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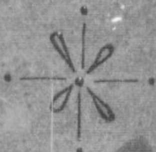

Collegiate Institute

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THE prominent professional gentleman whose portrait you see above, might have met with the same fate his more unfortunate neighbor, Mr. Hardscrabble, did, if he had not been wide-awake and followed the directions of a friend who advised him to use BARK-WELL'S SURE CORN CURE. He said—"I tried every known preparation for Corns without effect, and concluded there was no cure, till I got BARK-WELL'S; but they so quickly disappeared that I gratefully acknowledge it to be a safe and painless cure."

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MR. HARDSCRABBLE, whose portrait appears above, has been troubled with three very severe Corns for 19 years, during which time he has suffered most excruciating pain. The above picture will convey some idea of his years of misery, as we see him in his daily routine, soaking the offending corns in a tub of water, and then drawing his razor on them. He sometimes cuts too deep, which occasions much pain, and also a great loss of blood. He might have kept on with this method for another 19 years, without any good results, if the loss of blood had not caused an untimely death.

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## SOAKING MY FEET.

I, WM. McKNIGHT, of 479 York Street, am 65 years old, and have been a resident of this city for the last 34 years. I want to tell you my experience with BARK-WELL'S CELEBRATED BRONCHIAL BALSAM, and wish you to put it in print, that others may know of its virtues, for I never saw a preparation to equal it. I "caught a cold," not "slight," but one of the terrible, old-fashioned "I've-come-to-stay-all-the-season" variety that went to every part of my system, leaving a cough that shook and tormented me for three months. I soaked my feet; I tried to "sweat" it out; tried all the cough syrups, but failed. But one 50c. bottle of B. B. B. made a complete cure, and I feel like a young man. I always keep it on hand, I gave it to my grandchildren, who were suffering with croup and whooping cough. The picture on the other side tells better than words the result with them. All Druggists sell it. Price, 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Nothing can take the place of BARK WELL'S; it has no equal. Beware of imitations. None genuine unless signed.—

*W. S. Barkwell.*

Chemist,

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SEE OTHER SIDE.

BARK-WELL'S

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Celebrated Bronchial Balsam

## SOUND AS A DOLLAR.

WM. McKNIGHT, (from the portrait on the other side you would hardly recognise him), is now the picture of health; the same jolly, good-natured fellow he used to be before his recent affection; all around him are happy again. Their cough is completely gone, and, "praising the bridge that carried them over," they say "BARK-WELL'S BRONCHIAL BALSAM did it." Good for children or adults.

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"My little girl was very ill with Bronchitis, and a very few doses of Bark-well's Bronchial Balsam restored her, and I believe saved her life. I feel it my duty to let others know, that they also may be cured of this terrible affection. MRS. MARGARET LOWTHER, 39 Bathurst-st, London."

A SENATOR'S TESTIMONIAL.—An honorable member of the Senate of Canada says: "I always speak in the highest terms of Bark-well's Bronchial Balsam. I could not leave my house for several days, till I got a bottle of this celebrated Balsam."

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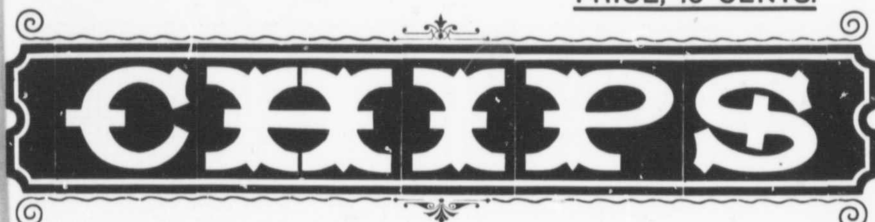


"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."—*Shakespeare.*

DECEMBER. LONDON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. 1890.

The Editorial Staff is greatly indebted to the following

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E. B. MILLS.
And others.

# ADDRESS OF WELCOME

## To F. W. Merchant, M. A.

DEAR SIR,—

It is a matter of great concern to us, as students, who should be the new Principal of the Institute in which we are to spend some of the best years of the formative period of life. We know that the managing mind of any institution, financial or educational, gives tone and spirit to the whole work.

We look forward with confidence and hope to your entrance upon the duties of the headmastership, feeling that both your academic training and practical experience as a teacher give us warrant for the highest expectations.

We trust that you will find a hearty welcome with the citizens; a genial, social surrounding in our homes; a vigorous support by the staff; and a full and sufficient scope as an educationalist, in the Collegiate Institute of our city, which we hope will become, under your management, the foremost educational institution of the West.

"CHIPS."

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# APOLOGY

"*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.*"

E have the presumption to present this paper without the usual apologies, and why it was written remains to be discovered; certainly it was not written to amuse or instruct a diseased relative of the editor's wife, neither was its writing the means of supplying amusement during an idle hour. Let it be sufficient to say, that this paper consists chiefly of the initial productions of young and budding literary blossoms, upon whom, gentle and most beautiful reader, kindly shed a few warming rays of encouragement, that you may, in time to come, say, with justifiable pride, that you were the means of our literary greatness, which, we are confident, is not far distant. We would like to make a suggestion to those degraded and inequitable mortals, the critics, whose lack of æsthetic taste prevents them from appreciating the fruits of our labour, and which they would gladly place in the cider-press of criticism, and crush the very life out of it. To these we would mention the fact, that we expect, and do not object to, honest criticism, nor do we expect the learned critic to read the volume before he produces his criticism.

Our object is to encourage literary attempts and the circulation of small change, not to mention the minor consideration of supplying an outlet for our superfluous genius. The articles appearing in this paper are original; but while we aim at the original, we endeavor to avoid the eccentric. All philosophical and metaphysical speculations will be developed in words containing the necessary seven syllables. All rhetorical devices will be used with due consideration of the resisting power of the general public. But for finer language and more gorgeous construction, see the twenty-five cent editions, which we intend publishing in the course of a few months. We would also suggest to the gentle, lamb-like reader, that the poetry can be distinguished from the prose by the capital letters at the beginning of each line. We have not transplanted any of the good old jokes from the funny column of the papers. They would not thrive in our arid and uncultivated garden of literature. For these see the *Echo*, which blossoms weekly. We regret to say that the beautiful engravings to be used to illustrate our paper, arrived from New York too late to be inserted, but a supplementary volume will be issued, and can be had upon the payment of one dollar and twenty-five cents to our business editor.

In sending forth this volume, we feel confident that, if it does not founder in the breakers on the rocky coast of criticism, nor encounter the adverse wind of condemnation, it will float forever on the bright waters of the Sea of Literature.

Having thus introduced my Company, I will gracefully vanish behind the scenes and there remain,

Your humble, faithful, and most obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

## THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

[We are indebted to Mr. N. Wilson, the oldest and most respected teacher of the city, for facts concerning the early history of schools in this city.]

London has, in sixty-five years, advanced from a small trading post, called "The Forks," to a foremost place among the cities of the enterprising Province of Ontario. No city commands a larger district of fertile agricultural land; no city in America has a lower death rate, owing partly, no doubt, to her unexcelled water supply.

Amid such surroundings as these the London Collegiate Institute has grown up with its stately edifice, its excellent staff of teachers, and last, but not least, its four hundred brilliant students. It would be well just here to introduce a brief sketch of the history of the Institute.

"The first Grammar School of the London district was opened at Long Point in 1832, but was removed to London four years later, and Francis Wright was appointed master. In 1841 he was succeeded by Rev. B. Bayly, a graduate of Trinity College, from which college Mr. Wright had also graduated.

In 1865 the Grammar School united with the Public Schools, and removed to the old Central School building, Mr. Bayly acting as Principal, with Messrs. Boyle and Wilson as assistants. But the High School was destined for greater accomplishments, and in 1878 the school was opened in the new and handsome building, with the following staff of teachers:—Rev. B. Bayly, Principal; Messrs. Houston, Wilson, O'Connor, and the Misses Kessack as assistants.

Mr. Bayly died in 1879, and since that time the Rev. F. L. Checkly and Mr. Saml. Woods, M. A., have held the Principalship of the Institute.

Last year it was made evident that the accommodation afforded by the school was insufficient for the number attending, so a large addition was built, comprising, besides class rooms, a gymnasium and an assembly room, so that now the Collegiate, with its unsurpassed laboratory, is second to none in the Province.

The majority of our scholars attend our school for the purpose of obtaining a business education; but of those who prepare for a professional life, very few make a poor showing at the examinations.

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*"SOLA NOBILITAS SCIENTIA."*

Merry Christmas! here is "Chips," who, with busy tongue and lips, chatters while the reader sips cordials to stop frosty nips, which heats him to his fingertips, and causes serious slides and slips, and the reader gaily skips, and a smile his mouth equips, as he digests our funny tips and pointed mirthful quirks and quips.

"Chips."

A journal published quarterly in connection with the London Collegiate Institute.

STAFF:

ARTHUR STRINGER, - - *Editor-in-Chief*
WARCUP PLEWES, - *Associate Editor*
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Address all communications,

N. A. TULLY,

227 Queen's Avenue, London.

## EDITORIALS.

"Now, of all wild beasts to train, the boy is the worst."
*Plato.*

* * *

We wish to impress upon the minds of our readers the fact that this production is not the spirit of the deceased "Rattler," whose short and stormy life was brought to a close by an ignominious death, but original effusions, born of inspiration.

* * *

When Mr. Libby severed his connection with our Staff, and accepted a situation in Toronto, the Institute lost one of its most popular and efficient teachers. In some people the art of teaching naturally exists, and our late English master may be said to possess this art in its highest degree.

* * *

One of the teachers of our staff handed the editor a joke to be published. It was placed in the hands of our expert, who, after a minute examination, pronounced it counterfeit. We regret that we could not publish it.

* * *

It is strange that a telephone has never been placed in the Institute. Why could the students not do it, and enjoy the privileges thereof, when ten cents from each scholar would get one?

* * *

The Chairman of the Board of Education informed the editor that the *Echo*, in calling the Council the "Never-bounce Society," made a great mistake in not calling the Board the "Ever-bounce Society."

* * *

The following quotation was handed in to the editor for translation: "Wegotogwen ga-yimelabogwen; gouima tamatchi inakamigad." We decided that it was an idiom and had no equivalent in the English language; but any prodigy of learning, who can prove the identity of the sentence and give its literal translation, will have the life-long gratitude of the editors.

* * *

The Stratford *Times* remarks:—"If there is an institution in the city more than another that requires to be pruned out, it is the Collegiate Institute. Take the students they are turning out throughout the whole country, and how many of them are successful business men? What percentage of them make a success in life? From your own personal observation, why is it that so many—in fact nearly all young men nowadays desire to go through the world easy; to wear kid gloves and not to have their hands soiled, to have them as soft, in many cases, as their heads." We firmly believe that such sentiments show their own absurdity and exhibit the contemptible ignorance of their writer.

* * *

The report that the editors had accepted the Royal Cross of Honor, offered by Her Majesty, who was so delighted with our volume, is without any foundation. We also wish it to be understood that we gracefully declined to accept the title of nobility offered at the same time, and the crowned heads of Europe must not be offended if we likewise refuse all future honors.

* * *

A social club has been formed by the young society people of the city, consisting of some of London's "fairest flowers," and it is called the "Bread and Butter Club." This suggests to us the Sighing Club formed at Oxford, the members of which Steele describes as inamoratas, who came together to exchange sympathies and tell one another of their tender passions. In this club, the man that declared the violence of his flame in the most pathetic terms was made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

* * *

The editors have two great causes of annoyance. One is the request for photographs, and the other is the question, whether we will take trade in vegetables, and so forth, for copies of our paper. We are not married men, and have no little sub-editors whose wan faces would lighten up at the sight of a peck of carrots, neither are we poor orphans laboring for means to buy a bag of potatoes for our starving father, but we are philanthropists, and have decided to devote the rest of our lives to the advancement and benefit of mankind.

* * *

The editor received a copy of the *Hellmuth Phonograph*, a journal published by the graduates and seniors of the "Hellmuth Ladies' College." It is a credit to its fair editors, and, as a sister journal, has the well wishes of CHIPS.

During the present time science is accomplishing wonders in the medical and surgical world. We frequently hear of the grafting and transplanting of nerves, flesh, and even bones; but we are waiting expectantly for the happy time when we will be able to have our heads filled with grafted brains. The learned inventor of this system will be gladly welcomed by the Staff of our paper, and to him we would gladly give our superfluous brains for the benefit of mankind.

* * *

We have received word from our late Principal, Mr. Samuel Woods, who now occupies a Chair in the Presbyterian University, Washington State. He reports that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, and he speaks well both of the country and of its people.

* * *

A number of energetic young men have converted that picturesque little inland lake, the Cove, into an open air skating rink, and are building a cottage for the convenience and comfort of the skaters. Their plan is a good one and deserves the success with which it has been attended.

* * *

Everybody notices our beautiful flag-staff which was erected on last Dominion Day, and the remembrance of that ceremony does not seem to have died away from the minds of any of the students.

* * *

We are grateful to the Board of Education for their support. We also thank the merchants and citizens for their assistance, and are confident that, with their continued warm support and liberal patronage, our journal will remain a success.

* * *

Owing to lack of space a number of meritorious contributions have been left over to a future publication.

## EVENING IN MUSKOKA.

Like shrouded stars within a shrouded sky,
The lilies lie upon the lonely lake,
And gleam among the rushes; slowly break
The last faint dying flashes from on high.
Around the island lies a purple sheen
Of mist and twilight, folding it from view,
While far within the narrows, passing through,
The shadowy glimmer of a sail is seen.

A kingfisher, shrill chattering, swiftly flies
Far down the lake more lonely haunts to seek.
The night winds from the deepening shadows rise,
And whisper slumber songs that softly creep
From point to point, until the echo dies
Far o'er the lake, and night folds all in sleep.

## BOOKS AND READING.

DURING the nineteenth century a great change has come over the taste of the reading public, which must be recognized by all thoughtful people. In this breathless age we have not time to wade through the ponderous folios which delighted our ancestors. The popular novelist of to-day does not leave his hero at an exciting crisis to point out a moral or describe the scenery. Now his descriptions must be condensed and consist in a few graphic word-pictures, and must not be elaborated so as to fill the greater part of a chapter, as was often the case in days gone by.

At the present time every book must have a purpose, and no book is such a dismal failure now as the one which tries to be a little of everything. This is a day of specialties in literature, as well as in other branches of art.

The cheapening of literature has contributed largely to this change in public taste. Formerly, when books were scarce and dear, they were valued by the owner on account of this fact. We care less for our books, because they are easily procured. Where our grandfathers read one volume, we read a score at least; but their one volume was read again and again, until each page was familiar and each illustration, however crude, was invested with a certain beauty by constant association. This change in the manner of reading has brought about a corresponding change in the selection of authors. Those whose works are not attractive at first sight, and those whose meaning is not clear at a glance, stand a poor chance of being appreciated by the average reader.

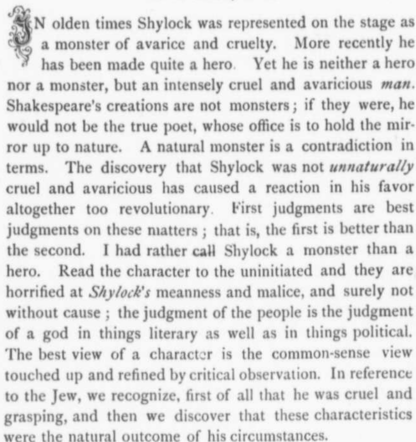
The practice of reading aloud seems to have gone out of vogue in most families. This is to be deplored, for nothing can better bring out the beauties and humorous touches of an author's style than this manner of reading. Our seniors portentously shake their heads over the "lamentable degeneracy" of the rising generation, which skips the first chapter of Scott and falls asleep over "Don Quixote." Even that ingenious allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," does not seem to find favor in their eyes. The young reprobates say they would rather have "Uncle Remus."

But let us not croak senselessly over the "good old times." No doubt there is an enormous amount of fiction published which is neither original nor improving, but on the other hand a great number of papers on scientific and educational subjects, written in an entertaining style, are being printed in books and periodicals. Their popularity shows a desire for improvement on the part of the people. These books are mainly written for the times and will serve their purpose. Some of them will be outgrown, but others will go down through the centuries, with those ever acceptable books that have come down to us—the English classics.

The reading clubs and literary societies of to-day do a good work in helping people to appreciate worthy authors; and now, more than ever before, there are authors who help to appreciate more the harmony of nature, to see the beauty in the common things which surround our path.

## SHYLOCK.

W. H. LIBBY, B. A.



IN olden times Shylock was represented on the stage as a monster of avarice and cruelty. More recently he has been made quite a hero. Yet he is neither a hero nor a monster, but an intensely cruel and avaricious *man*. Shakespeare's creations are not monsters; if they were, he would not be the true poet, whose office is to hold the mirror up to nature. A natural monster is a contradiction in terms. The discovery that Shylock was not *unnaturally* cruel and avaricious has caused a reaction in his favor altogether too revolutionary. First judgments are best judgments on these matters; that is, the first is better than the second. I had rather call Shylock a monster than a hero. Read the character to the uninitiated and they are horrified at *Shylock's* meanness and malice, and surely not without cause; the judgment of the people is the judgment of a god in things literary as well as in things political. The best view of a character is the common-sense view touched up and refined by critical observation. In reference to the Jew, we recognize, first of all that he was cruel and grasping, and then we discover that these characteristics were the natural outcome of his circumstances.

Trying to get a glimpse of our character previous to the events of the play, we find that Shylock's life had been cramped and contracted in every direction. He was a Hebrew, full of pride of race and the traditions of his people, but had been forced to look on helplessly while the Chosen of God were plundered and oppressed by their more powerful neighbors; circumstances had compelled him to submit himslf apparently to personal contempt and bear indignities with a patient shrug. He seems probably to have been a leader among his people, and, perhaps, as a young man had cherished schemes for the restoration of his race to their ancient dignities. As a Jew Shylock saw his consistent Judaism mocked at by inconsistent Christians: "You have among you many a purchased slave," he said at the trial, and no one could answer the implied argument. Moreover, in his domestic life he had been robbed of his consolation. We know very little of the Mrs. Shylock, but what we do know is very much in her favor. "It is my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." She was a woman at least to be remembered; not, surely, like the frivolous Jessica, but a woman who could think and feel with Shylock, and appreciate the calm pleasures of his sober house. Cut off, then, like all his race, from a broad unrestrained life, Shylock seeks his consolation in commerce and becomes the intense and avaricious usurer, loving gold because of the power it gives him over those whom he holds by no other tie, and loving gold for gold's sake. In commercial life he comes in contact with Antonio, who is at variance with him on every point, "He hates our sacred nation," and offends Shylock the Hebrew—he is an inconsistent Christian and offends Shylock the Jew. He lends out money gratis, and maddens Shylock the usurer. He kicks and spits on Shylock and enrages the proud man.

Chance throws into Shylock's way an opportunity, not of ruining Antonio, but of acquiring *some power* over him, and instinctively he seizes it, trusting that circumstances may turn the matter to his advantage. The scene helps to develop the idea of the Jew's isolation. His home companions are a fool and a thoughtless girl, whom he has some sort of affection for, but who look upon the stern old man as a kind of incomprehensible fiend. He is bade forth to supper, starts, then hesitates. "But wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love; they flatter me." Then his avarice comes to his aid. "But yet I'll go in hate to feed upon the prodigal Christian;" and he goes, but not without a presentment of impending evil. Returning, Shylock finds how he has been duped. Jessica has fled, deserted, plundered, wronged him in every way. He had lost his hold on his own flesh and blood; his avarice had been foiled; his daughter had dishonored his race and religion. Shylock becomes mad for the time. For whatever doubt there may be concerning the sanity of Hamlet, there can be no question in reference to the Jew's. How else can we imagine this man self-contained and bearing the badge of sufferance, crying out his wrongs in the open way, and hunted by the boys of the streets. Even at his next appearance he is in a state of agitation, not far from madness. Hath not now he heard that fate has thrown Antonio, his deadly enemy, whom he thinks to have a hand in his daughter's flight, into his power. Immediately he hires an officer and registers an oath not to relent towards Antonio (and it must be remembered that an oath was binding on the Jew, while an obligation to be merciful was not).

In the trial scene he is again calm and terrible in his strength. His case is a good one, and, according to his narrow standard of right, he is doing no wrong. His coolness and indifference to abuse shine out, "Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to senseless ruin." "I am not bound to please *thee* with my answer." Old Shylock and Portia can come to no understanding. The Jew cannot learn the lesson of mercy. Portia is so far from entering into the Jew's feelings as to appeal to him on the *Nazarite's prayer*. Her open, beautiful, tender youth forms a fine contrast to his cramped, deformed, hardened old age. When Shylock's hardness and malice are at their height, sympathy flies to his foes; but when the old broken man cries "Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that you take my house when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house; you take my life when you do take the means whereby I live," we again realize how resourceless he stands. And when to the absurd demands of those around, he answers, "I am content," and sinks back into the old patient attitude, he has our pity. The jests of Gratiano and the lispings of Jessica, cannot blot out the memory of the dark, lonely and oppressed old Jew.

# THE FUNCTION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

THE development and growth of our High School system is one of the most prominent features in our whole system of education. The High School is found from one end of the Province to the other, not as an isolated, special appendage to the system of national education, but as an essential and vital part of it. All, however, have not come to recognize that fact. Too frequently, from some quarter or other, comes a voice attacking this part of our system, decrying its usefulness as a public institution, or attacking it on the ground that it is not general and national in character and usefulness, but special and sectional. It is evident with the establishment of every new High School that it is the product of a system, that it is not created for the benefit only of a certain few or a particular class, but to satisfy the popular demand of a section of our people. The site is not a matter of chance or of individual wish, but of well-considered circumstances, and of public need. The course of studies prescribed for the High School course, similarly, is based on conceptions of national need and national growth, and intended for the upbuilding of the body politic Such are the interests the High School system is intended to subserve. There are some who doubt if it realizes the objects for which it is instituted. Are there not classes of the commonwealth who do not get from the High School benefits proportionate to their numbers and importance? Is it within the reach of all, or are there conditions of entrance which exclude the many? Does it combine breadth of culture with practical utility? Is its training at all necessary for the vast majority of the members of the state? Does it exist for all or the few? These are some of the questions we frequently hear asked in connection with our High School. First, let us observe broadly, that its usefulness is of a twofold character, direct and indirect. Its indirect benefits are far greater than its direct benefits. They are the result of the reflex influence of those who are directly benefited by it. It is because its usefulness is not apparent on the surface that the existence of it is doubted. The High School is a vital part of our educational system. It is the connecting link between the Public School and the University. Our educational system is one grand system of irrigation, and our High Schools are the main feeders that carry the waters from their main fountain head at the University to the streams that irrigate and fertilize every part and parcel of the national domain. Our educational system is a grand system of circulation, and the High Schools are a vital and necessary part. Its mission and its work lie in this direction, and we have reason to conclude that it is a success. The advancement of our Public Schools in efficiency has been proportionate to the advancement of the High School in efficiency. It is from it they derive their inspiration, and their power. The graduation of a small number of our citizens each year from the universities is a matter of small moment if the work of the university ends with them, but it is a matter of great moment if through these channels the thought of the university, the intellectual life of the nation, circulate through the whole body politic. All citizens cannot and need not be university graduates, yet no one will question the absolute necessity of a national university to the intellectual existence and proper development of the state. It is little fruit from our High School, if the training of the students goes not beyond the circle of the students themselves; but it is of the highest national value if these students go forth into every walk of life with minds armed with reason and clothed with power, and communicate to their fellow-citizens some portion of their intellectual vitality—if to our manufacturing establishments, to our marts of trade, to our farming communities, to every centre of activity, some citizen goes who is able to elevate and refine his fellows. We wish our grand army of artizans and workingmen to be fitted for, and to delight in talking of other subjects than wheels, and wood, and iron. We wish our men of the shop to eat with, and walk with, and sleep with other and more ennobling companions in thought than bales and bones. We would have those whose hands make and fashion the implements and articles of trade and manufacture endowed with minds competent to understand, not merely the principle underlying the making of these, but to read and think with intelligence and comprehension. When the battle of life is coming to a close, and old age, so far as this world is concerned, is feeding on the achievements and movements of the past rather than on the prospects for the future, we wish everyone to have the comforts and consolations of mental power, and mental discipline, and the recollections which are the fruit of these.

The principles that determine our curriculum are those of general training for the mind. Our present curriculum, with its bonds and its "shall," may be considered all that is desirable as a basis of education, while its options and its "may" allow scope for individual talent and preference. There must be certain primary and fundamental subjects which should be taken up by all. Solidity should combine with elasticity—general culture with pratical utility. Should the options be increased? There appear to be two directions in which the principle of options is being carried, and might be carried farther with good results and gratification to large classes of the people. These are in the direction of agriculture and technology. Already the first seeds of this movement have been sown, and there is good ground to hope that agriculture and mechanical science will become limbs of our educational body as soon as the science of education has produced treatise on these subjects which will give a mental training, instead of the mere communication of facts. Any subject taught should conduce to mental growth, as well as practical equipment for work. A work on agriculture, setting forth the general principles of the science, should be as suitable for a school, and as beneficial to the professions and trades, as other of our subjects of study, and a laboratory showing the practical application of the principles of mechanical science

should be of as vital interest and profit to the farmer as to the citizen. The principles underlying the products of the soil should be understood by everybody, and a work on agriculture should be as interesting, as instructive and as educating as studies of a similar character, and an introductory book has its place in our curriculum as justly as an introductory book on any other subject. The more thorough mastery of these subjects, as of others, might be made a matter of individual talent or preference. If the claims of these two interests were more fully provided for than they are, the general usefulness of our High Schools would not be impaired,—their national glory and national power would be greatly increased. Albeit the mission of the High School is not to fit a person directly for any profession or any trade. If it does so, it does it incidentally, not intentionally. Its mission is to provide an education which will elevate the mental standing of every trade and every profession. It is to equip heads, not hands. If it equips hands it is because in so doing it equips heads. It is to fit every member of the state with the capacity to enjoy and appreciate other subjects and other thoughts than those directly connected with his peculiar trade or occupation. A man without the education of the public school, gained through the public school or some other source, is a human being and not a man; and the man without the mental training and discipline of the High School, gained either directly from the High School, or indirectly through some other channel, and who does not combine the reason and method of mind with the action and facility of hand and body, is a machine and not a mechanic, a toiler and not a workman or artizan, a farm-hand, but not a farmer.

That the High School has so far done so little for mechanics and tradesmen and artizans is due mostly to these themselves, and not to the High School. Too many fail to take advantage of their privileges, by deliberate choice of some trade or occupation, in preference to a more thorough education. The good resulting from any addition to or modification of our curriculum of studies or equipment of schools that would serve as an inducement to these classes would be incalculable. Progress in studies, as in many other lines, goes on the principle of acceleration, and the one, two or three years' study which would double the strength of the young mind in too many cases never comes. The privileges of the High School are within the reach of great numbers who do not take advantage of them. There is not that mutual sympathy between learning and manual labor that there should be. When provision has been more adequately made and means devised whereby manual labor shall possess its proper dignity, and its importance shall be recognized whereby the principles on which this vast army works shall be known to and invoke the interest of other citizens, whereby those who intend devoting their lives and their strength to mechanical work shall be better equipped for their work and be encouraged to dip deeper into the well of knowledge by the allurement of personal enjoyment and personal profit, whereby there shall go into the ranks and social life of manual labor minds enriched with varied knowledge, trained to think and reason with interest and profit, not merely on the materials of their labor, but on a variety of subjects touching their citizenship, and able to communicate to their fellow minds some of their own strength and vigor, and to encourage and stimulate them to emulation in the race and desire for knowledge and truth, whereby the aristocracy of mind shall be enriched by larger drafts from the workshop, warehouse, manufactory and farm, there will be glorious opportunities for our High School to increase its influence and its power.

R. A. L.

## THE FOOT BALL CLUB.

The London Collegiate Institute has a foot-ball club of which the city may be justly proud, not only on account of its present superior reputation, but also on account of the many prominent players who have begun their career in that club, now connected with the different leading clubs of Canada. During four years of fighting against many strong teams, the club have lost only one game, and as the result of the recent league matches shows, they are one of the best teams of Western Ontario. Long may they remain so, and long may the game of foot-ball continue to flourish, for there is no more healthful and invigorating exercise than the good old game of Association foot-ball. Following are the names of the officers and players of the team of 1890:—

OFFICERS.

President..............M. F. Libby, B. A.
Captain..................R. A. Gray.
Sec.-Treas..............Wm. Hobbs.

PLAYERS.

Goal.....................A. J. Stringer.
Back.....................F. Bryant.
Half-backs..........B. Mills. / J. Muir. / J. Plewes.
Forwards............R. Gray. / D. Mills. / R. Little. / E. Mills. / W. Hobbs. / J. Kerrigan.
Reserve Men.......C. Anderson. / W. Laidlaw. / J. Hobbs. / A. Little.

Our associate editor came into the office the other morning muttering something about honey. "Well, what about honey?" queried the microscopist, who occupied the manager's chair; "were you out to see her last night?" "Yes," responded the A. E., "and she called me next to her honey." "What did she say?" asked the manager. "When she opened the door and saw me there she said, 'Well, old beeswax.'"

## ABUSES IN CONVERSATION.

THERE are many abuses in modern conversation. Among them are ranked those of idle talk, slang and satire. All of these are so widespread that they deserve some serious attention. They slip into our conversation without our knowledge or consent. From those attending school, to those in middle life, and even to those on the brink of the grave, everyone indulges in them. Our papers are largely filled thus. How much interest would be taken out of our papers were all scandals, bits of small talk, and other things of a like nature excluded? Do we not know that the papers take hold of any such talk and make the most of it, especially if it shows someone in a bad light; and is it not so that the paper which indulges in this most is most popular? If this is true, it must be that the popular mind demands such food.

To the harm that is done by this talking there is no end. Even the so-called harmless gossip is apt to produce a spirit of levity and shallowness, and makes one less trustful in mankind, less confident in one's own friends, for however harmless it may appear, looked at from a distance, it does not seem so harmless when we think of our names as the subject of such talk. With this spirit of levity grows up one of distaste for solid food for the mind, one of unthoughtfulness, the worst thing honest men have to fight against in this century, and the deadliest enemy of true advancement. Ruskin has spoken of it as one of the mysteries of, life that men should spend their lives in frivolity, whilst a little thought would show them how much better things they might have.

Another fault common to many is nicely described in the following lines:—

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe and a suspicious friend."

This faint speaking is a marked element in modern conversation. In speaking of persons we say, "very nice", "very good", with a suspicious accent on the "very", and if further interrogated as to anything derogatory to their character, we answer, "Oh, no!" in a voice that makes it sound very much like "yes". In the play of "Othello" all the after misery is caused by just a few words spoken thus suspiciously to the Moor. Thus we prejudice the minds of others, weaken our own, and cause a great deal of bitterness to unoffending persons.

Following "harmless" gossip there is bitter gossiping; repeating all the bad points known, and, perhaps, unconsciously, adding to the story. By this great numbers are wounded where they would most feel it, in their reputation and honor; even if they do not know of it, such is its prevalency, that nearly every one feels its dread influence. It gives us a lower estimate of the world; we are taught to ascribe low motives to deeds; we become false in the fear of having our innermost thoughts talked of and criticised by the staring world outside. By ascribing low motives to worthy deeds, sometimes good works are made of no effect; some shortcoming brought to light casts a shadow over a man's whole life.

Another part of conversation, sometimes called the most interesting, is holding up persons to ridicule, and this is always done when the persons are not present. This is most cowardly and ungenerous. It exposes to public gaze all the little infirmities or foibles of good people, sometimes warping and narrowing natures by making a laughing-stock of virtue.

Slang is, perhaps, the most modern abuse. It forms a large part and a very expressive part of our vocabulary. The chief danger from this is that it hinders thought. Slang words seem to come so naturally to our tongues that we do not stop to think of more correct ones. In some cases, indeed, words, formerly disreputable, have become as good coin with us, the language having needed them. but these words are only a small portion of the army of such words as we hear on the street every day. Another loss from the use of slang is inaccuracy of speech, one so-called good slang word, being made to stand for a number of plain English words.

The only way to avoid these abuses is to set a constant watch over our tongues, and this will serve the double purpose of keeping our conversation pure and of giving to our words a power and dignity which they otherwise would lack.

L. L.

## OUR WORD CONTEST.

For the next three weeks our word contest will be open to all. To the person sending the Editor the list containing the greatest number of words formed from the letters of the word "Hoodoo," we will give:

1. A beautiful house and lot on Queen's avenue.
2. One grand piano, valued at twelve dollars.
3. A baby carriage; and also one hundred and twenty other prizes, consisting of, Shetland pony, ratskin sacque, "How to grow rich," Maltese cat, box of cigars, "Life of Birchall," and dozens of other valuable prizes.

When sending in lists state age; whether married or single or widow(er).

At least eight thousand words must be sent in.

The lists must be received before the 1st of Nov., 1890.

Do not miss the golden opportunity.

[If we have not offered every advantage that the other papers offer, we have omitted them unconsciously, and will rectify them on notification from our readers, all of whom we wish to obtain a prize.]

If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of the lion, than from the hoof of the ass.

SPECTATOR.

## FACTS ABOUT WATER.

IF a piece of ice, at a temperature below the melting point, be heated, it will rise in temperature and increase in volume according to the general law. This goes on until the melting point (32°) is reached, when both increase in volume and temperature suddenly stop. If ice, however, be subjected to pressure it has been demonstrated that its melting point is below 32°, a fact made use of in explaining the motion of glaciers.

The next effect of the heat is to melt the ice; the volume of water thus produced is about one-tenth less than that of the ice, while the temperature is the same. It follows, then, that water expands one-ninth in volume in passing into the solid state, and it does so with almost irresistible force, bursting asunder the containing vessel, whether it be a frail water pitcher or a solid rock. As the ice has a greater volume than the water from which it is immediately formed it must be lighter bulk for bulk, and, therefore, floats, forming a protecting surface for the denizens of the deep.

Suppose a block of ice at the melting point placed in a small room, also at 32°, and surrounded by an absolute non-conductor of heat. In this room, under those conditions, the ice would not melt. Next suppose just enough heat introduced to melt the ice and no more. The room then is warmer, while the ice is the same. Slowly the heat disappears from the room, and as slowly the ice changes into water. In time all the extra heat disappears and the ice is entirely converted into water. What has become of the extra heat? It could not have escaped from the room, as we supposed it surrounded by a perfect non-conductor, and the room and the water each register 32°. The conclusion is, it must have served to melt the ice and then hid itself in the water. Now let us see if we can make it "materialize" again. Suppose as much heat now extracted from the room as was previously introduced, both the water and the room are lowered in temperature, although there is evidently the same amount of heat as there was first; soon the water, especially if slightly agitated, begins to freeze. It rises rapidly to 32°, and as the freezing continues the room also rises to 32°. Thus the water has been forced to part with its hidden or *latent* heat, and with it, its very existence in the liquid form. The latent heat has been made sensible, for it has raised the temperature of the room. Thus water has in it latent heat which, as it were, is its life's blood, for it cannot give it up and exist. The amount of this heat required to change a given weight of ice at o° C to water at o° C would if applied to the same weight of water at o° C raise its temperature to about 79° C.

As soon as ice is melted the heat then applied raises its temperature, but very slowly. If a pound of water and a pound of copper were placed on a hot stove, it would be seen that when the copper becomes too hot to handle the hand might easily be held in the water, although each has absorbed the same quantity of heat. If a piece of copper and an equal weight of silver were placed on a hot stove we should observe, 1st, they could not become hotter than the stove; 2nd, while absorbing heat they would do so at the same rate; 3rd, when they became as hot as the stove they would not absorb any more heat; 4th that silver would reach the maximum temperature much the sooner. The copper then would go on absorbing heat after the silver had stopped, and when it reached the temperature of the stove it is clear that it would contain much more heat than the silver, and if wrapped up in a cloth and applied to a person's feet it would keep them warm for a longer time. Thus copper has a greater capacity for heat than silver; and water is a greater absorber of heat than any other substance. Thus large bodies of water serve to equalize the temperature of summer and winter. They are vast storehouses in which the superflous heat of summer is laid up as fuel for winter.—G. A.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A WINTER IDYLL.

The snow comes falling, falling,
On the housetops o'er the way,
And I hear my mother calling,
Calling at the break of day.

"Mabel! Mabel! hurry! hurry!"
Is the oft repeated cry;
Then I make a scurry, scurry,
With a weary, weary sigh.

Quickly do I don my clothes,
And descend the breakneck stair,
To find, alas! that I am late
For breakfast, very rare!!

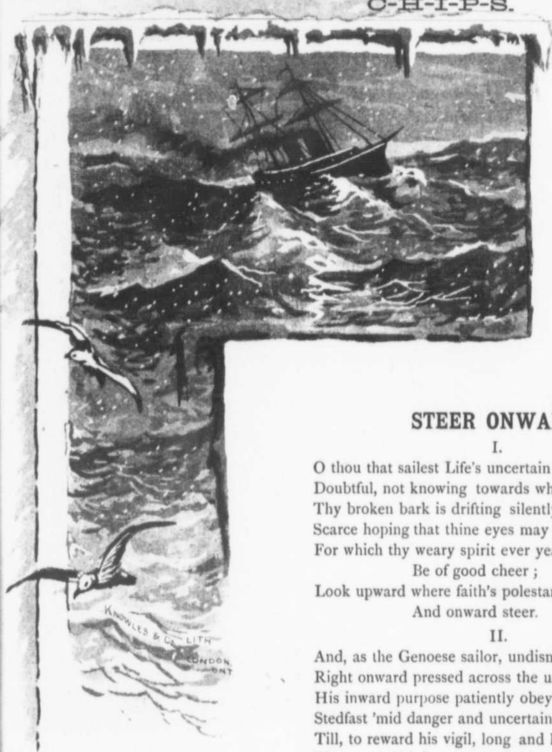
M. B.

## NIGHT.

O spirit of night,
Of loving mother night.
I see thee now in robes of grey and dusky light
Stealing across the slopes of yonder hills,
Now hiding in cliffs where bide the silver rills,
And now with star-specked garments all aglow,
Trailing with undulating step and slow,
Thy glimmering train along the sleepy river.
Come, O come to me as I am sick at heart;
I feel coming o'er me a creeping shiver.
O come to me with all thy nursing art,
And bring the balm thy tenderness distils
For life's multitudinous ills.

Dryden, in his Æneid, no doubt had "Shorty," the brave driver of our patrol wagon, in his eye, when he wrote :—

> "Their fury falls; he skims the liquid plains,
> High on his chariot, and with loosened reins,
> Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains."




## STEER ONWARD.

I.

O thou that sailest Life's uncertain sea,
Doubtful, not knowing towards what unseen strand
Thy broken bark is drifting silently,
Scarce hoping that thine eyes may see that land
For which thy weary spirit ever yearneth,
Be of good cheer;
Look upward where faith's polestar brightly burneth,
And onward steer.

II.

And, as the Genoese sailor, undismayed,
Right onward pressed across the unknown sea,
His inward purpose patiently obeyed;
Stedfast 'mid danger and uncertainty,
Till, to reward his vigil, long and lone,
The song of birds came on the breezes borne;
A blaze of fire across the dark waves shone,
And with the breaking of the longed-for morn,
Bathed in the splendor of its golden light,
The new world burst on his enraptured sight.

III.

So, when thine unseen goal is drawing near,
Perchance a light shall through thy darkness break,
Perchance the songs of angels thou shalt hear,
And when that last glad morning shall awake,
Thou shalt behold the blest eternal shore
Where thou may'st rest in peace for evermore.

P. A. GAHAN,
(An old pupil of the Institute.)

## VICTOR HUGO.

BY T. C. SOMERVILLE, B. A.

IT is the common lot of humanity to be variously estimated. By some to be esteemed and honored, by others vilified and derided; by these to be considered a messenger of light, by those an emissary of darkness.

Victor Hugo has been no exception to the rule; and though time enough has elapsed to permit his life and works to prove the position he should occupy in the mind of the century, yet we still find much conflict of opinion, even in quarters where one would think a considerable unanimity should prevail.

In this hurried breathless nineteenth century, we have not time to read more than an infinitely small fraction of the books (even on one subject) that pour daily from the teeming presses, nor to consider in detail the lives of our prominent men.

It is matter for regret, therefore, that we have not as yet an adequate account of Hugo's life and works, written in a calm and judicious manner. Of biographies, there are several; of eulogies and denunciations galore. Some good classifications and criticisms of his works as a whole, but of intelligent individual analysis, almost none. I incline to the view that those who have denounced Hugo were actuated by his *political* acts and opinions, and by his visionary ideas of social reform, both of which, it must be confessed, were the least creditable of his performances, and those which have diminished rather than increased his fame and his fortune.

As one critic has said: "During the reign of Louis Phillippe, he who had recently been an ardent Legitimist, became first a Constitutional Royalist (in which capacity he accepted from the king a peerage), then an extreme Liberal, and at last, when the revolution of 1848 broke out, a Republican Democrat."

We can afford, however, to overlook these apparently violent changes of base, since they have given us such an amazing model of scathing, satirical prose as "Napoléon le Petit"; such brilliant and vigorous verse as "Les Châtiments"; lyrics of such beauty as "Les Contemplations", and such a "marvellous series of pictorial poems" as "La Légende des Siècles".

During the stormy times, through which his native land was passing, it would have been impossible for an ardent temperament like Hugo's not to take part in political affairs; and almost equally impossible to avoid committing blunders, or of running into excesses.

So, too, the social and literary revolutions going on about him enlisted his voice and pen. One of his admirers says: "It is our object to testify our admiration for a man whose every action commands our respect; for the writer who has infused new life into the antiquated diction of our language; for the poet whose verses purify while they fascinate the soul; for the dramatist whose plays exhibit his sympathy with the unendowed classes; for the historian who has branded with ignominy the tyranny of oppressors; for the satirist who has avenged the outrages of conscience; for the orator who has defended every noble and righteous cause; for the exile who has stood up undauntedly to vindicate justice; and, finally, for the master-mind whose genius has shed a halo over France." But it is not, I think, as politician, nor as orator that posterity will esteem Victor Hugo great, but as poet, novelist and dramatist.

To arrive at a proper basis of criticism we must understand his position and relation to literature, his environment and his aims. The space at my disposal here will not admit of a thorough treatment of these, and I must limit myself to the merest outline.

Early in the reign of Charles X. the defect of the later classical literature of France began to be felt, and remedies to be sought. These defects were, briefly, "cut-and-dried rules of criticism, carefully selected and limited models, narrow range of subject, scanty vocabulary, paraphrases, stock metaphor and ornament, stiff, rigid metre and rhythm."

We can scarcely conceive the profound and slavish adherence to artificial models, nor the howls of derision and opprobium that greeted those who dared to introduce innovations and to soil with polluting touch the sacred idol set up by Corneille and Racine. It was the time of extreme governmental censorship, and literary work had first to be submitted to the censors, and run the gauntlet of inferior, often ignorant creatures, whose only merit was to have obtained an undeserved position.

To abolish this degenerate classicism and to erect in its stead freedom of subject and method, in other words, complete emancipation from arbitrary rule, was the object of a new school called the "Romanticists."

Among the brilliant galaxy of names of this mighty literary revolution stands pre-eminent that of the subject of our sketch. In article, poem, novel and play Hugo never ceased—often against overwhelming odds—to fight the battle of freedom and originality, and lived to enjoy its complete triumph.

He claimed for the author "the right to submit to no other rule than that of his own imagination, and to survey everything from his own point of view."

The publication of "Cromwell" may be reckoned one of the greatest literary events of the time, for the preface was a startling manifesto containing the rules of the rising modern style of dramatic art, and Hugo thus offered himself as the "champion of the cause against that system which would retain every line of thought in one uniform mould." The preface of "Cromwell" became a sort of watchword to the young writers of the day, and its author the recognized leader of the "romantic" movement.

The final blows in verse and prose were struck in the drama of "Hernani," and the prose romance of "Notre Dame de Paris." These two may be considered the best representatives of Hugo's style, and the clearest types of the school of which he is the leader.

Paul de Saint-Victor says: "The flag of liberty in art was first planted by 'Hernani' on the breach of an assaulted citadel. What the 'Cid' was for the ancient stage, such was 'Hernani' for the new, at once a revolution and a renaissance. The mission of 'Hernani', in 1830, was to overturn the false classic tragedy that Corneille had reared in marble, and Campestron had imitated in plaster. 'Hernani' sounded his horn as Joshua blew his trumpet, and the three unities tottered to their fall. A long array of living personages, genuine flesh and blood, natural, with human passions, fanciful and lyrical, strange it might be, and picturesque in their attire, came trooping in from every epoch of history, to take the places where hitherto abstract kings had been accustomed to recount their abstract dreams...... The main design of this literary revolution was to annihilate the trashy repetitions of the old drama, and to stamp out commonplace conventionalities of comedy, where true eloquence was only aped by laborious rhetoric. The 'romantics' have been likened to barbarians; and they may do worse than accept the comparison. Wherever the horse of Attila set his hoof the grass would grow no more; so where Victor Hugo's drama has made good its footing, the miserable thistles and artificial flowers of the false classic style have never again been seen. The renaissance was magnificent, and requickened every form of language and thought."

Following Hernani at various times, he has produced Ruy Blas, Marie Tudor, Le roi s'amuse (known to English people under its adaptation, "The Fool's Revenge"), Lucrèce Borgia, Angelo, and others.

In 1831, at a time when he was endeavoring to regenerate the stage by renovating the style of the drama, he brought out "Notre Dame de Paris," a prose work which of it itself would suffice to immortalize its author's name.

I cannot here give an elaborate analysis of its plot. Suffice it to say: "As an archælogist he has revived for us the monuments of ancient Paris; has ransacked the annals of the cathedral," of which the story bears the name, and has exhaustively treated the development and decay of architecture.

"To artistic enthusiasm he has joined the erudition of the historian and has brought to light the superstitions of the Parisians of the middle-ages, and has thrown life into the physiognomies of scholars, vagrants, alchemists, poets, merchants, magistrates, kings and bandits." Alfred de Musset acknowledged the work to be so colossal that he was unable to take in its scope. Sainte-Beuve, one of the most trenchant of critics, has for it nothing but the most pronounced praise; and Jules Janin delivers the most enthusiastic encomium upon it.

From a review, then, of the literary movements of the time, and with some knowledge of his sturdy, unyielding integrity, his impatience of pretense and his impulsive, sympathetic nature, one can readily understand that there must of necessity be found in his writings grave defects, for the plummet must, when released from the hand on one side, swing to the opposite pole and continue to vibrate some time before attaining its equipoise, and in their enthusiasm for change the romanticists would perforce be driven to extremes, which time alone would tame and modify into just proportions.

Before passing to his great merits, I will point out what seem clearly to be defects:—

1. Strange conceits and audacious figures.
2. Startling innovations and puzzling paradoxes.
3. Excessive invective and galling epithets.
4. Frequent obscurities.
5. Revelling in the terrible, the ludicrous, the voluptuous, the horrific.
6. Exaggeration of a single trait of character and making it a type.
7. Whimsical, fantastic and sarcastic humor.

"Napoléon le Petit" illustrates in its extremest form one of the defects of Hugo's style, viz., hyperbole. He there revels in exaggeration, piling Pelion upon Ossa; heaping up ridicule, sarcasm, invective, and almost destoying the effect by making it ridiculous with his Billingsgate turgidity. The style is unique, Hugoesque. To this charge Swinburne, however, protests by saying that such a man witnessing such events could not do otherwise, and that the ardor of one roused to just indignation is more trustworthy than scientific or æsthetic serenity.

The egotism of Hugo has been the subject of many an epigram, as for instance: "France is the centre of the world; Paris the centre of France, and Hugo the centre of Paris." Deficiency in the sense of humorous contrast and in perception of proportion has also been ascribed to his style.

But when all this has been said, there remains a sum total of literary excellencies, which suffices to place him on a level with the greatest in literature:

1. His richness of diction, his unique power over the French language and his endless fertility of rhetoric; so rich, varied and profuse is it, that it easily becomes extravagant—even his objectionable metaphors and other figures of speech are the result of his lavish outpouring of vocabulary, tropical in its luxuriance.

2. His invention of brief, comprehensive phrases, which linger in the mind like an exquisite verbal photograph.

3. His mastery of scenic effects and his generalship of character and incident.

4. His power to project himself into a given situation and, describing it, make it *live*.

5. His intense realism (not the vulgar, disgusting *naturalism* of such writers as Beyle, Zola, Cherbuliez and others, which is no part of the romantic school, but only "the scum on the surface of the stream").

6. Particularly in "Notre Dame de Paris," his Grecian perfection of structure, combined with his Gothic intensity of pathos.

7. His majestic symbolism.

8. His manly, lofty optimism.

Saintsbury remarks: "The great peculiarity of Victor Hugo is that his poetry always transports. No one who cares for poetry at all, and who has mastered the preliminary necessity of acquaintance with the French language and French prosody, can read any of his better works without gradually rising to a condition of enthusiasm in which the possible defects of the matter are altogether lost sight of in the unsurpassed and dazzling defects of the manner. *This is the special test of poetry*, and there is none other. The means by which he produces these effects consist in a mastery of varied versification, in an extraordinary command of pictorial language, and above all, in a certain irresistible habit of never allowing the iron to grow cold. Stroke follows stroke in the exciting and transporting process in a manner not easily paralleled in other writers."

The same may be said of his prose. And Victor Hugo will hold in the mind of posterity "the position of the greatest poet and one of the greatest prose writers of France."

## "IN DARKEST AFRICA."

THE history of the expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, as told by Stanley in his latest book, can scarcely be called entertaining, although it is full of interest from beginning to end. It is the story of the best equipped expedition that ever entered on African exploration. It was planned with the utmost sagacity. Practically unlimited means were at its disposal. Everything that the experience of its leaders thought requisite had been obtained, and nothing was left to chance. Every contingency that suggested itself was carefully provided for. Stanley knew the country through which he was to travel. He knew the character of its inhabitants. He knew the men he was taking with him. He knew the nature of the assistance he must employ on the march. Yet, with all this forethought, the history of the expedition is one long narrative of suffering and disappointment. The expedition whitened its route with the bones of its dead. Death in one form or another was rarely a day absent from the camp, while, perhaps, the bitterest blow of all was the discovery, at the end, of the worthless character of the man for whom all this suffering was undergone. But for the impetus it has given civilization, neither England nor Stanley would have much reason to congratulate themselves on their last experience in Darkest Africa. But, while the narrative is one of suffering and privation, it is also one of untiring energy and indomitable perseverance in the face of the most unlooked-for difficulties. Before dealing with the narrative itself, however, a few words may be necessary respecting the reason and the object of the expedition.

About twenty-five years ago the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail by name, conceived the idea of restoring the empire of the Pharoahs. The Nile was to be the "River of Egypt" in reality, as well as in name; its flag was to float undisputed from Albert Nyanza to Alexandria. The ambition of the Khedive far exceeded the resources of his country. Egypt was neither very wealthy nor very populous, and a few scattered military posts, commanded by European adventurers, were all that could be afforded to maintain the newly established authority over a quarter of a continent. The force was entirely insufficient to overawe the turbulent population of the Soudan, infested as it was with Arab slave dealers and native ivory hunters. These soon became exasperated by the restrictions imposed upon what they regarded as their legitimate trade, and the uprising of the Mahdi was the natural result. Against this outbreak the cowardly Egyptians were powerless. Hicks Pasha, who raised a force of twelve thousand men, very formidable on paper, led them in confidence against the enemy, and was annihilated. Baker Pasha had four thousand men, with which he marched against the rebels, and barely one-third of his men escaped. Darfur, Kordofan, Khartoum fell, one after another, Gordon Pasha having been murdered at the latter place. In a few months Egyptian authority had vanished from the Soudan, and the only relic of the ambition of Ismael was the Province of Equatoria, on the shores of the Albert Nyanza. The Governor of this Province was a German-Jew named Edward Schnitzler, a doctor by profession. He had early entered the service of Turkey, and from there went to Egypt. With Turkish manners he adopted a Turkish title — Emin Effendi Haleim—the faithful physician, to which the Khedive added that of Bey, and stationed him at the outside limit of the new Empire. Here, surrounded on all sides by foes, and every moment expecting to be attacked by the victorious Mahdi, he sent a despairing cry to Europe for help. "Unless assistance soon comes we are lost," he wrote. The assistance he required was arms and ammunition, as he spoke hopefully of the fighting capabilities of his troops, if they were only properly equipped. England had encouraged the ambition of the Khedive, and its Government was held to be in a measure responsible for its disastrous ending. Emin's appeal, therefore, brought an immediate response from the English people. Over twenty thousand pounds sterling was at once subscribed for the expense of the expedition, and all eyes turned towards Henry M. Stanley as the person to lead it. He was at the time engaged on a lecture tour in the United States, but he threw everything to the winds the moment he received the message. On Christmas Day, 1886, he was in England, discussing arrangements, route, etc., and on the 21st of Jan., 1887, he started from London, on an expedition that was destined to Bring Darkest Africa in touch with the civilization of Europe.

We have in our editorial capacity been necessarily thrown into company with those members of the "fourth estate" who had the felicity of printing these imperishable effusions, and though we were told they were always "settin' em up," we found this related merely to the types —nothing stronger.

## A GLANCE AT LONGFELLOW.

IF it is true, as said by a certain critic, that poems are to be judged by the state of mind in which they leave the reader, "Evangeline," the masterpiece of this great American poet, justly deserves its high position, for its chaste style and homely imagery, with its sympathetic and occasionally dramatic story, produces a refined and elevated impression, and presents a beautiful and invigorating picture of "affection that hopes and endures and is patient", and of "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion".

"Evangeline" was Longfellow's favorite of his own poems. When the story was told to him by Hawthorne, it greatly impressed him, and tender-hearted Longfellow saw in it the foundation of a pathetic idyl.

It appears that Longfellow is more appreciated in other countries than in England. In Germany they have learned to love his simplicity and sentiment, and he is the most frequently read of foreign poets. The following express the general mental attitude towards Longfellow's poems: when Matthew Arnold had occasion to speak of "Evangeline" he mentions it as "Mr. Longfellow's pleasing and popular poem". Queen Victoria said to Longfellow, on his visit to her, "We shall not forget you. Why! all my servants read your poetry." But even though he be not classed with the poets of unassailed renown, he will ever remain dear to the. hearts of the people, and especially the people of America.

A. P.

## ALL ARE ARCHITECTS OF FATE.

LOOK at this stately structure gradually rising until it appears to salute the passing clouds. Day by day it grows nearer completion; block after block is added to perfect its beauty, until a time comes when the master declares with pride, that the work is done. Then the sun, dawning, gilds the glittering turrets with pale radiance; and when the dark gates of night open to receive his gorgeous chariot, the rays of dying splendor give to it diviner beauty. Let us enter. As we cross the marble threshold, strains of music float softly through the winding halls, while the light streams in crimson colors through the richly stained windows. In every room we see artistic beauty—here, a painting of a sweet fair haired Madonna; here, some relic of Grecian sculpture, whose exquisite symmetry is half concealed in a curtained niche. Surely

"Never seraph folds his pinions
Over fabric half so fair."

But near this dwelling, so grand in proportion, is a hovel, where all that is hideous and all that is wretched combine to render the scene ghostly. The walls are mouldering in decay, reptiles are crawling through the crevices and across the floor, and loathsome weeds flourish in wild luxuriance; while night birds croak their dismal monodies over the desolation around. It repels as much as the first dwelling had charmed us.

Is the poet's conception a just one? And the edifices "built with hands" similar to those characters which day by day we are moulding into beauty or deformity? In one sense this figure is true. Let us wander through the realms of the past and see what the great ones who have gone reared in life. Milton built of his life a cathedral, vast and grand, through whose aisles the organ notes of his verse peal in melody sublime. But a burst of faction hate or political bigotry makes a crashing discord and the music is marred. Byron was like a graceful edifice, but insecure and defective. In it are united the base and the beautiful, the strong and the weak. Through its corridors we hear the maniac laughter, and from the darkness eyes gleam at us that:

"Have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming."

What a terrible medley, and what a sad waste of princely intellect and a noble soul! Cromwell's life resembles a huge granite structure, storm-defying and sturdy, but over whose cold walls climb the starry jessamine and rose, types of the tender feeling nestling in the soldier's heart.

Ah! but there is one characteristic of our lives that belongs to them above and not to men's architectural works. The buildings of men totter in decay and not a vestige of them remains. In the Coliseum, the pride of Ancient Rome, of which it was said:—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world,"

the owl now builds her nest and the traveller from foreign lands muses over the traces of departed grandeur. A day shall come when even the Pyramids—grey scorners of time—will crumble into dust. Yet when they shall be among the things that were, the spirits of the kings entombed there ages before will be living and mighty, their characters immutable. Character is eternal. The casket that enshrines this gem of the soul may be destroyed, but the lustre of the gem will never dim nor fade. It has an eternity of existence. Thus it lives through endless ages when things material are no more.

In another instance does character differ from these works. Only the rich and powerful may possess splendid dwellings, the poor must be content with meaner, coarser materials and unsightly homes; and although in life some are born princes and others paupers, yet to each is given the power to make his life a glory or a shame. There is no position, however lofty, that a mean man cannot disgrace; and there is no rank, however lowly, that a noble nature will not elevate. To all, then, is given the means of being good and doing good. Pope voiced a grand truth when he said:—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Life—that gift of mystery—is to some a blessing and to others a curse. But there was bestowed on all the power of will—the power of choosing for the good or evil side. This is all that renders us anything but the slaves of circumstance. Deny man this faculty and he is no longer a being responsible for his actions, but a mere machine at the mercy of every influence brought to bear upon him. The power of volition is God-given, but its abuse degrades as much as its use elevates. We often wrongly estimate the success or failure of a life. The words are employed to denote the worldly prosperity or adversity with which he met not the duty done or neglected in man's life. During the last year there died in the city of New York a man of princely fortune, whose name had long been the synonym of worldly gain. Far from his palace home there had lived and toiled for many years a humble city preacher. He had been endowed with the richest gifts of intellectual power, and in his brilliant University career had given earnest of a life of literary fame. In his many wanderings through New York, the squalor and sin among the lower classes induced him to spend his life in labor in their midst. He had died of a loathsome fever that had infested the quarters of the city where he had preached. How widely different was the world's verdict on their two careers! The one they pronounced a splendid success; the other "a waste of brilliant talents." But when the name of the millionaire is hardly remembered, hundreds of the poor will bless the memory of God's worker. He has carved his epitaph in letters of gold on their hearts; he has made for himself a memorial in the elevation of their lives, which will endure when brass and marbled monuments have crumpled into mother earth. Then, if worldly good be not the

highest, better, far better, the chaplet of *immortelles* wreathed by the angels for the Christian's brow, than all the grandeur of earth's potentates. To Socrates was given a cup of hemlock; to Leonidas, defeat and a resting place among the shadows of Thermopylae; and the only perfect life this world has ever seen, ended on the Cross of Calvary. No doubt, the Jews, who mocked His dying agonies, thought His life the failure of an impostor. Little did they dream that after eighteen centuries the followers of that Christ would be numbered among the millions, while they would be scattered among all nations of the earth, held up as a proof of the divinity of the Nazarene's religion. Savonarola perished in the flames of martyrdom, but his principles have triumphed over Romanish bigotry. Latimer when dying said, "I light a candle to-day in England whose light shall never go out." And that glorious light of religious liberty and independence has never been extinguished on British shores. What the world calls failure is often but the plaintive prelude to a grand chorus of freedom, that shall swell over land and sea, drowning all discordant notes of tyranny and fanaticism. The glory of life lies in duty done, and the work of the humblest is as beautiful in God's sight as the work of a John Howard, or a Wilberforce, if it but consists in doing faithfully what accords with his convictions of right. We cannot know against what temptations, what sins our fellow-workers struggle; and so to our eyes their deeds may seem very imperfect. We partly may compute what's done; we know not what's resisted. Thus to Him who knows all the work appears noble indeed, for He has seen the weakness conquered, the pride slain before an effort was put forth to good action. Ah, yes!

> "The victories that laurel life
> Are fought and won within."

The poet in the following stanzas tells us that—

> "Nothing useless is or low,
> Each thing in its place is best;
> And what seems but idle show,
> Strengthens and supports the rest."

We live in an age that recognizes this truth in all its liberal and philosophic meaning. The time has for ever gone when philosophers deemed it a sacrilege of their theories to apply them to the elucidation of scientific truth. But to-day the beautiful and the useful are joined in harmony. Everything aids in the perfection of character, be it seemingy a trifle. To form a symmetrical whole, no quality in itself good should be neglected. Those softer graces that adorn and embellish the moral qualities that underlie all, are needed to make the work complete. The spirit of beauty—that which thrills us in the melody of song, the radiant dyes of autumn groves, the weird silence of a starry night;—that which smiles on us from tender eyes, and which manifests itself in the fairest revelation of a pure life; that which, we feel dimly, belongs to the infinite and inscrutable, must surely form part of our being, and should not be condemned by the cold utilitarian as valueless and vain. Cheerless, indeed, would be an edifice destitute of adornment. So a character, noble in in its moral heroism, is rendered charming by the loveliness of charity. It is well to know that the day has come when the beautiful and good are united, when stern Puritanism or the licentious briliancy of the Restoration no longer reigns, but in the modern gentleman we find the best elements of both, with the added culture of two centuries of Christianity. Imagination is a divine faculty of the mind, but one which is often scorned and depreciated. "Useless" is the sentence passed upon it by those incapable of realizing its sublimity. It is of heavenly birth and is never absent from the greatest minds;—its spell, wonderful and world-wide. It enables the weary and earth-tired soul to rise above the gloomand sorrow that surround it, and call forth at will visions of loveliness and ideal purity, lifting it above things of earth to the clear air of heaven, until it seems to near the divine. Through the clouds of sin and strife it beckons like an angel's snow-white hand, and we follow where it leads. Milton, through it power, produced angelic forms of light, burst the shining barriers between the visible and the unseen, and stood among the heavenly choirs at the foot of the ivory throne itself. Then he enters the realms of shade, and gave us the mightiest creation of all—the dark spirit who their reigns supreme. He was deprived of bodily sight, but to the soul's vision were granted gleams of immortal loveliness, and scenes of more than oriental splendor. Under its influence Shakespeare called forth those beings of such wonderful diversity of character and feeling—the brutish Caliban, and the metaphysical Hamlet, the coquettish Beatrice, and the high-souled Cordelia. The sweet laugh of merry girls, the raving of a maniac king, the eloquent mourning of a deposed Cardinal; all the depths of human passion, all the greatness and baseness of man's nature, its crimes and nobility are imaged forth, and are written in adamantine characters by his powerful pen on the world's thought. His home is now the Mecca of the world—the shrine of many a grateful heart's devotion. Should a faculty that wields such a mighty influence over our minds and hearts be esteemed of little value? Only those incapable of knowing the highest and purest joys doubt the worth and grandeur of this power of conceiving the ideal. The noblest minds have ever been found susceptible to its influence. The poet is needed no less than the merchant or physician. If "in man there is nothing great but mind," he who does most to purify and elevate the world's thought is most to be honored.

It has become the custom among those anxious to be regarded as cynical and misanthropical, to sneer at life as not worth living. Delicate youths, possessing none of Byron's genius, but a great deal of their own idiocy largely developed, deem it fitting to indulge in Byronic moods of misery, and rave about the unkindness of the world in general and their own loneliness in particular. Such spirits talk very boldy concerning the desirability of a grave where "none may break their

quiet sleep." School girls also affect a morbid melancholy at times that would seem alarming to one who did not behold them in other moods. But this spirit of repining is not confined to these classes. Sometime in every one's life the question "cui bono" comes home to the soul with disheartening effect. Just as the grand icy peaks of the Jungfrau are nearest to Heaven's golden stars, so are they nearest to the black storm-cloud ; and the best natures are more susceptible to gloom and beauty in life than those of lower aspirations. But the sunlight soon regilds the crag. Life is grand, and we may make it God-like. The palace shone in grander beauty in the setting sun, and so the hero is greater in death than in life. Around the head seems to linger a radiant halo, while the words at the last gather inspiration from the nearness of the unseen. These great ones who have been earth's benefactors had their hours of weariness and despair, but through all a voice said :

"Suffer and be strong."

They endured through the heat of the day, and their eventide was crowned with light, through whose golden gloaming the angels called them home. And shall not their lives comfort us? They speak to us yet from the fields of Lutzen and Ivry, from the pages of deathless poems, from the Christian churches built, and the homes for suffering ones founded. One and all urge us to greater effort, and speak to us of life's grandeur. E. G.

## HOW THE COLLEGITES OVERCAME THEIR ENEMIES.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE SCRIBES OF THE COLLEGITES.

It came to pass, that in the city of Londinium dwelt many young men, who were of great strength and who ran with great swiftness and who excelled in the smiting of footballs.

And a number of these young men came together and said one unto the other : "Let us unite together, that we may contend and see who excelleth over the others.

"And to them that excelleth let the honor be given, and also let be given to them prizes of gold and of silver, that we may contend for such."

And all of the young men raised their voices and said : "Yea, we will do this thing which is said."

And it was accordingly done.

And a league was made and a covenant formed, whereby these young men might contend one against the other.

And of these many were of an exceeding great strength, and it was seen that the struggle would be great. And those who were chosen to fight one against the other were five tribes.

And the tribes were :—

The Militites, who were men of war, and of great bravery, yea, braver even than the lion.

And the Collegites, who were the students and scribes, and who were of great learning.

And the Londonites, who were the young men that lodged round about the city, and they were the merchants and merchants' sons.

And the Asylumites, the sons of the learned doctors, and the men of strength of the asylum.

And also the tribe of the school of business to whom no name is given.

And be it known unto all men that of these many were of powerful limbs, yea, even more powerful than the ass of the field. And some kicketh the ball threescore cubits, and some fourscore cubits, and some even unto fivescore cubits. And when the *great* warriors smote the ball with their foot it was as the comet in the heavens.

Now it came to pass that the time approacheth for the beginning of the battles.

And the Collegites and the Militites, the men of war, were to contend first. And the Collegites went forth and met the Militites and vanquished them. Now, it was seen that the Collegites were of great strength, even greater than all the others, for they defeated their enemies and carried off many goals. Now, the time approacheth when the Collegites again contend against the Militites. And the Militites pour out libations that they may have the victory. They also pour out some unto themselves. And it came to pass that in this battle the Militites smote the ball with great violence, but it was as the smiting against the east wind. And the Collegites defeated the Militites, for they conveyed the ball through the goal of the Militites, but the Militites were as men that sleep, and comprehended it not. And they were of great wrath, and they cried unto the Collegites, saying : By ungodly means have ye defeated us, therefore yield we not unto you. But the umpire, who was an honest man, said unto them : "Verily, O men, ye have lost this fight, for the Collegites have overcome you." But the Militites answered and said : "Then no longer will we contend against you ; we will withdraw from the League and return to our homes." And they withdrew, and the Collegites saw that it was good. Now, the Collegites said among themselves, one to the other : "We have defeated the Militites, and they are sick, yea, sick unto death, therefore we will go forth and defeat our other enemies." And it was even so that they defeated them, and not even one of the Collegites received wounds unto his body. And the Collegites were exceeding glad, and cried : "Now, O men, have we defeated all of our enemies, even unto the greatest thereof, therefore let us partake of the prizes won thereby." And the Scribe and Treasurer of the League took forth from the Treasury the three skekels given therein by each tribe, and purchased therewith medals of gold and of silver, and these he gave unto the Collegites. And the fame of the Collegites spread throughout Londinium, and also throughout the whole land.

And images were made of the warriors of the Collegites, and placed in their Temple, that their children, and their children's children, even unto the third and fourth generation, might know of the great works of their forefathers.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

FLEECY clouds rest dreaming in the hazy azure sky,
And the soft, still silence whispers peace and love to all;
With quieted voice and bated breath glides the noiseless
stream,
The sun subdued and soft shines through the hazy sheen,
And all is hushed and still, nature becomes a dream,
Forest leaves are gilded and to golden hue are turned,
Mingled with a blushing tint, the color of the rose.
The withered beach leaf swirls and eddies as it drops,
Buried beneath others and its beauty gone forever;
A sad and mystic melancholy overflows the soul,
And a sorrow, sweet and sad, and longing fills the heart,
For soon the peaceful summer from us shall haste away.

A. J. S.

## WIAHAWTHA.

PRELUDE:

SHOULD you ask me whence this story,
Story of the House of Learning,
Where the children of the village,
Of the "Village of the Forest",
Get their knowledge and their wisdom;
For there are taught the classic tales,
Taught the cubic and the square root,
And equations, simultaneous,
And their heads are full to bursting,
Full of lore and full of wisdom.
Then I should answer you straightway,
These be tales that to me were sung
By the whispering breeze that strayed
Through the still forms and silent halls,
Like departed spirits haunting
The scenes of early strife and toil;
Sung to me in voice pathetic,
By the spider on the ceiling;
Often chanted is the story,
But by men, uncomprehended.

I.

In the centre of the village,
Neither eastward nor to westward,
Stands, in grim and awful silence,
Stands the school by men erected;
Built by the Chiefs of our great tribe,
Built by white bricks, made of the clay,
And built on rocks that grew together
By the magic of the mason;
And slatestones had it for its roof,
Stones of red, mixed with stones of brown;
Green meadows round the school were spread.
Meadows fringed by trees of maple,
Standing in the midst of meadows,
In haughty height and slender grace,
Stood the magic "staff," reaching unto
Heaven, in which it disappeared.
Erected by the royal command,
And mandate of the Council Great,
Who doubting access otherwise,
Erected this means whereby they
May ascend as old Elijah.

II.

And the Council sendeth forth word,
Sendeth forth word to let men know,
That they must one and all attend
The planting of the Council's pole.
Now, in his lodge, stayed one big Chief,
Chief of Learning and of lore,
Heedless of the Council's mandate,
And stayed he in his lodge and smoked.
This was the chief who beareth name,
Beareth the name of the "Forests."
This Chief came not to the meeting,
And his voice was not heard thereat.
A messenger came from the Chief,
Came from the big Chief in his lodge;
And the messenger said to them:
"Sick is the great chief in his lodge;
He cannot be with you to-day,
For sick is he, yes, unto death,
As the medicine man can tell.
Yes, of the great medicine man,
This is the message he giveth:
"If our great Chief goes out to-day,
His lamp of life likewise will do,
His spirit wings will take and fly."

III.

The anger of the other chiefs,
Was as iron heated in the fire,
Like iron heated, heated white;
This tale of woe touched not their heart.
Straightway the chiefs together came,
Came together in the Council tent,
And they charged this Chief of Learning,
Straightway charged him with treachery;
And they hunted out his crimes,
All the crimes he had committed.
They hunted, as the squirrel hunts
In the forest for the acorns.
And they gathered these together,
And not one they left behind them.
Now the Chief of Learning angered,
Angered much at his accusers;
Said they were a lot of women,
And were unjust to accuse him.
But his anger vanished quickly,
Vanished as a storm in summer,
When he saw that they meant business.
And he struggled hard against them,
But it was landslides opposing.

IV.

So this mighty Chief of Learning,
Rich in all the store of knowledge,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
By the Council was out cast,
Ejected from the House of Lore.
And broken was the great Chief's heart,
And burned his soul with agony,
And this he told unto his friends;
"This cursed village shall I leave,
I shall leave this Forest City,
And to another land I'll wander,
Where I can read my title clear."
So he journeyed westward, westward,
Towards the land of golden sunsets,

To the doorways of the west-wind;
Passed the mountains and the prairies,
And here the Chief of Learning stayed,
And here he built his lodge and stayed.

V.

Now once again the Council meet;
"No longer have we now" they said,
"A Chief of Learning for our school."
They together meditated,
And a chief made this suggestion;
"In our school have we younger chiefs,
Chiefs whose learning is astounding;
Let us choose from these the greatest,
He shall be the Chief of Learning,"
And they chose a Chief of Learning,
And he a man of no small name.
Now his knowledge and his wisdom,
He yields as in the springtime;
The giant maple gives forth to man—
Gives forth its clear and crystal sap.

VI.

Fire expires and sinks in slumber,
At the dawning of the morning;
So I end my weary singing,
Leave my songs to other singers.

(This poem will be concluded in our next edition.)

## SCHOOL LIFE.

"GENTLY down the stream of Time,
Floats our bark toward the sea.
Sweetly peals the evening chime,
Hear it echo wild and free;
Friends have gone, ties have broken,
Fears and doubts and hopes sublime,
Careless words, though idly spoken
Lie sleeping 'neath the sea of Time."

Is it not interesting, while looking at a very small child, or an innocent babe, to surmise as to what its future will be —what scenes it will pass through, and what deeds it will enact?

The red-letter day in nearly every child's life, is the day on which it commences school. School life in our land begins when children are quite young, and continues, in many cases, till they reach maturity. First comes the A B C class, and the youthful students worry over their addition tables, envying those who can read in the second book; then, when they reach that high state themselves, they wish for one still higher, and so keep on wishing for more knowledge, till they complete this life, having died knowing very little of what the world contains.

When persons have finished the free course of study that our land provides for us, their minds are, as a rule, generally made up as to what their future course shall be.

If one is to be a business man, his friends become interested on his account, and try to get a situation for him.

If, on the other hand, a profession be his choice, he is sent to college, where, as a father was once heard to say, "he sent his son, there to have the hollow in his head filled up."

It is at schools and in colleges that so many of those life-long friendships are formed that are so sweet to old people, for they find great pleasure in talking over the events that happened when "we went to school together."

A person must read continually to be able to keep up with the world; for this is the age of improvement and invention. This is the age of literary advancement, and men are rising up among us who are sure to win world-renowned praise, both for purity of language and originality of ideas. The world is also advancing in refinement; human nature aims high, and boisterous manners, looseness of speech and such like, are being left in the rear; even slang is going out of use, which is not much to be wondered at, for, although slang, in its usual signification, was used to turn to ridicule persons or expressions, and in fact originated among the gypsies, yet it entered into all grades of society, and appeared for a time to be essential to conversation. It is a well-known fact, however, that an educated person, or one who has a good command of choice language at his tongue's end, never uses slang; on the other hand, a man, who, to every remark that is addressed to him, replies "you bet," does so because at the time he can think of nothing else to say, and his answer is only made intelligible by articulation. Old people seldom use slang, and if we would take them as an example in this respect, as well as in others, it would be to our credit.

When we see a respected old person who is completing his span, should we not profit by his advice, and try to to follow in his footsteps? For, although the world in general bows down to age, yet, there are a few who are too thoughtless to pay any attention to them.

Some old people stand all alone in the world waiting for death to free them from the sorrow and cares of this life; then why should not the young cling around to cheer and comfort them, because it takes only a little thoughtful attention to make them very happy, and to cause them for a time to forget their loneliness and solitude.

Young people should never miss an opportunity of showing attention to the aged, by a courteous act or a friendly deed.—E. W. L.

Why listless sigh for wealth,—rise up, compete!
Stay not within the city of the dead;
And if you cannot make the both ends meat,
Contented let the other end be bread.

## OUR FIFTH FORM BOYS.

[The editor returns thanks for the brilliant poem composed by the shining intellects among the fifth form young ladies, but readers must remember that poor CHIPS is not responsible for the opinions of its contributors.]

WITH noisy step and manly air,
Our fifth form boys climb up the stair;
Out in the hall we hear a din,
Then fifteen boys come quickly in.

2 First comes Carson, so modest and meek,
Well up in everything, if he only would speak.
He'll win renown on the fields of fame,
And leave behind him a glorious name.

3 Behind comes Clark, with lordly tread,
We all know him by the poise of his head;
From him we hear the finest expression,
Force, pitch and emphasis, in succession.

4 Next comes Hendrie, with thick, black hair,
His thoughts are always up in the air;
He reads, and works, and also plays;
He'll be a great scientist one of these days.

5 Now comes Hobbs, with lively tread,
Carrying knowledge in his head;
Big blue eyes, and tie to match;
O he's the one to remain a "bach."

6 Last in the row is Kerrigan, bold;
He's one of the kind who'll never be "sold."
He plays foot-ball with wonderful skill,
When he sees the girls at the windowsill.

7 Then comes Little, a clever lad,
Always happy, gay and glad.
He'll be a great writer, painter or poet;
He's very smart, and we're bound to know it.

8 Little Love comes next, the pet of all,
To part with him would make us bawl.
Gentle, retiring, pleasant and shy,
He the exams will successfully try.

9 Now little McMillan our eyes fall upon;
He wishes that Euclid with McGinty had gone,
And in the Dead Sea, Greek history to be—
In this, with him, we all agree.

10 Behind comes Mills, so modest and meek,
He revels, of course, in Latin and Greek;
We know that he would be good in debate;
This we can tell by the shape of his pate.

11 Now Mr. Laidlaw's beaming face,
The high hall of learning doth grace;
He answers all difficult questions with ease,
And his masters endeavors to please.

12 Then comes Plewes, of wide renown;
His fame's spread abroad in this small town;
'Tis not too much for us to say,
He does all things in the very best way.

13 Next comes Stevenson, with quiet tread,
Very learned, and very well read;
He never gives the girls a glance;
If he did, his charms he would greatly enhance.

14 Next in comes Seaborn, to whom we can teach
Kindness of manner and slowness of speech;
Gentle, moral, and very precise;
We're very much pleased to find him so nice.

15 Behind comes Stuart, towering high,
Soon he'll reach the bright blue sky;
With one quick glance of his keen eye,
He soon finds out what girls are nigh.

16 Now comes Art. Stringer, more modest by far;
His eyes shine bright as the morning star.
He takes his seat with a quiet air,
And looketh not on his maiden fair.

17 Now Mr. Waters comes walking in,
Behind the rest, with a very broad grin,
And never a scowl on his face is seen,
Though some of the lessons are "pesky mean."

## RAVNIHCOL.

THE Institute boys have come out of their grave,
And the way to success they'll endeavor to pave.
No doubt all the city have heard that ere now
A poet has risen who's not quite so slow.
With ardor quite full and wit always warm,
This great noble bard of the famous Fourth form.

He translates from Homer, construes with great ease,
And portrays the penitent down on his knees.
With a hand like the hand of the masterly "Pope,"
He gets girls on a string, girls get him on a rope.
Then he sings like a harper the notes of his heart
And when he soars upward we'll give him a start.

So boldly he talks to the teachers at school,
His tones sound like those of a modest young fool.
He can't take a hint when he's sat on quite hard,
If you want an ear talked off just send him your card.
Of such fough examples as are in these lists
He, poetical genius, entirely consists.

* * * * *

Now, what's troubling this lad it is plain to see;
He has corns, and he suffers much misery;
But if he goes to *Barkwell* and buys his cure,
He'll get a cure that 'll cure such excrescences sure.

## LEGENDS.

THE term legend, now applied to ecclesiastical history, originally referred to a book containing the lessons to be read in the service of the old Romish Church; later on, to the accounts of the lives of the saints. They are said to have originated in this way :—

Before colleges were established, in the monasteries where the schools were held the teachers of rhetoric frequently gave the pupils the life of some saint as a test of their intellectual powers. The students, at a loss to fill up their pages, invented most wonderful adventures. The monks were so delighted with those flowers of rhetoric that they were induced to make a collection of these marvellous compositions, never imagining that at some distant time they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voragine and others wrote the lives of the saints, they sought for their materials in the libraries of the monasteries, and, finding in the dust these manuscripts, imagined that they were making the world a valuable present in placing before it these voluminous absurdities. The people received these pious fictions with all imaginable simplicity, and, as they were illustrated with numerous cuts, the miracles were perfectly intelligible to them. The "Golden Legend," by James de Voragine, was received into the church with great applause, which it maintained for two hundred years, but it is so full of ridiculous and romantic accounts that the Romanists themselves are now generally ashamed of it. In the life of St. Francis, among other grotesque miracles, we read that he preached a sermon in a desert and soon collected an immense audience, and the birds shrilly warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks and, when he had finished, dispersed with holy rapture into four companies to report his sermon to all the birds of the universe. At one time, when attacked by a wolf, with only the sign-manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his rabid assailant, till the wolf, meek as a lap-dog, stretched his paws in the hands of the saint and became his follower, and was afterwards converted to half a Christian. Lillemont and Fleury, French writers of the seventeenth century, cleared away much of this rubbish, and legends in general fell into disrepute, and the word "legend" began to signify falsehood, although many of them contained unquestionable facts.

MABEL S.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The editorial staff of CHIPS herein desire to express their appreciation of the able and prompt manner in which this handsome edition has been turned out by the London Printing and Lithographing Co. (successors to "Free Press" Printing and Litho. Departments), with thanks, also, for the many suggestions given and the kindly interest evinced by all those through whose hands it has passed. The splendid facilities possessed by this firm, and the courtesy ever displayed to its patrons, and our humble selves in particular, render it a pleasant duty for us to commend the L. P. & L. Co. to all those desiring printing of any kind, executed with rapidity and in good taste.

## SLIVERS.

In addition to teaching for Departmental and University Examinations, CHIPS suggests to the gentlemen of the Board of Education that there is an apparent necessity for a matrimonial course, judging from the numbers of our Institute young ladies who have had the honorary degree of " Mrs." conferred upon them after taking a post-graduate course in the " Fine Arts " (?).

* * *

We are deeply indebted to the editor of " Vox Lycei " for, no doubt, useful information given to our Business Manager, but as he is caught in a " web," we have been unable to derive much benefit from it.

* * *

CHIPS proposed organizing a beauty contest and printing a photo-litho. of the most beautiful young lady of the Institute, but owing to a diversity of opinion in the staff as to whose young lady should occupy that honorable position, the scheme was abandoned as sterile, barren and useless.

* * *

Our Manager fell under the influence of Somnus the other night, and, as he dreamt, the remainder of the staff noticed a confused mumbling of sounds in harmonical progression. Upon investigation it was found that he was solving a quadratic equation to the sweet strains of that dear old song, "Annie Rooney".

* * *

There are many belles in the Institute, but the one most dear to the heart of the editor is by all means the twelve o'clock bell.

* * *

We regret that we are not able to publish a few sketches by the fourth form lightning photo. artist; but, as our associate editor handed him some of his "original" (?) puns for inspection, his sudden demise is easily explained.

* * *

We hear of a commendable act in the third form, viz., that of taking up a subscription for a hair-cutting social. If it proves a lucrative enterprise, the proceeds might be employed in furnishing the gymnasium

## SCRIBS OF OUR SCRIBES.

When our sworn circulation exceeds fifty seven thousand copies, we propose purchasing Tecumseh Park for a foot-ball ground, and putting in a cinder running track. We will not, however, erect our handsome two-story club house for the students this year.

* * *

We are daily expecting an invitation to the approaching wedding of one of our most highly esteemed teachers. Contributions of dress coats, and-so-forth, will be thankfully received; but if the gentleman who kindly carried home our coats from Mike Ward's will return the same, we will receive them with equal thankfulness.

* * *

We have protested Longfellow's " Hiawatha" It was not original, for he has plagiarized. Read the poem in these pages and consider if we are not acting wisely in suing for fifty thousand dollars damages.

* * *

The fourth form has been suffering with the intense heat and, like poor little Oliver Twist, is always crying for more—cold air. This is owing to the heat radiating from the heads of our luminary lights. We would suggest that they be moved to the northwest corner, where they might be useful in dispelling the chilling climate which prevails in that locality. But, for all this, they are not hot-headed.

* * *

It would be advisable not to return unaccepted MSS. unless accompanied by a dray; and all MSS. not to be accepted, and requests for payments of bills, will kindly label themselves as such on the outside, as it will save our jaded energies a great amount of needless labor.

* * *

The echo of a wail faintly floats to us from the fifth form, crying out against the persistent detention of the pupils after the bell rings for dismissal at noon.

* * *

We are asked to answer the following questions, but are unable to do so, as we have been unable to receive the required information :—" Why has our gymnasium not been furnished with the necessary apparatus?" " Has the Collegiate Institute a coat-of-arms? If so, what are they?" " What is an Assembly Room?"

* * *

Readers, Barkwell's sure corn, wart, bunion and mole cure never fails. Try it. Try it.

1C18227



## LOCAL HITS AND MISSES.

The above is the personification of the Second A Form's orthinological Doc's ideal man, and Dave may be seen down on Dundas street each day industriously imitating and fondly hoping to excel that famous personage,—the cowboy.

* * *

Chips has generously lessened the work of the examiners of the Institute.

* * *

The man killed by a large icicle falling on his head from the Masonic Temple, was heard to murmur before expiring, that "that was an ice way to die."

* * *

In answer to our request for an essay, Left-handed Charlie said that he didn't amount to much as a writer, even though he was somewhat of a Longfellow.

* * *

As the citizens of our town have taken it into their serious consideration to limit the number of tavern licenses and Aldermen, why not totally abolish both, as common nuisances and drawbacks to the respectability of the city.

* * *

Just now every peevish and anxious soul is speculating upon what she will receive as a holiday gift. We would here modestly suggest that she should gracefully decline the presentation if accompanied by the adage "*accipe hoc tecum.*"

*First Form Boy:* Better let up on that; Mr. Jim 'll be on ter yer biggern a barn on fire.

*Second Form Boy (rather bellicose):* Whatchergivinus! I don't care for Jim, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is Jimmie's.

* * *

If the many enquirers after the mysterious disappearance of Jimmie Carlyle, a deceased pupil of the Institute, would examine the ceiling of the Chemistry room they would at once notice a large brown spot, and there lies Jimmie. Poor Jimmie always was fond of making original experiments.

* * *

A High School boy is reported to have squeezed his girl, a sweet undergraduate of Hellmuth, until two of her ribs were broken, but he was greatly relieved when he heard her enthusiastically request him to go on and break the other twenty-two. This wa(i)sting of strength should be discouraged in the Institute boys.

* * *

"Pupils," said a teacher in the First Form the other day, "from the noise outside, methinks a dog fight is on. You are all excused and may go out and watch it. Don't get in a hurry, for it would look better if your teacher were to go first." And he shot out, followed by a wild rush of scholars. No dog fight. Only Henry A. and chums welcoming the beautiful snow.

* * *

We have a large quantity of unaccepted jokes (God save the word!) in our waste-paper basket, which we will joyfully give to those intellectual (ditto above parenthesis) Young Liberals, and we know that the audience (also ditto above parenthesis) will immediately notice the superiority of their next entertainment (and again also ditto above parenthesis). No back talk you minstrels (and still again we say ditto above parenthesis).

* * *

The following Ode to the "Spirit of the Fourth Form" was handed in by a couple of the young ladies of the Form:—

"Oh, Spirit! that hovers o'er the dark corner,
Begone, I implore thee; thou'rt not an adorner.
If thou art immortal, from whence didst thou spring?
Chagrin and trouble is all thou didst bring.
The poem thou wrotest did come to no harm,
Though all parties concerned may have felt some alarm.
'Twas very original, though not at all true;
Your shadow's too smart, and so are you too.
'Twould be best for us all didst thou leave there straightway—
Leave not any trace in our memories to stay.
If Chips is intended to enlighten the mind,
I hope that effect on thine own we may find.
If thou hast departed ere Chips shall appear,
We will all try our best to send you one there.

## REMEMBRANCES.

(A ROMANCE.)

"Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the heart to pain."

AS night approached the rain descended with increased bitterness, and beat with a mournful sound on the window panes of a dark and dismal house standing on one of the principal streets of a Canadian town. Dark and dismal as the house appeared to an occasional person passing by, yet from one window a gleam of light shone through half drawn curtains out into the darkness. If a person approached the window and peered in through the watery panes, he could have seen a man sitting before a fire with his eyes fixed listlessly and blankly on the glowing coals in the grate before him. In his hand he holds, tightly clutched, a letter which he has been reading, and he can be seen to occasionally move his lips as if speaking, but no sound comes from them. Sitting there in the chair he appears to be a man above the average height, and among his dark hair can be seen streaks of grey, yet he does not look like a man of old age, but rather one permaturely old. His age would be probably between thirty and forty years.

Anyone in the town could tell you that this house is occupied by Doctor Arbuthnot, and that this person dreaming before the fire was Doctor Arbuthnot himself. He had been practicing medicine in this place for nearly a year, and he had won a reputation for being kind-hearted and generous, but reserved, and treating the least intrusion on his family affairs with rigid coldness. None, indeed, knew who he was or from where he came, and it was in vain that the young society ladies spread their nets to capture the enviable title of Mrs. Dr. Arbuthnot. It was whispered among the old maids that he was married, and had deserted his wife and children; while others said that he must be a divorced husband, or probably a widower. Others, of a more romantic nature, firmly believed that it was a case of desperate love and rejection that caused this man's reserve and indifference to them all. How little these poor mortals know the truth, and how poorly they aim at it.

It is Christmas Eve, and Doctor Arbuthnot's mind is wandering away back among the spirits of past Christmases. He remembers how, one year ago, he had come to this obscure Canadian town with a broken heart, to live and forget; but forget the past he could not, and this he tells himself to-night as he sits before the flickering fire and hears the rain and hail beating down in the darkness outside. He wonders if this past will forever haunt him, and if he can never be free from its dreaded associations. He had just that day received a letter from Old England, which had awakened the sleeping memories and stirred up the bitterest dregs of his mind. There it is in his hand, and he looks at it vacantly and wonders if it had never reached him how different his thoughts would have been.

The letter ran thus: "Dear Robert, we were very sorry to hear that you could not be with us at the old home this Christmas; but we all hope you will not be too lonesome or desolate at your place in the howling wilderness. Dear Bob, I have bad news, which I know I should tell you. Yesterday, the wife of Sir Reginald Talbot died suddenly, and her husband is overcome with grief. I know it will cause much pain for me telling you this, but still, I think it is my duty, when I remember what friends you and she once were. I will write again soon; so good-by, old fellow, and don't forget us. Faithfully yours, R. J. S."

His mind goes back to when he, fresh from a Canadian medical school, had set out for a few years' polishing in the hospitals and colleges of England and Germany. He still remembers the joy and loyalty he felt when he first saw the outline of the "Old Country" and fatherland, and the whirl of amazement he felt when he first beheld "Old London." It was here he was to remain for a time with his relatives, whose magnificent home filled him with wonder. His face assumes a more animated expression as he fondly dwells on his romantic meeting with his fair young English cousin, who, when he with due cousinly feelings kissed her, slapped him smartly on the face, and how, when she returned to him with tears in her beautiful blue eyes to ask forgiveness for her rudeness, he was greatly tempted to kiss her again; but was she not a young lady of eighteen, and a wealthy society lady at that? while he was a poor medical student with neither wealth nor fame.

He remembers their growing friendship until it developed into love on his side and on hers—but who can tell, perhaps, in her heart of hearts, she loved him more dearly than life. In time he went to Germany, and their warm parting was always a pleasure to him while there, and her letters, true and pure as they were, many a time cheered up his despondent spirit. It was while here that he first received word of his father's death, and the loss of the fortune which he had expected to inherit. His plans were upset, and he found it necessary to obtain a means of subsistence at once. So, acting in accordance with the inward wish of his heart, he prepared to return to Canada. He remembers that parting with his fellow students, whose sympathy for him in his trouble nearly caused this strong man to break down. How vividly he remembers his return to England, and the love and tenderness with which Margaret Maltravers received him at her father's home.

His love was so strong that he humbled himself at her feet and asked her to be his wife, for weal or for woe, and this proud English girl stood up and, throwing her arms about his neck, said she was his, and his forever, and at the same time gently kissing his cheek. Even now, long years after, when he thinks of it, his cheeks burn as he remembered that sweet token of her love. And he tells her how he will make a home for her, and he will return and carry her back to the new world in the west. He remembers how beautiful she appeared when he said good-by, and, when he was telling her a pathetic little German

legend, how she put her head on his shoulder and wept as if her heart would break. Surely she loved him; she must have loved him; but then—and he turns pale and trembles involuntarily. He glances at the fire, it is nearly out, and the wind is whistling outside in a drear and melancholy manner. But he is not cold; there is a burning within him which seems to be scorching his very heart; and still he recalls the past—that dreaded past which he hated so. He recalls to his mind his months of toil and labor in his new sphere, and how he feverishly waited for the arrival of Margaret Maltravers's letters, and how they came less regularly, until finally he received no reply to his, but waited weeks for its arrival. In its place was sent a London newspaper, and he remembered the eager haste with which he tore it open when he saw the postmark on it. He can see himself standing beside his table running his eye up and down its pages, and he again feels the painful jump his heart gave when he saw a notice of her wedding; and he again turns pale, and the agony becomes almost unbearable when he remembers reading the account of her marriage to Sir Reginald Talbot, an Englishman of wealth and rank. How he cursed her with the most bitter curses, and said he hated her.

But this feeling of hate gradually diminished and changed to one of agony, which he tried to drown by toil.

Then his mind wanders to the day he received a letter, and on the envelope he saw and recognized her handwriting. How this letter moved him, he himself only knew, for it awakened in him all his old love, and, false as she was, he still loved her with his whole soul. But what was she, the wife of an English nobleman, to him? Why should he be overcome by a letter from her, who, probably, regarded his love as the sentimental feelings of a schoolboy? It was cowardly of him to be so weak. He remembers how, with trembling hand, he had dropped her letter unopened into the fire, which quickly devoured it and its secret message.

Bitterly, bitterly, had he repented his rash opinion, but this lessened not his misery and despair. His mind returns again to the letter in his hand, but as he reads its sorrowful message, his eyes are tearless, and he wonders how one could be so fair and false. Did she ever love him? The question causes him to remember the burning of her last letter, and to guess at its contents. But none can tell its dead message now, and as he thinks of this, Robert Arbuthnot grows sick at heart. He rises up from his seat, and taking from one of his inner pockets a photograph in a golden case of the woman he once and still loves, he kneels down at the window and gazes at it in the dusky morning light. Surely there is nothing but faith and love in the pure eyes that he sees there.

* * * * * *

When the clouds clear away, and the morning sun shines on the bells pealing out the Christmas chimes, he is still kneeling at the window, but he does not hear the joyous peal of the bell, nor feel the warm rays of the sun, but looks at the face of the woman he must always love, and will never forget.

## SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING.

NOTHING can be said which has not been said before. If "CHIPS" has a place with nothing on it, I would like to put "nothing" in the vacant spot. If we offer nothing, nothing, of course, will be expected, and nothing will offend no one if we stick to the topic. The reader may think I am making a good deal out of nothing; that is my intention. Many people prefer something as the theme of their discourse, but for the sake of variety, I insist on nothing. Nothing is nothing; it has no beginning, no existence, and no end, and yet is associated with almost everything. The globe is suspended upon nothing, and was called forth into existence out of nothing. The words of an old poem fit in here so well, that I cannot help but repeat them :—

The ancients have worked upon each thing in nature,
Described its variety, genius and feature;
They have exhausted all fancy could bring:
As nothing is left; of nothing we sing.

From nothing we came, and whatever our station,
To nothing we owe an immense obligation;
Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,
In time we shall all unto nothing return.

This world came from nothing, at least, so says history;
Of course, about nothing there's something of mystery.
Man came from nothing, and by the same plan,
Woman was made from the rib of a man.

Since then a man thinks nothing of taking
A woman to join, and again his rib making,
As nothing can give so much joy to his life,
Since nothing's so sweet as a good-humor'd wife.

Some pass their time nothing beginning,
By nothing losing, and by nothing winning;
Nothing they buy, and nothing they sell,
Nothing they know, and nothing they tell.

That life is all nothing, is plainer and plainer;
So he who gets nothing is surely a gainer.
This much it is certain we prove pretty plain—
Take nothing from nothing, there'll nothing remain.

Thus with this nothing, the theme out were spinning,
Nothing will set many folks grinning.
Reader, believe it, while all this is true,
The reason I wrote it, I had nothing to do.

There was a certain English Bishop who had a text chosen for him by a king. When entering the pulpit, a slip of paper was handed to him, and upon unfolding it he found nothing written upon it. He paused for a moment, and then began :—"Here my brethren is nothing, and out of nothing the world was created," etc. I have heard sermons end in nothing, but this is the first time that I have ever heard of one beginning with nothing. Many things are poetically said to "end in smoke"; more may be said to end in nothing.

As I can think of nothing more, I will say nothing more on this subject, for there is nothing in it. B. M.

## MAILING A LETTER.

SOME people can mail a letter with aplomb, suavity and satisfaction, while others go about it with an intimidated air of hesitancy painful to behold.

A fair damsel enters the village post-office with a sealed missive in her gloved hand. She proceeds in the following manner, providing the fellow behind the pigeon-hole be young and tender :—

"Good morning, George."

"Why, Sadie, is that you? How are you this beautiful morning?"

"Quite nicely, thank you, George. Did the camp girls have a large crowd at their moonlight picnic last evening?"

"A fair—look out there, young fellow, or the turtle in the globe will snap your nose off—crowd. But I did n't see—no; nothing for the Brown's—you there."

"Hattie Camp and I never speak now as we pass by."

"Why, I'm surprised to hear—come when the postmaster is in if you want a money-order—that, Sadie. Your bosom—keep that dog's paws off the window-sill, young man—friend. Almy Tompkins, was there, and—here, boy, here's your letter—she looked lovely. But she uses too much—yes, your letter will be in time for the next train—powder."

"Do you think Almy is pretty, George?"

"Well, she might be prettier; but you see—stick your own stamp, sir—her father is rich and—don't forget your change, sir—that has much to do with—here, you great big duffer, that clock was n't made to aim quids at—a lady's personal attractions."

"Did the Camp girls sing?"

"Beautifully. They are the best—boys keep out of those ink-wells—singers in town, with one exception."

Sadie blushed a deep red, and her heart bobbed up and down as George beamed upon her through the pigeon-hole.

"Why, wh—what do you mean, George?" she asked. She knew what he meant, but she could not resist the temptation to hear it from his own lips

"How can you ask, Sadie? You sing 'Over—quit rapping upon that box, boy—the Garden Wall' and—well, here's your letter, boy—'White Wings.' By the way, I'd like to call to-night and—say, you fellow in a rubber-coat, keep your letters out of that contribution-box—have one of those dear, delightful chats. May I?"

A greased-head and seven or eight inches of freckled neck emerged from the pigeon-hole.

"Yes; do come, George. I shall be ever so pleased to hear Hattie Camp sputter about it. She is real hateful and jealous, too."

"Never mind what she says, Sadie. You and I don't mind if—no, sir; you can't send any corn-salve through the mail—she does talk. By the way, have you got anything good to eat—if you will remove the gas from that rubber concern, and throttle the escape-valve, you may send it by mail, my young man—up to your house?"

"Mother made a big jar of fried-cakes, and a dozen pumpkin-pies; and I baked some lovely angel-food cakes."

"Then I'll surely come. Ta, ta!"

The greasy head and freckled neck withdrew, and Saide went away with a soul as light as a feather. The little birds seemed to sing sweeter, and there was more gold in the sunshine. She walked home in the heat and dust, two miles.

When she commenced to remove her gloves, the letter confronted her. She had forgotten to mail it. She reproached her wretched memory, and hired her little brother Sammy, for five cents, to run down to the village post-office with the letter. Sammy went in swimming, and also went fishing, and—when the letter was finally mailed, five days had passed.—*Puck.*

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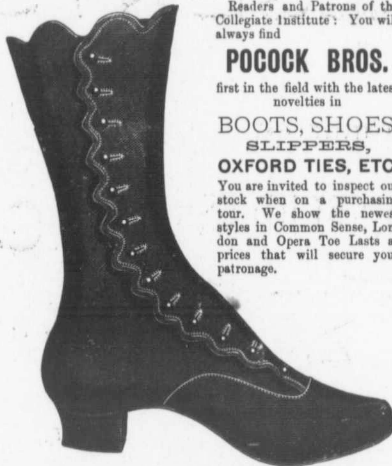

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