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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1907 (in part)

October :

1. Night Schools open (Session 1907-8). Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.

November :

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY.
30. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.

December :

9. County Model Schools Examination begins
10. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
13. County Model Schools close.
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township. County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.

18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First Term.)

19. Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerks.

20. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools close.

25. CHRISTMAS DAY.

High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.

New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect. By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.

26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.

30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.

Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.

31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.

Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.

Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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Acta Victoriana

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No. 8.

His Honor Mr. Justice Riddell

IT was felt by members of the legal profession, when Hon. A. B. Aylesworth a distinguished member of the bar and an honored graduate of the University of Toronto, became Minister of Justice, that he would be exceedingly careful in his nominations to the Bench and that the dignity and responsibilities of such offices would be fully considered in any appointments that he might make. When a vacancy occurred in the Court of King's Bench for Ontario, through the death of Mr. Justice Street, much curiosity was aroused as to how the new Minister of Justice would fill this important position. When it became known that Mr. W. R. Riddell, K.C., had been offered the position and that he had agreed to accept the same, there was expressed some surprise that Mr. Riddell would give up his very extensive and very lucrative practice, but at the same time there was unanimous agreement that a most excellent appointment had been made, an opinion that has since been endorsed by the profession and the public in the able manner in which he has performed his work.

Graduates of Victoria have taken very prominent places in the legal profession in Ontario, especially in the city of Toronto, and no less than four Victoria graduates occupy judicial positions in the High Courts of this Province.

Mr. Justice Riddell is a pure product of Ontario soil. He was born on a farm near Cobourg, a member of a large family. He came from sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock and acquired his first training and love of nature on an Ontario farm. His

father and mother, recently deceased, lived a very happy married life of over sixty years. Mr. Riddell was born in 1852, received the usual rural and town schooling and taught in the country public schools when the salaries were not fixed by law as at present. He then entered Victoria College and took the degree of B.A. in 1874. At that time his specialties were mathematics and natural science. He was appointed professor of mathematics in the Normal School, Ottawa. At the same time he entered upon the special science course which had lately been established in Victoria, and in 1876 was the first student to receive the new degree of Bachelor of Science. This was, we believe, the first degree in science conferred in course in the Province of Ontario.

Having completed the course in arts and then the course in science, Mr. Riddell next took up the course in law. This he completed two years later and in 1878 he received the degree of LL.B. There was only one other course left, that of divinity, but instead of taking up that, he decided to give up teaching and take up the study of law. Perhaps his Presbyterian bringing up would have made easy his way to the B.D. degree, but he decided otherwise. In 1883 he was called to the bar and at the same time he received the gold medal from the Law Society for his standing at the final examination. Mr. Riddell practised for some years in Cobourg, then came to Toronto, where he gradually worked to the front, until lately he had been one of the principal counsel at the Bar of Ontario, and had acquired a practice second to no other in the Province. He has been at various times member of the Senate of Victoria. For some years past he has been one of the two representatives of the combined law graduates in the Senate of the University of Toronto.

Mr. Riddell's wide study, his courses in arts, science and law, all helped him much in his practice. We had overlooked one other line of study. For a time he studied medicine with Dr. Wade of Cobourg and appears to have had serious thoughts in that direction. He has not forgotten his college work or dropped his reading and study. He still keeps up his classical reading. He possesses a fine law library, but not the least important and valuable part of his books is to be found in the extensive collection of classical authors. He is continually adding to his books on Greek, and these he reads and studies as ardently as in

the days of his student life at Victoria. During the working months of the year he finds his vacation in his library with his mathematics or his Greek authors; during the summer season he goes off to Europe to spend his holiday in London or some English or Continental seaside resort. One thing to note here is that whether at work or on holiday he has not left behind his habits of study, but has always kept in mind that the successful man must keep up his reading and his studies and must work up to the motto which some years ago was selected for his Alma Mater, *Abeunt Studia in Mores*. Victoria is proud to number Mr. Justice Riddell among her graduates and is pleased to think that she contributed something in the making of a successful and useful career.

A Rose of Yesterday

SWEET faded flower, so torn and dry,
Beauty is gone, but the thorns still stay;
Last night you laughed to a smiling sky,
For you were a rose but yesterday.

Fair dreams of a day whose sun has set,
Why you should vanish I cannot tell;
Only, God knows, there is still the debt
For the sweet, short hours e'er parting fell.

Ah, dreams and roses, why can't you last?
Why must you wander from Life's rough way?
My hands touched God's while I held you fast—
But that was in far-off yesterday.

The breath of a wind has slain my flower;
My dream, left hopeless, has slipped away;
And still I cry in Life's lonely hour,
Come back, come back to me, Yesterday!

J. L. R.

The Value of Macaulay's Works

C. W. STANLEY.

THE unbounded popularity which the works of Macaulay once enjoyed seems to have pretty generally abated. Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. We may remember that at one period prejudice robbed Shakespeare of his due, and that a school of scribblers once supplanted Milton. "A false criticism," said Wordsworth, "may do much injury to the minds of others." This the critics have done in the case of Macaulay. His *Essays* are still read in some of the schools, but merely for the sake of his vocabulary, or perhaps even his style; and while editions of fragments of his works occasionally appear, the editors are "forced to admit" that his work is as specious as it is brilliant. The *History* is severely discarded. Macaulay once wrote, in a tone of mingled irony and modesty, that he hoped the young ladies of England would read it with at least as much avidity as they would a passing novel. A critic has made such capital of this remark as to suggest that it should be classed with passing novels; and another has gone farther and argues that, since Macaulay has made unlawful use of the romantic treatment in his *History*, it should be rated below romances (evidently supposing the romance to be an inferior form of literature). The meanest writer, it would seem, may safely gird at Macaulay.

Doubtless much of this criticism is just and salutary. If the critics discover that Macaulay is sometimes inaccurate, sometimes prejudiced, that his treatment is descriptive where it should be critical, or historical where it should be literary, let us hear of their discoveries. It is well enough for them to point out to us that the genius of Coleridge was irregular, the genius of Shelley incoherent, and that Byron took a cruel delight in creating images of beauty only to smirch them,—"*Comme tout genre de composition a son écueil particulier!*" But what if they should wish to deter us from the study of Coleridge's irregularity, or Shelley's incoherency, or Byron's mournful ruins? Why should they make a wholesale condemnation of Macaulay as superficial, over-confident and false? If Burke was right in saying, "It is the nature of all greatness to be inexact," let us accept the work

of all great authors as fragmentary; let us piece them together; they will make a noble whole.

Among English writers, and therefore among all writers, Macaulay seems to us to hold a high place, howsoever one-sided he may be. We shall not endeavor to make mention of all, or nearly all, his good qualities, but merely of those which appear to be usually forgotten.

If the fame of Macaulay were to stand or fall with his style, it would surely stand. It has been the prose model of most English writers since his day. There had been great prose writers before him. Hooker's elaborate period has been partly followed by a great stylist of recent years. Macaulay himself had a profound admiration for the power of Milton's prose and the splendor of Burke's. But he himself united the vigor and power of Hooker and Milton and the splendor of Burke with the ease of Addison. And his ease seems to us the more wonderful when we remember that he did not like the latter, adopt a quasi-epistolary manner to secure it, nor assume a feigned *ego* so that he might be more at ease with his reader. Words and ideas flow on without a break; and the sequence, whether he follow the theme strictly or turn aside from it, is as natural as the sequence of words and ideas in the dialogues of Plato. The diction itself is pure and magnificent. Every word fits like a piston in a cylinder. It is not enough to say that the vocabulary is extensive. Many an author has had as wide vocabulary, but few have been so unerring in the choice of words. Equally felicitous is the turn of every phrase and the structure of every clause and paragraph. There is variety without end. The ideas appear now in a series, one by one; now in pairs or groups, here antithetic, there complementary. The more we read Macaulay the more is the impression forced upon us that this is the result of hap and knack rather than of premeditated art; and the impression is supported by internal and external evidence. We know that Macaulay wrote all his work hastily, with the exception of the "Lays," and that the History alone was written with a set plan in view. Even then the plan changed repeatedly as the work progressed. In his writings themselves we have another proof. Over and over again we are reminded of a lack of proportion. Long digressions are exceedingly frequent, and examples are multiplied with such

reckless profusion that the illustrations are remembered when the point is forgotten. True, we should be very loathe to condemn these digressions. Who would wish to excerpt the gorgeous passages on Burke from the essay on Southey? But these deviations from the theme show, nevertheless, that Macaulay did not write deliberately.

But it is impossible here to do justice to his style, and its supremacy is universally acknowledged. "Still," it may be urged, "Style cannot compensate for paucity of deep thought." We admit that Macaulay never meditated. It is well he did not attempt it: he might have died of a "plethora of ideas." To use his own words, he wrote because his head was full. He had, however, a wonderful gift for description, and he turned it to good account. The opinion is fairly common to-day that the setting of historical events should be studied only in so far as it contributes to the understanding of social and political forces. It is more important, indeed, to know the result of the battle of Hastings than to know the manner of King Harold's death. But the opinion is most certainly false; for nothing has a more broadening effect upon the human intellect than a knowledge of history in the widest sense of the word. Whenever there has been a dark age in the world's history it has been when men had no curiosity to learn what was going on beyond their own countryside, and were indifferent to the story of the past. But suppose the view were correct: its own supporters do not act upon it. The historical setting, they say, is the less important part, and therewith they omit it altogether. It is an important historical fact, we may presume, that the Roman Catholics were excluded from Parliament and office in England for one hundred and fifty-one years. We ask, How did it come about? The bald reasons do not satisfy us. But one can readily understand the bitter animosity which produced the Exclusion Bill when he reads of the times of Titus Oates in the pages of Macaulay. Fault has been found with his so-called Literary Essays, such as those on Dryden and Addison. No doubt the name is misleading; they are historical rather than literary, and the criticism is, to put it mildly, not subtle. But these facts make them none the less interesting; and if they fail to instruct us in one way, they succeed in another. Nowhere else have we such a vivid representation of the conditions under which authors wrote at that

time. If anyone thinks such information valueless in the appreciation of an author, let him, after reading De Quincey, read the story of his wayward life, and then turn to De Quincey's work again. Critics are pleased to make much of Macaulay's inaccuracies. They remember that his unsparing contempt for Laud is mainly unfounded. They forget that it was his genius, more than anything else, which gave to the people at large a truer conception of Cromwell. He more than compensated for his own prejudices by purging from the public mind an unjust aversion to the Puritans. It has been suggested, in all seriousness, that Macaulay should have made more practical use of his vast classical learning by turning it to the advancement of Roman archæology than by writing such idle rhymes as the "Lays." Now, of course, Mommsen is a much more reliable authority for the events of early Roman days than Macaulay, and, after a student has made some progress, quite as interesting. But Mommsen will never inspire an ordinary school-boy to begin the study of Roman history and literature. How many boys have been led thither by reading "Horatius"?

The most serious charge which can be adduced against our author is that he has no ethical depth. We confess that is true. There is rarely an hour which we cannot spend pleasantly in reading any of his works. But there are times again when, despite their grace, their instructiveness and buoyancy, his writings do not appeal to us. We wonder how they can ever have had any fascination for us. For Macaulay never touches the heart. He sometimes approaches to this by pathetic description; but even that faculty seems to have been lost when he entered political life. In the famous essay on Milton, written when Macaulay was 25, there is a most pathetic paragraph on the blind poet's misfortunes. Yet in an essay on Bunyan, written twenty-nine years later, where there is an account of Bunyan's afflictions in prison and the hardships of his blind daughter and family, whom he dearly loved, there is not a suggestion of pathos, though there is quite as much room for it as in the former case.

Now, we set out with the intention to take authors as they were, recognizing their defects and appreciating their good qualities. Grant that Macaulay has no ethical depth. Is he not, on the score of mental instruction, worthy of more attention than he is given to-day? Surely his speeches deserve the study of all

who seek to acquire excellence in debate. Surely his essays are models for short compositions. There is this striking peculiarity about all his writings: where he shows least discernment and profundity, he impels his reader to think most for himself. Every page is full of suggestions. Every paragraph sparkles with allusions. Bacon's dictum is generally held to contain much truth: "Read not to contradict and confute nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." If we read Macaulay following this rule we shall find ourselves face to face with as many of the facts of human knowledge as our leisure will allow us to consider. At the present time, when we prefer to do most of our reading by proxy, and go to commentaries and summaries rather than to books themselves, we are in danger of falling into the self-conceit which always marks the sciolist. If Macaulay can do nothing more for us, he at least will keep us humble.

Such are a few of the excellences of Macaulay. There is no need to refer to those which have been commonly spoken of. But these, with many more, do not fully set forth Macaulay's greatness nor reveal the secret of his charm. What is the noblest faculty of the human mind? Is it anything—no one would have the hardihood in this age of materialism to put the answer assertively—is it anything but imagination? When is man so near the divine as when he is lifted out of himself and his surroundings? How, save by imagination came those magic moments, which seem not moments, but an eternity of experience, when Fancy, like the Master-Assasin, lifts the curtain from the wind and it briefly beholds and hears shapes and whisperings of what is not? Such is the stuff which poetry is made of we commonly say; but it has entered into the life of the nations in many other ways. Such is the passion of the discoverer—not more of Tennyson's *Ulysses* than of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was at once an explorer and a poet. It has created the world's science; it was in a fanciful mood that Newton first thought of gravitation, and that Copernicus conceived his theory of the universe. It has created the world's religions by giving to the barbaric mind a conception of immortality and of a God. The primitive savage, as he stands beside a body whence the life has lately fled, slowly realizes, as the eyes glaze and the limbs grow cold, that that life has forever changed; but his fancy will not

let him set aside the event as an unanswerable mystery. Then occur to him the vague imaginings of immortality. Why did the Greeks say the poets gave them their religion unless because the finer imaginations first told them that the blue heaven was "Athene's bright eye," and the dark storm-cloud was the "frown of Zeus?" So in the northern forests the more imaginative interpreted fire and the other natural mysteries to be gods and goddesses, and the gleemen were the first to sing the grim paradise of Valhalla.

This noble faculty we believe Macaulay to have possessed in no small degree. Distance of space and time presented no obstacles to him. Not only so, but he makes his reader's vision as clear as his own. We praise the orator Lysias because he has left us such a faithful portrait of the Athens of his day. One great reason for Chaucer's popularity is the life-like account which he gives us of English life in his own times. But the genius of Macaulay is shown in this: that he has given us vivid representations, which are adequate, of times previous to his own. Need they be false because they are not contemporary? Is Justin McCarthy's splendid *History of the Four Georges* a whit the less reliable because the author was born only in the year when the last George died? Or cannot a habit of mind which allows one to live temporarily in the past, together with such knowledge as can be gleaned from contemporary writers, enable one to write often more faithfully than a contemporary? We believe it possible. We believe, too, that Macaulay has done it more successfully than almost any other writer. He has been said, too often in a tone of censure, to have lived in the past. He was exceedingly well read in the contemporary authors of the times of which he wrote. A good example of Macaulay's power in this respect is his *Essay on Temple*. It is everywhere apparent in his *History*. Above all, to it we owe that picture which we have of old Grub Street in the century following the Second Revolution, a picture to which Macaulay loved to add touches here and there throughout his essays. Authors are admired by different readers on account of different qualities; to us Macaulay's best claim to praise is this capacity of vivid conception and representation of the past, whether of events, or of life and manners, or of political and social movements.

The Prayer of Hugh MacEagan

IVOR MACCREGAN, '07.

HERE was a sore wind blowing in the land, and the trees swayed and trembled as in pain. A gray pall of fog hung low over the rain-drenched fields, where the earth still showed raw and brown on the grave of the hundred dead. The starveling herds shivered as they drew together, though there was no cold, while close at hand the Rath stood gaunt and silent in its own shadow.

Hugh MacEagan sat in the hall of his fathers and the fear of death was in his heart. And it was not for him to know fear, for he was son of Conor, a Breton of Ireland, yet the soul of him was troubled, and he could not hide it.

There were none near him, and the fire threw its changeful shadow on his face. From the tapestry of the Arras, Cuculainn, the hero, looked down and the eyes of him had no rest in them, but were as though they sought for something and found it not. And Hugh knew that the eyes of Cuculainn were upon him. And in the shadows around him he saw the faces of Cormac MacArt's son who died for a high word spoken in jest, and of Dairmid and all who died through hate since Concoctac Mac Nessa ruled in Ireland. And their wounds were as it had been yesterday. And the beating rain was the voice of them, though it was muffled as with grave clothes. And it whispered strangely of the sorrow and the terror and the pain of all the world. And as he listened Hugh saw in his own face the face of his father as he had lain silent, with his mother wailing at his knees.

A dog scratched whimpering at the door, and he knew it was Halag, the wolf-hound, and the fear drove him. And Hugh shuddered as he listened, yet he moved not, for his limbs were heavy and the terror lay cold upon his heart. Only the firelight flickered on the book that was in his hand. There was a cry in the wind, and the faces of the dead grew glad as with a new joy. But Hugh could not catch the words of it, for his ears were dull and his eyes were on the dead. It came again, and it was as though a ripple of stifled laughter had swept through the room, yet the faces of the dead changed not, only they touched

their wounds, and their hands were red. And again the cry came sobbing on the wind. "*Christ, Christ, the Death, the Death!*" and far, far away another and another took up the cry till it trailed off into silence, and there was no sound; only from without the dog's breath coming in great gasps between his chattering teeth.

And in his great chair Hugh sat, and the lines about his face grew darker, and his eyes were the eyes of one who has seen his own face among the dead. And with the darkening faces of the dead upon him he began to write in the book that was in his hand. And the dead knew the book for it was the *Senchus Mor*, and some of them had died because of it. And in the writing the faces of the dead grew dim, and there was no one in the shadows, nor was there any sound. Only in the flickering light Cuculainn, the hero, still looked down, and as he ceased, the book fell from his hands, and I picked it up and looked therein, and thus it was written:

"One thousand three hundred and fifty years from the birth of Christ till this night, and this is the second year since the coming of the plague into Ireland. I have written this in the twentieth year of my age. I am Hugh, son of Conor MacEagan, and whosoever reads it, let him offer a prayer for the mercy of my soul. This is Christmas night and I place myself under the protection of the King of Heaven and Earth, beseeching Him that He will bring me and my friends safe through the plague.

"Hugh, son of Conor MacEagan, who wrote this in his father's book in the year of the Great Plague."

And the prayer of Hugh MacEagan was answered, for it is written that Hugh, son of Conor, was not the least among the Bretons of Ireland. Nor did he see the Death, for the writing in the book had turned the faces of the dead.

*A Trip Through Northern China and Manchuria**

JAMES H. WALLACE, NANKING, CHINA.

ON the evening of Sunday, December 23rd, Ed. Wallace, Wes. Morgan and I were sitting around the fire, living over again the old college days, when a messenger brought the news that Brockman wanted me to go at the end of the week to Manchuria, to secure delegates to the general Convention of the Y.M.C.A. of China, to be held in Shanghai in March, and to the World's Students' Christian Federation Conference, to be held in Tokyo in April. Needless to say in many ways the message was a welcome one. It would give me two more days with the "Vic bunch," who were spending Christmas with me, as we would go as far as Hankow together. And then the opportunity of seeing Manchuria, which for the last ten years has been the scene of such stirring events, was not to be lightly held. We reached Hankow Sunday, December 30th, and those going to West China took a steamer that night for Ichang. I will never forget the scene, as, standing upon the jetty, I watched the steamer slowly plough its way up river toward the setting sun, while the fellows, whom I had learned to love almost as brothers, waved good-bye. Then as the distance increased I heard coming over the water the old familiar strains of the college song, and then the yell, and although it was Sunday evening there seemed no sacrilege for those sounds were but the incense of friendship ascending to the Father, a friendship which had found its deepest root in the common love and devotion to Him. I turned away with a full heart, thankful that the friendship of such men was mine, and with new determination together with them to fight the good fight so that we might do our share to hasten the day when He who is our King shall reign from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

I was in Hankow until Friday morning, January 4th, when

* This article is a letter written by Mr. Wallace to a few of his college friends. It was not originally intended for publication, but was secured for ACTA through the kindness and the energies of Mr. Geo. W. Sparling, B.A.—ED.

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Brockman, our general secretary, and I started for Peking by the new Peking-Hankow railroad. Saturday afternoon we reached Wei, one of the stations of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission. Arthur Lochhead and Andrew Thompson of '03 are stationed here, so I decided to stop off over Sunday.

The most of the country through which the railway passes is a great level plain devoted almost entirely to wheat growing; it is very much like our western wheat lands except that there are more trees, every little farm village being built in the midst of a clump. The farmers here all live in villages, going from them each day to their work. As one nears the Yellow River the country becomes sandy and barren, the drifting sand giving one a glimpse of what the plains of Shansi are like. It is here that the great dust storms originate which carry the sand for thousands of miles through the air. The Yellow River is called "China's Sorrow," because of the great devastation which it continually causes. It is one of the most treacherous streams in the world, and very frequently breaks its low banks, cutting channels for itself, its mouth to-day being 300 miles north of where it was in 1852. To bridge this river was the greatest problem in the construction of the Hankow-Peking railway, and it is rash to say that the problem is finally solved.

Monday we reached Pao Ting Fu. It was here that Pitkin, along with several other foreigners and a lot of Chinese Christians, were martyred in 1900. As one stood by their graves and heard the story of their sufferings it was hard to realize that all this had happened just six short years before. Tuesday we reached Peking. So far the weather had been ideal, beautiful bright, warm days, but now a decided change took place. It was bitterly cold, and a strong wind had stirred up quite a respectable dust storm. Our guide through the city was John Davis, the young man with whom I lived in Nanking last year. He is tutor to the grandsons of Li Hung Chang, and is living in their palace in Peking. Thanks to him I saw most that was worth seeing in the two days I was there. Of course the relics of the siege were very interesting, but it is the distinctly Chinese things that one wants to see most. Of these there is no more interesting thing in China than the Altar of Heaven. This is a great circular altar open to the sky and built of white marble. It is

in three stories, 210, 150, and 90 feet across. All are enclosed by white marble balustrade richly carved. The Emperor goes there three times a year to worship as the representative of the nation. He worships before daybreak, having passed the night in the Hall of Abstinence near by. The ceremonial observed is perhaps the oldest ritual in the world, and is still carried on unchanged. It dates back to the time when the religion of China was monotheistic and much purer than any of her present day systems. Here the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, as he is called, worships the Supreme Ruler of the Universe on behalf of the nation. "In olden days the Altar of Heaven was far away from the city, and the idea of the Emperor going out in the early dawning to the wild woods, himself alone, to offer sacrifices for himself and his people, is truly Biblical and very beautiful."

Near the Altar of Heaven is the temple of agriculture. Here on the first day of the second period of spring the Emperor comes with three princes and nine great officials. After they have worshipped all go to a field inside the temple enclosure, where with bullock-plow, etc., all of Imperial yellow, the Emperor himself plows four rounds. The first minister of the treasury stands on the right hand with a whip; the viceroy of the province on the left with the grain which a third minister scatters. The three princes then plow five rounds, and the nine great officials nine rounds each. Then follow the smaller officials, the field being finally finished by old men chosen from amongst the common people. This ceremony always marks the opening of spring.

Another very interesting place is the Lama temple, which until quite recently it was unsafe to visit. In it there is an immense figure of Buddha, seventy feet high, but the chief attraction to me was the priests, who are all Mongols. They were at worship when we were there; from one court arose a sound as from a hive of bees a thousand times increased; from another a chant sounding very much like a service in a high Anglican church. These priests have by no means forgotten their robber Mongol ways, and they look for tips most brazenly. I gave one fellow a small piece of silver just to see what he would do, intending afterwards to give him a larger piece. However, I unwarily gave him the second piece without first securing the smaller one, and his

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hand closed on the two like a vise; however, after a short struggle I came off the victor and secured my money much to his disgust. We visited many other interesting places, such as the Confucian Temple, where there are ten stone drums dating back to 900 B.C., and the Bell Temple, where there is the largest hanging bell in the world, weighing 87000 pounds. But I will not weary you with descriptions. On the last evening I was in Peking I had Chinese dinner with Davis in the Li palace, with the young Li fellows, whose ages are about twenty and twenty-two. It was rather interesting to meet these men in such an intimate way, for they are young men of ability, and as they belong to one of the most powerful Chinese families, they will no doubt some day take a leading part in the political affairs of China.

Tientsin was next visited, and on Tuesday, January 15th, I reached Shan Hai Kwan, on the borders of Manchuria. Here the great wall of China reaches the sea. The Great Wall was completed in 213 B.C., and stretches for 1250 miles from Shan Hai Kwan up into the Mongolian plains. It was built in order to keep out the roving northern tribes, and now separates Manchuria from China proper. My first objective in Manchuria was Kuan Gning, a place fifty li, or seventeen miles, from Kaopantze, the nearest point on the railway. I arrived in Kaopantze too late to get a cart to Kuan Gning the same night, as the carters all said that the gates would be closed before we could reach it, so I staid over night at Kaopantze with Mr. Rigby, a district engineer of the Imperial Chinese railway. The next morning I started for Kuan Gning. It was a beautiful day, clear and frosty. The only thing that was lacking to make an ideal Canadian day was the presence of snow. In southern Manchuria it is quite cold and the frost goes into the ground for about five feet, but there is little snow. The sun shines brilliantly almost every day, and it would be altogether enjoyable were it not for the biting winds that blow from the Siberian plains, and the frequent dust storms. I found a very strong Christian church at Kuan Gning; they have probably the finest church building in Manchuria, the Chinese themselves subscribing \$10,000 of the cost. I forgot to say that I made the journey in a Peking cart, which is an absolutely springless two-wheeled affair. There is

no seat. If you are a Chinese you sit on the bottom with your legs crossed. If you are not, you will probably sit in a hundred ways trying to discover the least uncomfortable. You will probably end as I did, sitting on the shaft with your legs hanging down. Of course this is very undignified from a Chinese standpoint. The cart is drawn by one, two, or three mules, as the case may be. I went in state, having three. The roads are no roads at all, simply tracks. In some places they are so worn down below the level of the surrounding country that a whole caravan may be passing along completely concealed from view. Some one has said that there have been two kinds of evolution in the matter of road travelling. In Europe and America it has taken the form of improving the roads; in China in making the harness unbreakable. I think there must also have been a process of evolution which makes the Chinese insensible to jolts. My next stop was Hsin Min Tun, where travelling in comfort suddenly ceased. From that point on my travel was by Japanese railway, and the Japanese cars are absolutely unheated. Imagine travelling in Canada in the middle of winter without any fire, add to this the fact that they travel at the alarming rate of ten miles an hour, and you may begin to imagine my experience. From Hsin Min Tun to Mukden I travelled in an open freight car, using my trunk as a seat. I spent three days in Mukden, and then went south to Liao Yang, where I had three of the pleasantest days of the whole trip with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, the missionaries in charge. Dr. A. MacDonald Westwater, one of the most interesting men in Manchuria, also lives there. He served in the Red Cross department of the Russian army when they occupied Manchuria, after the Boxer uprising. He saved the city of Liao Yang from destruction at that time, and is regarded by the Chinese as the saviour of the city. He was also, of course, in the midst of the late war between Russia and Japan, and his house seems to have been a sort of headquarters for foreign *attaches* and war correspondents. He has a splendid collection of photos of the war, perhaps one of the best in existence. He has not only his own pictures but the various correspondents have given him theirs. I spent a never-to-be-forgotten evening looking at them and listening to various incidents of the wars. Dr. Westwater is a delightful story teller. My next stopping place was Hai

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Cheng, which name signifies "city on the sea," but the sea is no longer there, having receded some sixty miles. As one travelled down through these quiet valleys it was hard to realize that up through them so shortly before, the red tide of war had rushed to sweep out over the great plains beyond and to spend its force far in the north.

The missionaries in Manchuria belong to the Scotch and Irish Presbyterian churches. Theirs is without doubt one of the strongest churches in China; they have some very fine men, princely men, as Confucius would have called them. They have now over 13,000 communicants and as many enquirers. Last year they contributed \$40,000 to the church work. At present there is the beginning of a very hopeful movement among them. The northern province of Manchuria, Hei Lung Chiang, is very large and sparsely populated. It is under Russian influence, and so it may be difficult for foreigners to work there. At present there are no missionaries in the province, so the Chinese church of Manchuria has undertaken the task of its evangelization. Two graduates of last year's graduating class (theological) have already volunteered for the work. Funds are rapidly coming in for their support. One congregation of 120 members, counting men, women and children, contributed \$120.00, a better record than some of our home churches can make on missionary Sunday.

With regard to the delegates to the Conference, we expect twelve to Shanghai and two to Tokyo. As soon as the purpose of the conferences was explained the people took it up with great readiness. One of the delegates is an ex-Taoist priest named Li. He belonged to the small minority of priests who are honest seekers after light. When quite young the wandering thirst seized him, and he visited many parts of China, but in all his travels he found nothing that could satisfy the longing of his heart. Finally he came in contact with Christianity, and found what he had so long been seeking, so he is now an eloquent preacher of the Gospel. Another delegate is a young student named Hsia, whose mother was killed during Boxer year. His own young life was saved by an old priest, but he was branded in the forehead with a hot iron to take out the brand of the cross, for the Chinese have a strange idea that every Chinese who becomes,

a Christian is branded with the cross. So Hsia literally bears in his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus."

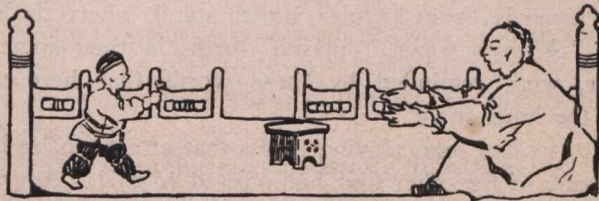
One day I spent at Port Arthur which is forty miles distant by rail. I was fortunate in having a letter of introduction to Mr. Nishikawa, English secretary to the governor of Port Arthur. He is a charming young fellow, and personally conducted me around the ruined forts and the battle field, explaining it all. As one sees the place itself it is a marvel how the Japanese ever captured it. It was only that they were utterly reckless of human life that they did succeed. Probably no other nation would have felt justified in paying such a terrible price. The war was by no means the walk-over for the Japanese that our newspapers made out. The Japanese themselves do not claim it to have been such. Mr. Nishikawa told me that during the battle of Mukden the Russians suddenly attacked the Japanese and had Kuropatkin ordered a general advance he would have probably won the victory. All through the war he seems to have erred on the side of overcaution. Then the Russian soldiers did not have their hearts in the fighting; they did not feel that they had a great cause to fight for, and so were not anxious to sacrifice their lives, while on the other hand the Japanese were ready to the last man to die for what they believed, and the safety of their country. One of the first things that strikes one on coming to the East is the wide difference in the opinion held of the Japanese here and at home. There one hears nothing but praise, out here outside of Japan little but abuse. I suspect as in most cases the truth lies in the middle ground. Little good can be said of the majority of the Japanese who are now in Manchuria. They are the offscouring of Japan. The birds of prey are found where the carcass is. It is the same in Korea, the condition of things there is pitiable. These men are utterly unscrupulous and immoral, and the trouble is that the Japanese authorities are doing nothing to check them in their nefarious work. But to charge the whole nation without exception with these crimes would not be fair, although there are many national characteristics which are not at all to be admired.

The Chinese as a nation stand head and shoulders above the Japanese in the estimation of the majority of the Westerners in the East. Yet Dr. Westwater of Liao Yang told me that some of the Japanese Christians whom he met during the war were

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as fine men as he had ever known. Of one, a colonel, the following story, which places him among the world's heroes, is told:— Some few years ago he was in Formosa, in the interior. One day he was out with a servant when they were suddenly surrounded by one of the wild tribes of the region. The colonel had his horse but the servant had none. Both could not escape. The colonel dismounted, gave his horse to the servant saying: "Here, take my horse and escape, I am a Christian; it does not matter if I am killed. Go!" The servant went and the colonel expecting death at every moment, started to sing a hymn. This unusual action so disconcerted the natives that they delayed attacking long enough to allow succor to arrive. A nation that can produce men capable of such actions cannot be entirely bad.

I was delayed at Dalny four days by bad weather and then three more at Chefoo, waiting for a steamer. Finally I reached Nanking, after a journey of six weeks, having travelled 1600 miles by rail and 1200 miles by water



Evening

SLOWLY sinks the setting sun
 O'er the mountain's rim;
 Silently the shadows run
 'Cross the meadows dim.

Merry birds pour forth their songs
 From the thickets green;
 Nature, with a thousand tongues,
 Praises the Unseen.

Now the murky veil of night
 Spreads her folds afar,
 Softly stream the rays of light
 Down from yonder star.

Gone the day of toil and care
 In the world's highways,
 Quietness is in the air
 Such as follows praise.

E. J. HALBERT, '08.

Out of the Night—A Sketch

"HERE'S a "joint" where you fellows can give us that oyster supper we won this afternoon."

Six of us were finishing a night's enjoyment with a walk, and passing a newly opened Quick Lunch stand, where the cheerful words, "Always Open," played forth in their incandescent splendor, were reminded by these words that here we could refresh the inner man.

Two of us had been playing tennis that afternoon, and goaded by the jeers of the other four had offered an oyster supper to the whole lot if we couldn't beat any two 6-2, 6-2, or worse. Our offer had been accepted, and now, although there was much discussion as to the justice of the thing, it was decided four to two that we had lost; and, therefore, we should "pony up" for that supper.

It was our first experience at a quick lunch counter and we had mixed feelings of hesitancy and expectation as one of our number ordered six oyster stews with lots of oysters.

"Six on the stews, heavy on the oysters, friends of the Misseses," yelled the burly young waiter to the chef in the rear.

It was a little different style from any ordering we had previously heard, but we had no time to remark on it, for at this juncture six or seven street car employees entered, and the orders were telegraphed back thick and fast.

"Straight up!" "Two to come!" "Ham and!" Adam and Eve on a raft!" ejaculated the waiter.

We began to get interested. All of us could make more or less of a creditable showing at translating Livy or Catullus, but here we followed in the footsteps of a great benefactor, one Kelly; this gentleman, however, evidently was called to a higher sphere—for no student doubts his destination—before his translating enthusiasm led him to devote time and study to the restaurant order branch. So here were we six very ordinary young students, in an undiscovered field, thrown entirely on our own resources.

We were appalled.

"What the dickens is straight up though?" asked one.

"Yes and I'd like to know what 'Adam and Eve on a raft,' is. I take Religious Knowledge, you know, but Dr. John didn't tell us anything about a raft. They must mean the Ark."

Then the genius of the lot spoke: "I'll tell you fellows, we only hear the waiter, he's onto the language and knows the idioms. Listen to these fellows give their orders, then we'll get wise."

This we all considered a good suggestion, and decided to put it into practice, as we began on our stews which had just appeared.

Just at this moment a policeman entered, asking for coffee without milk.

"Draw one in the dark," shouted the waiter, and the beverage was forthcoming.

"Well, that's one thing we've learned," remarked one. "When you want coffee without milk you request that it be drawn in the dark, but as for me, I'll have mine in the light."

"Tell you though," ejaculated our student of Religious Knowledge, "This deductive method, or is it inductive, is all right. I'm going to keep right after it until I find out about 'Adam and Eve.'"

Well, before we had finished our soup we had discovered that "straight up," designated fried eggs. "Ham an'" ham and eggs. "Straw Mattress," shredded wheat biscuit; while "Adam and Eve on a raft," stood for the wholesome but unromantic poached eggs on toast.

I guess that's got French beaten for idioms, but its simpler on the whole, and a "blamed sight more satisfying," remarked one of the fellows, as with a movement of strategic celerity he circumvented the elusive propensities of a large and luscious oyster.

About this time, when our expressed longing for a taste of the pie that ranged itself in seductive slices on the shelf before us, had been satisfied with "One on the pie all round," we became aware that there was some dissatisfaction among three of the guests next to us. To them, apparently, the salubrious breath of Yonge street had lent a pessimistic outlook and an unsteady understanding that made them loath to leave their one harbor of refuge; the stool by the counter.

"Didn't I ask for beans and weeners?" almost wailed one of the three.

"Well, ain't that what you've got?" asked the waiter sarcastically.

"Why, them isn't weeners, them's a 'alf weener. Do you think this is a d—ned five o'clock tea?" and tears over the injustice of the idea filled his eyes.

The dishes served had hardly impressed us as belonging to that class usually found at social gatherings of the nature mentioned. We doubt, for example, if any guest at such an entertainment would feel at ease if served with "one embalmed with a wreath," yet the beef hash with poached egg which this represents is, we don't doubt, nutritious, and, under favorable weather conditions, appetizing.

One pie was gone, and although we all wanted to keep on, for to-night we felt for the first time we were being really educated, nature rebelled, and we decided to stop.

"Give me two beef sandwiches wrapped up," asked one. "The fellows at home will be hungry, you know," he remarked to us apologetically.

"Two beefs in a blanket," echoed the waiter, and we ran, feeling it to be full time to make for cover. G. R. '09.

A Hymn of Empire

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE author of this little collection of poems is at present an Anglican clergyman in the city of Quebec. He is still in his prime, so that we may yet hope for much from his pen. The book to which the poem, "A Hymn of Empire," gives its title is not, as we might suppose, a collection of imperialistic verse. In fact, of the thirty-three poems it contains, only some four or five are of that strain. Probably the best known is the first, "A Hymn of Empire." In it we find reflected the virile imperialism of the day, a true and noble note, far removed from any weak sentimentality. I cannot do better than quote the two concluding stanzas.

"Strong are we? Make us stronger yet;
 Great? Make us greater far.
 Our feet antarctic oceans fret,
 Our crown the polar star;
 Round earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,
 Our highway is the main,
 We stand as guardian of the weak,
 We burst the oppressor's chain.

"Great God, uphold us in our task,
 Keep pure and clean our rule,
 Silence the honeyed words which mask
 The wisdom of the fool.
 The pillars of the world are Thine;
 Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
 And make illustrious and divine
 The sceptre of our race."

Mr. Scott at times shows a truly Wordsworthian spirit, the silent and deep communion with nature and with nature's God. This we find expressed in the "Winter Woods":

"Something in my inmost thinking
 Tells me I am one with you,
 For a subtle bond is linking,
 Nature's offspring through and through
 And your spirit like a flood
 Stirs the pulses of my blood."

Again, in "Nature's Recompense,"

"With barren heart and weary mind,
I wander from the haunts of men,
And strive in solitude to find
The careless joys of youth again."

He seeks the long-loved woodland brook, he watches the clouds when the day is done, he climbs the mountain top and plunges into forest glade; but all in vain. Great nature's lips to him are dumb, her heart to him is dead and cold. Until at last he gives up seeking and lies all thoughtless in the woodland air and 'neath the leaf-bespangled sky.

"And then it comes, the voice of old,
Which soothes the realms of death and birth,
The message from the ages told,
The cradle-song of Mother Earth.

"And as it thrills each languid sense
And lifts me from the world apart,
Great Nature makes full recompense
For her past coldness to my heart."

The melody in his "Poetae Silvarum" is exquisite. He seems to sing because he must, out of the fulness and richness of his own heart. In this poem he also shows some knowledge of Greek mythology, of the shepherds with their flocks, and the fauns and satyrs that dance beside the woodland stream.

"O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass away,
The world is growing old, and we grow older day by day;
Pour out your deathless songs again to men of every tongue,
And wake the music in man's heart that keeps the old world young."

Of another type is the meek, self-abnegation of "A Sister of Charity." The style is simple and unpretentious to suit the theme. In fact throughout the book great care has been taken to harmonize the two, and yet so skilfully has it been done that we are scarcely aware of the art that has been used.

"She made a nunnery of her life,
Plain duties, hedged it round,
No echoes of the outer strife
Could reach its hallowed ground?"

Her rule each day was but to do some act of kindness. She had no wealth, and yet she made so many rich at heart. The secret of her life none knew, it must have lain in conquered pain. She lived so near to God, that, when the call came suddenly there was no struggle, no hard and labored breath.

“Gently as dawn the end drew nigh :
Her life had been so sweet,
I think she did not need to die
To reach the Master's feet.”

One that will appeal to every human heart is entitled, “My Little Son,” written, it is said, of a little lad who was taken by the angel of death a few years ago from the rectory in Quebec city. The voice of the little son calls to the father through the gulfs and mists which separate them.

“I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the turmoil,
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the night.”

The vision of the merry face and sunny curls still lingers in the father's memory as his thoughts gather around the hillside where his little son now lies. The pathos of the last stanza is intense.

“My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind and rain ;
He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the darkness,
Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to God again.”

His phraseology is at times particularly good, each word adding some distinct idea and the whole combining a complete word picture, as where he says: “And little brooks with tinkling voice made music clear and thin.” “Mossed boulders, dappled by the sun,” gives a charming picture to the imagination of mossy crags and trees o'erhanging through which glints the summer sun. Again we have “The rugged utterance of mountain peaks against the infinite silence of the sky.” How aptly this describes the stern and rugged grandeur of the mountain peaks and the vast unfathomable depths of sky.

Exquisite little lyrics are scattered through, characterized by delicacy of expression, of which one very beautiful one is from the Italian of Guerrini.

“ When the leaves are falling, dearest,
 And you seek the quiet mound
 Where I slumber, you will find it
 With a wealth of blossoms crowned,
 Gather, then, for thy bright tresses
 Those that from my heart have sprung ;
 They're the love-thoughts that I spoke not,
 And the songs I left unsung.”

I have reserved to the last one that is unique in the book, though not in literature. It is called “ His Parting,” and brings vividly to mind elegies that have been written from Theocritus to Shelley. It is much less pretentious than any of them, both in length and in manner of treatment, but the spirit that breathes from the lines is the same; the same fanciful manner characterizes it, and all the bitterness of the grief for the little lad is lost in the beauty of the imagery. The little dying boy is being carried through his beloved wood. All nature is hushed and mourns his silent obsequies.

“ They bore the little dying boy
 Through his beloved wood,
 The sweet song-sparrows hushed their joy,
 The pine trees silent stood.

“ The tiny ripples from the lake
 Crept noiseless down the shore,
 And even the brook seemed for his sake
 Less boisterous than before.

“ The sunbeams never blinked their eyes,
 Quite still were light and shade,
 While here and there the droning flies
 A solemn music made.

“ 'Twas plain his woodland friends had heard.
 And nature all around
 Mourned, as when some sweet singing bird
 Has fallen to the ground.

“ But he, our little dying boy,
 Forgetting all his pain,
 Passed prattling by in childish joy
 And never came again.”

ETHEL G. CHADWICK.

Book Reviews

The Prodigal and Other Poems. By PETER MCARTHUR. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

THIS little book leaves us with very mingled feelings; some of the work is excellent; some of it, we believe, Mr. McArthur would have done well to omit. Many of the verses are so good that we find ourselves wondering why they are not a little bit better. His serious work is thoughtful and sincere, and shows considerable care and feeling, while here and there, and not unfrequently, we come upon a striking line or phrase that rivets the attention. For the rest, evidently newspaper verse, we think it was a mistake to include. Few newspaper verses are worth preserving, and these are no exception to that rule. They are doubtless good enough of their class, but placed between the covers of a book they assume an importance that they fail to justify.

The volume is more interesting as a promise than as a production, yet withal much of it is well worth a careful and sympathetic reading.



On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. Published by Willian Briggs.

It is with a certain feeling of hesitancy that we come to the review of another book on Shakespeare. What is there that can be said that has not been reiterated an hundred times? And what profit can there be in the *dolce far niente* discussion of the vexed questions of interpretation? But despite the fact that there is little that is new in Mr. Brooke's treatment of this much discussed theme, we have nothing but praise for the admirable work before us.

To those who are familiar with his volumes on Browning and Tennyson, it would be idle to speak of his English style. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Brooke, perhaps as much or more than any modern writer, possesses a style at once beautiful and striking; full of force and grace and careful word usage. For its style alone the book would be well worthy of perusal, but added to this Mr. Brooke brings to his task a trained logical mind, quick to

seize and interpret the dramatic; far-seeing to grasp the inner, underlying impulse of action; sympathetic to understand and portray.

His telling of the familiar stories is intensely dramatic and convincing; his criticisms throw a flood of light across the page. Here is no careless work; everywhere we see evidence of concise discriminating thought. His book bears all the marks of a scholar who loves the task.

The ten plays of which the volume is composed run the whole gamut of the Shakespearian genius, and Mr. Brooke seems equally at home with light, fantastic comedy, or the tangled webs of tragedy and hate.

The grim Nemesis of Justice that sweeps irresistibly through his interpretation of the tragedies, startles us into attention, while the masterly lightness of touch in his dealing with the comedies, relieves the sombre tone and is wholly delightful.

Mr. Brooke shows a remarkably keen insight into the mind and art of Shakespeare, and the vexed question of the influence of temperament and environment on the catholic genius of the bard of Avon has seldom had a more sympathetic and intelligent exposition. While careful, and at times unusual, comparison of characters, the juxtaposition of one passion with another adds a new interest and novelty to a somewhat hackneyed theme.

Altogether the book is one of unusual interest and worth; one that should appeal to all lovers of the great dramatist. It is a decided acquisition to the already monumental list of writings on this subject.



Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by GEO. M. WRONG, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and H. H. LANGTON, M.A., Librarian of the University. (Vol. xi., 1906, pp. 225. Morang & Co. Cloth only, \$1.50).

The University is doing a very valuable work in the publication each year of this remarkably creditable volume of reviews of historical work on Canadian topics. The most fugitive magazine articles are not neglected and especial care seems to have been taken to have more extended and more serious work

criticised by men who are authorities in the department under which the book comes. The classification of the material is most excellently made, and the wonder, to those who know the editors, is how they have been able to devote so much time to the editing of the volume.

Despite the large number of books reviewed, the criticisms made are sufficiently long to make clear their value. For example, to Mr. Munro's "Study of the Seigniorial System in Canada," a space of seven pages is devoted. A like space is granted to Mr. Lewis' "Life of Hon. Geo. Brown," and four given to Mr. Le Seuer's "Frontenac," while three pages is given to Mr. Sulte's "Study of Le Régime Militaire (1760-4)," presented before the Royal Society. In a review of twelve pages Lieut.-Col. Ernest Cruikshank fully discusses Mr. Lucas' "History of the Canadian War of 1812," published last year in England.

To attempt to discuss any of the reviews in particular would be out of the question here. We have referred to the instances above only to indicate how very valuable such a compilation of critical material as we have in this book must prove to anyone interested in Canadian historical study. We think it should find a place on the reference shelves of every Public Library, and we hope that our *alumni*, wherever they can, will see that this means of stimulating a national historical spirit among our Canadian people shall not be neglected. We have mourned long enough over the fact that we have no real history. We *have* history in this country and the sooner we subscribe to enterprise of the kind instanced in this review of our historical publications, the more quickly will we learn to appreciate the vital significance of the historical material at our very doors.

Just when going to press we have received from the publishers an index of Vols. I-X., of the Annual Review of Historical Publications. This handy volume places in the immediate control of anyone who possesses it, direction to and criticism of, the available historical material on every conceivable Canadian subject. Such an accomplishment need only be stated to be appreciated. All the volumes of this series are of a similar size.

The Representative Women of the Bible. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., Toronto. Upper Canada Tract Society. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a volume intended to supplement the author's three previous volumes on the Representative Men of the Bible. It is interesting to note that it is the last work from Dr. Matheson's pen, being indeed incomplete as far as the author's original intention is concerned. Some ten female characters are dealt with and an outline furnished of an eleventh. The book has all Dr. Matheson's characteristics of authorship—poetic imagery, a deep insight into the psychological workings of the human heart, and a modernity and originality of style which is refreshing. The representative characters chosen are those which, as the author himself says, "exhibit traits of character which are found in all ages." Each character portrayed is exquisitely done, but if we were to select any portrayals for especial mention they would be "Sarah the Steadfast," and "Mary the Thought-Reader." Into the analyses of these characters Dr. Matheson has thrown his great power of insight and added much that is new and stimulating. The book is essentially one for devotional reading and full also of suggestion for the preacher.

Y EAR upon year brings more to bear,
And teaches us all just how to share
Sorrows with joys and smiles with tears
To lighten the grief of growing years.
They blending to make one perfect whole
Give loveliness, sweetness and strength to the soul.



Scientific



The Names of Some Elements

E. F. BURTON, B.A.

THE story is told of an old lady who attended a University Extension Lecture on Astronomy; she exclaimed at its close: "What wonderful men these astronomers are! I can understand how they can find out how far off the stars are, how big they are, and what they weigh—that is all easy enough! and I think I can see how they find out what they are made of; but there is one thing that I can't understand—I don't know how they can find out what are their names!" The same unfortunate old lady would probably have been in the same quandary regarding the names of the chemical elements.

The introduction into ordinary language, in rather more than a quasi-scientific sense, of some of the names of the rarer and newer elements has doubtless caused many people to wonder what the origins of such words are. The intention of the present article is to answer some of these interesting questionings.

Many of the best known and most widely distributed of the elements the names of which have either quite apparent meanings or unknown origins, need not be considered at all. However, it may be interesting to draw attention to the intimate connection between two names which are, just now, of particular interest in Ontario, viz., Cobalt and Nickel. The former is a variation of the old word Kobold, meaning a goblin; while the latter may be traced to the same origin as our common phrase, "the old Nick." Before their values were realized, these metals were a source of vexation to miners in their search for what to them were more valuable minerals, and so were known as the demons of the mine. Students of the new theology may see in this a helpful commentary on the "root of all evil."

Fortunately for the reputation of science, not all the elements have been named as the above. It is a significant fact that, even in the choice of names, one can trace a reflection of the scientific spirit of the time. Cobalt and nickel lead us back to the time

when spirits, good and bad, had not entirely disappeared from natural philosophy. At the beginning of the last century, when great awakenings came in all branches of scientific work, some names were borrowed from the sister science of Astronomy; some elements were named by enthusiastic nationalists after national gods of old; but, gradually, the desire to indicate in the name some property of the newly discovered elements gained the upper hand, and so names became utilitarian.

The developments during the last decade in the study of radio-activity have brought into prominence two substances—Uranium and Thorium—which were first discovered nearly one hundred years ago. Uranium was so called by Klaproth (1789) in honor of Herschell's discovery of the planet Uranus. In like manner Cerium and Palladium perpetuate the establishing of the true nature of the planetoids. Ceres and Pallas. In addition to its importance as a radio-active substance, Thorium is widely known on account of its use in gas mantles, common to almost every household. Like our word Thursday, the element gets its name from that of the ancient Scandinavian god, Thor. We find its counterpart in the name of Vanadium, so-called in honor of the Swedish goddess Vanadia.

A most interesting point is found in the naming of the element Tantalum, which is now coming into use as a constituent of the film of incandescent lamps. When first discovered this substance was remarkable because even when in the midst of acid it was unable to take the liquid to itself, which recalled the ancient story of Tantalus.

Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
flumina.

Later, when a new element was found, closely allied to and always occurring with Tantalum, it was given the name Niobium, after the ill-fated daughter of King Tantalus.

The frequent association of the two elements, Tellurium and Selenium, and their similiarity, have led to the unique connection noticed in their names; the former being derived from Tellus, the earth, while the latter was named after *σελήνη*, the moon. A metal, Titanium, which was isolated a few years before Tellurium, had been so named from Titans, earth-born, on account of its being one of the constituents of a magnetic sand found in Cornwall, England.

The foregoing comprise most of the newly-isolated elements of the first half of the last century. About the close of this period the spectroscope was perfected in the hand of the scientist, and many new elements were recognized by new lines in the spectrum of minerals subjected to great heat. The growing spirit of exactness in science and enthusiasm for the new weapon of research, led to the naming of these new elements from the colors of their unique and most important spectral lines. So we have the following: Caesium (caesius, the blue sky), Rubidium (rubidus, the deepest red), Indium (from indigo), and Thallium, (*θαλλός*, a budding twig), named from blue, red, indigo, and green lines, respectively.

In this connection the spectroscope can rank with the most exact astronomical instruments in affording an example of the wonderful triumphs of human genius. In 1868, Lockyer detected a line in the solar spectrum which did not belong to any earthly element then known, but so great was his faith in the existence of a new elementary substance, that he named the new element, Helium (from *ἥλιος*, the sun). The world had to wait nearly thirty years before the substance was recognized and artificially produced as a gaseous element on the earth. It has now been proved almost beyond a doubt that helium is produced by the transition of radium, which has been attracting so much attention of late. The derivation of both radium and the newer element, actinium, is quite apparent from the word radio-activity.

Early in her work on the radio-active minerals, Mme. Sklodowska Curie announced the discovery of a new element which she called Polonium, in honor of her native land, Poland. In this she followed the lead of French and German scientists who had, some twenty years before, given the names Gallium and Germanium to two new elements.

When Sir Wm. Ramsay first announced the discovery of a new gas in the atmosphere to an audience of savants, their skepticism was shown by one member asking with mock earnestness, whether Ramsay had discovered the name. A brief resume of some of the names of elements increases one's appreciation of this sarcasm.

Missionary *and* *Religious*

The Nature Psalms

G. B. KING, '07

THE great outstanding feature of the Nature Psalms is the religious feeling that permeates them. The world of nature is not dealt with or appreciated for its own sake but only as it serves to set forth the glory of God, His might and His all-powerful sway over the created world. All created life speaks to the Hebrew poet of God's power and beneficence, or supplies him with figures and emblems to delineate his attributes and working. There is no petty moralizing known to the Psalmists. Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," with its conclusion, "But if I could understand what you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what man and God is," would be impossible to the Psalmist. To him Jehovah is without question the Creator of the world and he looks on that world in its larger aspects and with bold strokes depicts how all proclaim the majesty of their Creator:

"The heavens declare the glory of God :
And the firmament showeth his handiwork."—Ps. 19 : 1.

"To him that by understanding made the heavens ;
For his loving kindness endureth forever :
To him that spread forth the earth above the waters ;
For his loving kindness endureth forever."—Ps. 136 : 5, 6, etc.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained ;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him ?"—Ps. 8 : 3, 4.

An excellent example is the 104th. Psalm, where the natural world in its many aspects serves only to show the power of Jehovah, its Creator, the dependence of the animal kingdom on

him for their sustenance illustrating further his beneficence.

The Psalmists never personify Nature as such. The word "nature," indeed, has no place in Hebrew. The nearest approach we get to anything like personification is seen in the following examples :

"The pastures are clothed with flocks ;
The valleys also are covered over with grain ;
They shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. 65 : 13.

"Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ;
The world and they that dwell therein ;
Let the floods clap their hands :
Let the hills sing for joy together."—Ps. 98 : 7, 8.

"Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice ;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ;
Let the field exult, and all that is therein ;
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy.—Ps. 96 : 11, 12.

Here some part of Nature—the valleys, the sea, the hills, is endued with emotion and life, and sympathises with the feelings of the Psalmist, but this is far different from the personification of Nature, as a whole, a frequent practice with our English Nature poets, particularly so with Wordsworth.

We do not find the Psalmists descending to the individual in their treatment of Nature. With them it is "the Heavens," "the valleys," "the birds of the heavens," "the fish of the sea." Nature is looked at in the mass, or if it be animate nature, by its classes. This is in direct contrast to our English poets, who prefer often to select some individual in the realm of Nature as the theme of their poetry. Such poems as Burns' "To a mountain Daisy," and Shelley's "To a Skylark," and many other such examples of our English poets would have been beyond the ancient poet, who cares nothing for detail and sees everything in the mass.

One unique form of treatment belongs almost solely to the Hebrew poets, and that is the Theophany, where Jehovah is shown as directly appearing in some manifestation of nature. A very beautiful example of this is Psalm 29. Here the thunder is the voice of God, and all the terrible phenomenae accompanying the thunder-storm are but an expression of the majesty of

the Eternal Sovereign of the Universe. His voice is heard in the pealing of the thunder, vs. 3, 4:

“ The voice of Jehovah is upon the waters :
The God of glory thundereth,
Even Jehovah upon many waters.
The voice of Jehovah is powerful ;
The voice of Jehovah is full of majesty.”

The storm bursts in all its fury in the far north, shatters the cedars and shakes the mountains, vs. 5, 6:

“ The voice of Jehovah breaketh the cedars ;
Yea, Jehovah breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf ;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young wild-ox.”

The lightnings flash, v. 7:

The voice of Jehovah cleaveth the flames of fire; and the rapid sweeping down of the storm over the land is portrayed in the shaking of the wilderness in the far south and the affrighting of its denizens, vs. 8, 9:

“ The voice of Jehovah shaketh the wilderness ;
Jehovah shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
The voice of Jehovah maketh the hinds to calve,
And strippeth the forests bare :
And in his temple everything saith, Glory.”

In a short compass an awe-inspiring picture is drawn, yet one beautiful in conception and full of movement. With vs. 10 and 11, the storm has passed over and we feel that the sun shines once more. As if to reassure any whom the storm may have affrighted, a picture is given of Jehovah sitting in might as King over all, with promises of strength and peace to his people:

“ Jehovah sat as King at the Flood ;
Yea, Jehovah sitteth as King forever.
Jehovah will glve strength unto his people ;
Jehovah will bless his people with peace.”

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Editorial

The University Presidency

THE new President of the University is Dr. R. A. Falconer, of Pine Hill Cottage, Halifax. His appointment, while it came somewhat as a surprise to the student body, will not be met with prejudice. To us and to the greater part of the Faculty, despite the fact that we have had him on one or two occasions as a university preacher, the new President is a stranger. He is, however, a Canadian and it is gratifying to the Canadian people to have men of our own birth and breeding at the head of our university affairs.

Men come to us in different ways and with varying ideals and methods of work, and until President Falconer meets the men in the fall, it will be impossible to say anything of his appointment from an undergraduate point of view. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that he will receive from the students that kindness of feeling and charitableness of judgment that will help, rather than hinder, his work among them. Sometimes even university men judge simply on hearsay and will tell you that a professor

or instructor is "no good," without having even the vaguest sort of a notion why they think him incapable. To this extent, we ourselves have something to do with the success of Dr. Falconer.

If there is any other man whom many of the students would like to see at the head of the University, it is perhaps the man who has filled the office so ably during the past year. As Principal Hutton returns to give his full attention to his work in University College, he bears with him the kindest feelings of the undergraduate body of the session of 1906-7. It is in many ways to be regretted that he was not able to continue in the position in which his influence has been so beneficent.



Our Successors

THIS issue of ACTA completes the work of the present Editorial Board. Our successors are the following: Editor-in-Chief, F. S. Albright, '08; Literary Editors, Miss Dunham, '08, and E. T. Coatsworth, jr., '08; Scientific, P. W. Barker, '08; Missionary and Religious, D. M. Perley, B.A.; Personals and Exchanges, C. W. Stanley, '09; Locals, Miss Whitlam, '09, and W. P. Clement, '09; Athletics, J. V. McKenzie, '09. The Board of Management for next year is composed of the following men: Business Manager, J. E. Brownlee, '08; Assistant Business Manager, H. Kent Manning, '10; Secretary, F. J. Staples, '10.

It is needless to say more at this time than that we commit to them the trust that we have endeavored to perform, with the greatest confidence in them and with our best wishes for their success. We may also admit that we yield it to them with a certain sense of relief, touched, perhaps, with the feeling of regret that that which has been done can be done only once by us, and that there is no chance of doing it over and doing it better. We wish, however, to say that we have appreciated very highly indeed the support and assistance and kindly greeting that we have received, not only from the whole undergraduate body, but from many members of the alumni, and particularly from a number of members of the Faculty. To Mr. C. C. James we are particularly indebted for timely advice and assistance.

Some Important Changes

THE influence of the University Act of 1906 is already making itself felt in the University Regulations. It has long been considered that some "stiffening up" in the way of entrance qualification and some more stringent practice in regard to "stars" would greatly benefit both student and professor. By the University Act of 1906, the Faculty was given charge of the curriculum, and, as a result, we have the requirements raised for entrance. No student may now enter upon an Honor course without previously having completed the Junior Leaving examination with Latin, or the Junior Matriculation examination. And in the General Course, any one may be refused admission who cannot give evidence of his fitness to carry on the course. The other great change is in connection with the January supplemental examination and what is to be known as "the clearance year."

No student may now enter on the work of the third year without having his first year clear and complete. No student may hereafter enter on his fourth year without having at least his first two years clear and complete.

It has nominally been the rule with the January supplemental that it was only to give relief in case of illness at the time of the September examination. This regulation has not been observed. It is now the intention of the authorities to enforce it. Only one chance will thus be given those who fail in the May examination to redeem their position.

Some changes have also been made in the Household Science Course, making it one of the courses leading to the degree of B.A., instead of B.H.Sc., as heretofore. Those who now have the latter degree may, on passing the examination in First Year Latin and Mathematics, receive the degree of B.A.



The Victoria College Bulletin

THE *Bulletin* is a publication which has appeared since the closing of college. It is, however, the outcome of a highly commendable ambition on the part of the Board of Regents. It

aims to so set forward the claims of Victoria as an educational institution that the best class of students shall be attracted here. It is prepared specially for intending students, and to this end it takes the form partly of a prospectus and partly of a year book. In its development it is hoped that the latter characteristic will be more prominent.

In the first four pages the relation of Victoria to the University is made very clear. The central portion of the book is devoted to some splendidly and concisely arranged information regarding courses of study, fees, scholarships, attendance, etc. A list of the students in attendance at the college during the session of 1906-7 is given, with the honor standing of the graduating class. The latter part of the book is given to college societies and to the events of the year that has just closed. These will be sufficiently fresh in the minds of the readers of *ACTA* to make reference here unnecessary.

The *Bulletin* has already been sent to many educationists throughout the Province. The registrar will be exceedingly gratified, however, to receive from any one the name or names of students whose intention it is to take up university studies. He will then forward the *Bulletin* to them. Address Dr. A. R. Bain, Registrar, Victoria University, Queen's Park, Toronto.

Personals

and

Exchanges

Personals

THOMAS Green, '03, who went to Columbia University last year with a scholarship in Sociology and Ethics, has captured still another of the "Elusives"—the fellowship in Philosophy '07-'08, awarded by that University. Of the eighteen fellowships given annually by Columbia only twelve were secured this year. This one is valued at \$650, and it is needless to say is an exceedingly desirable prize. When the reckonings are made "Tommie" seems always to have the winnings, and his Alma Mater does not forget that his honors are hers and heartily to congratulate him on his success.

The Chancellor had not told us that he was a veteran and many of his friends and pupils were not a little surprised to know that he was to be the recipient of distinguished military honors. The Fenian raids of 1866 are old history to most of us. When the Queen's Own and the 13th Regiment went to the front, Rev. Nathanael Burwash accompanied them as one of the two chaplains. This was when he was not in the active work, the year before he was appointed to his chair in Victoria. On the 8th of May, 1907, the Queen's Own were drawn up for parade. The Veterans also were there. Then Col. J. M. Gibson, of Hamilton, told them how Dr. Burwash had served his country and how the Minister of Militia had deputed him to present to the Chancellor the medal which he so well deserved, but for which he had not made application. For years past the claims of veterans for land grants and medals have been urged and pressed upon the governments at Ottawa and Toronto, in some cases upon the most flimsy claims,—as for Chancellor Burwash, there was no question whatever. He was at the front in the midst of the fight, and yet made no application for recognition. Honor thus given must be most thoroughly appreciated. We add our congratulations upon his attaining "medal rank."

Professor W. H. Schofield (B.A., Victoria, 1889), of Harvard, has been selected by Harvard as the representative of that institution to deliver a series of lectures at the University of Berlin, Germany. His predecessors in this honor were Prof. Peabody (Sociology) and Prof. Richards (Chemistry). Prof. Schofield for the years 1897-1906 was instructor in Anglo-Saxon at Harvard, and last year was appointed Dean of the new department of Comparative Literature. His former classmates and teachers in Victoria will feel proud of this distinctive honor, and his many friends in the University will extend to him hearty congratulations on this recognition of a Canadian teacher and writer.

Rev. C. R. Flanders, '81, for fourteen years Principal of Stanstead College, has resigned with the intention of resuming pastoral work.

H. W. Gundy, '98, formerly on the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, has moved to Winnipeg to engage in the real estate business.

Arthur Ford, '03, has resigned his position on the *Telegram* at Winnipeg, to become editor of the *Brandon Sun*, a morning paper recently started there. ACTA extends best wishes.

Rev. A. E. Hetherington, B.A., B.D., (Vic.) is to become Assistant Principal of Columbia College, New Westminster.

Rev. Dr. E. B. Ryckman, of Almonte, has announced his intention of retiring from active ministerial work at the coming session of his conference. He graduated in 1855 and began his ministry in 1856, so that he has well earned the reward of a veteran in the service of the Church. Dr. Ryckman will take up his residence at Kingston, and ACTA wishes for him many years of continued health and happiness.

The class of 1903 never fails to bring forward some one of its members who has gained distinction each year. This year the honor falls to Miss Ruby M. Jolliffe, who has been offered one scholarship at Bryn Mawr, and another one, the Curtis scholarship in English at Columbia University. It is understood that Miss Jolliffe's preference is for the first of these and that she will spend next year at the great American women's university.

From the editorial column of *The News* of a recent date we quote the following appreciation of the work of Mr. C. C. James, M.A., one of Victoria's most active and best friends:

"One of the most interesting speculations to which students of history may address themselves is concerned with the identity of our predecessors. Who occupied this portion of land with which we are so familiar, and after what fashion did they live on it? Comparatively little has been done by way of reconstructing this aspect of the past in Canada. But an example of how the subject may be dealt with in an interesting and suggestive manner is to be found in Mr. C. C. James' "The Downfall of the Huron Nation," which appears in volume twelve, section two, of *The Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*. The county of Simcoe, Mr. James writes, is the richest archaeological field in Canada, and one of the richest in all America, north of the Mexican boundary. Its fields and wooded hills have been gone over by enthusiasts, copies of the Jesuit Relations in their hands, locating here a village and here a burying ground. Hatchets and arrow heads, pipes and bowls, shells from the Mexican Gulf, and wampum, have been found there in abundance by archaeologists and, owing to their labors, it is possible to reproduce with some degree of accuracy the map of old Huronia. After becoming familiar with the story traced in "The Downfall of the Huron Nation," it is not a matter for wonder that Mr. James should commend it to everyone interested in Canadian literature. No common-place chronicle is contained in the story of the long road travelled by the Hurons in the curious picture of their villages, revealing a life in some degree civilized, yet aboriginal; in their comparatively peaceful, pastoral existence; in the heroic enthusiasm of the Recollet and Jesuit missionaries, bringing the light shining from great deeds to create within a tragedy a climax of renunciation; or finally in the implacable warfare which destroyed the Huron nation. Mr. James' summary of what may be learned from Indian tradition, the Jesuit Relations, archaeological research, and ethnological investigation should stimulate an interest in the story of Indian life in Ontario.

The announcement comes that Prof. Elijah P. Harris has resigned his position as head of the department of chemistry at Amherst College, Massachusetts, after completing a term of

thirty-nine years of service. This note carries us back to the Victoria of forty and more years ago. Prof. Harris graduated from Amherst in 1855. From 1856 to 1859 he was teacher of Modern Languages in Victoria. A rearrangement of work took place and Prof. Harris then took charge of Chemistry and Natural History, filling the chair in that department from 1860 to 1866. It will be seen that Prof. Harris has more than completed his fifty years of work—ten at Victoria and forty at Amherst. Reminiscences of the science teaching in the early days in the "old barn" at Cobourg would be very interesting if some one only could be persuaded to tell them. According to the record in the history of the University of Toronto, recently issued, the following is the list of teachers prior to the appointment of Dr. Haanel, in 1873, and the erection of Faraday Hall:

Jesse B. Hurlburt—1841-1847—Natural Science.

Dr. John Beatty—1845-1856—Natural Science and Chemistry.

George C. Whitlock—1856-1864—Chemistry.

Elijah P. Harris—1860-1866—Chemistry and Natural History.

Nathanael Burwash—1859-1872—Natural Science.

Marriages

At Harriston, on the 12th of June, the marriage took place of Miss Mabel Eedy and of Mr. Geo. A. King, B.A., '07. The bridesmaid was Miss Henry, and the groomsmen, Mr. G. J. A. Reany. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, at high noon, by the Rev. Mr. Atkins. After an extended trip down the St Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. King settled down to the life of the parsonage and the ministry of the Methodist church at Holstein, Ontario.



On the 18th of June, Miss Louise Caroline Howson, third daughter of Mr. R. F. Howson, of Calgary, Alta., was married to Rev. Harry H. Cragg, B.A., '05. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward Cragg, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. J. M. Cragg, B.A., B.D., brother of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Cragg will reside at Bloomfield, Ontario.

On the 12th of June still another of Victoria's graduates entered the bonds of matrimony, when Miss Blanche Fairbairn was united in marriage with Rev. W. A. Walden, B.A., '05. Both bride and groom are known to many Victoria students who will extend their heartiest congratulations to them on the happy event. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride on Russell street in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Walden will reside at Cam-lachie, Ont.

To each and all of our benedict brothers, ACTA extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Obituaries

Some of the old graduates will recall the undisguised pleasure of President Nelles, back in 1861, when he made known that a son and heir had been born. Fred Nelles grew up in the old college halls and even before he entered Victoria, in 1877, he was a son of the college, knowing everyone, known by everyone, ready for all sorts of sports. Frederick Ernest Nelles died at Toronto Hospital on the 14th of May; and two days later was buried beside his father and mother in the Union Cemetery at Cobourg. Three of his classmates had preceded him, namely, Walton, Lasby and St. John. Other members of the class of 1881 who survive are, Dr. Geo. J. Lane of Winnipeg, Dr. E. R. L. Gould of New York, Rev. F. A. Cassidy of Japan, S. W. Perry of Kincardine, J. D. Hayden of Cobourg, Rev. H. W. Crews of Guelph, and T. E. Williams of Thessalon. There are living in Toronto, Rev. L. W. Hill, L. A. Kennedy and J. W. Shilton. After graduation Fred studied law, beginning under the late Hon. Sidney Smith. For some years he practised law at Tilbury. His wife predeceased him only a few months. To his three sisters, Mrs. Dingwall, Miss Nelles and Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, and his brother Harold, ACTA extends deepest sympathy.

It was only a few months ago that ACTA noted the death of His Honor Judge Dean, a graduate of 1854. It is now our duty to note the death of his widow, who died at Toronto on the 27th of April. Mrs. Dean was a daughter of Gilbert Bogart, a member of one of the pioneer families of the Bay of Quinte district.



Locals



OUR Editor has lost his bag of jokes. He is suffering the worst of torments. A traveller with him on his weary way writes that the air in their compartment is so hot and thick that one must blow upon it to cool it before breathing it. We may explain, to settle the fears of the uninformed, that the local editor is not dead. His final reward shall not be such as this.

A STRAY FEW WE FOUND OURSELVES.

F. Owen, '07 (at pic-nic)—“Miss Pearl—Miss Pearl Blanche.” Miss Faint, '07—“This is so sudden, Mr. Owen. I wasn't going to announce it until I got home.”

G. B. King, '07 (at garden party, when remonstrated with for standing like a lonely statue on the embankment)—“You'll see me 'mixed up' a good deal more firmly than this before long.” We don't doubt, George.

A REMEMBERED ONE.

Miss Stanley, '10—“By the time I graduate I'll be a thin, emancipated specimen.”

We were not there ourselves, but we have been told, and if that is ground enough for a revelation here goes. Scarborough Bluffs has been a favorite place this year for little picnics. But not all of them were the occasions of discoveries which made the explorers rub their eyes in wonderment at what they saw, as was the outing of a few seniors on the 25th of May. Peering over the dangerously abrupt cliffs, they wondered if he and she had fallen over the precipice. Else why should they? But we cannot tell. If you are anxious to know what happened, ask or write C. F. L.—'07: “Are you being ordained this year, C—?”

One evening recently “Si” Hemingway was discovered before the fountain at the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor, holding the iron cup to his ear and strenuously demanding, “North 2924, please.” Then a look of hopeless weariness crossed his face as he remarked, “Blame line bishy 'gain.”

Kilpatrick (re segregation at the senior dinner): "They'll be passing a motion soon that the Lord should have left Adam alone in the garden."

The question is, "Where is Davy Wren's home? Is it east or west?" Davy left the city immediately after the examinations. A week later he was still going home—this time west. Which is it, Davy?

The Picnic

ALL nature was propitious on the afternoon of May 23rd, when the graduating class of '07, accompanied by Mrs. Lang, assembled at Sunnyside to embark on the specially chartered launch which was to convey them up the Humber. The chief excitement on voyage up arose from the noble and timely rescue of the flag by a member of the class. It was just as we were about to pass under the bridge at the entrance of the river. The order was sent up to lower the flag. A gallant rush was made and it was only at the last moment, and amid the excited cheers of the party, that the rescue was effected.

Our landing place was the Old Mill, on ground which was ticketed, "Strictly Private," which, we took it, meant it was for us. After depositing our various lunch boxes, baskets and pails under a tree and covering them up with the ladies' coats and hats, so as to deceive the cows, we travelled off on a tour of inspection. Wire fences and gates proved no obstruction to our zeal for discovery, and after thoroughly investigating the old mill and a bottomless pit which we found near by, we wandered off in search of flowers, some on one side of the river and some on the other. The day was perfect, a refreshing breeze swept the fields, violets, purple and yellow, the dog-tooth, trilliums, red and white hepaticas and many other of nature's hidden gems rewarded the seeker.

Our assurance in landing on private property was only equalled by that of the proprietor in trying to eject us. For full half an hour he argued with the assistance of his dog, until at last numbers and persuasion won and we were allowed *requiescere in pace*.

After tea certain games of skill, such as hitting a tree some half dozen yards away, with a ball, were indulged in, after which

we all took part in what is commonly known as French tag. To the uninitiated present it seemed to present grave difficulties, as they always tried to run at the wrong moment. Several long-distance runs were taken around the circle to the edification of the spectators, for every few minutes a coat or hat or pair of gloves would drop on the path behind the pursuers or pursued. A very interesting fencing match took place between a lady and a gentleman, the weapons being a baseball club and a fence rail. The participants showed an intimate knowledge of the science, both wielding their heavy weapons with extreme agility.

About 7.45 we saw our little launch, the *Indiola*, approaching, but it continued in this state for some time. For it evinced a strange aversion to the land, shooting forward and backing up at most unexpected moments. At last we had all hopped over the side, except one, when the vessel gradually slipped away from her moorings, and he, only he, was left. Again the launch had to be manoeuvred towards the shore and again we were off.

A two-hours' steam around the Bay put a climax on a most delightful afternoon. The remainder of the lunch was passed around, consisting chiefly of pickles, which were fished out with a tooth-pick, and fed to hungry lads and lasses. Different amusements were provided in different parts of the boat. Some listened to our songsters, others showed their skill in a spelling game. At ten o'clock, laden with cherry blossoms and wild flowers, we disembarked and travelled homewards after a pic-nic which even those who afterwards took the midnight train for home will not regret having waited for.

The Household Science Commencement

On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 4th, Miss Graham, Miss Grange, Miss Keagey and Miss Paul received their diplomas from the Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art, at its Fourth Annual Commencement, held in the theatre of the Normal School. With them, Miss Stewart, of University College, and twelve others who have taken the Normal course, made up the graduating class.

The day was dull and the rain was falling in miserable gusts,

when the two reporters, commissioned by the editor, reached the building. As men in what was distinctly a woman's meeting, although we were splendidly treated, our experience was nerve-racking. After a "Sure, it'll be all right," from the lad at the door, we looked for seats at the back of the hall, behind a pillar and on the raised section near the rear door. Only one other man was in the room. The heavy air of a rainy day in June and the fragrance of many flowers had almost convinced me that I was at a funeral,

But soon they came, all proudly marching, with the "whirr" of a military drill, the "dons" and the sweet girl graduates," each with their bunch of the school flower. There was no more funeral about this. The rigid responsibilities of the home and the home-life and the training of the children in the schools were all told the girls. Every-day, practical duties of the most active kind were these. The Chancellor addressed the class. Addresses were given also by President Hutton and by Prof. McCallum, who presented the certificates.

After the ceremonies, the graduating class went in a tally-ho to the school in the Fred Victor Mission Building, where they served afternoon tea to their friends. For people who enjoy good things to eat, it was a treat. And who doesn't? But when you are assured that the dainty little piece you eat contains the correct number of calories of each component to produce the greatest results with the least expenditure, surely it gives an added zest to the eating—to see what really will happen. However, the company seemed most thoroughly to enjoy itself and all were reported active next day.

Scarboro Heights

Whether due to the suddenness of the inspiration and to the fact that there was little time for that anticipation which is better than realization, or not, I cannot say; but certainly the little picnic held by the '07 girls on Scarboro Heights, June 3rd, was a real success. The weather itself can only be compared to that of Friday—Convocation Day—for warmth and sunshine. The last committee meeting of the girls had been held that morning,

very early (about 9.30) and it had been decided that all should meet at the Woodbine sharp at 2.45 p.m., but, as usual, that hour saw but few at the appointed place. These, however, waited most patiently till all but one member had arrived and the conductor said he would only wait one more car. Fortunately this car was not disappointing, and all embarked, with no scolding, as it had been whispered about that a sewed up coat had been the cause of the delay, and the guilty party thought it wise to say nothing.

After due admiration of the beauties of the spot and surprised exclamations at the grandeur of those magnificent cliffs, the majority of the party decided to work up an appetite by climbing down the cliffs to the water's edge. Of the pleasures entered into there the certain kodak could tell more vividly than pen or tongue. Some wandered along the shore and tried their skill at skipping stones, while two of the more venturesome ones sought to reach the top again by a short route, straight up one of the cliffs. They did bravely till within about three feet of the top, when the overhanging ledge showed the impossibility of going farther. As they saw they must give in and turned again to descend, the folly of their mad climb burst upon them, and sudden fear took hold of them as they viewed the path by which they had ascended. One vowed afterward that she never was frightened in her life before, but this time she really never expected to see her friends again. With great care the descent was begun and in spite of the steepness of the declivity, the crumbling nature of the clay which gave way at every step, and the fact that there was nothing to hold on to (but their breath), the shore was reached in safety, and then in a few moments the rest of the party and the lunch boxes. As usual, lunch was the crowning feature of the day, lightened by the thrilling tales of narrow escapes. Our heroines think they are now quite prepared to climb the Alps. The party early sought the homeward way, so as to be ready for the pleasant days to come.

The House Party

One of the functions of Convocation week to which the women of the class look forward, is the house party at the Hall. Then the women of the graduating class are all invited in from Saturday to Monday. It is the last quiet time together before we part

to go our several ways. After attending church Sunday morning, we separated in the afternoon, some to sleep, and others to walk. It was a perfect day and a walk through Rosedale, out into the country, along sequestered lanes, beneath blossom-laden trees, through hitherto undiscovered spots, amid the violets and the green trees, was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. After tea we gathered in the Common Room for a talk from Miss Addison. I am sure each one of us appreciated the good words of advice given by one who has passed through our own experiences and who had in addition a larger view of life. Next morning after breakfast we separated, and the '07 house party was a thing of the past.

Convocation Day

Most of us, however sophisticated we have supposed ourselves, have looked forward to our graduation day not without a touch of emotion. It was to be one of the bright days of our life. For such an occasion we could not have been given better conditions of wind and weather. Of wind, there was none; of weather, only the most delightful. The Chancellor's Breakfast, Convocation, the Garden Party and the Graduating Class Dinner, filled up the hours and made one of the happiest days of our existence.

The Chancellor's Breakfast is always a happy event. This year we were glad to see it attended by the parents of several of the members of the graduating class. To the Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, the men and women of '07 will be unfeignedly thankful for this last evidence of the consideration and kindness which has extended from beginning to end of our undergraduate days.

The ceremonies at Convocation began with the march across the campus, the ladies first, and then the men of the graduating classes, and the faculty in the regular academical order of ascending degree. The procession which extended from the doors of Convocation Hall to the Main Building, presented a very pretty scene, the white dresses, and black gowns in long array, capped by the hoods of the Dons in their variegated colors.

Course by course, amid the cheers and jeers of one another we went to the dais to kneel before the Chancellor, to place our hands in his while he pronounced the magic words, "admitto te," and to arise members of Convocation.

The Garden Party and the Dinner made a fitting conclusion to a day of rare interest and great joy.



Athletics



The University of Toronto Lacrosse Team

ANNUAL TRIP.

EVERY summer for several years the University has sent a lacrosse team to the colleges and athletic clubs of the United States. Last year Coombs, Sanders and Trench were of the number. This year a large number of Victoria men, Pearson, Gundy, Manning, Davidson, Sanders and Coombs, all practiced faithfully on the Varsity campus, but only Sanders and Davidson were able to go with the team. The trip is one that is appreciated very much, coming, as it does, directly after the examinations. The first game this year was at Hobart College, Geneva, on the afternoon of May 22nd. Davidson had an exam. that afternoon and so could only join the team as they were leaving Geneva for New York city, but the score of this work-out, which really served as a preliminary to the big thing with the Crescents in New York, was 6-4 in favor of Varsity.

At New York, Sanders, '08, caught up with the boys, but Campbell of Newmarket, an S.P.S. man who was expected, failed to arrive. But on Saturday afternoon, May 25th, the team lined up on the field which has usually seen a "Waterloo" for them. The game was rough, for the Crescents, who were the hosts of the occasion, seemed to know a great deal about mixing it up. But the game went with a swing and Varsity had scored three before the Crescents struck gold. This was quite unusual, but the New York men siffened up and with the advantage of a setting sun, the score ran up until defeat stood marked against the old University again. Score 6-5.

But "the blue and the white" still waved courageously. Every day the boys worked out hard, and on Thursday, Campbell having arrived in the meantime, went on the field before 10,000 New York and Brooklyn fans. They played to win. The game was rough. It was in this go that Davidson got the severe smash that robbed him of three teeth. The accident was a particularly painful one, and as Davy had been playing the clean, snappy game

he always puts up at home, his necessary retirement was deeply felt by the boys on the team. At half time, however, the boys were ahead. At full time the score stood 8-4 in favor of Varsity, and the Crescent Athletic Club had received on their own grounds the first defeat since the day Orillia blanked them three years ago. This game all through was an example of swift and hard lacrosse. It was the combination work of the Varsity team that told. It was too much and too fast for the Crescents. With Fred Morrison, Davidson and Campbell on the defence, McSloy on the home, Bricker and Lambert doing the long distance sprinting at centre and the back checking, the game was smart. The defence, filled with 6-foot men, played a strong, steady and safe game. Scott, Lailey and Sanders did the work here, and with Arens in goal, made the most effective defence Varsity has ever had. Arens did splendid work and is worthy of special mention. It was up to Sanders to keep tab on Wall, the ex-Shamrock player and crack shot. Again and again he was successful in robbing him of his opportunity of shooting, much to the dismay of his opponent, whose shots were deadly when he had a free hand.

The next game was at Swathmore, where Varsity was again victorious and the score stood 10-2. The game was played on Saturday, June 1st, in a downpour of rain. Davidson, owing to his accident, was given a rest, as the honors of the day were not considered to be doubtful. The game was slow and the cold rain made it quite uncomfortable.

The following day the team returned to Canadian soil. The line up was as follows: Goal, R. Arens; point, E. G. Sanders; cover, W. Lailey; defence, B. Scott, B. Lambert and Bricker; centre, Campbell; home, J. Heal, W. W. Davidson, Fred Morrison, Parks and McSloy.

Notes

The all-Canadian lacrosse team which went in June to Australia includes among its fifteen players the name of F. W. Coombs. The party left for Vancouver on June 4th, playing matches at Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, New Westminster, Victoria and Vancouver. While in Australia fourteen matches will be played. The return trip will be by way of

Ceylon, Suez, Naples, Paris, and London, and the party will sail from Liverpool for home about October 20th. We wish for our Canadian boys, and especially for the well-known and popular Freddie, a successful and pleasant trip.



The baseball enthusiasm of early spring continued far into the exams., and the results of a couple of matches played with the Canadian Life team showed that our boys were getting handy with the ball. The first game gave a score of 6-5 in our favor, while in the next the counters piled up to 17 for us as against 7 for the city team. Lester Green does good work in the box, though at times inclined to be erratic. R. Pearson fills the first base to overflowing and gathers in everything within a radius of several yards besides.



The alley board has been well patronized this spring and the new rules of play allow of a somewhat stronger and more vigorous game than before.

Indian Relics Fund

Financial Report, 1906-7.

RECEIPTS.

Balance forward.....	\$34 77
Cash—	
Per bills receivable :	
I. A. Dawson, '04.....	\$ 8 49
J. S. Bennett, '05.....	10 00
Clvo Jackson, '05.....	2 00
A. L. Fullerton, '05.....	3 00
G. A. Archibald, '06.....	3 00
R. A. Whattam, C.T.....	6 00
	32 49
Per cash subscription—	
E. W. Morgan, '05.....	2 00
	\$69 26

DISBURSEMENTS.

Interest on Dr. Potts' note.....	\$ 8 20
Cash payment on note.....	50 00
Balance forward.....	11 06
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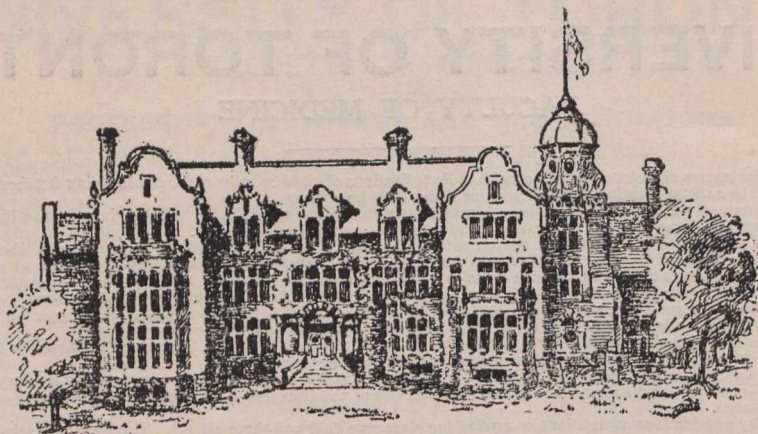
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