose this world-picture. What was clean enough to be created is worthy of imitation, if the artist for every depth he sounds could scale a corresponding height. A French writer on Plato says, "l'art humain est analogue à l'art divine," and the artist who follows his copy most completely is most god-like, and has fulfilled the destiny of man, which, as the catechism says, is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

Literary art, as it develops, widens its scope and finds place for a greater diversity of detail.

NAUSICAA AND MIRANDA.

THE story of Nausicaa is one of those pleasing pictures which contribute so much to the interest of the "Odyssey" of Homer. For the time the hero and his trials are forgotten in the account of the gentle girl and her home.

After the Trojan War, Odysseus set out on his return to Ithaca, but by the machinations of hostile gods, he spent years in wandering and toil. In the course of his struggles he was shipwrecked by Poseidon and would have perished if Athene had not guided him to the Phaeacian land, where he was carried up safe on shore and, overcome with weariness, fell asleep in a sheltered nook. The Phaeacians were ruled by Alcinous, whose daughter the beautiful Nausicaa was. To her Athene appeared in a dream disguised as one of her companions, who urged her to take the raiment of the household at break of day to wash. In the early morning the princess went with her attendants to the distant washing place and halted by the river's mouth near the retreat of Odysseus. When the clothes were washed they were spread out on the shore to dry while the workers ate their mid-day meal and played

at ball. Athene had devised that Nausicaa should be Odysseus' guide to the palace. The princess playfully threw the ball at one of her company. It missed the girl and fell into the river beyond; whereat they all screamed and Odysseus awoke bewildered. He saw in them his only hope of safety and approached. The maidens were frightened at his appearance, for he had been buffeted by the waves for two days and nights and the salt foam had crusted on his head. Nausicaa alone stood her ground, for Athene gave her courage. She took pity on his sorry plight, heard his tale and assured him of a kindly welcome from her father. She bade the attendants give him food and clothing and took him back with her. Alcinous received him as a suppliant and promised him a safe convoy.

In *Miranda*, the only woman in Shakespeare's "Tempest," we see portrayed a character which admits of close comparison with that of the heroine described above. The thread of the story in so far as it concerns *Miranda* is this: Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, was driven from his dukedom by his brother, and, being set adrift in an old boat with his infant daughter, was cast up on an uninhabited island. He was skilful in magic art and had command of the spirits of the air. The play opens when *Miranda* is grown up. Prospero caused a ship on which his brother was sailing past the island to be wrecked and the passengers to be washed up on shore unhurt. Among them was Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples, who fell in love with *Miranda*. For his own means Prospero kept him a prisoner and forced him to perform hard tasks to prove his love. He did not falter but valiantly did the work, so that Prospero released him and promised him *Miranda's* hand. The magician disclosed his identity to his brother, forgave him and sailed back to Naples.

The two stories have little in common, for *Miranda's* is a love story and the other is not; but they serve to bring out the same traits of character. In both cases there is a storm and a wreck with such attendant circumstances as arouse compassion. Unlike the supernatural element in *Miranda's* life, the part played by the goddess Athene in the "Odyssey" has a direct bearing on the plot; it sets the other parts going. *Miranda* was conscious of the presence of spirits, made manifest by music in the air and voices of unseen speakers, but they were to her merely well-known phenomena and had no influence on her life. Nausicaa, however, knew nothing of the promptings of the goddess as such. In the dream Athene appeared in the guise of a fisherman's daughter, a girl who was known to Nausicaa. The Greeks believed that the deities watched over their affairs and guided them, but they were not conscious at the time that any supernatural agency was at work. When anything miraculous happened, they were wont to say "some god has done this."

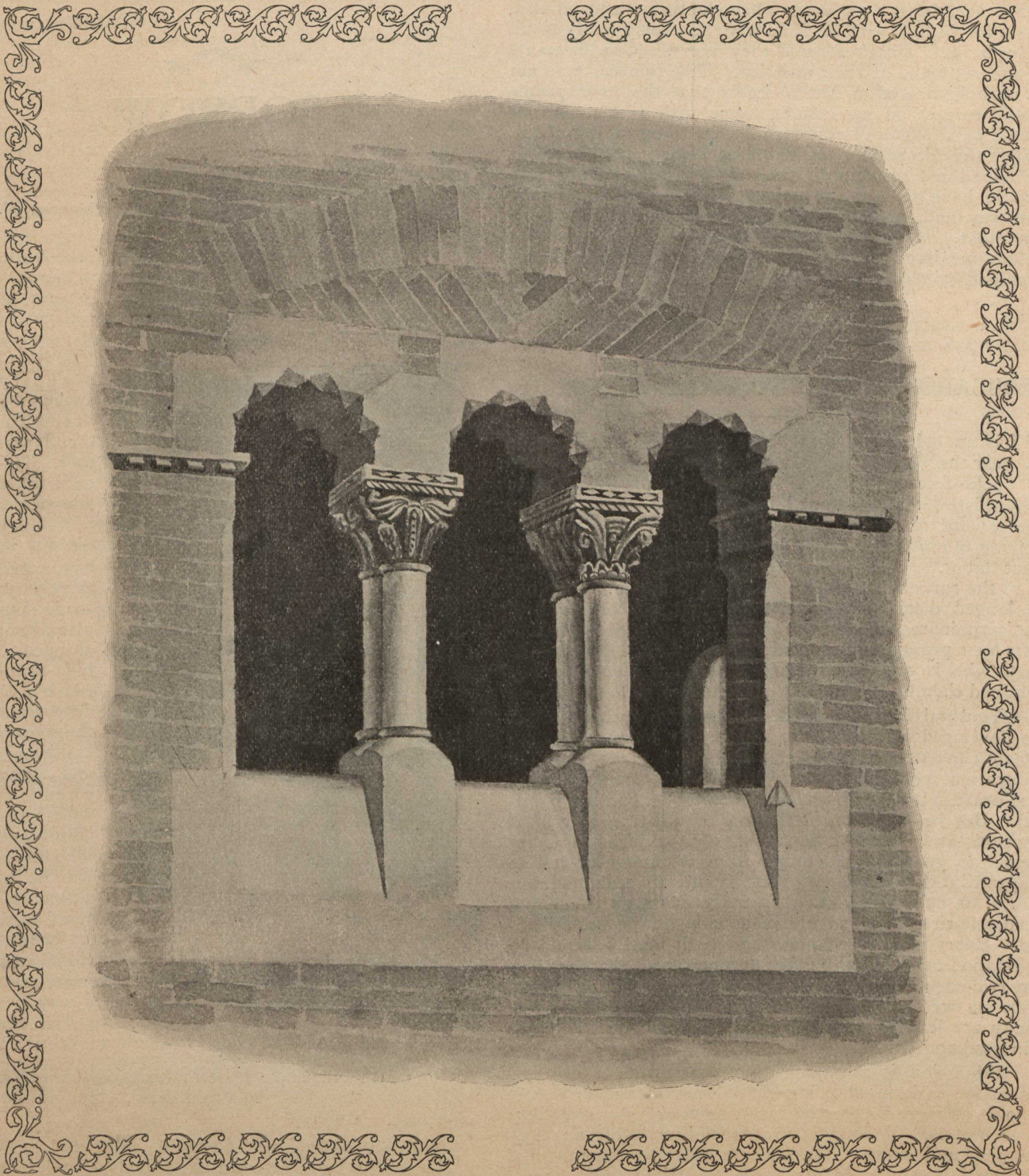
Nausicaa and *Miranda* were both young, marvelously beautiful, and of noble birth. They lived simple lives, but it is at this point that there is some divergence. Nausicaa's simplicity was the product of her times, *Miranda's* of the accident of her life. In Homeric days the queen was as good a housewife as any. She sat in the long hall of the palace spinning with her handmaids and directing their work. The princess did not disdain to wash the family linen and share the duties, however menial, of her servants.

Until she became a woman *Miranda* knew nothing of her origin and believed that her father had always lived on the island, holding sway over the spirits of heaven and earth. She was a veritable child of Nature. Nature had been her only companion. She expressed her thoughts and feelings without hesitation. She had seen no man but her father, and no woman but her own reflected image during her life on the island. Society had not spoiled her

by artificiality, and as a natural result of her situation she retained her woman's heart. When Ferdinand appeared she thought what a glorious world it must be if all men were like him. She would be content to go among them. Her modesty did not prevent her confessing unasked her

"Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you."

One might expect that Miranda, living among spirits,



love for Ferdinand. When Prospero treated him so harshly, Miranda could not understand, and expressed surprise at her father's unusual severity. In her unselfishness she was willing to take up her lover's burden till he should have time to rest—

goblins, and all such uncanny and unsubstantial beings, would take on something of the same character herself and seem unreal. But it is not so. She was exceedingly human and womanly. When she saw the ship in distress, driving on to certain destruction, she was greatly moved

with pity for the unfortunate mariners and cried,

"O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer."

Nausicaa showed the same tender heart when Odysseus was in need of succour. She listened patiently to his long story and addressed him in turn with all the dignity of her high rank. Her maidens were still shrinking from the weatherbeaten wanderer when she turned and rebuked them for withdrawing as if he were an enemy ready to do them harm. Thus reassured they ministered to his wants at the command of their mistress. The princess was not so unsophisticated as not to know that the townspeople would remark on her coming home with a stranger. It would be a matter of reproach for her to be talked about. When they drew near the town, at her request Odysseus remained in a grove until such time as she and her train should have reached the palace, when he was to enquire the way and, proceeding thither, entreat the king as a suppliant. Here Nausicaa leaves the scene, but not before we have recognized in her a sweet, simple and dignified woman.

DEMEREDEY F. WRIGHT.

EDUCATION, THE CONSERVATION OF FORCE.

IT is an old saying that "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It came from one who spoke from experience. It would be idle to speculate why thistles come without labor and good plants only as the reward of vigilance and toil. Valuable fruit in the spheres of mind and matter are only bestowed upon intelligent labor. The mere player-by-ear charms us sooner than the earlier performances of a Rubenstein. Without prolonged discipline high issues can never be reached. Indiscriminate raillery against discipline because it renders men prosaic and mechanical is unwise. Perhaps the man who is simply mechanical through discipline has attained thereby the highest efficiency possible to him.

Youthful forces of mind, and emotion, and will, must be developed into energetic and rightly balanced action. Steam concentrated is power. Diffused it moves nothing. Education means CONCENTRATION of the forces of mind and heart. It trains impulsive energies to become habitual. But be it remembered its aims are true only as it develops and does not impair energy. Education is intended to guard our character from weakness as well as waywardness. Books are not stones to sink us, but buoys to help us swim. We must avoid as deadening academic ritualism, as truly pious men do the ecclesiastical. Every word of grammar and mathematics should be in relation to the mind "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword." As we perceive mind in it, it is so. Only as we thus perceive it is it ours in any true sense. Many are learned only "in word and tongue" and not "in deed and truth."

Education is a waking-up process from a dreamy, visionary, or dormant existence, to one real and vital. It is to fit us to give a worthy response to every call of duty to each of us. Thereby our responsibility in life acquires meaning and worth. We become great by our range of wisely relating ourselves to things: "Hitch," said Emerson, "your wagon to a star and it will do your chores for you."

We educate men with the purpose of giving them eyes to find and hands to discharge, and hearts to achieve the vocation to which they are called in life. Anything not making for this purpose is disloyal to the great

end of all academic appointment. But STURDY discipline must impart direction and point to all subjective forces. Men set strong fences around young trees. The boiler whence the steam issues is not its prison but its home, where it is developed into a thing of power for life's movements and industries. Schools should be homes developing forces, not prisons enclosing and isolating them.

G. M. MILLIGAN.

SORROW.

BY W. A. FRASER.

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IT was summer. The hot sun glazed the white road golden-yellow. The shadows thrown across it reflected blue from the cloudless sky. Across the little picket fence the purple and white lilacs drowsily kissed the lazy air with their perfumed breath; slow-winged bees droned sleepily and sucked leisurely at the lilac nectar. It was summer. The birds sang it, the trees whispered it.

A blind man, led by a little boy, came waveringly up the road. Opposite the lilacs he stopped, raised his head and took a great deep draught of the perfumed air. It filled his lungs and spread his chest, as the wide-spread nostrils drank it in. The birds, startled by his appearance, twittered and chided him for intruding.

He put the heel of a time-browned violin under his chin and drew the bow tremulously across the eager strings. The wailing notes jostled their way over the lilacs, elbowing the droning of the bees and the silly twitter of the birds, and glided through an open window.

Dot heard it; and a little battered doll tumbled recklessly to the floor as she jumped up, clapping her tiny hands with delight.

"Moosic, Mudder!" she said. The doll looked up, filled with pathetic resentment, but Dot didn't mind; dolls were all very well for a general engagement, but music was the soul of things; it cut out the whole world with Dot.

"I don't want to play in your yard," sang the violin; and the birds stared stupidly at this strange-voiced creature that hushed their timid lay with its strident song.



"Here's a penny," said Dot's mother, "give it to the man."

The little girl danced down the gravel path and pushed her way through the lilacs out onto the walk. Then she stopped suddenly—shyly—she had seen the little boy.

The music had called to her—it was a friend, even the birds were not afraid of it—but a boy, that was something for serious consideration.

Dot stood irresolutely turning the penny over and over with timid nervousness. Resolve darted her forward, and almost before she knew it she had dropped the coin in the little brown paw of the lad.

That was the beginning. She backed up two steps and sighed contentedly. The music whispered reassuringly; so she listened with the birds and the lilacs and the drowsy-eared trees and looked into the big brown Italian eyes of the boy, and saw that he was only a little boy.

The next time the fiddler came she spoke to him. The pair came often after that.

The blind fiddler, the brown-eyed boy, a golden-haired little girl, a penny and the music. Rather a simple group.

The player's face had always been plain. When God had closed the windows of his soul and shut out the light, it had grown plainer, but that made no difference.

The little meetings came oftener, the birds sang blither, the sun shone gentler, the lilacs saved up their fragrance for the music days, and the bees droned happier when Dot and her friends met.

Then many days went by and the fiddler did not come. Dot waited and counted the days and asked her mother why; and something had gone out of the summer.

There were three weeks like this and then one day the violin sent a sigh up the gravel walk and Dot heard it. She skipped eagerly out to the old music trysting place. The man was alone.

"Where's 'oor little boy?" she asked.

"He's dead," the blind man answered, and the bow pulled heavily at the discordant strings.

"Won't he tum any more?" Dot asked, trying to understand the great something that was not of the music, nor of dolls, nor of anything she knew.

The man stopped playing, searched about in the dead air with his wavering fingers until he found the curly head, and as his hand rested there for an instant, answered, "No, Pietro won't come any more."

That was all; but some of the knowledge of the emptiness of the world came to Dot. The leaves whispered it and the lilacs breathed it, and she went into the house, and, taking the little battered doll in her arms, cried, and cried, and by-and-bye fell asleep on the floor.

After many days the player came again, and stopped at the lilacs in front of Number 7. The violin called, and whispered, and sang, and stopped, and called again, but Dot did not come. A man walking briskly by, stopped, looked at the house, and touched the player on the arm.

"Don't you see there is crape on the door—white crape!" he said reproachfully, "Pardon me," he added hastily, as the player turned his face, and he saw that he was blind. "I did not know—forgive me."

The blind man moved vacantly a few steps, and sat down brokenly on the edge of the walk. He sat there a long time, the plain, shaggy head drooped hopelessly on his breast.

"God takes all the flowers," he muttered; all the sweet young flowers, and leaves a ragged weed like me. Oh, Pietro, Pietro! why can't I go too. I am blind and tired—"

"Come, move on," a rough voice said, and a policeman shook him by the shoulder. He got up, moved aimlessly a little distance, and when the heavy steps of the officer died out he went back and sat down again, and waited.

He was listening for something—watching with his ears. "Perhaps they'll come to-day," he muttered, and waited.

At last there was the sound of wheels—heavy, muffled wheels. He knew what that meant. He counted—one, two—a dozen; always the same slow solemn roll of heavy wheels, and always hushed at the same place; just where he used to play; where Pietro and the little girl used to chatter; where the silly birds mocked him, and the leaves whispered, and the lilacs shed their perfume.

He rose up, and going close to the gate, stood with bared head. Somebody passing dropped a coin in the hat. He threw it far out on the dusty road.

He could hear the people going in and coming out.

At last there was the shuffling sound of many feet moving together—something was being carried.

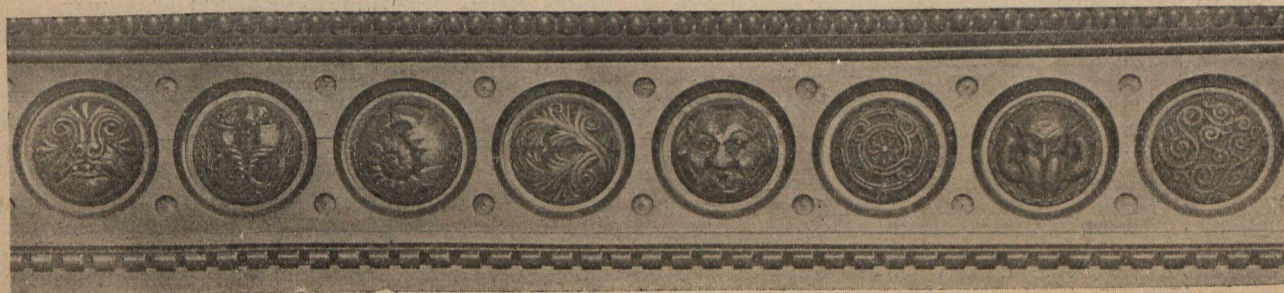
The blind man stepped forward and raised his hand. The bearers stopped. The blind man felt his way reverently until his hand touched something hard and polished and cold.

The plain face drooped lower and lower, the heavy lips rested for an instant softly, gently, on the casket. Then the stooped figure straightened up—turned—passed through the gate and slowly up the walk, feeling its poor blind way with the stick.

The carriages rolled away—the lilac bushes were bare—the birds had ceased to sing—there was no sunlight—for it was autumn.

Even the great house was silent.

W. A. FRASER.



SWEETEST EYES WERE EVER SEEN.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD.

Author of "The Untempered Wind," "Judith Moore," etc.

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
 To thee the dark deliberately gave;
 That those full eyes might undistracted be
 By this beguiling show of sky and field,
 This brilliance that so lures us from the Truth.
 He gave thee back original night, His own
 Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
 Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang,
 O blinded with a special lightning, thou
 Hadst once again the virgin dark!"

— Stephen Phillips.

"If Camœns had seen you he would have been false to Catarina," said Flynt Gerrard, dropping the volume of Browning from which he had been reading, and taking instead the white hand which shone palely against the bright silk of the Mexican hammock.

"For shame!" said Isabel Stuart, a soft feigned indignation in her voice; "what blasphemy!"

"It is quite true!" her lover persisted; "I think a man who cares for a woman always cherishes a special *tendresse* for some one of her beauties, for her brow, her hair, her hands—and it is so with me, and it is to your eyes, 'sweetest eyes were ever seen,' that I would pay my dearest vows. Such gentle eyes! That never see wrong without wishing to right it, never see sin without searching its excuse. Isabel, when are you coming to me?" The eyes he had been praising were raised to his shyly, but withal steadfastly.

"Do you want me so much—sure?" she said.

"Yes," he half whispered; "yes, I want you sorely."

Silence fell upon them whilst their eyes met in acknowledgment and confirmation of their mutual love. It was summer about them and summer in their hearts. Crickets shrilled in the shade of the grass; from the bosom of a maple tree a robin called and was answered from the hedge, where the squirrels chattered as they ate the tiny cones of the cedar; a high-holder, perched upon the topmost branch of a cherry tree, uttered its imperious note; a tiny brown bird stole softly through the tangled stems of the raspberries to its hidden nest. It was a day when the soul expands and aspires. The lovers dwelt upon thought of each other, their eyes seeming at once retrospective and tenderly anticipative. He was thinking of the slight creature to whom he had first given his name, happily—for he would not lie to his own soul—happily she had died in time to save the name she bore from dishonor, her little child from a heritage of shame. Death had been very merciful to those tangled in the meshes of her destiny, merciful perhaps most of all to herself. From thought of this misguided girl-wife Flynt's thoughts turned, as a ship towards safe haven, to the woman at his side, Isabel Stuart. He often thought how well her old Highland name suited her. She seemed to have preserved so perfectly the graces of the old-fashioned, almost archaic womanliness which such a name suggests; gentle, yet fearless, tender and very wise in all womanly secrets.

Flynt told her once that he was sure she would have done as did Katherine Douglas when she thrust her white arm through the staples, a living bar between her king and his assassins,

"I hope I would," said Isabel, tranquilly. "Surely what a Douglas did for a Stuart, a Stuart might have done. I would have liked to be 'Kate Bar-lass.'"

Flynt loved her with a mixture of ardour and reverence which brought out the best in him.

Isabel, sitting in her hammock, her hand in her lover's, mused upon that lover, his life and its promise. She, better than anyone in the world, comprehended how nearly his career had been shipwrecked in the shoals of a shallow woman's frivolity; she knew what his patience had been, a little stern perhaps because of strenuous self-repression, but oh, so long-suffering! She guessed at the approaching catastrophe which death had anticipated, and apprehended the sad and righteous joy with which he must have looked upon the dead face of his unwise wife. "Unwise" was the word Isabel used in her thoughts; she never "cast the stone" at a sinner. Isabel thought of the little girl, bearing such a fantastic name in evidence of her mother's folly even in small things, the little girl who already showed herself self-willed, unreasonable, and petulant, so that her father, looking at her, feared greatly. Isabel felt much tenderness for the poor mite, already studied eagerly everything which might bring her in touch with child nature, everything that might help her to awaken and develop the dormant germ of nobility which she was sure must be in Flynt's child. Isabel had perhaps inherited some shred of the second sight from far-off Highland ancestors. She had wonderful intuitional perception of character. A certain prescience told her that Flynt would need someone beside him to help him keep his feet in the rapidly flowing tide of success which was setting his way. A university education, super-imposed upon a character inherited from generations of men and women who had struggled and lived in illustration of the dogma of "the survival of the fittest," had produced a man capable of most things and with a "heart for any fate." Beginning, like many of his illustrious countrymen, as a country lawyer, he soon outgrew the provincial position. His ill-starred marriage had for a time stayed his progress, but afterwards he went on with greater impetus. Next year, Isabel knew, would see him in Washington, and then—she feared for him. Not for his ambitions, but for his ideals, and she meant to be a trumpet in their cause. She was so proud of him and of the promise of his future.

She looked up at him; suddenly a terrible pain shot through her eyes, dazing her for a moment with its sharp agony. It passed in an instant and she could hardly realize that for a second Flynt's face had been shut out from her vision—he bent towards her, urging his cause and ere he left her that night Isabel had fixed the date for their wedding. It was ratified by her father and mother, and Flynt Gerrard departed with perhaps more of triumph and less of humbleness in his heart than was fitting.

In his first letter to Isabel, Flynt told her that Dr. Parkman was coming to the little country town where Isabel lived. Flynt described him as a man of whose friendship he felt very proud, and asked Isabel to get her father to call upon him.

Dr. Parkman arrived in Almond. The Stuarts called; it was a surprise to the famous Doctor to find people of their calibre living in a provincial town; they soon became fast friends. The Doctor had not studied the *Material* so persistently without learning something of the subtleties of the *Spirit*. He did reverence before Isabel Stuart and the two became dear friends; the fullness of Dr. Parkman's experience, the breadth of his philosophy, the insight of his sympathy appealed very strongly to Isabel. She grew to look upon him as a real friend and counsellor.

Flynt's letters were many and very lover-like, and never one of them all but what spoke of her eyes. "If he knew how frightfully they pain me I am sure he would not praise them," said Isabel to herself. However she said nothing of this in her letters; indeed all their import was of him, his plans, his career, his little girl and their mutual love; but the terrible darting pain in her eyeballs had become a recurrent experience, something to be reckoned with in the possibilities of every half hour. She learned at the first premonitory quiver of pain to brace herself not to exclaim nor alter her expression, but so keen was the pain, so blinding the momentary agony, that for the instant sight and speech would fail her; now and then after one of these silent spasms her people would lovingly chide her for absent-mindedness, and hint at a sentimental cause. It was part of the discipline she held herself under, not to complain of what she called "little ills."

One day she was sitting under the trees with Dr. Parkman when the pain came: so acute was it, so piercing, that it wrung a moan from her, and a little cry, suppressed ere quite uttered. She raised her handkerchief to her eyes; when she lowered it a piteous, deprecating smile sweetened her grave lips, her beautiful eyes were quivering. Dr. Parkman leaned forward. A professional abruptness made his voice seem stern.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Must I tell?" she said. He smiled a little at her childish phrase.

"You must." She told him. His smile faded.

"We must understand this," he said rising. "You will let me examine your eyes, will you not? I can catch the 5.40 train to town. I will come back in the morning with the necessary articles for the examination."

She looked at him startled.

"Oh, but——" she began.

"My dear, leave this to me," he said gently; "it is necessary."

Something gripped her heart, for she saw he was seriously alarmed, and he was the world's most famous oculist. Her habitual unselfishness made her lay her hand upon his sleeve.

"You will not tell anyone? There is no need to worry them."

"No," he said readily, "certainly not till you wish it."

* * * * *

It was eleven o'clock next morning when Isabel Stuart, issuing from the improvised dark room in the doctor's boarding place, turned and faced him.

"Now," she said, "tell me." He did not at first speak.

"Tell me," she insisted. The doctor's face was very grave.

"It is *amaurosis*," he said.

"Which means?" She spoke quietly, but her hands closed on the back of the chair.

The doctor felt that to this woman speech would be more merciful than silence; he sought for words, they came but stumblingly.

"It means, my dear girl, you must be brave; it means that in time, sometime, you——" he paused.

She completed his sentence in a voice she did not recognize—"Will be blind!"

"Yes." The doctor's lips uttered the word, but it seemed spoken within the very citadel of her consciousness, and spreading thence killed all hope in her.

"Hopelessly?" the word was whispered forth.

"Hopelessly." The doctor's answer was like a mournful echo.

That night Isabel Stuart fought her battle, and conquered. After the first shock of bitter knowledge had passed she had heard the *pros* and *cons* of her case discussed as no other living man could discuss them. The gist of it all was that sudden and irrevocable blindness would fall upon her. This meant,—her whole being shuddered in the pangs of realization. Only her God saw those dark hours in which Isabel Stuart wrought out the problem of her life. Nor will we be impious enough to guess at what passed therein. Suffice it that in the morning her tortured reasons gave birth to righteous resolution. It is said "joy cometh in the morning," and surely there was rejoicing among the angels that morning over another soul which had proved its right to be joint heir with Christ.

She wrote to Flynt Gerrard, breaking her engagement to him; she told him simply that her heart had changed, that she no longer felt she could share his life, that the career he had planned would not be suitable for her. The reticence of this letter was very bitter to her, the woman heart in her cried out so to be comforted, but she knew well that she must give no hint of the real reason underlying her action, else common manhood, apart from love, would make Flynt Gerrard hold to his bond. She knew, alas! so well, that a blind woman was no mate for him and his fortunes; how could she keep pace with him as she had planned to do; how give him the subtle inspiration towards good that she knew he needed (for the good in him was somewhat phlegmatic, numbed by many hard knocks against the world); how could she safeguard his child? But this encroaches upon those agonies of soul which came upon her in the night watches.

Flynt Gerrard, led astray by balked passion, wounded *amour propre*, and shaken by the memory of his former mistake, wrote her a letter accepting his dismissal, a letter of which each bitter word was a thorn in her heart.

Strangely enough, for a time the pains in her eyes were less frequent. There ensued for her a period during which she deliberately garnered to herself the treasures of sight.

The common phenomena of daily life became to her a precious panorama evidencing the whole epic of seeing. She considered as she had never done before the marvellous *minutiae* of nature. The ruby spots in the throats of the tiny catnip flowers, the delicate fronds of the bluebird's feather she found on the lawn, the swift iridescence of the dragon-flies' wings, the appearance, as of silver dust or delicate hoar frost, upon the petals of the roses—these things became as jewels set in the rosary of her recollections. It was borne in upon her how essentially selfish we are in the essence of our sympathies. Hitherto she had accorded a sympathetic word or a sigh to tales of those who were blind, now her whole being being thrilled into kinship with them. Every newspaper she took up had in its pages some trace of the tragedy of blindness—doubtless it had always been thus, but "having eyes she had not seen." O terrible, irreparable omission! She heard some friends laughing over the bogus blindness of an importunate beggar; her whole heart grew sick thinking of the blasphemy of the needless patch. She understood the fervour of the old love song which rates the Well Beloved as worth "the very eyes of me." And of all the gracious promises of Holy Writ the one that seemed to her most gracious, most tender, most precious, was "and the blind shall receive their sight."

Her sister wondered because Isabel insisted upon having her window shutters wide open; how could she guess that the least glimpse of a far away star, the clear flood of pale moonlight on the floor, the lattice woven thereon by the shadows of the trees, the wan greyness of dawn, the roseate nacre of the evening skies were destined to become the sustenance of a darkened life. Her family had greatly marvelled at the broken engagement, but Isabel had come by her nature lawfully; her father and mother, whilst they marvelled together, only recognized the change by an additional tenderness to their daughter—the daughter who every night watched the sunset and wondered if ever again she would see its light.

A year passed. Flynt Gerrard went to Washington, as Isabel had foreseen that he would. Many rumors of his success came to the little country town where a woman prayed for him continually. The journals spoke much of him. He was known as a man to whom, humanly speaking, all things seemed possible.

Isabel heard of him also through Dr. Parkman, and the things she heard—or rather those things she did not hear—made her uneasy. Flynt was beginning to be known as a daring leader of his party, a man with both force and *finesse* at his command—but of Gerrard the Reformer there was no word.

At times she had asked herself why he had not understood. Surely, surely he must have known there was something beneath the surface of her dismissal. It had been so hard for her—but she arrested thought at this point. Self pity was a luxury she dared not indulge in. At length news came of his approaching marriage to a brilliant woman of the world, a woman of wealth and influence, well fitted to be his mate, one, too, or so said report, who would cleave to such things as were good.

The night before the day fixed for his marriage, Isabel lay long awake. A midsummer moon flooded her room with pale glory, the branches of the maples were silhouetted with exquisite exactness upon the pane, a breath of verbenas and mignonette and dew-wet grass came to her from the flower beds beneath her window, and she recalled how their fragrance had made the atmosphere of her happiest dreams. It was very late when she slept, and long ere she awoke—indeed, when she did, she was unconscious of it for a time—yet she had a sense of uneasiness, as of one expecting the day had awakened in the deepest night. Thought of Flynt had pursued her even in her dreams; she lay wishing for the light that she might deaden thought in action. A strange external warmth crept over her; she wondered vaguely what it was, and realized, as one does sometimes in dreams, that she was in an exotic mental state. She was pondering over this, when suddenly her sister's voice struck across the silence.

"Isabel!" she said, "you are the laziest mortal. It is fully ten o'clock and here you are asleep yet and the sun shining full upon you—you'll be blistered—" So then it was day, not dark!

She had gone blind on the morning of his wedding day.

The tenderest care strove to mitigate Isabel's affliction, yet there were times when the darkness encroached upon her soul. She had striven hard to gird herself against despair. The helplessness of every hour showed her how sorely she needed her courage.

Dr. Parkman was a staff to her at this time. Gossip said he wished to take care of her always, but if so no one but they two knew it.

One day he came to pay a farewell visit before leaving to attend a congress of scientists in Washington. Three days after his departure two letters post-marked Washington came to Isabel.

Her sister read Dr. Parkman's to her first. He spoke of his journey, the city and the congress, then of Flynt Gerrard. He was "wearing the cloak of his new honors gracefully," his wife was "a fine woman," not the doctor's "style," but just the wife for a rising public man, alert, conciliating, self-poised. "Flynt does not forget old friends, he asked after every one in Almond, he had never heard of your blindness and was terribly shocked. I told him how brave you were and how nobly you had borne the long ordeal of anticipation. He was greatly interested and questioned me closely as to when we first found it out; he says he will never forgive himself for not answering your last letter in person."

Isabel's sister took up the other letter.

"It is from Flynt," she said—tremblingly.

"Yes—I know," said Isabel, in her meek, sweet voice. So her sister read it.

"Dearest, I understand now. Forgive me—Flynt."

A great joy overspread Isabel's face and suffused her sightless eyes. Her sister gave the letter into her hand and left her alone.

* * * * *

The years pass slowly with Isabel. All eagerness is gone from her life, but it is far from barren. Her eyes weaned from worldly vision have been turned in upon her own soul, wherein she sees the shadow of all humanity, and studying it much she has grown very wise and kind. The veil upon her mortal vision is as a smoked glass through which she looks upon the splendour of the great eternal truth, and is not blinded.

No day passes without bringing someone to beg a crumb of consolation, a sop of sympathy from her, and no one goes empty away, for the cruse of her good counsel renews itself miraculously.

None partakes of it so deeply as Flynt Gerrard's daughter, who is Isabel's constant companion. The change wrought in this young girl bears witness to the occult power of pure loving kindness.

So Isabel's mortal span is being slowly bridged—nor is it wholly unhappy. The lintels of her life have been sprinkled with the bitter hyssop of self-denial and the precious blood of self sacrifice, and guarded thus no evil crosses them, but Angels of blessing pass and repass, bearing light into the dark places and carrying thence gentle messages to those who stand without.



THE MAGIC CARPET.

In old Toledo, so I read the sages,
Once lay a casket, iron-bound and olden,
And hoary with the dust of countless ages,
But guarding safe within a treasure golden.

For redolent with rich Arabian spices,
A silken carpet lay, and deftly folded,
And woven with threads of gold in strange devices,
With uncouth words in its broad margin moulded.

And if one knew the charmed words to mutter,
And could the cabalistic circle trace him,
To any clime whose name he choose to utter,
There would this carpet swift through ether place him.

But now this silken rug is flown forever,
And gone from human mind the incantation,
And so, alas, no silken bridge whatever
Can span the distance of our separation.

THE BRIDGE OF JOYAS.

"HELLO, Lothrop, that you? Haven't seen you for an age, how's the world been using you?"

"Well enough," was the laconic reply. But the first speaker, a New Yorker of about five and thirty, who was evidently in the mood for conversation, and not to be daunted by the unresponsiveness of his companion, continued briskly:



"How cold these trains are! Glad I have only a few hours' run before me! By the bye, Lothrop, I heard you were off in the wilds somewhere, building bridges over chasms. Any truth in the report?"

"Yes, I have been in Mexico for the last three months," came rather unwillingly from the lips of the man addressed, who had, during the other's running fire of questions, been restlessly shifting about in his seat, and intently but somewhat needlessly re-arranging the papers and magazines strewn around him.

He seemed to think his last remark conclusive, for he added nothing to satisfy the other's evident curiosity on the subject, and sat sunk in a reverie of a not very enjoyable nature to judge from the frown on his face.

Jack Lothrop was a mechanical engineer of the firm of "Ganger & Wilson," Bangor, Maine. He was an average New Englander, of good family, good looks and exemplary habits—being a strict Presbyterian and staunch Republican. Although he was bronzed by constant exposure to a southern sun, the red flush under the tan and the

dark blue eyes pronounced him unmistakably a Northerner—and probably of English extraction, to judge from a rather stubborn-looking square chin. Never before having been out of Bangor any distance, he had the provincialism and limited views natural to a youth of twenty-four in his position.

Suddenly he seemed to become aware of the expectant gaze fixed on him, sat up, and came out of his brown study, just as his companion had resolved to make another attempt to satisfy his curiosity, by asking:

"What's the matter, old man; love or money?"

With an evident effort, Lothrop met his enquiring gaze for a moment and ejaculated:

"It's all over now!" adding fervently, yet half regretfully, "I hope!"

Then thinking that he had perhaps been a trifle brusque, and that the old friendship and sincere solicitude of his companion deserved his confidence, he began, at first restlessly moving in his seat, but apparently getting more absorbed in his story as he proceeded.

"You may have seen in the newspapers about six months ago an account of the land boom in the district of Chihuahua, Mexico, arising from the discovery of silver in that region. The town of Joyas, amongst others, quickly sprang into importance, although till then it had been comparatively unknown. It's on the north bank of a branch of the Conchas river—a pretty enough place, half hidden at the bottom of a valley sloping up east and west towards the mountains, about fifteen miles away. The nearest railroad up to the time of the boom was the Mexican Central, which runs through Santa Rosalia, fifty miles west of Joyas. It was necessary for mining purposes to run a branch line through Joyas, and as luck had it, 'Ganger & Wilson' got the contract for the iron bridge to be built over the river, and sent me out as superintendent of the work.

"The people, mostly native Mexicans, with a sprinkling of Creoles and Spanish landowners—about ten or fifteen hundred in all—took a vast deal of interest in my work, partly, I suppose, on account of its novelty for them, and also because they have a real taste for architecture. The town only boasts some five or six large buildings, but these are extravagantly handsome. They consist of a splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral, an American hotel, which is not much visited, a municipal building, post office and small theatre. The homes of the Spanish Creoles are also magnificent and quite a contrast to the funny little *adobe* houses of the natives, with their flat roofs.

"Among the most interested of the spectators was Don Luiz Garcia de Alvarado, a wealthy mine-owner, and one of the foremost in promoting the bridge scheme. He claims descent from one of Cortes' followers, Pedro de Alvarado, and is a type of the aristocratic Spanish-American, generous, impetuous and with a high sense of honor. He is the aristocrat of the district. A chivalrous gentleman of the old school.

"As he has, it is said, a special weakness for Americans, we soon became acquainted, and, as the bridge progressed, became, mutually, I believe, more and more interested in one another.

"One day the proud old man rather astonished me by inviting me to accompany him to his home that evening. I went and found a sumptuousness and grandeur which surpassed even my highest expectations.

"Knowing the customary seclusion of the women, which is of oriental rigor, I was surprised, on riding up to the house, to see a beautiful young girl of about eighteen step

out on to the verandah to welcome the Don, who immediately presented me to his daughter with his old-fashioned courtesy, and in spite of the infrequency of visitors at her home, she showed no awkward bashfulness, but a self-possession arising from a naive simplicity and entire unconsciousness of conventional restraint.

"The Senorita spent the evening with us, singing us some of those strangely beautiful Mexican and Spanish songs in a clear sweet voice, and joining us again on the verandah to share the conversation.

"Jove! She *was* a picture as she stood in the doorway of the salon, with the moonlight streaming down upon her. Her lustrous black eyes, and dark complexion, free from the swarthinness of her race, and her sensitive and rather haughty nose and mouth, betrayed her Spanish blood, and were well set off by her glorious black hair. In a word, she was beautiful, fascinating and affectionate, in a passionate, Spanish way.

"After this first evening Don Garcia seemed to consider a visit from me as part of the daily programme, and of course I was only too glad to avail myself of his hospitality. The Senorita and I became good friends, and, indeed, she seemed to take as much interest in hearing about the bridge as did her father, and we talked almost as unrestrainedly together as the Don and I. We were good friends—nothing more.

"Some days before the completion of the bridge, after a somewhat complimentary speech to me about my work, the Don said:

"'Senor Lothrop, you are a clever man in your way. You will make your mark. I have talked with the Senorita and she has said many things of your cleverness.'

"I thanked him for her gracious favor, but he interrupted me with—

"'Ah, yes! but that it is! If you accept her favor you will be able to accomplish my cherished plan.'

"Hardly understanding, but with faint visions of further bridges to be built under the Don's patronage, I merely bowed and acquiesced in a 'Charmed' murmured almost below my breath, and the Don closed the conversation by asking me when she should have the honor of presenting me to his relatives, suggesting that the evening of the completion of the bridge would be a suitable occasion. I accepted, greatly flattered by what I thought a quite uncalled for social courtesy.

"The evening after the formal opening of the bridge, I rode up to the Don's house, and found it most gorgeously illuminated, and with every sign of festivity. Feeling highly honored, but scarcely comprehending it all, I entered the reception room and found it filled with all the important grandees of the district. There was a short but momentous delay, then all eyes were directed towards the Senorita, who entered the room on her father's arm, dressed in a filmy white gown, which made her dark beauty more brilliant.

"Rather strangely, as I thought, she was first presented to me with great formality, and then we three made a tour of the room, the Don presenting me to all the notables.

"This rather trying ordeal was followed by music and dancing, during which I had not an opportunity of speaking privately to the Don or his daughter, to ask the reason of all this unwonted festivity and solemnity.

"The next morning as I strolled out on the piazza of the hotel, I was saluted by a vigorous slap on the back, and turned hastily around to confront an American officer, an old friend of my father's, who greeted me with:

"'Well, old man! allow me to congratulate you! I've only been here a couple of hours but I've already heard the news, and I must say you are remarkably lucky.'

"'Ah,' I answered, 'but you have not been to see for yourself, I suppose. Rather well proportioned, I think; though the upper ribs are somewhat far apart. I'll take you down there after luncheon.'

"At this my friend looked utterly blank for a few minutes; finally he ejaculated:

"'What on earth are you talking about?'

"'The bridge, of course,' I answered shortly.

"'But what in the name of goodness has the bridge to do with your engagement to the Senorita?'

"His tone did not allow me to think he was joking, and, dumbfounded, I asked him for an explanation.

"'Why, my dear fellow, surely that is unnecessary. The ceremony of the formal reception that I am told took place last evening was your public betrothal, according to the local custom.'

"'Nonsense! Neither the Senorita nor I ever thought of such a thing,' I answered warmly.

"'Well,' he said laughing and shrugging his shoulders, 'take my advice and thankfully "take the goods the gods provide." What more could you want than a beautiful girl, who is also an heiress and only daughter to the most influential man in the place?'

"'But she is a Roman Catholic and partly Creole,' I explained.

(Lothrop's travelling companion smiled at the tone of positive horror in which these words were uttered.)

"'Well, that's mere prejudice,' said my adaptable western friend, 'but really,' he went on more seriously, 'you *are* in rather a pickle. Don Garcia, I hear, is a proud and somewhat hotheaded old man. He has so completely mistaken your intentions that he would only construe your explanations into an insult to be speedily avenged in the conclusive "Spanish fashion."

"I still protested, though I was beginning to recognize the gravity of the situation, particularly as I learned that in betrothing his daughter to an American, Don Garcia was running counter to the wishes of some of his most powerful relatives, and to have her now thrown back at him, as he would imagine, would bitterly humiliate him. I realized, now too, how the mistake had arisen by my misconstruction of his invitation at the bridge to present me to his relatives, and saw also the serious consequences which refusal would entail.

"'You'd better consider the matter and make up your mind to marry the Senorita,' my friend urged.

"To this, however, I objected hotly. 'Marry a Catholic Creole!' I assured him it was absolutely impossible for me to do so. And he then suggested that the only way out of the difficulty lay in immediate departure, as the preparations for the marriage would shortly be in order and my position would be unendurable. Finally he said he would have me telegraphed for by the firm.

"That afternoon I left for Santa Rosalia, where I took the first north-bound train, on which you now find me, and (with something like a sigh) when you came in I was mentally writing my letter of explanation and apology to Don de Alvarado."

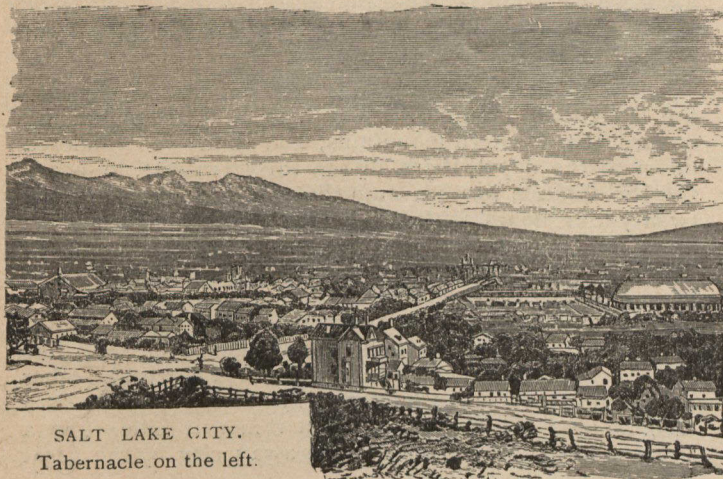
Neither spoke for a few minutes, but the elder man looked curiously at Lothrop, and when, after a few commonplace, the young man left the train at the next station, the cosmopolitan New Yorker pronounced judgment in the brief but emphatic ejaculation:

"What a fool!"

—WINIFRED A. HUTCHISON,

A SABBATH DAY IN ZION.

NOT the old Zion upon which the dawn breaks over Olivet, but the new Zion which takes the sun over the peaks of the Wahsatch. For in this New World, and in the New West of this New World, we have a sacred city, with its religious hierarchy, its tabernacle and its temple.



SALT LAKE CITY.
Tabernacle on the left.

It was on a Sabbath morning in September that we stepped off the train of the Oregon Short Line to have our Sabbath rest and to worship with the Mormons in Salt Lake City. At day-break we had passed through a rocky canyon beside a rushing mountain stream, and had seen the irrigation ditch, at first cut out of the solid rock, later open out on the level plain, there to wake the desert into life. So southward past Ogden. Then, beyond a level of glistening white alkali, over which a hungry looking coyote was skurrying with backward glance at the passing train, away on our right we had seen the deep blue of Great Salt Lake; and on our left the bare brown mountain side, marked with terrace after terrace that indicated the former levels of the inland sea. We had seen all this under the cloudless morning sky, and had felt that at last we were in Utah. And now we found ourselves in the Jerusalem of the Mormons, the river Jordan just west of the city, and the Salt Sea about sixteen miles to the north-west.

With some difficulty we escaped from an attentive hack driver (a pestiferous hackman could surely find a more fitting place to ply his trade than on the streets of Zion!) Then up the dusty street we sauntered, toward the central part of the city. How dry everything looked! Powdery dust on the fences and on the leaves of the trees. A steady cloudless sun pouring down on buildings and people.

We soon learned there would be no service in the Tabernacle before the afternoon, so we went in the forenoon to the Methodist Church.

In the business part of the city there was wanting the grateful shade and dark greenness that the trees had given to the residential portion. The sun beat down on brick walls and asphalt pavements. Only along the sides of the principal streets ran little streams of clear cold water, just where the refuse gathers on our Toronto pavements. Over to the east the slopes of the Wahsatch looked

parched and bare. At noon, in the restaurant, we heard someone say that they had had no rain for four months and that City Creek, which flows down from the mountains and supplies the city with water, was getting low.

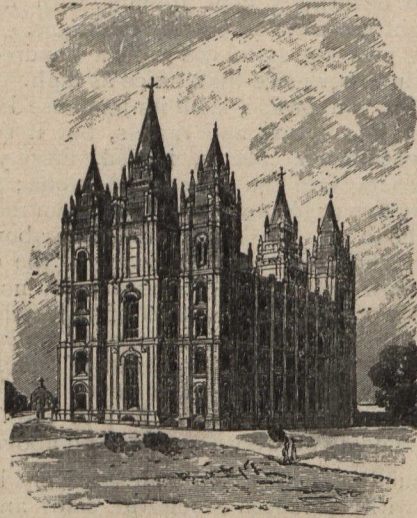
An hour or so before the time for service in the Tabernacle we set out for the Temple square. We needed no guide, for it is easy for one to find his way in Salt Lake. All the streets are numbered from the Temple; so if one is at the corner of Eleventh West St. and Seventh South St. he knows that he is eleven blocks west and seven blocks south of the Temple. Rather a convenient way of naming streets to be sure; yet one is relieved to think that the streets are not so arithmetically named in Old Jerusalem. Then the streets are so broad and so mathematically laid out, straight north and south or straight east and west and just so far apart all of them, that one has always a sense of the newness of the place that is incongruous with the name of Zion. The very square in which the Tabernacle and Temple are built is not called by Salt Lake people the Temple enclosure, though it is surrounded by a high brick wall, nor even the Temple Square, but it is called the "Temple Block" as if to emphasize the American—not to say Western American—character of the city.

There are gateways on all four sides of the Temple Block and through one of them we entered and found ourselves in beautifully kept grounds, with fresh lawns, beds of bright flowers, and playing fountains. The temple is a massive pile of granite, the walls a hundred feet high and the main tower more than twice as high. It is grand, magnificent if you please, with its immense height rising at either end into towers and turrets, but it scarcely fills one with veneration. It is, indeed, fifty years since Brigham Young laid the foundation stone; but it was finished only five or six years ago, and from the clean cut granite of the towers to the gilt inscription above the main entrance it looks new. Perhaps owing to the dry climate the stones show no weathered appearance, none of their corners are worn off, the outlines of the building are all hard and regular. The Temple is open only to faithful members of the church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints; its sacred precincts have never been defiled by tread of "Gentile" foot, so we turned to the Tabernacle, the immense dome of whose roof showed above the trees.

This building is long and comparatively low, oval in shape and with entrances along the sides and one end. We entered by one of the side doors near the front. It was not yet two o'clock and we had time to look about us. The most striking thing about the interior of the Tabernacle is its immensity; over two hundred feet long and more than one hundred feet wide, it is by far the largest audience room I have ever seen, and looking back that afternoon on rank after rank of seats stretching away to the rear with no pillars to obstruct the vision, and up at the roof, whose great arch rose with broad sweep from the two side walls, we found it easy to believe that the Tabernacle will seat, as the Mormons say, twelve thousand people. There were, however, not more than three thousand there that afternoon. They came thronging in through the doorways at the sides and rear and filled up the seats near the front. There were three pulpits, one behind and above the other, and behind each of these an elegantly upholstered seat. These seats were occupied by church officials and the speakers for the day. The chief dignitaries of the church sat in the highest seat; younger and less important men sat in the lower seats and spoke from the lower pulpits. An old man with long white hair and beard who sat behind the upper pulpit we took to be one of the twelve apostles; we learned afterward that he was, indeed, the president of the church. Behind the pulpits were the organ and the choir. Mormons are justly

proud of both. The organ is said to be one of the finest in America. Its appearance, with the word UTAH, in large gilt letters across its front, was certainly striking. The choir had not its full strength that afternoon, as one could see by the vacant seats; but when the great organ sounded forth and the three-hundred and fifty voices of the choir joined in the opening hymn, it was a revelation to me as to the volume and power of chorus music. During the singing of this hymn, and again when the choir sang an anthem, the music seemed to surround and take possession of the listener.

After prayer had been offered by an old man with a thin, weak voice, a young man rose behind one of the lower pulpits to speak to the people. He proved to be a young "elder" who had been doing missionary work in Texas. He was born, he said, "beneath the shades of Zion." When he reached young manhood he was "ordained to the Melchizedek priesthood of the Most High God," and went forth to bear his testimony concerning the Bible and "the words of the prophet Joseph Smith." Mormons believed in the Bible but they believed that a later and fuller revelation had been given by God to man through Joseph Smith. This young man was evidently in



THE TEMPLE.

earnest and commanded our respect. Moreover, aside from a few peculiar expressions such as I have given, his sermon or address would not have seemed strange to an Ontario audience.

The second speaker was rather prosy and we had an opportunity to take notice of our fellow-worshippers. We were at once impressed by the number of old men and women in the congregation. One expects to see only an occasional gray head in looking over a western audience, but here were many, especially towards the front. These were the fathers and mothers of the church, men and women who must have toiled across the plains from Ohio and Illinois with the great migration of more than fifty years ago. They didn't look, as they sat with eyes intent on the speaker, quite so modern as did the stylish young women and spruce young men of the choir. Some of them looked even a little absurd. On our right, for example, was an old man who had his hair done up in a little knob on the back of his head and tied with a piece of grocer's wrapping twine; and on our left was a somewhat younger man, who apparently had his hair cut

in the good old-fashioned way, by placing a bowl over his head and having the scissors run around the edge. But withal, on the faces of these older people there was a look that told of the discipline of hard pioneer life, and the sturdy manhood and womanhood that faced desert and mountain pass, wild beast and wilder man, in quest of the new Canaan.

The third speaker, a white-haired, white-bearded man, known throughout America as the most forceful man in the Mormon church, told us of the early days in Utah, when bolts and locks were neither used nor needed. He appealed to us not to judge the Mormons from prejudice, but to judge them by their lives. Then more music and prayer and the service was over.

The audience melted away and we passed out into the afternoon sunlight. The sun was now sinking toward the Western mountains, and soon we wandered down to the depot, there, in the early twilight, to board the Rio Grande western train that was to take us another twenty-four hours' journey—my friends toward their old home in Indiana, and me toward my college home in Toronto. Many of the romantic illusions that had been in my mind from boyhood about the Mormons and their city had been dispelled. Mormons were, after all, much like other folks—looked like them, talked like them, sang like them, prayed like them, and their city was much like other cities. Yet the human interest of the discovery more than recompensed me for the loss of a romantic interest in a strange people who lived in a far away city by the great inland sea of the far west.

N. F. COLEMAN.

SPECIALIZATION.

"YES, my dear, it is the surest way to make men less selfish, more broadminded and tolerant," said Professor Burnett, looking up from an engrossing article in the *Morning Post* on "Specialization," and continuing to stir his coffee in a meditative fashion.

"Yes, dear," amiably acquiesced his young wife from behind the coffee urn, "but don't you think we might have some bacon in the meantime?"

But the question remained unanswered, and Mrs. Burnett gazed pensively at the bacon while the professor resumed his discourse with an ever-increasing enthusiasm which entirely forbade any further attempt at checking his flow of eloquence by a suggestion of mere human wants.

"Yes, broaden a man's intellectual field, and you broaden his sympathies. It is a necessary—an inevitable result! Why, my dear, just take a university course for example."

"If a man on entering on his university career makes up his mind to 'specialize' as they say, that is, directs all his energies into one channel, practically to the exclusion of any idea of a general culture, at the end of his course we find him a man of culture, so-called; perhaps indeed a man of genius in his own line, but without that general knowledge that serves as a mental balance, as it were, and a man dependent almost entirely on the encyclopedia for general information.

"On the other hand, of course, it may be urged that a general course, while giving us an introduction to many fields of learning, necessarily is more or less superficial though its very comprehensiveness. There are many remedies for this evil, but the most practical, it seems to

me, is to lighten the work in the specializing course, and like American universities, give options in all the departments so that we may broaden as well as deepen our knowledge.

"Liberal education!" went on the Professor, referring with something like a snort to a certain conspicuous headline; "ay, liberal in comparison with Mediaeval Darkness, truly, but how much *does* the phrase mean for us?"

"We attend a few lectures in psychology and conclude we have found the key of the universe! We scrape up a bowing acquaintance with Livy, and some few hundred lines of the 'Odyssey' serve to put us on an intimate footing with Homer! We read our Addison and feel competent to pass mature judgment on things in general; and our Burke, and talk with exquisite appreciation of that intricate mass of detail, the British Constitution!"

"And why? Why are we thus entirely unable to grasp, nay even to get a faint inkling of things *in toto*, and to realize our own childlike, dwarf-like attitude towards the whole?"

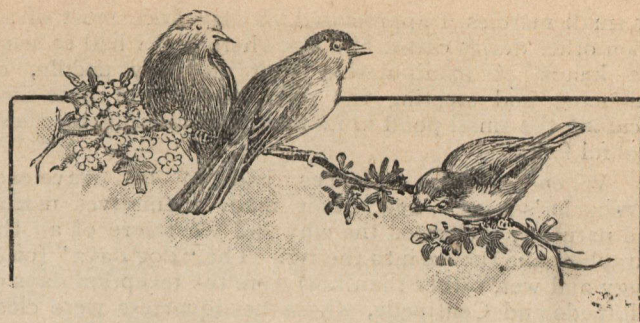
"Why do our mental pictures get so out of focus, and ourselves so out of perspective? Is it not because we develop certain of our faculties to the exclusion of certain others, till we develop an intellectual squint, as it were; our perspective becomes sadly disturbed, and while we see some trifling detail rendered striking to our perverted gaze by this abnormal one-sided development, we fail entirely to appreciate the perfect symmetry of outline of the study?"

As Professor Burnett here glanced up for a moment, half expecting an answer to the knotty problem, he saw his wife's glance still pensively fixed on the dish before him. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the fact that his last unanswerable question had remained unanswered, but certain it is he came down suddenly to earth, down from his height of eloquence to the level of privileged, fault-finding man.

"Good Lord, Amelia, what's this?" "Bacon" came faintly from behind the teacups; and as the Professor continued to chase the dark, dry chips somewhat contemptuously round the dish with the spoon, the meek voice continued deprecatingly:

"I really thought I knew how to cook it, dear; they taught us how at the cooking school just last Wednesday"—(the Professor looked more or less sceptical). "But," as a rush of memory suddenly overwhelmed her, "I believe I forgot to butter the pan! You see, I was thinking over what you said the other day about people taking an interest in everything so as to become broader-minded, and I thought I would join the Women's Reading Club, and it met that day right after the cooking school, and on my way there I had to drop in at the Mothers' Meeting at the church to discuss Mrs. Benedict's new motion of sending striped calico to the Chinese mission instead of those hideous checks, so as to educate their tastes, you know, poor things! And then when I got to the Club, Mrs. Skragger gave *such* an interesting address on the 'Early Customs—or Costumes, I don't quite remember which—of the North American Indians,' so that I quite forgot the recipe for frying the bacon, and (the Professor looked quite credulous) I really didn't think of it again until this morning, and then I couldn't remember it *exactly*."

And Professor Burnett left his breakfast table that morning a sadder, but infinitely wiser man, and despite all his preconceived theories to the contrary, he is now stanch in his belief, that to do one thing and do it well, is perhaps the best maxim after all.—W. A. H.



SWALLOWGIZING.

IN accordance with the requirements set forth in a rather formidable looking catalogue, this would-be naturalist spent many a long summer hour hunting bugs and things, or, in the small boy's language, "Swallowgizing." It was, in fact, the process of finding a more or less suitable animal for each long-nobbed name, of visiting him at his home in order to become familiar with his way of doing things, his daily menu and other domestic matters, and of carrying off his brother to return their hospitality, but alas, in a much less cordial manner.

'Way down in Maine, in a quiet little seaside place, it was, where many of the researches in question were carried on, and altho' twentieth century naturalists will not be greatly enlightened thereby, the aforementioned Small Boy & Co. will not soon forget their expeditions "Salamander" hunting.

As the landlady and daughter seemed to have objections to my visitors, I had to find comfortable quarters for them in pint bottles of formaldehyde [$\text{CH}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$. one to thirty-nine parts of water] arrayed in a shady corner of the veranda. Fortunately for me other people had made similar investigations before, and very kindly published them for the benefit of the ignorant; accordingly, before rooting out such visiting appurtenances as rubber boots, long-handled leaky dippers, a pail and a lens (if you belong with "the ignorant"), you must first consult some authority as to your friends' addresses, reception hours, etc. This is done to best advantage when the small boys are away whittling a new dipper handle for your dipper. Spread everything out on the grass before attempting to take your departure, and think of all the things you could possibly need, as you may not have sufficient inducements to suit your hosts' tastes. And one other bit of advice: make out a list of the friends you wish to visit; of course matters are simplified if they live in the same pond or river.

One useful book informed me that such folks as Water-beetle, the Leeches, their friends the Snails (at least those with whom a moist climate agrees), and others made it their custom in the summer to retire to some cool, slimy pond; Crayfish and the Mussels prefer the gayer life of the river; while the energetic Salamanders spend part of their time visiting the Leeches, and the rest in a quiet shaded dell near a stream.

Primed with such information, we betook ourselves to a large lily-pond, and "Billy," the favored on this occasion, was delighted to drag a flat-bottomed punt from its hiding-place and convey me by means of a so-called paddle—closely resembling a spade—to the desired locality. Billy of course had many things to learn, and considered white water-lilies of far more interest than my friends; hence my plans and wily manoeuvres were frequently disturbed by his violent attempts to gather "big fellows." Thankful

for small mercies, I appreciated his assistance most of all when other duties called him elsewhere, and I had to learn the knack of manipulating that unwieldy paddle, of balancing and steering the punt, and at the same time escaping the small pond in its floor and chasing up these bashful folk.

When greater distances had to be traversed, "Wheeler's hoss" and driver made themselves useful, and naturally requested the why and wherefore of all the paraphernalia tucked into the rig. The "dog days" (cold, foggy and wet, rather than hot) were the reception days of Millipede and Centipede, whose headquarters were close by a haunted house, but nevertheless hard to reach, as great rotten logs, stones, and boards had to be lifted to disclose their front door. On such an occasion I would advise you to wear very old clothes and rubber boots; these people are too much engrossed to take note of your visiting costume. The cellar of the house being damp and dark, it was chosen as a place of abode of our gay little Newt, who had forsaken the watery scenes of his childhood.

The honest fishermen, busy with their laborious clam-digging, were occasionally surprised by a request for "just one," and for information as to the whereabouts of Shrimp, Starfish, Urchin, and their friends. One becomes quite expert, in such quests, in adhering in a stooping posture to a slippery rock covered with sea-weed, while plunging the arm into the fascinating little pools near by. The shrimps you will find are of a retiring nature; Starfish and Urchin do not object to tours of investigation, provided your pail is interesting; on the other hand, you must show firmness in your dealing with Anemone, as he much prefers his quiet retreat attached to the rock, hidden by masses of sea-weed.

One day Billy undertook to escort me to the far shore of the "pond," a body of stagnant water said to cover 20 acres. Numerous inquiries finally led us thro' the back gate of a large farm, then down through the boggy domains of Mother Goose, along winding ways thro' the densest woods we had ever seen, and finally down a steep path into a very strange little place. It was evidently a covert for the sportsmen, as the thick roof and walls were built of branches tangled so as to hold together, and it looked over the lake which was frequented by ducks in season. Two old sportsmen were enjoying their pipes in front of the little hut, and were vastly amused on hearing of the game we hunted. Still another pond was ransacked that day, and on the way there we trespassed on the property of the pitcher plant, whose wiles we knew of, and so were not entrapped, altho' some of its friends joined our pilgrimage.

When good roads led to our destination, the pail was strapped to our wheels; these valiant steeds did not object to resting by the roadside while we wandered along the river bank, breaking our backs in attempts to secure Mussels, Snails and Crayfish from under the rocks. Of course the student of any subject has difficulties to surmount, and my chief one was in identifying the animals when once procured; on their names hung the stupendous question as to whether they were the prescribed creatures. This was just one; the others are innumerable. Billy used to weary of the same old complaint that the long searched shell contained nothing but mud.

If you are tempted any summer to undertake such a collection, I shall be glad to furnish any further information; and for your encouragement would say that the way to learn of these as well as other things, is to do them yourself.

NATURALIST.

THE CASE OF BROWN.

SMITH and Jones were two fourth year men who had been chums all through their college course. They now slept in the same room in Residence, and had a second room across the hall fitted up as a study and den. The walls of the latter were hung with all sorts of signs, stolen from a hundred shops on the Hallowe'ens of the past four years.

Over the hearth, in which a soft-coal fire was roaring, was a placard which read: "Scarlet Fever Here"; above this a painted board told you that, "We use only one cow's milk"; while the walls teemed with references to liver pills and spring medicines.

Smith, who had been curled up in a chair with his feet to the grate, imagining that he was studying, suddenly flung Jones' Synopsis of de Tocqueville on the table, and said, "Quit writing, you plug; that essay 'll do to-morrow. I don't see what good those essays are anyhow—we can't tell them anything they don't know already."

"But that's not why they make us write them; it's because—"

"If you keep on, you'll soon be as much of a stick as 'Wooden' Brown."

"What a block Brown is," agreed Jones, submissively drawing his chair up to the fire. "He's always putting his foot in it; and yet the poor beggar means well. I don't understand what Miss Troop sees in him."

"Why, that reminds me," remarked Smith, "I heard quite a bit of news about him to-day. Brown can't be so slow after all. Billy Dickson told me just this morning that 'Wooden' had proposed to Miss Troop, and she has accepted him. I've no idea how Billy found it out."

"Well, I never thought she'd take him in the end. I don't see how he ever had sand enough to come to the point."

"It must have been a queer scene. I'd like to know how he acted," chuckled Smith—"What's that, someone coming up the stairs, eh? I wonder who it is at this time of night?"

A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," shouted Smith.

The door opened.

"Well, I'll be hanged, if it isn't 'Wooden' himself, sit down, give me your hand. I hear you're to be congratulated."

Brown, a tall, pale fellow with a long nose, far away eyes, and a stoop, silently sank into a chair and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"What's the matter, 'Wooden,' not unwell, I hope, are you?" asked Jones, kindly.



"The responsibilities of his new position are making themselves felt," observed the sympathetic Smith, looking critically at his glum-faced guest. "Let me feel your pulse."

He held Brown's wrist for a moment.

"The beat indicates very low vitality. I would say that the patient's system had recently undergone a severe shock," concluded Smith with great gravity.

"Quit your fooling, Smiddy, and let 'Wooden' talk. Now, Brown, old man, tell us what's wrong."

"If I didn't know you fellows so well, I wouldn't tell you what I'm going to," began Brown, "but I trust you not to let out on me—you'll promise, won't you?"

Smith and Jones both nodded.

Brown paused and did not seem to know where to commence.

"It's about Miss Troop," at last he blurted out with a rush.

"You are a lucky beggar, but I wouldn't look so blue if I were in your shoes," broke in Smith.

The corners of Brown's mouth twitched and he looked bluer than ever.

"You may have noticed," he went on at last, "that I have been showing some attention to Miss Troop lately—"

"Well, yes," interrupted Smith, "it is safe to say it was noticeable."

"Anyhow," resumed Brown, after another long sigh and a woebegone glare into the fire, "she seemed to be able to put up with my company. I may not be so clever as some other fellows, but at any rate I'm not fast."

"No, no one could fairly charge you with that, Brown," assented Smith.

"Miss Troop told me one day that there was nothing she hated so much as a fast man—"

"It is no wonder she fell in love with you, then."

"I don't just see what you mean."

"It doesn't matter; the long and short of it is that you proposed and were accepted."

"Yes, I did, and it all happened last night, but—"

Here Brown stopped and could say nothing more. He swallowed down a great gulp or two and tried to speak, but his voice went off in a squeak.

"Well, you are the most original lover I ever saw," remarked Smith, with deep interest.

"Shut up, Smith; let Brown go on, can't you?" said Jones, who saw Brown was in real distress. "What has happened, old man?" he asked, turning to Brown.

"Well, I went back to see Alice to-night, and was shown into the drawing room. In a minute she came down. Almost before I could speak she said she was going to ask me to release her from her promise of the evening before; she was afraid she had mistaken her feelings, and a lot more like that. I couldn't hear half she said. The first thing I knew I was back in my room, and now I'm here, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Sudden change of part," observed Jones.

"There must be some reason," murmured Smith.

"I'm certain I didn't offend her," Brown went on, adding: "I never fell out with anybody all my life."

"I don't think you could," thought Smith. "Maybe that's what's the matter. I'll bet she's found him out, that he was a regular stick. I wonder how she discovered it?"

"Brown," said Smith aloud, "You didn't bother her with too many messages to-day, did you?"

"No, none at all, I was afraid of going it too hard."

"Then, reflected Smith, it must have been before he left last night that the mischief was done. I wonder what he did, or perhaps didn't do? Dollars to doughnuts it was the latter!"

"I say, Brown, after you had proposed, offered her your hand and that sort of thing, you know, and she had accepted, what did you do?—you weren't too—er—sweet on her, were you—didn't overdo the—I mean the affectionate and sentimental part, did you?"

"No," replied Brown eagerly, "I was awfully careful about that. We were on the sofa, and after she accepted me, I just sat quietly by her side. I felt awfully awkward, and couldn't think of anything suitable to say, so bye-and-bye thought I had better go, and I said good-night."

"And that was all? You—you didn't do anything else?" asked Smith with a break in his voice.

"No, I just sat beside her with my hands in my pockets, and since I couldn't think of anything to talk about, said after a while that I had better be going now. I knew she would respect me all the more for leaving out the vulgar—what you call the affectionate part, and then when I went back to-night—"

At this point Smith could hold back no longer. He burst out into a laugh, mad, uncontrollable, rib-stretching.

In a moment it all dawned on Jones, and in spite of himself he broke down and laughed too.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Brown.

"Well, at any rate, you're not fast," gasped Smith.

W. A. R. KERR, '99.



BITS OF FUN.

"What do I get on that?" inquired the hungry-looking individual, as he tossed his overcoat on the counter of the pawn-shop. "You get some fresh paint on it," answered the pawn-broker, cheerily; "that counter has just been painted."

"Great Scott! Maria, what are you doing?" yelled Mr. Scribbler. "Those are my latest jokes that you threw into the stove. Get 'em out quick!" "I am no cat's-paw," said Mrs. Scribbler, scornfully, "to get your chestnuts out of the fire."

One of the features of the Mock Parliament was the pleasing variety of stove-pipe hats exhibited and the effect they had upon the wearers. The honorable members looked stately indeed, especially in the eyes of the modest freshmen and sophomores.

Whilst the President of the Senior year and his friend "Yacob" of the Govt. were wending their way to the House they were overtaken by a Freshie and a Soph.

Freshie—"Wonder who those gents are, Jim."

Soph—"Hold on! Let's go slow and hear what they're talking about."

Hereupon the sage Seniors assumed an air of dignity befitting the great, and began speaking of the militia and the formation of a Univ. corps.

Freshie—(In a hushed voice): "Oh! I know, that's General Hutton on the right. He's in the city to lecture to-morrow."

Soph—"And that's Minto with him. . . . Fine English accent! Yes, that's Minto."

Freshie—"Strapping fine shoulders of Hutton's, eh!"

Hereupon the humble hero-worshippers made a wide detour in passing His Excellency and his military friend, and disappeared in the shadows. History does not record their altered feelings, when at the commencement of proceedings in the House they recognized their illustrious friends in the only less illustrious honorable members!

The Varsity

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TORONTO, December 15th, 1899.

EDITORIAL.

IT was our purpose some time during the present term to have dealt with the matter of Canadian literature and the relation of our University to it. Some Canadian writers whom we expected to contribute to VARSITY in this connection, found it impossible to send in their contributions in time to enable us to deal with this question in the regular way, but it has been a satisfaction to find that, even where writers were unable to contribute at all, they expressed a strong interest, not only in our University, but in our paper.

This fact has suggested to us that something more than is done at present might be accomplished by our University in the recognition of Canadian writers. It may be claimed that this is not properly the function of a University, which is doubtless true to a considerable extent, still much can be accomplished in this direction with credit, we believe, to our University.

The fact is as lamentable as it is apparent that the great majority of Canadian writers have been, and are, obliged to seek a field for the play of their genius in the United States. Of course, if one is cosmopolitan enough in his views, there may not seem to be reason for complaint, but it is quite possible to be cosmopolitan to the cost of what is truly our just heritage. In the Christmas VARSITY will be found contributions by Canadians who are gaining, or have gained, distinction in the literary world of the United States, but to Canadian readers they are largely unknown. These writers by no means leave their native land by their own choice, but under constraint. They must seek the actual field of operation or else labor under almost insurmountable difficulties.

Now, it seems to us that much could be done by our University in this respect. Too often, we think, we wait until our men have gained distinction before we recognize them as writers of merit. Is it not the place of a University to preserve that sane and steady judgment which distinguishes the real from the unreal, the permanent

from the transient, the artistic from the commonplace? And if so, why should there not emanate from our University from time to time some fuller expression of appreciation, which it undoubtedly has? Why not make this one of the means of inspiring more of that public confidence of which we seem to have at least not a surfeit?

We have merely suggested this question, but we hope that it is one about which all University men are concerned, and in which they will later manifest an interest which will prove productive of good results.



MR. MABIE'S ARTICLE.

IT is not often that the columns of a college journal are graced by an article from the pen of such an able writer as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. As associate editor of the New York "Outlook," Mr. Mabie not only satisfies but invigorates what is probably the most critical reading constituency in America; and by his books he has deservedly gained a high place, both in America and England, among the ranks of literary critics.

Mr. Mabie has a conception of literature which comes as a revelation to the majority of readers; it is not a conception based on ideas alone, but on sympathetic appreciation of all good in life.

"Literature," he says, "is no product of artifice or mechanism; it is a natural growth, its roots are in the heart of man, it is the voice of man's needs and sufferings and hopes." "The measure of a man's power is not to be found in any special gift, but in the depth and richness of his own personality. In its noblest forms literature is essentially a harmonious expression; a man's nature is not broken up into fragments, it expresses itself as a unit. I don't believe a man can be fundamentally bad in his dealings with the life about him, and continuously sound in his creative activity. I think that greatness and continuity of production in art depend on the soundness of a man's relation to life."

His conception of culture, too, in its relation to all life, will come as a revelation to many college men:

"The process of culture," he says, "is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit by conforming to the laws of its own growth; and the result is a broad, rich, free human life. Culture is never quantity, it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired, it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation, it is always a result of growth. That which characterizes the man of culture is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature."

To attempt, however, to give even a bare outline of the ground covered in Mr. Mabie's essays would be futile. They must be read to be appreciated. They contain a message which marks itself as so distinctly suitable for students that we know of nothing with which it might be

compared. It is possible that it might come from another source, but it would be impossible to find it more pleasingly expressed or with greater literary charm.

We are pleased, therefore, to be able to announce that, through the generosity of Messrs. George N. Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto, the Canadian publishers for Mr. Mabie, we are able to bring these books directly under the students' attention. Mr. Morang has kindly furnished us with a set of Mr. Mabie's works (nine volumes), and, with the kind permission of our librarian, these have been temporarily placed in the library for examination by the students. They will be left in charge of the clerk at the desk only for a limited period of time, and every student is urged to examine them at the earliest opportunity.

By this arrangement we hope that an inestimable benefit will accrue to the student body at large. Mr. Mabie's article will be a foretaste of his books; we trust it may lead very many to examine his writings, and when this is done it will be the exceptional student, we believe, who will not find a satisfying element, for these essays contain something for *every student*, and no one who is anxious to seize upon the best when it is at hand, can afford to neglect this opportunity.



CHRISTMAS VARSITY.

A Joyful Christmas and a New Year of Happiness to all readers and friends of Varsity!

With this number, which we hope may find acceptance at our readers' hands, VARSITY ceases to be published for this term. We are greatly pleased to be able to publish poems and articles from such writers as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, Dr. MacVannel, Dr. G. M. Milligan, Prof. McCurdy, Mr. W. Libby, Mr. W. A. Fraser, Miss Joanna E. Wood, Mr. W. A. R. Kerr, Miss Wright and others. Photographs for the making of some of the cuts were kindly loaned to VARSITY by Mr. C. D. Creighton, B.A.

After the publication of this number of VARSITY, the present Editor vacates the editorial chair. The work has been unusually heavy this year, but it has been far from devoid of pleasure. Much that we would have done we were unable to accomplish, and we thank our readers for their kind consideration. To the editorial board and the business manager the Editor owes a debt of gratitude which it would be difficult indeed to repay, and however he may have concealed it, the Editor has not failed in his appreciation of the many kindnesses of which he has been the recipient at the hands of those in any way connected with VARSITY.

School of Practical Science

THE SPORTS.

In athletics this year our school has been remarkably successful. In everything in which the boys participated they have shown an amount of vim and stick-to-itiveness that has been very noticeable. In addition to the fact that we have made a splendid showing in all events in which we took part, we hold very proudly as trophies, the "Faculty" and "Mulock" cups, won respectively in Association and Rugby football, and we feel sure that the "Jennings" cup in hockey will also stand with these.

In October we organised our association football team with the following officers: Honorary president, C. H. C. Wright; president, G. Revell; secretary-treasurer, S. E. M. Henderson; captain, F. C. Jackson; third year representative, C. H. Fullerton; second year representative, R. H. Barrett; first year representative, W. Campbell.

Under Capt. Jackson the team developed some very fast combination playing, which accounts very much for the success attained. The following shows the games and goals:

With Knox the score was tie, each scoring one goal. The first game with Varsity was also tie, each scoring one goal. With Trinity S. P. S., won by default. The second game with Varsity brought victory to the school, the score being one to nil.

This put the boys from the school the victors in their series, with the Dents to conquer and the cup would be ours. This was accomplished after a hard-fought game, which was a very fine exhibition of football, the score standing two to zero at the end of time.

The men who comprise this team are: F. C. Jackson, of the '01 class, who captained the team and played right wing, coming from the town of Seaforth, where he has played on the leading teams of that town, among which might be noted the championship team, "The Hurons." He weighs 135 lbs. and is 20 years of age.

H. H. Depew, '02, hails from the Ambitious City, but learnt the game at Ingersoll. He plays forward on the team, weighs 140 lbs., and is 19 years of age.

J. B. Heron, our star goal keeper, is also from the freshmen class; he is twenty years of age and weighs 138 lbs.; he comes from Scarboro Jct., where he first played the game with the V.V.V. team of that place.

F. R. Miller, who played an excellent game all through the season at full back, lives in Ingersoll, where he first went into the game with the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute. He weighs 140 lbs., is 21 years of age, and is in the '02 year.

W. Campbell, the stalwart full back, hails from the town of Mitchell, is a member of the '02 class, weighs 170 lbs., and is 25 years of age. He learnt the game (and learnt it well) at the Mitchell High School. He played on Varsity team last year.

R. H. Barrett, '01, who plays half back, lives in Essex, learnt the game at the Essex High School, is 23 years of age, and weighs 150 lbs.

J. A. Whelihan, our other half back; hails from St. Mary's, where he played with the "Beavers" of that place. He is 23 years of age, weighs 158 lbs., and belongs to the freshman class.

A. Taylor, or as he is known A. E. K. I. E., belongs to the Queen City, but learnt the game at Manitoba College, and played on the Cornell University lacrosse team. On our team he played on the left wing, belongs to the class of '00, weighs 169 lbs. and is 24 years of age. Mr. Taylor came to our school this year from Cornell University.

J. T. Broughton's home is in Harriston, where he played with the Harriston football team. He is a member of '01 class, is 22 years of age, weighs 138 lbs., and plays a splendid game at forward position.

E. Gibson, of the freshmen class, who plays left wing, hails from Ingersoll, where he learnt the game with the Ingersoll High School. He weighs 160 lbs. and is 22 years of age.

W. P. Brereton, our centre forward, is from Bethany, weighs 134 lbs., is 20 years of age, a member of '01 class, learnt the game at the S. P. S.

J. J. McKay, of Woodstock, plays half back, is a member of '02 class, weighs 115 lbs. (the lightest man on the team), is 23 years of age, and learnt the game at the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

Harry Boehmer, the fast centre forward, hails from Berlin, where he played with the "Rangers" of that place; he is 21 years of age, weighs 155 lbs., and belongs to '02 class.

In November we organized our Rugby team with the following officers: Honorary president, Prof. Galbraith; president, T. Burnside; secretary-treasurer and manager, G. Revell; third year representative, H. A. Dixon; second year representative, J. Fotheringham; first year representative, Isbester; captain, R. McArthur. The scores and games are as follows:

With the Jr. Medical team the score stood 8 to 0 in our favor when the time was up. With the Sr. Medical team the score was somewhat closer, being 8 to 2, the majority coming to the School.

With St. Michael's College the game was close and exciting. The boys from the School, however, won on a small margin, the tally standing 1 to nil when time was called.

The final and championship game for the cup was played with '02 Arts, and was the game of the season, the teams being very evenly matched. It was hard to choose the victors. However, the Science men after the first half played rather faster than their opponents, and changed the score, which was 2 to nothing against them, into a victory of 4 to 2 before time was called.

The members of this team are:

W. C. Douglas, of the freshmen class, who calls Toronto his home; he learnt the game at Toronto University, weighs 178 lbs., is 23 years of age, and plays centre. "Billie" is well known in connection with Varsity II. '98 and '99.

"Lexie" Isbester hails from Ottawa and is the heaviest man on the team, weighing 195 lbs. He learnt the game at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, and has played on Varsity III. in '97, and Varsity II. and I. in '99. He is 19 years of age and a member of '02 class.

G. W. Dickson, who plays a strong game at quarter scrimmage, also lives in Toronto, weighs 154 lbs., is 21 years of age and is a member of '00 class. "Dick" learnt the game at Harbord Collegiate Institute and with the Brampton athletic team.

A. L. McLennan, '01, is 20 years of age, weighs 165 lbs., plays inside wing, lives in the Queen City, and learnt the game at the School of Science.

J. Fotheringham, our left scrimmage man, hails from Rothsay, is 23 years of age, weighs 175 lbs., learnt the game at the School of Science, and is a member of the class of '01.

E. Gibson, who also played on the Association team, looked after the outside wing. He learnt the game at the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

J. M. Empey hails from Thamesford, plays scrimmage, is 25 years of age, weighs 180 lbs., is in '02 class, and learnt the game at the School.

W. McDonald, the plucky full back, comes from Toronto, weighs 135 lbs., is 20 years of age, is a member of '02 class, and learnt the game at Upper Canada College. He has also captained Varsity III.

A. G. Long, who plays half back, calls Toronto his home, learning the game at Upper Canada College. He is 19 years of age, weighs 140 lbs., and belongs to the freshman class.

W. Campbell, who also helped the association team to victory, plays middle wing, learning the game at the School.

C. Harvey, of Indian Head, plays centre wing on the scale, he tallies 168 lbs., is 25 years of age, a member of '01 class, and also learnt the game at the school.

W. R. W. Parsons lives in Toronto, learnt the game at Harbord Collegiate Institute, plays right wing, weighs 129 lbs., is 22 years of age, and a member of the freshmen class.

G. M. Bertram also lives in the Queen City, where he says he learnt the game some 12 years ago with a team called the Imperials. George is 19 years of age, weighs 150 lbs., plays half back, and is a member of '01 class.

G. A. Hunt, who looks after inside wing, hails from Galetta, Ont., weighs 184 lbs., is 26 years of age, a member of '01 class, and first played the game with the School team. He has also played on Varsity teams.

S. M. Thorne learnt the game at Port Hope. S.M.T. is 19 years of age, weighs 150 lbs., discharges his duties at outside wing, and is a member of the class of '00.

R. E. McArthur is 20 years of age, a member of '00 class, plays centre half, weighs 165 lbs., has played on Varsity teams in '97, '98 and '99. Mac calls Toronto his home, where he learnt the game at Jarvis Collegiate Institute.

Last but not least is T. Burnside, of Toronto, who learnt the game at the Toronto church school and Jarvis Collegiate Institute. He has played on the Lorne's intermediate championship team of '94; Varsity I, champions of Canada, '95; Varsity I., champions of Ontario, '96; Varsity I., '97, and was captain of Varsity I., '98. T. B. is a member of class '99, is 23 years of age, weighs 160 lbs., and takes the best of care over the right wing.

In the match for the "Caledonia Cup" between Western Ontario and University college teams, we had three of our men on the team, Jackson, Gibson and Campbell. The score stood three to one at the end of time, Jackson scoring two of the three goals.

In musical circles the School is up to the average, as we have a goodly number in our ranks who are either players or warblers.

The following are the names of the boys from the School who are members of the University Glee Club: P. H. Mitchell, '02; W. A. Gourly, '02; W. G. Chace, '01; F. R. Beaty, '01; J. L. R. Parsons, '01; W. F. Sheppard, '02; A. R. Campbell, '01.

Since the old cloak room and its "pushes" have been done away with, we have heard the following "scraps in the corridors": "When a certain freshman spins some recklessly exaggerated yarn, the whole first year exclaims: 'shuf-flies.'"

The College Girl



“*Chacun à son gout*” we say, but give me a cosy nook and a book-shelf with no hydra in the form of examinations to battle with and I shall be happy for a time. So we say now, but wait and see what the morrow will bring. Then no soothing, passive pleasure will satisfy; we shall be looking for small worlds to conquer and not be satisfied till we conquer them. Such was ever the inconstancy of woman’s desires and such will it ever be. But for the present, give me a book and I shall be happy. No doubt such desires appear to be the frivolous banalities of the weaker sex, but dire necessity ever urges. We must read and read and read. How else are we to attain that height of excellence that Sheridan pictures in the woman,

“Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,”
except by reading? Let me quote further to show to what perfection of character we must aspire.

Such too her talents and her bent of mind,
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined,
A taste for mirth by contemplation schooled,
A turn for ridicule, by candor ruled,
A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide,
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride.

Where could we better find ideals than in the masterpiece of the best writers.

So much for reading. As for the “cosy nook,” what also we can prove is the outcome of necessity, the mother of all things. It is really the result of the grasping propensities of man, hard as it is to say. Are women grasping? “The Lord made ’em to match the men,” who in the case under discussion have carried their passion to such an extent that no opportunity has been left for the exercise of the similar capacities of women. For women, I am persuaded, are but copies of men, and were they only in possession of the numberless pockets which are now denied them, having been appropriated by their manly exemplars, they would have no need of these cushioned havens and cosy nooks. Is it any wonder that they envy the blissful enjoyment of pockets? Consider the advantages of them. A man can sit himself down in a car (if he is fortunate enough to possess a seat) or in a railroad station—anywhere, indeed—bring forth from the hidden recesses of his coat a treasured volume, and compose himself comfortably to read. But see now the companion panel. It is a sad sight and we pass it by with reserve, grief gnawing at the heart. We see a worthy “female” enter a street car. She carries a leather bag that once it was the prerogative of men to carry, but now it has become the substitute for a pocket. Forth come books and papers and she begins to read. We turn, shuddering at the view.

The only refuge then, in our sorrow, is the lazy couch, and after all, perhaps it is the best. We turn the tables on our former superiors and demonstrate the advantages of our position. For one thing, I cannot believe that Lamb, or any other charming writer, ever had pockets. I am convinced, moreover, that he wrote all his essays in

reclining posture. Does he not admit, indeed, that coming into an inn at night, and having ordered your supper, there is nothing more delightful than to find, *lying in the window-seat*, some entertaining paper.

But soon will come the days when college girls can be like other mortals—a blissful, short two weeks—when we revel in a comparatively rare opportunity to do exactly as we please with our time without any conscience prickings about hastily scribbled Latin prose or lectures recklessly missed, while we search the shops for Christmas presents.

“Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.”

Truly it does, especially when the ‘port’ is represented by the aforesaid comfortable lounge before a bright grate fire, with plenty of enticing books to read, and a scrap of hastily prepared fancy work lying by, just to refute the popular fallacy that a college girl knows nothing beyond her own kingdom of books. Perhaps she may even penetrate into the sacred precincts of the kitchen at this jovial season, to share in the mysterious rites (essentially women’s!) inevitably connected with all well-made plum puddings, if only to prove to her unbelieving brother—or some other girl’s—that she is—strange anomaly!—a thoroughly domesticated college girl.

Did you ever meet a real live authoress? When I was young—but that’s long ago—I used to dream of the time when I should be an author. I had chosen that position as my vocation in life, and with the eye of vision I had seen myself projected into the future literary world. I was to be a huge electric light in the realm of literature, to lighten my less fortunate brethren through the devious pathways into the great expanse of fame beyond. Time has gone on since then, and the childish dreams have faded, as dreams have a fashion of doing, but there ever remained within the hidden recesses of my bosom the same indefinite desire to flood a heretofore unappreciative world with some of the jewels which would drop from my pen.

That day is past and gone, I have seen and talked with an authoress and, in my wildest imaginings, I never beheld myself as like unto her. So my hopes are shattered—I shall never be great. I shall not describe her personal appearance, for should any have aspirations such as I aforesaid had far be it from me to shatter hopes by any description. It is enough to say that those most jealous of her intellect could not have accused her of stepping out of a fashion plate.

She was writing—something, she told me, but she did not specify; and in order that she might permeate herself with the spirit of literature and poetry, she read and re-read her kindred spirits in the Art, who had gone before. And then at last the mighty spirit of the Muse would lay hold of her being and she, too, would bring forth gems of thought, whose sparkle all mankind might perceive if he would. Unfortunately, all mankind is apt to be of perverse mind.

In her travels she had been at the grave of one of the earliest poets of this century. “Do you know, my dear,” she said to me very earnestly, “I sat down by that grave and I cried like a baby.” I was constrained to explain after a moment’s confusion, which I covered with my handkerchief, that I was sometimes troubled with a twitching in my face, due to overwork of my mental faculties, which afflicted me at the most inopportune seasons. She was solicitous, and begged me to care for myself in order that I might some day be a credit to my generation.

After an animated discussion on the principles of Psychology, of which I knew nothing, she left me much

humbled in mind. I can never achieve greatness. I can only wait to have it thrust upon me.

* * * * *

"Last the best of all the game" is an old saying that came to mind the other night after the last meeting for the Christmas term of the Woman's Literary Society, though from this it is not to be inferred that the meetings are not always exceedingly good ones. The programme was excellent and well carried out, and one felt that the purposes of the Literary Society were being admirably fulfilled. The first part of the evening was devoted to an essay on the life and work of Robert Schumann, the great composer and musical critic, followed by some of his music, which was the more interesting for what had been read. The essay was written by Miss Amos, who gave a concise, but at the same time comprehensive account of his life and character without making it the mere catalogue of events into which so many biographical sketches degenerate. Miss Thompson played appreciatively "Warum," a very short composition but one that is distinctly characteristic of Schumann's style. The beautiful "Abendlied" for violin was played very charmingly by Miss Florence Thompson. The second part of the programme was begun with a recitation, "Hunting the Mouse" by Miss Gladys Cameron, which was received with every demonstration of delight. Miss Austin rendered an old Irish Folk-song very acceptably, and this was followed by a recitation in character by Miss Carrie Macdonald. The "character" was an old dame who had gone a visiting with the very laudable desire of cheering up her friends, but judging from her conversation, her visit must have had quite the opposite effect. Miss Macdonald sustained her part admirably and reduced her audience to a state bordering very closely on the tearful. The evening's instruction and entertainment ended with a short play. "A Home-made Chaperone" by E. B. Matthews, which also convulsed the audience. The plot of the play was briefly as follows:—A very eligible young gentleman was paying his addresses to one of the young ladies of the household, and was invited to dinner, but just before the dinner was to take place the parents were suddenly called away. The girls were not to be done out of their fun, so they made a figure of bolsters and clothes, and seated her at the table, introducing her as an aunt, whose extraordinary stiffness and silence made the young gentleman very nervous, and caused no end of mirth-provoking situations, till at last a chaperone was no longer necessary and the fraud was exposed. Miss Hutchison, Miss King and Miss Watt showed their well-known histrionic ability to advantage in their endeavors to make the "Home-made Chaperone" take the place of a "real live one," which Herculean task they accomplished to the satisfaction of all.

On Friday evening, December 8th, Mrs. Fletcher entertained a large number of students at her residence on University Crescent. Several of the members of the faculty were among the guests and a most enjoyable evening was spent with cards and music.

Miss Cummings has kindly sent the following account of Bryn Mawr:

In the midst of the undulating country of Pennsylvania, about eight miles from the city of Philadelphia, is situated the College of Bryn Mawr.

Five residence halls of grey stone, built in the style of the English colleges, skirt two sides of the campus. In the centre stands Taylor Hall, named in honor of the founder of the college, and containing the library, the lecture rooms, and the chapel. Dalton Hall is devoted to science and psychology. Pembroke Hall, the munificent

gift of one of the benefactors of the college, accommodates one hundred and twenty-five out of the four hundred students in residence. It is larger than the main building of Toronto University, and quite as beautiful in its architecture. Every hall has its own dining and reception rooms. The students' rooms are so arranged that one may have a choice of a single room or a suite, according to the fancy or the purse of the individual.

Fortunately for Bryn Mawr, the affection and interest of her students and patrons find expression in such tangible forms as the gift of a rare work of art, the founding of a scholarship, or the erection of a magnificent building.

A well-equipped gymnasium and a fine athletic field give plenty of opportunity for the physical development which has so wisely become a prominent feature of American student life.

The College provides for the comfort of the students in every particular, even maintaining a hospital with trained nurses in constant attendance.

Although Bryn Mawr has been established only thirteen years, the progressive policy of its president and the special advantages which it affords graduate students have already placed it in the foremost rank of American Colleges.

Miss Thomas, a graduate of Cornell with a doctor's degree from Zurich, is fully qualified to deal with every phase of student life, and ably fills her responsible position as president of a great institution.

Bryn Mawr shows no partiality towards her own students in the bestowal of her fellowships and scholarships, but generously opens the competition for them to the graduates of any college. Even far-distant Japan has a representative in her halls. Outside of the academic work, the students are not subject to any rule imposed by faculty or president, but are controlled solely by the Students' Association for self government, which regulates all matters of conduct relating to college life, and has even the power of suspension and expulsion. This association has an executive board of five members and a large advisory board, elected from the classes and graduates. It appoints proctors in each hall to enforce the carrying out of all its regulations. The congregating together of so many congenial spirits ensures an atmosphere of happy friendliness and merriment in the residence halls. Several hours of each day are devoted to vigorous out-door exercise, or to the social side of college life, but even the most serious student finds ample time for work, as absolute quiet is enforced in the halls during the eight hours apportioned to study. The College endeavors to stimulate the students towards a broader life, by securing eminent lecturers and artists for its entertainments. Several fine concerts, such as one by the Kneisel Quartette, or a piano recital by Aus der Ohe, are given in the gymnasium; and almost every week brings some celebrated man—for example, Ian MacLaren, Zangwill, Bruntière—to lecture on literature, philosophy, or science, under the auspices of one of the numerous clubs. A great city like Philadelphia offers during the winter many opportunities for culture, and these are easily available owing to the frequent suburban train service.

Altogether, Bryn Mawr with its imposing ivy-clad buildings of grey stone situated in a beautiful country, its crowds of joyous students, its vigorous academic life, and its atmosphere of broad culture, is capable of arousing even in the student of a distant Alma Mater, the sentiment expressed in the College hymn

"We, thy daughters, would thy vestals be,
Thy torch to consecrate eternally."

LOUISE D. CUMMINGS.

The News

THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.

One of the most successful open meetings which the Literary and Scientific Society has ever held, took the form, last Friday evening, of a Mock Parliament. The appreciation with which the effort was received by the large audience which filled the gymnasium, was a proof of the continued popularity of these open meetings. The idea of an open Mock Parliament was unique in the history of the society, and its success augurs well for the success of all such meetings in the future.

Dr. Smale, the president, in a few words explained the object of the meeting and introduced the members of the house to the audience, expressing his belief that the hope of our country was in the undergraduate mind of the day, an opinion with which most of those present who heard the remarkably clever speeches will agree.

A patriotic vocal selection by Mr. C. E. Clarke, and the presentation by Mrs. McCurdy of the medals won at the athletic games on Oct. 13th, prefaced the opening of the first session of the thirteenth parliament of Canada.

Mr. T. A. Hunt, B.A., was elected speaker of the house, and throughout the session gave his decisions with the care and solemnity due to his difficult and honorable position.

The speech from the throne was moved and seconded by Messrs. J. A. Ross and George Robertson, in two neat speeches, and regular business then began.

The first bill brought before the house was moved and seconded by the leaders of the Government and Opposition respectively. It aimed at prohibiting the wearing of dress suits at University dinners, and at regulating the kind and amount of food, the dishes and cutlery required by the freshmen at such functions. This bill was read for the first time only pro forma.

Sir Frank E. Brown, the leader of the Opposition, strongly denounced, in a pointed speech, the incongruous policy of the Government, pointed out several fallacies in it, and tendered his sympathy because of their approaching downfall.

Sir Alf. N. Mitchell, the leader of the Government, energetically defended the policy of his party in sending a contingent to the war, and recommended the sending of a second. In a brief outline he ran over the items on the present Governmental programme, and pressed each home with an appropriate argument.

Hon. J. F. M. Stewart, in reply, claimed that the prosperity of Canada at the present time was due entirely to the former government of the present Opposition. He pointed out, in several instances, that certain planks advocated by the Government were stolen ones—quite consistent with their propensities in that direction.

The minister of finance, Hon. E. H. Cooper, spoke a few minutes upon the sound financial condition of the country, and corrected some erroneous impressions as to corruption in the Government. His speech was unfortunately punctuated by an occasional falling of a copper in his vicinity, a very forcible proof, according to the Opposition, of the bribery of his party.

The speeches of the other members of both parties were all so uniformly logical and eloquent, that no one in particular can claim special mention. All spoke well, and many timely jokes and humorous arguments were sprung upon the public. An amendment to the reply to the

speech was brought in by the Opposition and was carried. Amid the Opposition applause a motion was made to adjourn, and late in the evening the singing of the national anthem brought this most successful meeting to a close.

UNIVERSITY MILITIA.

The Toronto students are evidently very much in sympathy with General Hutton's scheme for reorganizing the Canadian militia and making it more effective for the defense of the country. The hall in the Students' Union was filled to overflowing on Saturday afternoon with Trinity med. and our own med. S. P. S. men and students in Arts, to hear General Hutton set forth his very moderate proposal to Toronto students. Everything he had to say was received with the most evident approval, and he has no doubt now that he will receive all that he wants of us.

Far from wishing to encourage a warlike spirit, he only claims that the money spent on our militia should be wisely spent and the militia made as effective as possible for the defense of the country should it unhappily ever need to be defended from a foreign foe. Fortunately this appears at present a very remote contingency, but a state of preparedness would only help to make assurance doubly sure. At present the Canadian militia is not on an effective, modern, army footing at all. It consists wholly of field and rifle companies, and contains no administrative departments at all; that is, no provision is made in its organization for mobilizing or feeding it, for giving it the necessary medical attention and care in war time, or for planning and constructing whatever works should be required in the field. In fact, it is just a number of regiments of fighting men, and General Hutton wishes to organize it into an army.

All this he explained on Saturday, and then said that he wished to organize, in the University of Toronto and Trinity University, a medical corps and an engineer corps. Other departments of the army might be recruited elsewhere, but he considered the universities the best places to raise these departments. Firstly, because in the universities men could be got with a good deal of the knowledge necessary for engineers and medical attendants; and secondly, because a more intense *esprit* could be expected in a corps raised all from one constituency. He said that he was also asking McGill University for a medical and an engineer corps.

There was evident among both students and members of the faculty the most enthusiastic desire to comply with General Hutton's request, so that he was moved to say that not only did he believe that two very strong corps could be raised in the university, but that if it was necessary he could raise a whole army right here.

General Neilson followed General Hutton, giving an account of the duties of the medical corps on the field of battle and its composition. Professor Baker then moved a vote of thanks to General Hutton in a few felicitous sentences, and Dr. Geikie seconded the motion.

No definite steps were taken at the meeting towards enlisting, but no doubt that will be commenced very soon and the University of Toronto and Trinity University will be represented in the militia of Canada by a bearer corps and an engineer corps.

SECOND MONDAY LECTURE.

Prof. A. B. McCallum's lecture on "The Nerve Cell and the Race" was a most interesting one. Intelligence has for its basis the nerve cell and its process. Changes and development, therefore, in this physical basis must be of vast importance from an educational and sociological standpoint. In the lowest animals, such as the amœba,

there are no special nerve elements. In higher, but yet lowly organized forms, such as hydra, the same cell performs the functions of both nerve and muscle. As we ascend the scale of animal existence, nerve cells are completely differentiated and multiplied. Communicating processes are developed between one nerve cell and another. The extremely intimate connection between nerve cells in man is effected by means of innumerable branches of the nerve cells called protoplasmic processes. The ends of these processes, from different cells, approach near to one another and form the connection between the adjacent cells. In proportion as these protoplasmic processes are numerously developed is the intellectuality of the individual type high. Examination of the brains of men who have died in different stages of alcoholic insanity, shows that this partial or total insanity is attended by a degeneration and disappearance of the finer communicating nerve processes. It has been found that prolonged activity produces changes in nerve cells, while extreme old age is found to bring about a shrinking of the nerve cells and a reduction in their number. Sleep may be explained by supposing that after fatigue the fine communicating twigs of the nerve cells are retracted, thus breaking the physical paths of communication necessary for the accomplishment of the mental processes.

Prof. McCallum opposes vigorously all the pessimistic views put forth regarding the future of our race, because they have a deteriorating effect and are untrue. It may be, he said, that a corresponding phenomenon may be observed in nation and race. After periods of great stimulation there seem always to follow periods and centuries of comparative decadence. These periods may be 200 years in the nation as they are 12 hours in the individual.

VARSAITY MEDS.' ANNUAL DINNER.

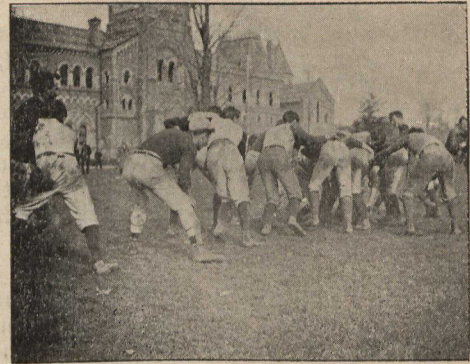
Seldom has a dinner been held in connection with the University of Toronto equal in every respect to that of the Toronto Meds. The way in which they all patronized it is ample evidence of its importance in the minds of both undergraduate and graduate medicos. Fully 350 sat down at the tables, which were arranged so that faculty and guests could be seen by the rest of the assembly. The speeches and toasts were excellent, but owing to the poor acoustical properties of the gymnasium, these were not so well heard as they deserved. Every preparation was made for the entertainment of guests and delegates, and certainly the committee of 1899-1900 are to be congratulated on the complete success of this year's dinner. The officers of the dinner were: Honorary president, A. Primrose, M.B.; president, A. J. McKenzie, B.A.; first vice, W.A. Cerswell; second vice, W. T. Wallace; treasurer, A. T. G. McDougall; honorary secretary, Edwin D. Carder, B.A.

CENTURY RECEPTION.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 9th, the senior year held their annual At Home in the east hall. The function was a decided success, being attended by over three hundred of the students and their friends. The special invitations had apparently two good effects—more came who were invited, and the numbers of ladies and gentlemen were more evenly matched. The executive of the century class are to be complimented on the success of their last class reception.

The cut of the University entrance and of the post and dragon of the eastern stairway, both of which appear in this issue, were made from photographs kindly loaned to VARSITY by Mr. C. D. Creighton, B.A., a Varsity graduate of '97.

The Sports



FINAL GAME OF MULOCK CUP SERIES.

Toikey oike, Toikey oike,
Allum T, Challum T, Chay;
School of Science, School of Science
Hooray, hooray, hooray.

This was the yell that was heard Friday, Dec. 8th, on the Bloor St. Athletic grounds, cheering the School of Science men on to victory over the Sophomores in the final match for the Mulock Cup.

Everything pointed to a good game. The weather was perfect, and men like McKenzie and Biggs on one side and Burnside, McArthur, Isbester and Douglas on the other made it certain that victory would only be gained after a desperate struggle. The game drew by far the largest crowd of any of the Mulock Cup games, and though some were naturally disappointed with the result, none could deny having seen an excellent and exciting game.

Play started about 3.30 with '02 kicking south. The kick-off carried the ball well into the Arts men's territory, but after a series of scrimmages an excellent run by Biggs and Patterson brought it well into S.P.S. ground, where it remained almost the whole of the first half.

During this half naughty two were awarded a great many free kicks, and from two of these McKenzie kicked the ball once over the dead line and once into touch in goal, leaving the score at the end of the first half 2-0 in favor of the Arts men.

The rest at half-time must have worked some miracle with the School men, for as soon as play was resumed they assumed the aggressive and it was only the excellent work of Biggs and the Sophomore back division that prevented a large score. In this half a kick into a touch by McHugh and a rouge and a kick over the deadline gave S.P.S. 4 points and the match. Only once in this half was the ball carried into school territory, and that was when Biggs made a splendid run, but the ball was soon carried back and the game ended with the School still pressing on the Arts men's line.

The teams lined up as follows:—

S.P.S.—*Back*, MacDonald; *Halves*, Burnside, McArthur, (captain), Thorne; *Quarter*, Dickson; *Scrimmage*, Fotheringham, Douglas, Isbester; *Wings*, Hunt, McLennan, Harvey, Campbell, Parsons, Taylor, Gibson.

'02.—*Back*, McHugh; *Halves*, Patterson, McKenzie, (captain), McDermott; *Quarter*, Biggs; *Scrimmage*, Stratton, Mullin, Hedley; *Wings*, Ingram, Dean, Smith, MacGregor, Smith, Martin, Brodie; *Referee*, J. L. Counsell; *Umpire*, E. N. Armour; *Touch line*, N. R. Beal, R. B. Fudger.

Varsity Athletics.

I gladly accede to the request of the Editor that I should write a few words for the Christmas number of VARSITY on our college sports. The occasion is appropriate since, after a remarkably open season, every thing in the way of out-door play is over for the year except hockey, which, with a good send-off at Christmas, has the winter all to itself. If in this hasty review of our athletics I should seem to be a little critical here and there no alarm need be taken. Nobody will be put off the field, though as a matter of warning some may be sent to the fence for a brief meditation. Anyone who would deny that this has been a good year for athletics in Toronto must be sadly out of condition—at least in a moral sense. There has been good feeling on the part of those who engaged in the various lines of play, as well as on the part of those interested guardians and friends of truth who share in the moral responsibility for the success of college sports. The mention of the latter class suggests a remark, in passing, as to the practical cessation of criticism of college athletics all over the American continent. We had been used for years to the scoldings and waggings and writings of censorious editors and timid educationists who had either lost the spirit of truth, or perchance never had any, and who apprehended the decay of learning and the physical as well as mental break-down of most of the present generation of students. Now even the humorous paragrapher has dropped the theme and accepted the situation, yet foot-ball, once reputed to be more dangerous than a military campaign, is played more than ever in school and college. The explanation is that vigorous college sport has proved itself to be a necessity, not only for the expression of youthful energy, but also for its due control, direction and development. Its exponents have also shown that they can be trusted to keep it from becoming scandalous and unruly. The fact is that it is such a natural, wholesome and human occupation, that all excessive abuse works out its own case in the great body academic. Add to this that in nearly all colleges a hearty and systematic co-operation between the students and the faculties has resulted in an increased sense of responsibility on the one side and enlarged sympathy and confidence on the other.

As to our own experience during the year some of the clubs seem deserving of special congratulations. The Tennis Club is not only paying its way but has made a specially brilliant record both in the City League and in its two successful tournaments. A conspicuous triumph of the year has been made in Association Foot-ball. The Inter-College League played a succession of interesting and well-contested games, of which the closing match between the School of Science and the Dentals was among the best seen on the Trinity grounds in many years; and the victory of the selected College eleven over the Western Association only emphasizes the assurance that there is among us a distinct revival of interest in this grand old game; only one thing seems needed to make it a real rival of Rugby in the public favor. I mean a reform in the system of scoring. That only goals should count for points is, on the face of it, a misinterpretation of the object of foot ball generally and an injustice to the players, besides its results are indecisive. A very large proportion of the games end in ties, and of the rest another large proportion are every season decided in favor of inferior teams on very small total scores. Association leaders everywhere, however, seem to think that the game has long ago reached perfection, and even the prospect of enlarged gate receipts fails to move them in the direction of a merely incidental yet most desirable amendment.

About the Rugby game, a long chapter might be written, but a few sentences must suffice. It is no formal congratulation that we extend to the first Fifteen, for its winning of the championship for the second time in the second year of the College Union is no mere accident, but the reward of merit. At the final game, when the championship was already decided, Queen's had as good a team in the field, but it was too late in the season in getting into shape. Not only Queen's but McGill also will apparently be a formidable competitor next year. The Mulock Cup competition has shown that the regrettable vacancies to be made in the several Fifteens may be worthily filled in next season's playing. To a lover of College games the appearance in this series of contests of such a magnificent set of young athletes is the most inspiring sight that our new grounds have as yet presented. That the School of Science has won the double championship of Association and Rugby is due both to its College spirit and its physical skill and prowess.

In the Rugby contests some of the other teams are deserving of nearly equal praise. Indeed the remark has often been heard that "the School has been travelling in luck." It would be ungracious to allude to such an observation were it not that even an unwarranted statement of the kind usually finds several conscientious backers. The main reason for this is that as the game is now played the umpire finds it often difficult or impossible to detect an interference or offside play during the scrimmage. Hence, with the very best intentions he runs the risk of failing to penalize where the rules require a penalty.

This evil is of itself grave enough to discredit the present rules of the game. But it is only one of the many symptoms of the deplorable conditions of Canadian Rugby, due to the encouragement it affords to the indiscriminate mixing up, in all kinds of positions, from the vertical to the horizontal, of more than half of the whole number of players on the field. The tendency of the game as thus played is to promote slugging, wrestling and general trickiness instead of open and manly football. The whole spirit and atmosphere of the game are inevitably lowered by what is the chief and central feature of the play itself. No better proof of this assertion is needed than the fact that at the recent meeting of the O.R.F.U. an attempt to minimize irregular and uncontrollable play was, according to the newspaper reports, voted down, the plea being made by one of the past-presidents that such a measure would not be enforced, and that there were already enough rules in the book that were wholly disregarded. If this is so, and Mr. Bayley, as an experienced and very strict referee, should know whereof he affirms, then the sooner the rules of Canadian Rugby are essentially changed the better.

College men are naturally anxious for an open and irreproachable game, and this, I presume, is a chief motive for the drawing up of the Burnside Rules, which have been proposed for adoption by the Intercollegiate Union. Unfortunately there was little chance this season for an exemplification of the features of the new game. But what was shown us seemed to prove its superiority to both the present Canadian and English types of Rugby. The future of both Canadian and College Rugby is very uncertain. All that is certain is that a radical change in the game is necessary to its prosperity. There is much that might be said and much probably that should not be said, but it may not be improper in criticizing the present rules to point to the extraordinary and universal popularity of the American game, in spite of its feature of running interference. What we want in our sports is well deserved popularity. Our depleted treasuries speak eloquently on this point at least.

But something more is needed for the complete success of College Sports than an attractive and unobjectionable type of game. That will perhaps come of itself when it is needed in any branch of our athletics. What does not and cannot come of itself is their more spiritual and vital element, College enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*. I had intended to refer to the remaining forms of sport cultivated in the University not already noticed, and especially track athletics; but I have already exceeded my proper limits. With regard to all it may be said that they are not well supported by the University. Many reasons are given for this, and some are valid. It is possible that the number of distinct clubs and kinds of public exhibitions is too great to allow of concentrated interest. But there again is a drawback that can and will cure itself. What is more manifest and lamentable is the fact that the games which appeal to the largest body of University people are not duly patronized. The responsibility does not lie with the student body alone. Our graduates should remember "Varsity" and should always be college men first and sporting men afterwards. But the undergraduate body is largely to blame and above all those in the faculty of Arts. They should be the centre and mainstay of our athletic system. Yet it is undeniable that the federated colleges furnish most of the players and competitors in the principal games, as well as the better part of our athletic inspiration make up Varsity. It would do every man of you good to come to the grounds and give a cheer for a brilliant play whether made by one of your own team or by an outsider. And, in conclusion, don't forget the gymnasium, the power house of our whole establishment.

J. F. McCURDY.

University College, Dec. 12, 1899.

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THE MEASURE OF A MAN. By E. Livingston Prescott. The Musson Book Co., Richmond Street, Toronto.

The style of this book is at first a little pretentious. The interest, however, grows with a fuller acquaintance. "Miranda" is the heroine's name, and the hero is a Sergeant Monck. After an interesting crossing of events all ends happily.

ROBESPIERRE. The story of Victorien Sardou's play adapted and novelized under his authority. By Ange Galdemar. Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto. 324 pages. \$1.50.

This is one of those stirring stories of the troublous times of the French Revolution. It has special interest for the historical student, but makes a very attractive story for the general reader.

NATURAL HISTORY. By Alfred H. Miles. George N. Morang & Co., Limited, 90 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

This is an interesting volume, describing, in language free from technicalities, the nature, habits, and customs of various animals.

THE ROAD TO PARIS. By Robert Neilson Stephens. The Musson Book Co., Toronto.

That this volume is written by the author of "An Enemy to the King" is a recommendation in itself. It is a pleasing account of the adventures of one Dick Wetheral in the days of the American Revolution. The whole story is splendidly told and the interest is well sustained throughout. Several historic personages are introduced; there are numerous striking scenes and plenty of action. The artistic binding and illustrations make it a desirable Christmas Book.

TURRETS, TOWERS AND TEMPLES. The great buildings of the world as seen and described by famous writers. Edited and translated by Esther Singleton. (Illustrated). The Publishers' Syndicate, 88-90 Yonge St., Toronto. 8vo., 317 pages. \$2.

Distinctly a Christmas book, quite out of the usual line and fills a long felt want. It is made up of a series of masterly descriptions of famous buildings, written by such men as Ruskin, Thackeray, Hugo, Ebers, Loti, Dickens, Symonds, Grant Allen, Gautier, and others; and embracing as many different styles of architecture as possible. All the translations, with one exception, were made expressly for the book. The typographical work is good and the illustrations, which are numerous, are exceptionally well executed. The binding is green cloth and gold. A book for the book lover.

THE COURT OF BOYVILLE. By William Allen White. The Publishers' Syndicate, 88-90 Yonge St., Toronto. 8vo., 358 pages. \$1.50.

This is just the book to stir up one's good humor. It is a thoroughly bright and lively transcript of boy nature, but very truthful withal. The *impenetrable* will around the town of Boyville is successfully stormed in the author's own fashion and we watch "the young human animals at play." Piggy Pennington and Jimmy Scars and Mealy Jones are aptly called "limbs," but by their very roughness, which is not of the heart, they afford the reader a rare pleasure. The volume is a happy combination of humor and feeling. Special features of the book are the poems which preface each chapter, and the unusually attractive illustrations.

GREAT BOOKS AS LIFE TEACHERS. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, 154 Yonge Street. 12mo., 331 pages. \$1.50.

This book bears the sub-title "Studies of Character—Real and Ideal." In this, his latest published work, Dr. Hillis gives to the public studies of five ideal characters from poetry and fiction and of five real characters of this century, basing his interpretation of these latter upon recently published biographies. Dr. Hillis is a strong optimist and his introductory chapter on "The Prophets of a new Era" is hopeful and invigorating. He has himself no small measure of the prophetic power of vision, and has besides the artistic appreciation of the beautiful. These two elements in his character enable him to interpret clearly and sympathetically the masterpieces of Ruskin, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Tennyson and Browning, and the lives of Drummond, Shaftesbury, Livingstone, Frances Willard and Gladstone.

The volume is clearly printed on good paper, it is artistically bound and altogether presents a most pleasing appearance.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK AND OTHER UNCERTAIN THINGS. By Henry Van Dyke. The Musson Book Co., 17 Richmond St. West, Toronto. 8vo., 247 pages. \$2.

Dr. Van Dyke was born a fisherman. Even yet he loves the craft for its own sake and returns to Nature with all the enjoyment of the great lover of Nature who loves her for herself, not for what she gives. This is perhaps the most unique thing about Dr. Van Dyke. His thorough education has only served to chasten and refine sensibilities naturally fine, and the result is that he goes to Nature with an open heart into which is breathed woodland secrets that the seeker can never gain. A distinctly fresh and invigorating



note is thus projected into this book. We feel the wind blow about our heads, we hear the song of the bird and the murmur of the brook; we take a fresh lease of life and a new joy in living. There is only one way to gain a vital knowledge of nature and scarcely any book could be a greater help in gaining it than Dr. Van Dyke's. The binding is very handsome, being green cloth and gold, and the illustrations are a nature-treat in themselves. This book would make a most suitable Christmas gift.

BOOKS I HAVE READ. George N. Morang & Co., Limited, 90 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

This is the outcome of rather a happy idea and will meet a need appreciated by many readers. It is to serve as a sort of literary index or record of one's reading. The pages are blank, save for the headings under which the reader may enter title, author, etc., of books read.

TALES OF SPACE AND TIME. By H. G. Wells. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, 17 Richmond St. West. 8vo., 358 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Wells has scored a distinct success as a writer of imaginative fiction. These stories deal, it is true, with things and people far away from us in space and time; yet, whether this author writes of the inhabitants of Mars, of Paleolithic Man as he lived in England fifty thousand years ago, or of strange twentieth century happenings, he manages to give them a real and living interest. In this volume of tales strange people in strange surroundings are depicted with pleasing boldness and vividness. These stories, indeed, seem to us to surpass in interest Mr. Wells' earlier work.

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The place which Mr. Mabie has undoubtedly taken in modern criticism has yet to be fully and adequately recognized, but already he has won a large following by his delightful books, and there is abundant evidence of an increasing interest in the literary career of one who has made a niche for himself in the world of letters.

THE UNITED KINGDOM. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Front St., Toronto. Two volumes, \$4.00.

Not only in University circles, but in the literary world at large, the publication of Goldwin Smith's "United Kingdom" has long been looked forward to with the greatest anticipations. Fears had arisen from time to time that the world might in some way be denied the ultimate expression of this man of genius, and something of a sense of relief was mingled with the satisfaction consequent upon the announcement of its publication. It is with special interest and great expectations, therefore, that the reader turns to a perusal of these two volumes, but it is probably not too much to say that the expectations of the most sanguine have been fully realized and that a monumental work has been added to the list of the great masterpieces of history. During his long life Dr. Smith has always recognized the claims made upon him by contemporary questions, and the experience thus ripened, lends an added force as well as a halo to a mind naturally perspicuous. The result is a product stamped with that profound simplicity that belongs to the highest art and a grace and ease of style that make the reading of "political" history—which might be expected to be dry and uninteresting—a rare pleasure and delight. Dr. Smith, probably more than any other writer of the day, possesses that unflinching judgment which unconsciously tells him where the interest will float the fact and where it will not. There is, therefore, a smoothness and evenness of style worked out in perfect harmony with his subject, the secret of which is to be found only in the tendrils of the human heart itself. These volumes may be read with great profit for the fresh information they contain, or they may be read as literary masterpieces, but he who reads them for both will gain the deepest satisfaction.

As the sub-title indicates, it is a political history from the earliest times to the Reform Bill of 1832. The writer adheres religiously but by no means slavishly to his main line. Collateral lines of history which cannot properly be said to exert an immediate influence upon the political history, are, therefore, not included, and we have less about wars than about the church. Indeed the church may be said to play a very considerable part, especially in those portions dealing with the early days of Methodism.

It is impossible to do more than mention this book here, but no University student who takes any interest in the progress of the empire can afford to overlook this important work.

These two volumes would make as handsome a Christmas gift as any student could desire.

THE EYE OF A GOD, AND OTHER TALES OF EAST AND WEST. By W. A. Fraser. William Briggs, Toronto. 16mo., 260 pages. Paper, 50c.; cloth, 90c.

It is a far cry from Burmah to the Canadian North-West; and Hpo Thit, the Burman, is very unlike Sweet Grass, the Cree. Mr. W. A. Fraser has seen life in countries far apart and under conditions widely different. He has, moreover, seen life in the far East and far West not as a mere tourist or passing spectator sees it. Years of residence in both regions and the artist's eye for the real character rather than for the surface appearance have qualified him to write stories of unusual interest and power of what are to us foreign peoples. His faithful portrayal of character and masterly control of incident cannot but remind the reader of Kipling; and, indeed, several of these stories are fully worthy of the great Rudyard himself. Mr. Fraser is still a young man and this is the only published volume of his stories, yet as a short story writer he has already established a reputation such as no other Canadian, with the possible exception of Robert Barr, has gained.

The same publisher has issued a volume of stirring tales of love and war in mediaeval Germany written by Robert Barr, and entitled "The Strong Arm," also "Diana of Ville Marie." "A Romance of French Canada," by Blanche Lucile Macdonell, and "Snow on the Headlight," a story of the Great Burlington Strike, by Cy Warman,

THE NEW EVANGELISM. By Henry Drummond. Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, 154 Yonge Street. 12mo., 284 pages. \$1.25.

Perhaps no man of this century has spoken so directly and forcibly to students the world over as has Henry Drummond. The seven addresses which make up this, the last volume that is to be published from Prof. Drummond's notes were many of them first delivered before college men; and they treat, in Drummond's inimitable style, of some religious problems that, perhaps, all genuine present day students must face. In these addresses there is an even franker statement, than in the author's other published works, of religious and scientific difficulties and suggested solutions; and there breathes through them the same genial healthy and entirely manly spirit that animated all his doings. The titles of some of the addresses, "Survival of the Fittest," "The Contribution of Science to Christianity," "Spiritual Diagnosis," will suggest to our reader that here, as in Drummond's other books, he may expect to feel the unique power of this clear-eyed scientist to use scientific truth in organizing religious thought.

FAR ABOVE RUBIES. By George Macdonald. The Musson Book Co., Toronto. 50c.

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JANICE MEREDITH. A romance of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford, author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling." Cloth, \$1.50. Published by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

Just at this season of the year, when people are on the lookout for appropriate Christmas gifts, the beautiful appearance of this charming



book is worth noting. The cover contains a tinted miniature of Janice, of exquisite tone and delicacy. This miniature portrait is Mr. Ford's conception of his heroine, and will serve to indicate what Mr. Ford's delightful maiden of many moods was like.

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"Janice Meredith" is an attempt to do in the North what Thackeray did in the South with "The Virginians," during the same period. It is not a novel whose characters are made of

generals, colonels and soldiers, and whose scenes consist of battlefields, skirmishes and sanguinary adventures. It is a picture of the social life of the people at that time. Just as in "The Virginians," Mr. Ford opens his story with a series of chapters which show us the way in which the people thought and acted in 1776 in the State of New Jersey; we are introduced to squires and their wives and daughters; but through it we hear the hum of the oncoming strife, and by and by the story gathers force and impetus as General Washington comes on the scene, and we are introduced to the struggles on Manhattan Island, and on the Jersey shore, crossing the Delaware, camping out at Morristown, and so on through the war. The interest in the story is strong from the start. Washington comes repeatedly into the story, and the character of its hero is based on that of Alexander Hamilton.

THE SPAN O' LIFE. A tale of Louisburg and Quebec. By William McLennan and Miss J. N. McIlwraith, with twenty-nine illustrations by F. de Myrbach. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.50.

This is probably the most important Canadian historical romance since "The Seats of the Mighty." The connection naturally suggests comparison, but comparison reveals little in common beyond the main historical events. For while the principal charm of "The Seats of the Mighty" lies in the character studies, the "Span o' Life" glories in action, restless pulse-quickening action, which cannot be confined by the walls of Louisburg and Quebec, but takes vent in many an exhilarating adventure through forest and river, sometimes with le pere, Jean, missionary to the Indians, sometimes with the hardy "coureur de bois," and at others on the broad St. Lawrence with the true-hearted Gabriel Dufour. Of the Canadians proper of that period we do not get the most favorable impression, but this was largely compensated by their gallant stand after the defeat on the Plains of Abraham.

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ABOUT PEOPLE.

Mr. S. Wallace, '01, could not wait any longer for holidays and has gone home.

The Treasurer of '00, W. J. Donovan, has been having his own troubles collecting fees for the class reception.

To the minds of several undergrads, one of the finest accounts of a football match ever penned, appeared in the News of Dec. 2, by W. T. Allison, B.A., graduate of U. of T., now at Yale.

The third of the series of sermons to students will be delivered at Students' Union next Sunday at 3.30 p.m., by Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A. Will the faculty and all students accept this as an invitation to be present.

The '00 Reception was all that could be desired, but the freshman reception has always had the name of being "par excellence."

Everybody was greatly pleased to see Mr. W. A. Fraser at our Univ. dinner. Mr. Fraser is probably the best writer of short stories we have in Canada, and it is very gratifying that, unlike so many of our best men, he is able to remain in Canada when outside inducements are so great.

All those who signed the lists signifying their willingness to patronize the dining hall, in case it were opened, will be pleased to learn that the plans are nearing completion. If possible we shall have a dining hall after the holidays. Come to the College before making arrangements for board after you return from your holidays.

The article by Dr. MacVannel on "Browning's 'Saul,'" which appears in another column, is one of a series of lectures on 19th century literature, delivered before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Dr. MacVannel is a graduate of Varsity ('93) and is one of the many Toronto men who are meeting with success in New York City.

On Friday afternoon the Philosophical Society listened with great interest to a paper read by Mr. R. J. Wilson, '00, on the subject "Memory Images." He compared a perception image to a memory image, carefully showing that the distinction was not one of intensity but rested on the fact that contradiction in space is characteristic of the latter but not of the former. Mr. Wilson is to be congratulated on his clear presentation of the subject.

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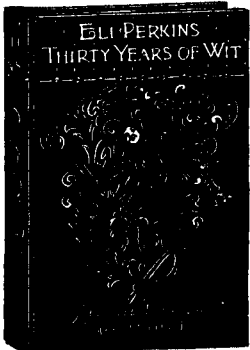


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Mention is made in another column of Mr. Arthur J. A. Stringer's new publication the "Loom of Destiny." We regret very much that the first copy sent us went astray. A second copy was mailed to us but came too late for review, and so we are unable to give Mr. Stringer's book mention. We regret this very much but shall endeavor to take fuller notice of the volume at a later date.

Mr. Milner's lecture, to be delivered on Monday, will be delivered in the Chemical Amphitheatre instead of in Room 9 as announced. These lectures are meeting with such success and the attendance is so large that it is altogether probable that the rest of the Monday lectures will be delivered in the Amphitheatre. Subject for Monday: "The American and Roman Republics—a Parallel and a Contrast."

SESAME.

Although there has been some delay in securing an editor for "Sesame," it is expected that the paper this year will surpass all previous efforts. New features of special interest are to be included, and the usual high standard of literary merit will be maintained. The issue will be of interest to all Varsity students, and its publication is looked forward to with anticipation.

LADIES' GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Just before going to press we have heard with considerable pleasure of the entire success of the Ladies' Glee Club concert. The concert this year, we believe, has far surpassed any of previous years, and the ladies of the College are to be congratulated upon their carrying through so successfully and so creditably such an undertaking.

Much credit is due to Miss C. S. Wegg, President of the Ladies' Glee Club, for the energetic manner in which everything was carried through.

We are very sorry to hear that Mr. A. N. W. Clare has been ill for a few days.

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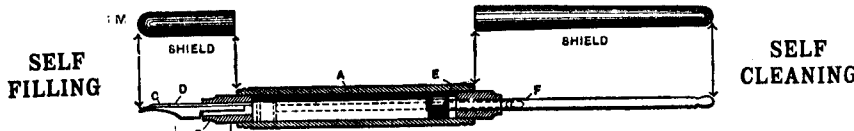
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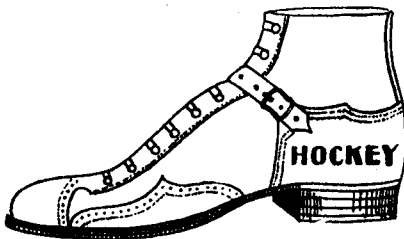
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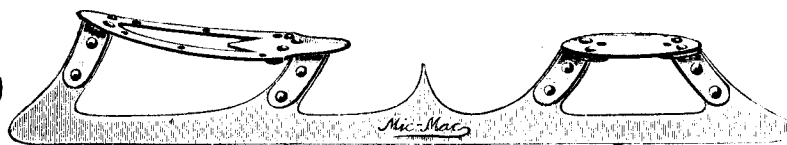
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