

Ontario Normal College Monthly

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1898.

The Literary Society.

THE Literary and Scientific Society, as it is now styled, assembled for its fifth lawful meeting on November 11th. After some rumblings and mutterings the society accepted the constitution as recommended by the committee of the whole. Neither the three natural science specialists nor anybody else raised any objection to the proposed obliteration of the term scientific from the title of the society. Thenceforward we abjured scientific or intellectual researches of all kinds. In its haste to prevent a repetition of last meeting's scene of "raging rocks and shivering shocks," the society hastily passed everything that the committee of the whole chose to foist upon it. The ladies showed themselves especially eager to start business and cut short a profitable discussion. As soon as the constitution had been laid to rest, Mr. Bradley read a very interesting essay which ought to be summarized for the *Monthly*. How the boys cheered Miss Briggs to and from the piano. Mr. Murray then kept the crowd quiet for a time with a selection on the mandolin. Before the last echoes of applause had died away the heathens in the rear and some of the ladies began to cry for Mr. Hinch. The cry soon swelled to a roar, which became a tumult as the Tiger arose and proceeded to the platform. After some expostulation and deprecatory gestures he yielded so far to the general demand for a recitation as to tell us a funny story from his own experience. I could not hear it very well for the senseless chatter of some girls near by, but he seemed to be telling with much feeling a tale of

love and disappointment. Smiles were mirrored in correlative tears as the elocutionist concluded and was almost wafted from the stage by a wave of spontaneous acclamation. The meeting was too deeply stirred to bother with a critic and adjourned.

At its sixth meeting the society had the pleasure of appointing that renowned epicure and general good fellow, Mr. J. W. Sifton, to represent it at the Victoria *Conversazione*. The *Mail and Empire* should take note of this. But the ladies, who are presumably out of politics, voted strong for the mathematician. The usual excitement attended the election of a critic for the next meeting. Langford was a hot favorite. Menger was also fancied, but owing to a disposition to balk is never reliable. Burnham, the dark horse, was retired by his owner at the last moment for some reason. Mr. McIntosh also ran. Langford was the man of destiny this time but the others may come on later.

The debate was won handily by Messrs. Charters and Overholt, who had the advantage of experience over their opponents, Walker and Marshall. Mr. Charters was particularly prominent. Mr. Burnham played the piano. A critic who announced himself as the envoy of some divine Voice or other, began to frighten the ladies with a long and sanctimonious face, and longer, more terrible words. He made the poor things cower before his scorching wit and then "in wrath his giant thought upreared" until folks expected to see so godly a man meet the fate of Elijah. But suddenly, instead of going up, down he fell upon a couple of luckless dancers and a few others drawn in by the suction, with an awful sound. Let us say no more of it. The meeting broke up in a panic.—OBSERVER.

Ontario Normal College Monthly

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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MISS L. GAHAN.

A. M. OVERHOLT.

MISS M. M. GRAHAM.

NOW is "the growing time," as the Toronto *Globe* says. Many of our crammers are growing like hot-house plants. Mental expansion is forced to the limit. As the season moves along with accelerated velocity to the Christmas reaping time, and the paraffine lamp works over hours to help the panting student, the multitudinous character of the "requirements" is borne in upon the shuddering sense as not before. After twisting and wriggling through all the technicalities of apperception and attention, parting and wholing, concreteness and discreteness, there remains the work of poking about in the ashes of foretime Euclid, History, Bookkeeping, Latin, Physics and what not, in the effort to shake up some spark of life from a crumbling oblivion. It is not so much the prospect of examination on new work that fills the examinee with a vague uneasiness which gradually becomes almost a settled state of his system. We have to face no ordinary test. The Normal College examination sounds a man's attainments from top to bottom. Not the roof alone but the whole structure is subjected to careful scrutiny. It hurts the feelings at first, to have one's comprehensive knowledge of such back numbers as Euclid or Latin called into question. An invitation to work the forty-seventh proposition of the first book, or give the imperative of *Mores* seems like a stab in the back. But there can be no doubt that in most cases even the University graduate

may well inspect the foundations of his acquirements, fill in a chink here and there and stop a threatening chasm there and here, before rushing into business as a teacher of the young. The wide reach of our examinations is designed to ensure this final strengthening of the base as well as the polishing of the roof-tiles. We shall see how effective it is later on.

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THE L. AND S. SOCIETY thought itself wiser than the class of last year when it dropped the words "and Scientific" from its title. No doubt it was only the Society's extreme, almost quaint politeness that allowed a debate on Trades Unions to encroach on its valuable time. Perhaps a few members imagined that the words "and Scientific" implied a number of experiments in Physics and Chemistry as part of the regular programme. It takes a deal of reasoning and explaining to convince some people that Science is not Natural Science alone. The New York Academy of Science could listen to a lecture of Prof. Calvin Thomas on the "Origin of Poetry," or of Prof. A. V. W. Jackson on the "Parsee Tower of Silence." But our Society would relegate such themes as these to the misty realms of literary moonshine, or necromancy perhaps. Nevertheless they *are* scientific, and when the Society changed its mind on the subject last Friday, it made a change for the better. Why did our Natural Scientists lag behind in the vindication of Science?

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THE more violent opponents of compulsory Greek in secondary schools go so far as to deny that any sort of benefit may spring from picking the dried up bones of anti-

quity. They regard the study of Greek literary models in their original garb as an unmixed evil. They would religiously hide away from the innocent gaze of childhood the masterpieces of Greek literature and sometimes even Greek sculpture.

But not only is the study of the original Greek denounced; it is the essential character of Greek models, untranslated or translated, that incurs the scorn and hatred of so many philologists, narrow-minded scientists, and promoters of such barbarisms as the Edda, Beowulf, Gothic and even Chipeway. Dazzled by nearer though absolutely less brilliant lights, these good people swear by the wild, unhealthy fancies of French literature, the sickly sentimentality or absurd romancing of the Germans, or the half crazed flights of Celtic poetry and legend. Turning their backs on the sun of standard literature, they resolutely ignore the pure simplicity and proportion of the Greek masterpieces. They like the daily newspaper better than Sophocles, or strangely enough, they fall down in blank adoration before the incomprehensible Browning, but turn in disgust from the simple directness of Homer.

The real reason why these worshippers of every form of extravagance in thought or diction, of the spectaclled Muse of comparative Philology, of Beowulf, Omar Khayyam, Kalidasa and other eccentricities, do not heartily like Kipling, must be that Kipling is so Greek, so Homeric in his simplicity, dash and fire. They pretend to love Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Milton. But they do not. They can not. They can not serve two opposite kinds of masters. These writers, like

Plato, Thucydides and Aeschylus are too well balanced. There is nothing sensational or archaic about them. There are many kinds of Ignatius Donnelly's on the constant look out for the newest, wildest and most unnatural ideas. They hate the childlike but embrace the childish. The enemies of Greek models are hugely pleased with alliterative book-titles, alliterative jingles in verse like Locksley Hall, and other excesses, abnormalities and inorganic growths with which so much of our modern poetry is afflicted. They infinitely prefer the oratory of Col. Ingersoll with all its meretricious tinsel and insincerity to the transparent honesty and simple power of Demosthenes. They mistake bombast for richness of imagery. The "contemptible poverty" of Greek literature is contrasted with the richness of modern literature in metaphor and other complications. All together they shout, "We want and we will have the complicated (Browning), the sentimental (Wieland), the extravagant (Swinburne) the sensational (Charlotte Bronte), the vegetative (Wordsworth), or the vegetarian (Shelley), the silly (French comedy), the weird (E. A. Poe), the ghastly (d'Annunzio), the negative, the morbidly naturalistic, the neurotic, the erotic, and all the other varieties of diseased literature. Down with simplicity, purity, manliness, decent reserve and harmonious proportion. Sink the ship freighted with classic traditions, and tie such men as Andrew Lang and Rudyard Kipling to the mast, the former as a dangerous representative of truth and natural expression, the latter as an accursed regenerator of atavistic barbarity. Away with those classics, Chaucer and Spenser

except for philological purposes. They are pernicious as stylists, but almost as good as Beowulf as subjects for the dissecting table. We have outgrown the fetishes of Milton and Byron. Hurrah for Fennyson and his carpet knights!"

Such is their mad cry. Such is their frenzy for all kinds of childish or senile extravagance. They *will* have the latest doggerel of Crockett or Daudet. They would bury Shakespeare if they dared—the giant in whom the spirit of Sophocles grew to nobler proportions. As for Dante, he ought to be consigned to his own Infernos, who almost attributed divinity to Virgil. But Shakespeare and Dante are too strong for them yet.

* * *

A more sober set of educationists, siding with neither the rabid classicists who would have everybody plunged into Greek at an early age, nor their equally rabid antagonists, advocate the use of good translations from such simple authors as Homer and Virgil in the literary course of secondary schools. It is argued that just as Greek sculpture is the ultimate model of all our modern work, and no student of sculpture would now think of omitting a study of Greek art, so Greek literature, at any rate through translations, should help to form the best taste and style in English composition, and correct, especially in this age of strange extravagances, the tendency to stray from the path which is the golden mean.

In the Hungarian Gymnasia these translations have been successfully employed. It is found that their simplicity of thought and style, at once manly and childlike, makes

the Greek authors excellent means of instructing children in the fundamental principles of life and morals, besides stimulating their imagination in a wholesome way and giving them a large store of historical and sociological information. Some American schools are now adopting the same plan. If Ontario schools should follow them, the sobriety, wholesomeness and simplicity of Greek authors might prove the very best foundation for an intelligent appreciation of our own more complex, more difficult literature, as well as the simplest criterion for measuring the beauty and worth of the countless works that appear among us every day. To quote Rosenkranz, "The proper classical works for youth are those which nations have produced in the childhood of their culture. These works bring children face to face with the picture of the world which the human mind has sketched for itself in one of the necessary stages of its development. This is the real reason why our children never weary of reading Homer and the stories of the Old Testament."

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THE Editors would like to rectify a mistake made in last issue. Among the officers of the Literary Society Mr. R. J. McIntosh should have figured as Second Vice President. Mr. Dobbie is one of the Councillors.

Those two or three veterans who got caught in the mill last year through various accidents, are just now oracles in high repute on the subject of exams. They are like Nestor, living on in a new age of pigmies. May the exams dwindle, any way, from their ancient grandeur.

A New Book by Gilbert Parker.

HIS LOVERS of literature and as Canadians especially, we hail with delight a new book from the pen of our Canadian novelist. Gilbert Parker. Unlike the work by which he is best known "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Battle of the Strong," as the author himself tells us, is not an historical novel, although its principal action is at the time of the French Revolution and the subsequent war with the English. The scene is on Jersey Island, and Gilbert Parker takes his readers along the rocky, dangerous coast, points out the treacherous whirlpools, the hidden rocks, and steep cliffs, leads him through the streets of the old Norman town of St. Heliers, into the Vier Marche, even into the neat cottages of the good wives of Jersey, and the reader feels that he has seen it all. The author, by a skilful division of his novel into five books, with a specified period of time between each, passes over the years so gracefully, that the heroine we meet in the first chapter as a demure, roguish maiden of five, the descendant of an exiled French family, quite naturally takes her farewell of us as the proud mother of a youth of twenty-one. The graceful, brave young midshipman, Philip D'Avranche, who greets us at the same time, must share his claim as hero, with the noble hearted, self-denying, ship-builder's apprentice, Ranulph Delagarde, a traitor's son, whom we first know in the second chapter. Perhaps a third has a right to urge a small claim, Detricand, a worthless dissolute, one of the many sent by France to wrest Jersey from the British, but who afterwards commands our heartiest approbation and respect, by his strong will, bravery and unselfishness, all inspired by his love for the heroine, Guida Landresse de Landresse.

Guida, in many respects, is a model woman, yet not too model to be life-

like. Her own honest nature and upright character lead her to place unbounded faith in everybody, so she listens believing, to the ardent love-phrases Philip D'Avranche whispers in her ear, and she allows him to persuade her to a secret marriage on the eve of his departure for a two months' cruise. But the war breaks out and Philip returns not, to make public the marriage. His letters come occasionally, still filled with protestations of his love for her, but meanwhile Guida learns from other sources, that Philip has unexpectedly been made heir of one of the sovereign dukedoms of France, and that he was lending his consent to negotiations for his marriage with a countess, as befitting his present rank. Enraged at his falseness, she writes but once more to him, telling him she would never make public the marriage and leaving him free to carry out his designs in France.

It is a crucial ordeal for a woman, when she forces herself to see the naked truth concerning the man she has loved, yet the man who has wronged her. She is born anew in that moment. It may be to love on, to blind herself, and condone and defend, so lowering her own moral tone; or to congeal in heart, become keener in intellect, scornful and bitter with her own sex and merciless towards the other; intolerant, judging all the world by her own experience, incredulous of any true thing; or again she may become stronger, sadder, wiser; deceiving herself in nothing, yet never forgiving at least one thing—the destruction of an innocent faith and a noble credulity; seeing clearly the whole wrong; but out of a largeness of nature and by virtue of a high sense of duty, devoting her days to the salvation of a man's honor, to the betterment of one weak or wicked nature. Of these last would have been Guida." With her young child she retires from St. Heliers and lives with him on a lonely part of the rocky coast. Here after years of absence,

D'Avranche seeks her out, declares his penitence, but when she scorns him, attempts to take the child by force.

"Then came the battle of two strong spirits, the struggle of fretful and indulged egotism, the impulse of a vigorous temperament against a deep moral force, a high purity of mind and conscience."

When about a year afterwards, Philip lost his life in a duel, Guida's hand is given, not to Ranulph, who has loved her patiently since her childhood, and in the nobility of his nature and the depth of his affection befriended her almost alone, in the years of her trouble, but to Detricand—Detricand, who sacrificed his military ambition, and gave his energy to make Philip reap what he had sown.

Although the story extends over so many years, not for one instant does the interest flag, the demand for poetic justice is fully satisfied, and throughout it all is shown the British patriotism, by which, regarded even in his worst light, D'Avranche still has a tie which binds him to us, for, as a false French Duke or as a simple midshipman from Jersey, he never forgets his duty to the British flag.—L. GAHAN.

NOTE—A very neat copy of "The Battle of the Strong" may be had at Eastwood's.

Primary Public School Arithmetic. By Dr. J. A. McLellan, Principal of the Ontario Normal College, and A. F. Ames, B. A., Superintendent of Schools, Riverside, Ill. New York; MacMillan & Co.

About a year ago Dr. McLellan and Mr. Ames published a "Public School Arithmetic" which gave evidence of much careful thought and wide experience in teaching, and which was favourably reviewed by many prominent educators. This book was professedly the sequel to McLellan and Dewey's "Psychology of Number." It embraced a psycho-

logical and therefore systematic treatment of arithmetic, as far as the subject is taught in a public school course. Messrs. McLellan and Ames have now extended their work to include more fully that of the primary grade, and have produced a little book which forms an introduction to the former, and which if carefully studied and followed by primary teachers, should do much to make elementary arithmetic a delight to children. Much of the confusion in the minds of children when working arithmetic is undoubtedly due to the illogical and unsystematic presentation of the subject by the teacher, if not due to confusion in the mind of the teacher himself. This primary work gives a series of graded lessons, introducing the elementary operations in such a delightful and natural way that success must attend the efforts of every faithful teacher following its methods.

The first eighty pages of the book form an introduction, giving suggestions to the teacher and suggestive model lessons on counting and notation. It is not always politic to tell teachers that they do not know how to teach, but experience has shown that it is not wise to assume that all teachers, even if graduates of a professional training college, know how to teach the elements of arithmetic. The remaining two hundred and fifty pages present the subject in graded lessons, with carefully selected examples. This latter portion of the book gives evidence of the most careful study, every example being chosen to illustrate the principle under discussion.

Mathematics and mathematicians in Ontario owe much to Dr. McLellan, and it is a good recommendation of this new work to add that his guiding hand may be traced all through the book. Mr. Ames is a well-known Canadian, formerly mathematical master of St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. This book is very neatly printed and bound. *Toronto Mail and Empire*, Nov. 19.

The Banquet.

PREFACING the evening's enjoyment came the usual general gabble and get acquainted performance. Then we began to wonder what they wanted of our calling cards. We soon found out. The ladies stood still with terror depicted on their countenances, and one would imagine a sheeted ghost had passed through the room. 'T was simply the terror caused at the men they *almost* got but didn't get. Some of the ladies soon looked pleased while others wore a look of martyrdom. One less fortunate than some others repeated, "Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim" which being interpreted is—freed from one bad thing a worse one gobbles me up. What a spirit dwells in cards—even calling cards.

Then we took our places at the tables with some speed. Seated at the guests' table were prominent men of the School Board and Faculty. Facing them at the other end of the room were other prominent men, McIntosh, Hansford, McLean and Menger, with their ladies—procured by lot "of course."

The students deep in the enjoyment of this part of the evening's proceedings, looked up now and then from their ploughing to beam gratitude and appreciation on those who so kindly entertained them. How important a lady is at a dinner. She does'n't eat; that is so much as her lordly partner "of course"; she does'n't speak i. e., "of course" to the mass, the vague whole; she is there "of course" and how flat a thing a reception or banquet would be if she were not there.

Then came the toasts "of course" with Mr. Murray in the chair. First and heartiest came the toast to the Queen. "Canada" was responded to by Mr. MacPherson in a speech filled with patriotism, illustrations from his favorite "Michael" and the Ontario Normal College Monthly.

The "Faculty" came next, responded to by Dr. McLellan with his old-time vigour and eloquence. "The Students" were represented by Messrs. Martin and Tamblyn. Mr. Martin has evidently been playing truant from Sunday School lately, for his scripture quotation was loth to leave the background of his consciousness and further adorn a neat speech. Then came a toast to "The Ladies," and all were eager to catch the faintest accents that fell from the lips of Mr. Burnham, always eloquent on this subject. His opening sentences were striking ones and we quote: "I don't know much about women and such things. You take in an angel and you entertain a stranger unawares." (He and Martin go to same Sunday School I guess.) He went on to say that there was no such thing as the new woman, she was the same old thing. Then followed Mr. Elliott, principal of the Central School.

The mountain suffered at the hands of Wethy who made a spirited attack on it. After a speech of five minutes, during which by the way, he mentioned that he had played cribbage with Albert Edward or some other lordly personage, he gave a native of Hamilton a chance to substantiate the fact that such a thing as the mountain does exist.

Interspersing the speeches were several readings and songs that added much to the evening's enjoyment.

In leaving the room it would have been well to have shuffled again for many lost their combinations and went home alone, but none the less happy on that account.—WILLIE.

OUR DEBT TO WOLFE.

Bright and lively the notes rang out—

"And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain."

Student-Teacher—What did the hero Wolfe do for us?

Small Boy—He planted ferns all over Canada.

Basket Ball.

Venimus, vidimus, vicinus. The time was afternoon, Nov. 22nd; the scene, the gymnasium; the occasion, our first game of basket ball this season; the teams, one from the C. I. girls, and one chosen from the two teams of O. N. C. At 4.15 the players lined up as follows:

O. N. C.—*Centre*, Miss Lynde; *Forwards*, Misses Lea, Macdonald, Healy; *Guards*, Misses Gahan, Mitchell, Moffatt.

C. I.—*Centre*, Miss Slater; *Forwards*, Misses Ogilvie, Kraft, Smith; *Guards*, Misses Thorpe, Scott, Taylor, *Referee*, Miss Morgan; *Umpires*, Misses Jamieson, Taylor; *Timekeeper*, Miss Lamont.

Very limited space will not allow a detailed description of the game. From first to last it was characterized by remarkable swiftness and clean play. Very few fouls were called; and only one accident occurred, the result of which was no more serious than a temporarily bandaged head. When time was called the score stood 5-0 in favor of Normal College. The points were secured as follows—1 on a free throw by Miss Macdonald; 2 on a fine throw from centre by Miss Lea; and 2 in the second half by Miss Healy, who quite surpassed herself. Uproarious cheers from the gallery greeted the winning of each point; undoubtedly O. N. C. girls lack neither lungs nor enthusiasm.

The merits of the C. I. team must not be judged from the score. They put up a fine game, only fate was against them. The ball fought shy of their basket every time; but one and all they played well from start to finish. Our own team cannot be praised too highly. Features of the game were Miss Lynde's fire-fly-like appearances where least she might be expected; the fine throwing of the forwards, Miss Gahan's unequalled covering, and the swift and steady play of our other guards.—PSYCHE.

Athletics.

The success of the concert and recital given under the auspices of the Athletic Association, in the assembly room last Friday evening, will in all probability ensure the putting in of the baths in the gymnasium at an early date. Although the concert was not as well attended by the students of the College as it might have been, still a large number showed their appreciation both of the cause and of a high class entertainment by their attendance, and if the reception the performers met with at the hands of the audience was any indication of the success of the programme, the committee may rest assured that their efforts were well taken.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black, who has become so popular among the students, was, in her selection from Ian Maclarèn, and in "A Charming Woman," by Jerome, simply inimitable. Miss Cummings, who so kindly lent her assistance as pianist, was much appreciated in all her selections, but perhaps especially so in her rendition of Liszt's "Liebestraum." Miss Spring and Mr. Chase also proved themselves artists of no mean calibre.

Although the basket ball practices have been well attended, yet many members of the association refrain from playing because of the lack of baths in connection with the gymnasium. After the holidays, if these baths are erected, no doubt many more will engage in the game. Colors are being chosen by the several prospective teams in the coming basket ball tournament to take place next term, and considerable interest is shown in getting out likely men for practice with the different teams in anticipation of this event.—A.J.M.

Miss H. (at close of lesson)—Now, what direction does the mariner's compass always point?

Bright Boy (brought up in the faith)—Please, to Hamilton!!

The Idea of Unity in Literature as a Basis of Rational Teaching.

THAT there has been in recent years considerable improvement in the teaching of literature in our schools, will be readily admitted by all who are competent to form an intelligent opinion upon the subject. The ethical and intellectual culture of which literature may be made the most effective instrument, is now an important factor in the teacher's purpose. Greater attention is paid to the author and less to the annotator. Irrelevant matter is more carefully excluded, and facts but remotely related to the literature as literature are held in due subordination. Mere verbal interpretations and barren distinctions of rhetorical forms are no longer the chief thing. Grammatical and philological ideas when admitted at all, are admitted, not as an end, but as a means for the better illustration and more thorough mastery of thought, sentiment and expression. Our best teachers now present the lesson in literature with a clearer view of both logical and psychological laws; and especially with an inspiration—the happy outcome of intelligently controlled enthusiasm—that creates a love of literature; a love which alone qualifies the student to perceive the beauty and the truth of it, and makes for that higher culture which is the flower and fruit of literary studies.

But, though the present days are better than the former, something yet remains to be done to achieve the best possible results from the study of literature. The application of rational principles can be made more thorough and more general. Instead of high excellence being the distinguishing feature of a few schools, it should become the common characteristic of all. This is, perhaps, a high ideal; it is not an unattainable one. But to reach the high ideal we must be con-

scious of the short-comings of the actual. The recognition of defects is the first condition of further progress. It may be said, then, that some of the faults in literature teaching which are still too common, and for which, by the way, our teachers are not wholly responsible, are due to want of full appreciation of the following things:—(1) The Value of Psychology as the basis of rational method in literature as in every other department of the curriculum; (2) the Value of Literature as an instrument of Intellectual Development; (3) its Value as a means of Ethical and Æsthetic Culture; (4) the High Function of Oral Reading in the Study of Literature; and (5) the Idea of Unity in Literature as the basis of rational method.

To the last point some attention will now be given, the others being left for discussion at some future time.

In every piece of prose composition worthy to be called literature, there is an orderly movement of ideas towards a definite end. In high-class literature, the product of a strong and cultured mind working under a clear and ever-present conception of its purpose, this movement of ideas seems to be spontaneous—a self-movement of constantly increasing clearness, unity and force.

This logical sequence of ideas is determined by the discriminating and unifying activity of the intellect. From the mass of materials supplied by association, the mind selects only those ideas and groups of ideas that bear most directly on the theme and the central thought. The entire discourse is therefore, a series of related thoughts—of related groups of thoughts and related thoughts within the groups. These are the unities of composition. The cardinal divisions of the theme are related groups of thoughts—larger unities constituting the unity of composition. The subdivisions are, in turn, related groups of thoughts—smaller unities constituting the larger unities, and so on, down to the unity of the single

thought as expressed in the sentence. It may be remarked in passing, that poetry as well as prose, has its unities. The dominant unifying energy in prose composition is intellect. But this point and its application in the study of poetic literature may be left for future treatment.

Now, if a piece of prose literature is worthy of a serious study, for its thought, or for its expression, or for the training of faculty, this idea of unity suggests at once an essential feature of the method to be followed. The genesis of the thought and expression in the learner's mind will follow the genesis of thought and expression in the author's mind. In the thought-process of the author's mind the *purpose* and the central conception of Theme are the unifying force in the learner's process of acquisition.

Under this controlling thought, all the unities—larger and smaller—were produced in the mind of the author. Under the same controlling thought, the student advances, first to the larger unities, then to the smaller unities, and so on, to the ultimate unity embodied in the sentence. Further, just as the author proceeds from the Whole through related groups of thoughts to the primary unity, and returns through all the related parts, finally welding them into a more perfect Whole, so the student begins and ends with the Whole; passes from part to part, with increased unifying power, until at last he clearly sees the Many organically constituting the One, and the One organically comprehending the Many.

This may suggest a reply to the question often asked and seldom answered: Should the student begin by reading the whole composition, in order to get a general idea of it? Beyond doubt from whole to part, and from part to whole, by analysis and synthesis, is the rational course, and should be followed whenever practicable. But if circumstances make this course impracticable for

the entire composition, then one of the *unities* may be taken as the whole—the “method whole”—with which analysis begins; only, care should be taken that the part selected is a unity, and not a fragment violently wrenched from an organic whole. But, whether we begin with the absolute whole, or with the related whole, the method of procedure is essentially the same.

The student may now endeavor to exemplify some of the principles thus imperfectly set forth. For this purpose let him take, what all are familiar with, Huxley's famous exposition of a “Liberal Education”—a unity, well chosen from a larger whole, and worth the student's attention alike for its matter and its style.

As already suggested, if the lesson is to have any educative value for memory, thought and expression; if the educational ideas it contains are worth “organizing” into whatever knowledge of the nature of education the student already possesses—he must think the thoughts of the author after the manner of the author. In his process of “Apperception” his mind will approximately follow the order in which the thoughts occurred in the original mind. Perceiving the author's main purpose, viz., the elaboration of a complete definition of a “Liberal Education” from the special standpoint of the man of science, the student passes from this central thought through the chief divisions, the subdivisions, etc., in analytical sequence; and completes his thinking by reconstructing the logically related parts into a living Whole.

Much that appears under the name of literature, is, indeed, not worth such thorough handling; it may, perhaps, be “swallowed,” or even “tasted,” but not “digested.” In studying masterpieces, thoroughness should be the rule. For the power of analysis (thinking) comes from the practice of analysis; and thus the goal of attention, culture, is slowly, perhaps, but surely reached—namely,

ability to grasp in one act a large whole, and at the same time to give distinctness to every part of this whole. This habit of attention once formed, the student of literature will quickly discern whether section or chapter or book is part of the "precious life-blood of a master spirit," or, at best, "words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart."

With these few hints on the unities in prose—*intellectual* unity—it might be interesting to the student to enquire, "How does unity in poetry differ from unity in prose?" or "What are the points of likeness and difference between intellectual unity and emotional unity?"

J. A. McLELLAN.

PAST AND FUTURE.

On the bank of a lake there stands a ruin
Of what was a dwelling long years gone
by,
It is now forsaken, not a creature stirreth
The shrouds of stillness that on it lie.
Should one speak the voice would be hushed
in an instant,
So many ghosts at the sound would sigh.

In Summer the soft waves whisper to it,
In Winter they rage and roar, "Be glad,"
But it changes not its grim sad aspect,
Only each year finds it more grim and
sad.
Its gables are fallen, its windows broken,
And the waves say pityingly it is mad.

They tell of a time when the house was
cheerful,
When children's voices were heard at
play,
The old house had then something to live
for,
Put that has vanished many a day;
And it sorrows over its past hopes shattered,
And knows what is coming is slow decay.

It has lived without hope until life has
parted
And only memories bitter remain;
Can one think of a life that is past recalling
And not feel the stabbing of sudden pain,
So when the life is utterly wasted
In anguish it murmurs, "Let me live
again."

B. G. H.

Muscle and Christianity.

In the October number of the O. N. C. Monthly, room was left for an erroneous impression to go forth, that the lady students were less enthusiastic than the gentlemen in the organization of their College societies. But a most energetic Women's Athletic Association and an earnest Y. W. C. A. both organized in the beginning of the term, testify to the live interest taken by the ladies in all their institutions. The Women's Athletic Association elected the following officers: Hon. President, Miss Morgan; President, Miss B. Rosenstadt, B.A.; Vice-President, Miss Jamieson; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Harvey, B. A.; Committee, Miss A. Healy, B. A., Miss M. Northway, B. A., Miss G. Swanzy, B. A.; Collegiate Representatives, Miss Slater, Miss Lizzie Taylor, Miss Ogilvie.

Not until the last meeting of the Association, had the members ever had cause to think seriously of the color of their hair, or to decide definitely whether they were to be classed among the blondes or the brunettes. But when this was made the basis of division of the basket-ball teams, long and spirited were the arguments brought forth over those who hung in the balance, especially when they had shown their prowess on the floor of the gymnasium. All were satisfactorily classed, however, and the contest promises to be an exciting one.

The Y. W. C. A. have been holding interesting meetings under the direction of the following staff of energetic officers: Hon. President, Mrs. Davidson; President, Miss Hardie; Vice President, Miss Ashwell, B. A.; Recording Secretary, Miss Bowes, B. A.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gundy; Treasurer, Miss Whiteside, B. A.; Curator, Miss Wilkinson; Councillors, Misses Mitchell, Robinson, Ionson and Hall. Membership Committee, Misses Fife (convenor), Jamieson, Nicholson, Swanzy, Kirkwood, Taylor, Close; Missionary Committee, Misses Rowell (convenor), Pitcher, Graham, Rorke, Northway, Go. ding, Hawkins, Shepard; Musical Committee, Misses Kirkwood (convenor), Jamieson, Wilkinson.

Were Marriages Made in Heaven ?

SOME fond sentimentalists believe that marriage must be based on some subtle spiritual affinities, in order to be genuine, and they will go unmarried to the grave because they do not find twin souls, counterparts to their own peculiar forms of being, spirits having a subtle affinity with their own spirits. Poor Marie Corelli consoles such unfortunates by her creation of a spirit world about us, among the denizens of which the mate, never met on earth, may be found. She fancies that in most so-called marriages the souls really remain virgin and lonely, and can only find a true union by searching amongst the spirits in the air for the peculiar souls destined for them from the beginning of all things.

Most people will derive but little comfort from the prospect of such an immaterial spiritual union as this appears to be. But many who deny such a belief have in their own hearts hopes and expectations nearly as unrealizable. They fully expect to find the twin souls on earth, if not in the air. In short it is a common belief that marriages are made in heaven, that heaven interests itself in bringing together the right kinds of spirits for marriage, while in regard to fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, there is no such special providence at work. Marriage is supposed to be a matter of an ethereal love, infinitely higher than all other. The young flame their imaginations with poetic and romantic fictions concerning some mysterious soul-union, some delicate, intuitive recognition of the future life-companions. Some of them believe that there is one person in the world destined for each person of the other sex. As a result of such sentimentality, many a man is refused who loves in a frank, wholesome, earthly way, and who would make the object of his affections happy in a sensible, rational manner. On the other hand, some long-haired, poetizing scamp is accepted, because he is able to work on the imagination and shed tears over the supposed affinities of soul.

When this supposed twin-soul has been found and appropriated, in most cases a process of disenchantment soon follows,

and a rapid descent is made from the seventh heaven to the common earth. The fond wife discovers after the glamor is gone that conjugal love has no wonderful subtlety and heavenliness, that after all it is only a colored form of other love. The first ill-cooked meal often gives the house of cards a serious jostle, and little by little mere romantic love is worn away by the ordinary sordid cares of life. It leaves behind a good, substantial affection, or frequently no affection at all.

The idle, sentimental love, which exists in the prenuptial state arises sometimes from mere personal attractions, fancied perfections of mind, social distinctions, but in most cases from nothing in particular, merely some vague magnetism. Hence first love, having no sound basis, often fluctuates and vanishes in a very short time. As it came through nothing, it goes for nothing.

Why, then, is this unstable, irrational love so much insisted on? When there is much expected from it, and this much seldom comes, it leaves disappointment and discontent. Better look at facts squarely and not romance about soul-affinity. Esteem and solid liking, mutual interest, mutual trust, wear better than any amount of romantic passion, which soon passes away into oblivion, or perhaps into the moon, where old romantic writers held all best things departed.

—MRS. PLATO.



FROM WHENCE COMETH STRENGTH.

The bending pine trees on the rocky bluff,
The great white sea that beats against the
rocks
And wears its stones and shapes its shore
at will,
The gleam of sunshine on the breaker's
crest,
The bright, wet sands, the flash of sea-bird's
wing,
The rush of wind that gleams with tossing
spray.
The call of seagull beating toward the
cloud,
The distant mountains blue against the
blue.—
These are my battle hymn, my Marseillaise
Which hearing I may never brook defeat ;
But keep my courage and endurance strong
Knowing that I must conquer at the last.

G. R. V.

A Little Observer.

HAVE you ever captured a fly in a sort of dazed condition? If so, you have noticed how it sticks to you, without any desire to escape. I took one prisoner in the amphitheatre the other day, and on reaching home I found it exploring a seam in my coat. I think it must have been a fly of the feminine persuasion, for when I entered my room it flew immediately to the mirror. In half a second I heard something that startled me; it was the little, sickly, rasping voice of the fly.

"How pale I look! A few more days in that room would have been the death of me. Two months ago I was as healthy a fly as you could find in the amphitheatre. When I saw the students enter in October I said to myself—'Now for a picnic.' But my health began immediately to fail. All my friends died long ago. I am the last of the Mohicans. Only a few days ago did I learn the reason; the learned lecturer on sanitary science opened my eyes; I am suffering from overdoses of CO₂. After that lecture on air I 'adjusted my activities' to the measurement of the room. Without entering into the analytico-synthetic process, let me simply tell you that I found thirty-five thousand cubic feet a liberal estimate. Now, if the air in the room is completely changed three times per hour, the amount of pure air that enters is one hundred and five cubic feet per hour. But, according to the Doctor, each individual person should have three thousand cubic feet. The conclusion is easy."

"What a mathematician you are," said I. "But why did you stay in the room after learning the cause of your trouble? We students can stand it, because we have been accustomed to such rooms for years."

"I know I should have left the place, but I was really so strongly attached to it that I could not tear

myself away. I am deeply interested in both the students and the lectures. But say—can you tell me why some of the students stamp and clap so excessively? For my part I generally fail to find anything in the lectures so clever as to deserve so much applause. Perhaps the perceptive faculties of those students are keener than mine."

"That is a side of it that never struck me," said I. "I have always considered them possessed of a disease similar to St. Vitus' dance, but there may be something in your suggestion. It is remarkable, however, that the continual 'marking time' on Wednesday afternoon cannot be due altogether to what is contained in the lectures on sanitary science. So far I have not found any satisfactory explanation of it."

"Well" said my little friend, "let it pass for the present. Can you tell me, now, what makes the ladies always late for lectures?"

"No," said I, "I can't understand it, and when they do come in, the bell must be rung to call them to order. The patience of Job would almost cease to be proverbial beside that of some of our lecturers."

"I am afraid you are somewhat severe on the gentler sex. Let the laddies chatter! It's their nature. Don't you think that the College would be a rather dull place without them? Judging from the number of notes that pass to and fro, some of the gentlemen seem to think so."

"Yes," said I, "but, of course, I am not one of that kind. Besides, I am rather tired of forming part of a telegraph line."

Just here the dinner-bell interrupted our conversation, and I have not seen my little friend since.—BOR.

The sol fa are not the only notes of the amphitheatre. The number of folded papers flying about at times is a disgrace to the place. In fact, there is in general too much *buzz* in the atmosphere.

An Interpretation of Richard II.

ALTHOUGH the drama of Richard II. is based on history and would seem unfitted by the limitations of history for the expression of any ideal truth, yet there is abundant opportunity in the development of the characters for a Shakespeare to express his estimate of true kingship.

In the tragedy of "Richard II." we find the conflict to be between: two ideals of kingship—that of Richard, that a king is king by divine right of birth; and that of Bolingbroke and Shakespeare, that a king is king by divine right of fitness. The divine right of Richard is that of the early absolutism, reappearing in English history for the last time in the Stuart dynasty; the divine right of Shakespeare is the divine right of democracy, which estimates a "call" to a work by supreme fitness to do that work. It is obvious that if Shakespeare wishes to establish his ideal of divine right, it must be shown that Richard is not deposed by mere force of arms; in fact, that force of arms plays the most insignificant part in the solution of the difficulties of the time. That this is the plan pursued by Shakespeare is sufficiently clear from the absence of all military conflict, but chiefly from the emphasis which is placed throughout the play on the over-ruling of Heaven, not only by its workings, invisible to men at the time and acknowledged only after the event, but also by the expressed belief of the principal agents of Richard's overthrow as to the supremacy of God.

As evidence of the interposition of Heaven, tending to Richard's downfall, I may mention his opportune departure for Ireland, his detention there by adverse winds, the dispersion of the Welsh army in consequence of omens, the unexpected meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke at Flint Castle, and the fact that the

first formal intimation of Richard's deposition comes from his own lips and is conveyed to Bolingbroke by York, who could not be thought the agent of Bolingbroke to force such an offer. These things all seem to show that Bolingbroke was compelled to his destiny as clay is moulded by the potter's hand. As evidence of the attitude of the principal characters towards belief in the supremacy of Heaven, I may cite several passages. The first is found in Act I., Scene 2.

But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot
correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven,
Who, when they see the hours ripe on
earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders'
heads.

* * * * *

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy annointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death; the which, if
wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

--Gaunt to the Duchess of Gloster.

Other passages are Act III., 3, 16-19; III., 3, 77—; V., 2, 35—.

In the development of a play, Act I. should contain the seeds which grow into the full play in the following acts; in the case of a tragedy, Act I. should also exhibit the main character in the height of power and prosperity, and hint at the cause of his downfall and disgrace. Accordingly in Act I. we find Richard exhibited in a position of authority and power, even Heaven fighting for him, apparently. This is the chief significance of the introduction of scene 2, between scenes 1 and 3. The Duchess of Gloster asks Gaunt to avenge her husband's death, but Gaunt tells her to complain "to God, the widow's champion and defense." Therefore, in accordance with the ideas of the time, that God decided duels for the right (as Scott represents in the second duel between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert), she prays "that her husband's wrongs may sit on

Hereford's spear that it may enter wretched Mowbray's breast."

But in scene 3 the duel is prevented, and if there is and interposition of Heaven at all, it seems to be all in Richard's favor. Yet, out of the very victory of Richard, in the banishment of Bolingbroke and the subsequent confiscation which that banishment made easy, comes the immediate cause of the downfall of the king.

The differences between Richard and Bolingbroke in fitness for the kingship, may be shown under various heads. Richard's feeling towards his country can hardly be called patriotism. It is seen in many places, but best of all in his address to his native land on his arrival from Ireland. It is summed up in the statement that he looked upon country and subjects as existing for his benefit, as ready to be used for his service. It is not necessary to suppose that this attitude towards his country is an inevitable accompaniment of a belief in divine right by birth, because we find that John of Gaunt holds practically that belief (I., 2), yet no one in the play expresses as lofty a patriotism as his:

Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Bolingbroke's patriotism is shown rather by deeds than by words. His first act after his successful invasion of England is "to weed and pluck away the caterpillars of the commonwealth," yet his last words before his exile have the true ring:

Then, England's ground farewell: sweet
land, adieu;
My mother and my nurse, that bears me
yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banished, yet a true-born English-
man.

In character the two men are the antithesis of each other. Richard's emotions expended their strength in words, fine phrases certainly; Bolingbroke talked little, but put his whole force into his acts; even Richard

calls him "silent king." The necessary consequent of this contrast would be that Richard should lack the promptness and decision which belongs to Bolingbroke. Indecision and wavering in Richard loses him his throne; "he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, *driven by the wind and tossed.*" Bolingbroke knows what he wants and how to get it, and this makes him independent of Northumberland and all his strongest supporters who thought that they could use him as others had managed Richard. Richard's prophecy that Northumberland would turn against Henry as he had turned against him is quite true and shows Northumberland's motives clearly, but the result is not just as Richard anticipated and in that different result is shown the difference between the two men.

Richard had the loftiest notions about kingship, naturally following from his perverted idea of Divine Right, and yet he degraded his throne to the instrument of his pleasures, robbed the nobles and people to supply his court with means of revelry, and yielded himself to the influence of favorites. In spite of this degradation of his position he had the presumption to speak confidently of the aid which Heaven would give him in time of trial, calling now on armies of angels, now on armies of pestilence, now on the spiders, toads, nettles, adders and stones of the very earth to fight his battles while he lies supinely by. Bolingbroke, on the other hand, owing his throw mainly to the expressed will of the nobles and commons, though his ancestry is the same as that of Richard, lifts the throne out of this slough of corruption and refuses to allow himself to be lorded over even by the family of Percy to whom he owed the most.

To show more clearly the reason of Richard's deposition Shakespeare introduces a good deal of parallelism in the circumstances of Richard and Bolingbroke. In Act I. we see Richard acting as judge in the case

of Bolingbroke against Mowbray concerning the death of Gloster. In Act IV. we see Bolingbroke as judge when the very same accusation is brought against Numcrlc, one of Richard's adherents. In Act II. Scene 1, where Richard is so successful apparently in getting rid of his opponents and in enriching himself at their expense, three men conspire against his power and their success is due mainly to the activity of Bolingbroke and the laxity of Richard and his favorites; in Act IV., immediately after Bolingbroke has been chosen king, three men conspire against *him* and their conspiracy fails because of the badness of their course and is even turned to Bolingbroke's advantage by his well-timed clemency to Numcrlc, even though accused and convicted of the death of Gloster.

Richard is inconsistent too in the claims he makes for the efficacy of divine right of birth because he fails to see that it applies to others. He confiscates the property of Gaunt which should descend by right of birth to Bolingbroke and this departure from his own doctrine is put with great force by York in his protest against the confiscation (II. 1. 189) and again by Bolingbroke to York (II. 3. 121.)

It seems plain then from the evidence given here that Shakespeare wishes to ascribe the deposition of Richard to his general unfitness for the duties of King and the elevation of Bolingbroke to his superiority over all as the strong man of his time and this too in spite of the fact that we know Bolingbroke to have had the ambition to be King. His ambition however is not what makes him King; it is only the flower of conscious ability and fitness and only once or twice is it referred to as a help to his advancement. He seems everywhere to be driven on by circumstances to the Kings' undoing; force is nowhere actively used and no demand for abdication issues from him, but on the contrary Richard is the one to offer

what is so much for the good of his country.

So here again in the eternal conflict between true and false ideals, the false is shattered and the true supreme.—F. F. MACPHERSON.



Side Scenes.

"OF COURSE."

Visiting Lady (who has entertained angels very unawares)—What, you have women students boarding with you? I boarded some last year, and I tell you, I wouldn't have the things, at any price, again.

Hostess — Which university did they graduate from?

McLean is all right on the scrap. He may not be much of a transcendentalist himself, but he made a brother Presbyterian look like a descendantalist the other day.

It is said that Dr. McLellan has selected purple and green as our colors. One of the ladies tipped me purple and green sometime ago. Let us abstract and fix our attention on the gold.

Some of the men, inspired by Wordsworth's enthusiasm for Nature, have given up the idea of teaching in Sunday Schools. A limited class on the mountain is much in vogue on Sunday afternoons. "Not seldom from the uproar they retire," to find their "living calendar" in those lofty crags, "and from the blessed power that rolls about, below, above, they frame the measure of their souls."

Those devoted individuals who spurn the salutary instruction of our family physician while they play their little games on their little pasteboards, are putting in pawn their most vital interests for a momentary satisfaction. By-and-by the knight cometh when they can't work, having contracted the "willies," or the bubonic plague, perhaps, through a misguided course of life.