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◆ VOX ◆

WESLEYANA

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.. APRIL, 1897 ..

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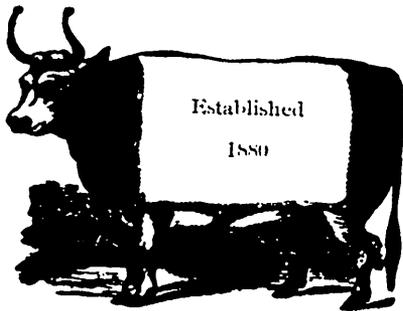
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The out-of-door handball court is now an accomplished fact. The carrying out of the enterprise is largely due to the energy and business ability of Mr. W. A. Sipprell. The board came to the assistance of the boys and met a large portion of the expense incurred, with characteristic liberality.

The approach of examinations is always heralded by generous donations of advice from those who have been there on "How to Prepare." The Vox does not desire to be behind the times on any subject of interest to the college generally. To let such an opportunity pass unheeded would be a disastrous breach of journalistic duty, since, doubtless, many of the students are awaiting this issue of Vox before laying out any definite plan of review. The students who are most anxiously looking for advice are those who have for some reason or another neglected their work during the term. If

proper preparation has not been made advice is neither necessary nor deserved. To those, then, who have conscientiously performed the tasks that have come to their hand, what could be more briefly stated, more effectively remembered, or more easily disregarded, than the simple injunction, "Keep cool?"

Wesley College has established herself, not only as a centre of learning, but as a fountain-head of religious energy and zeal. Men have come in from mission fields, where, in overcoming difficulties of discouraging magnitude their spiritual strength had been built up, fearing that college life would have a tendency to dull their energies. Such had not been the case, however, and they had returned to their work better qualified in every way to perform the duties devolving upon them. During last year the effect of the association of such men was plainly visible and was a matter of general congratulation. These effects seem to be wanting during the year just closed, and though it may be but seeming, still it augurs a condition of affairs that it is well to meet without false sentiment. The colleges receive the brightest and best among the young men of the land, and the influences surrounding institutions of learning should be all uplifting, morally and intellectually. This is undoubtedly what exists in Wesley College, but external influences may creep in with disastrous effect, and such can only be met by increased watchfulness on the part of those students banded together for the purpose. Let us guard with zealous care the reputation the success of the past entitles us to.

RIENZI

As a rule men argue too much on the lone hand. They take an inventory of their own strength, they compute their own weakness. So much to do, so much to do it with. That is, so much strength, and so much weakness. They forget, in the glow of their enthusiasm, that the first word may chill, the first glance strike cowardice to their souls. They are like the general who maps out his plan of battle, forgetting that his foe is a live man like himself. It is cause for gratitude that while we often fail to take our foes into the count, so we sometimes forget to number our friend. Instead of that cheers; and the look that palsies the word that chills may come the word may be replaced by the look that nerves. Every man, every woman, every hour, every task is either an enemy or a friend. The happy man is he who is wise enough to steer so as to touch more helps than hindrances; the strong man is he who is able to transform one into the other, or, better still perhaps, to fight it out alone.

My purpose in speaking about "Rienzi" is not to do anything meritorious in the way of a literary estimate. I wish, by calling the attention of our students to a fine piece of fiction, to show what an important auxiliary to culture and character is to be found in a wise choice of the books that occupy our leisure moments. Every man is called upon to deplore, not so much the time he spends with people as the time he wastes by himself. Contact even with inane men and women is apt to leave some healthful impression. Sparkling eyes, laughing lips, faces tremulous with emotion, the bandying of words, the exhilaration of changing thoughts, all these, even if no particular seriousness or no special profundity be behind them, change the atmosphere, divert the current, enliven the man. But poor literature, even mediocre literature, is a curse. The more pitiable, too, because such inexhaustible supplies of the best lie near at hand. No one will drink

of the turbid river if the bubbling spring is within reach. No one will stoop to the crumbs, if he may sit down to the banquet. Why weary our eyes and dwarf our fancy by gazing on the reaches of the prairies and the low lands, when the majesty of the mountains, and the rush of the river, and the green of the hillside await us? The absurdity of not realizing our privileges, of not enlisting on our side possible auxiliaries, is nowhere more apparent than in our attitude to literature. The student who, in the seven months of a college year, has read carefully—that is, with an eye to structure, and so on—a half-dozen such novels as *Romola*, *Quentin Durward* and *Rienzi*, has done more in the way of downright culture than if he had raced through a centre-table of contemporary fiction.

The inspiration of example is the moral glory of history. The lives and thoughts of the past may be hermetically sealed, or their fragrance may fill the earth. This very day the patriot's deed, the martyr's death, may nerve the arm and sustain the soul of the citizen and the Christian. But so much depends upon the telling. Again and again a story, like a thought, is allowed to die until at last, fitly, masterfully expressed, the grasp of the ages is upon it, and it may not pass. How fortunate the one who succeeds thus in perpetuating a noble deed or a noble life! He himself comes to stand for its moral significance. What alchemists men are! Byron touches Napoleon, and lo! the libertine becomes a preacher, and the vulgar tyrant an object lesson.

In the romance to which this writing serves as a mere fingerboard, the tale of *Rienzi* is well told, and we owe to Lytton the moral instructiveness of the *Tribune's* life.

As to our author's credentials, no man has been at more pains to immerse himself in the spirit of a remote age. No English novelist is to be compared with

him in the composite sense—at once imaginative and erudite—in which he succeeds in reconstructing the life of a distant time. The secret of his success is that he was animated not only by the flush of the romancist, but by the scientific passion of the scholar. The energy he was ready to expend before he would consent to paint an epoch or sketch a figure, the conscientiousness that led him to consult original sources with the care of a relic-hunter before he would dilute his message for the masses, these constitute at once his literary value and his moral helpfulness. Then, too, those who, like myself, are persuaded that there is some good in the mere sensuous effect of words themselves will be interested to note that above most men Bulwer had the happy, because largely intuitive, ability to write cadenced and musical prose. The specimens of Rienzi's eloquence scattered throughout the novel are abundant proof of this. I know no passage that combines in a greater degree the charms of lofty conception, of manly, and, at the same time, skilful prose than the lines from Chapter III of Book II, in which he dilates upon the difficulties of the position of Adrian as the lover of Irene, and a scion of the nobility.

The special purpose of this study in Rienzi, as simply one representative of high-class fiction, will justify both the large amount of quotation that may figure in what follows, and the somewhat fragmentary character of the whole.

First of all, Rienzi has some faults.

Perhaps only once, certainly not more than twice, throughout the course of the novel, does affectation spoil a sentence, or the man forget himself in the Pedant. "The March of that awful year, 1348, which saw Europe, and Italy in especial, desolated by the direst pestilence which history has recorded, accursed alike by the numbers and the celebrity of its victims, and yet strangely connected with some not unpleasing images by the grace of Boccaccio and the pathetic eloquence of Petrarch." This isn't a sentence, either, by the way. The second example is not far from the first. "So fair a group and

so graceful a scene Adrain never beheld but once, and that was in the midst of the ghastly pestilence of Italy! Such group and such scene our closest indolence may yet revive in the pages of the bright Boccaccio!" The close of both these sentences is open to the charge of pedantry.

I could willingly see expunged from a book that I admire the remarkable and uncalled for chapter of Book V: "The Flowers Amid the Tombs." Not that the man always besmirches his own garments in whose way it falls to paint a scene of sin. But, in the third paragraph from the close, there is a note of decidedly doubtful morality.

The artistic wisdom of the whole of the Florence scenes—and they occupy a whole book—is open to impeachment. Why approach the plague spot? The whole question of the admissibility of the ugly is before us. At any rate, beginning at least with Spencer, a line of illustrious worthies lend it the sanction of their names. Lytton draws not the veil even before the charnel-house, where the later victims of the plague are nothing less than dumped. Does he hope that the image of the sought and beautiful Irene, hovering before our eyes as before those of the despairing Adrian, will be enough to warrant an almost unequalled revelling in details? "It was a large, deep and circular space, like the bottom of an exhausted well. In niches cut into the walls of earth around, lay, duly confined, those who had been the earliest victims of the plague, when the becchini's market was not yet glutted, and priest followed, and friend mourned the dead. But on the floor below, there was the loathsome horror! Huddled and—" but I will not follow his lead. Suffice it to say he paints a picture that can scarcely be banished from the fancy.

There are a few passages that are especially fine, to which I should like to call attention.

Though a disproportioned member of the sentence in which it occurs, the tribute to the Churchly Orders is in the best style of Lytton's cadenced oratory:—"—those heroic brotherhoods, who,

however vilified in modern judgment by the crimes of some unworthy members, were yet, in those dark times, the best, the bravest, and the holiest agents, to whom God ever delegated the power to resist the oppressor, to feed the hungry, to minister to woe; and who, alone, amid that fiery pestilence (looked, as it were, a demon from the abyss, to shiver into atoms all that binds the world to virtue and to law), seemed to waken, as by the sound of an angel's trumpet, to that noblest chivalry of the cross; whose faith is the scorn of self, whose hope is beyond the lazar house, whose feet, already winged for immortality, trample with conqueror's march upon the graves of death!"

In the two Chapters of Book VI, "We obtain what we seek, and know it not," and "The Error," there is as much of the pathos and constancy of love as in the whole of "Evangeline." I do not mean that Bulwer makes no mistakes. Any sensitive reader, whose own heart has felt will be able to tell when the glow of a real emotion is dashed by some wretched climax or antithesis—the device of the conscious workman.

The following scenes and situations are particularly striking:—

(1.) The sunset scene (Chapter VIII, Book II), in which Rienzi, refusing the kingship, accepts the title of Tribune, and by this choice links his movement to the heroic days of the Roman Republic. It is given by no means all to portray fittingly the accompanying circumstances of a noble scene. Were it not for the sad and infinite distance between the Roman populace and the sturdy Swiss, we might institute a comparison between this scene and the famous Rutli scene in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." "The setting sun poured his full glory over the spot: the bared heads—the animated faces of the crowd—the gray and vast mass of the capitol: and, not far from the side of Rienzi, it brought into a strange and startling light the sculptured form of a colossal lion of basalt, which gave its name to a stair-case leading to the capital. It was an old Egyptian relic—vast, worn, and grim:

some symbol of a vanished creed, etc."

(2.) The combination of circumstances that led Adrian di Castello to take the oath of allegiance to the new constitution is effected skilfully enough to rouse the admiration of the most fastidious of orators, to say nothing of bookmen. (See the whole of the last paragraph of Book II. It ends thus: "Mechanically, and as if in a dream, Adrian ascended to the platform, and, to complete the triumph of the Tribune, the sun's last ray beheld the flower of the Colonna—the best and bravest of the barons of Rome—confessing his authority, and subscribing to his laws!")

(3.) The entire scene on the moonlit shores of Terracina. (Book III, Chapter III.)

(4.) Chapter I of Book V, in toto. It is hard to keep from quoting the magnanimous speech in which the Tribune restores the patricians to liberty.

(5.) The lofty and impassioned interview between Alborno and Nina in Chapter IX of Book VII.

Bulwer had certainly gone to school to Shakspeare.

(1.) The "rank breath of the garlic-chewing mobs" that he places on the lips of one of his characters will at once recall Coriolanus.

(2.) Is not this Shakspearean? Walter de Montreal has despatched a follower to ask of the Tribune admittance to Rome. The fellow returns. "Well," said Montreal, impatiently. "you have the order, I suppose? Shall we bid them open the gates?"

"Bid them open the gates," replied the Saxon, bluntly. "I trust my next heraldry will be to a more friendly court."

"How! What mean you?"

"Briefly this: I found the new governor, or whatever his title, in the palace of the capitol, surrounded by guards and councillors, and in the finest suit of armor I ever saw out of Milan."

"Pest on his armor: give us his answer!"

His citizen scenes are throughout quite on the model of Shakspeare.

(3.) There is much more than mere co-

incidence in the likeness between young Stefanello, at the close of the fourth chapter of Book IV, and the dramatist's malapert youngster, the Duke of York, in "Richard III."

Lastly, some hints as to plot and construction.

(1.) The younger brother is brought on the scene merely that his death may work the transformation of the student Rienzi into the ambitious patriot fired at once by public zeal and private vengeance. The dreamer becomes the doer; the idealist, a man of action. It is this metamorphosis that makes necessary the second description of the person of Rienzi (Chapter V, Book I), as he sits amid his tomes in the chamber of his home opposite the ancient Temple of Fortune.

(2.) The episodic love of Irene and Adrian find a natural starting-place in the common occurrence of an insult offered to the former by a leader of the Orsini faction. The opening lines of the sixth chapter of the first book offer a fitting parallel in prose to the matchless passage in which Shelley, in "Queen Mab," describes the motionless form of Ianthe. "As the Cyprian gazed on the image in which he had embodied a youth of dreams, what time the living hues flushed slowly beneath the marble, so gazed the young and passionate Adrian upon the form reclined before him re-awakening gradually to life."

(3.) Chapter II of Book I give a rapid sketch of affairs at Rome at the time in question. Roads infested with banditti, the Pope exiled at Avignon, peace constantly disturbed by the bands of hostile factions, popular government a shadow. Note that Lytton, like the wise man he was, does not ring in this sketch until he has aroused our pity and indignation by the wanton death of Cola's brother. Another example, by the way, of the same discreetness is to be found considerably later in the point chosen at which to relate the story of Adeline and Montreal. "Thus conversing, the knights wore away the daylight, and beheld from the open tent the sun cast his setting glow over the purple sea. Adeline had long retired

from the board, and they now saw her seated, with her handmaids, on a mound by the beach; while the sound of her lute faintly reached their ears." No reader, even the most blasé, the most impatient, would refuse to halt amid such surroundings in order to bring up a bit of antecedent story. Two knightly jousts had taken place, whose description is equal to any of Scott's single combats, and in which Montreal's defeat is thoughtfully toned down by the circumstance of an inferior steed, while his chagrin is soothed by his victory over Annibaldi; the air was redolent with the perfumes of an Italian summer; the lute of Adeline blended with the breeze and attuned to melancholy, while it lulled to rest; the moon shone down on one of the fairest shores on earth."

(4.) The festival of the jubilee, itself occasioned by the emptiness of the coffers of the church, accounts for the ecclesiastical sanction accorded the Revolution. You will notice that Rienzi always studiously mentions the papal power, and that he is accompanied in every public appearance by the shadowy figure of the Bishop.

(5.) We shall probably respect the discretion of Bulwer in giving a mere resume (Chapter VI, Book II) of Rienzi's great speech from the steps of the capitol. It would have required a bold pen, indeed, to fashion phrases worthy of such a spot. Moreover, the repetition of a scenic motive is fraught with danger in romance, as in drama.

(6.) The association of two such fascinating figures as Rienzi and Montreal is at once skilful and hardy. It challenges our admiration, at the same time as it makes great demands upon the novelist. One of the most surprising instances of literary rashness is to be found in the fact that when full three-fourths of the tale has been told, and when you feel sure that no new interest can be excited, Bulwer, in so many words, starts these two on a race for power. "Such was the fearful man who now, the mildness of his youth sobered, and his ambition hardened and concentrated, was the rival of Rienzi

for the mastery of Rome." The following dramatic lines portray the final meeting between the two on the night of Mont-real's banquet: "And there, as these two men, each so celebrated, so proud, able and ambitious, stood, front to front—it was literally as if the rival spirits of force and intellect, order and strife, of the falchion and the fasces—the antagonist principles by which empires are ruled and empires overthrown, had met together, incarnate and opposed. They stood, both silent—as if fascinated by each other's gaze—loftier in stature, and nobler in presence than all around."

(7.) It was the accident to the couch that saved Rienzi's life the night of his vigil in the church of the Lateran. Talk as we will of the remorseless sequence of events that must mark the successful drama or the successful fiction, it is as idle after all to try to quite eliminate chance from either as from life itself. Morally there is no such thing as chance, practically there is. None will impeach the fatal sequence of "Macbeth," and yet, even there, had it not been for Macduff's thoughtless abandonment, the sword of the tyrant would probably never have fallen on the hapless wife. And observe that in that tragedy this very failure to take possible contingencies into consideration results in a crime on the usurper's part that really becomes a motive, since at the last it steels Macduff's heart and nerves his arm.

(8.) The reader will do well to note the rationale of the division into books. I will at least touch the question:—

Book I—The time, the place, the scene—Expository.

Book II—The revolution closing, with climactic effect in the adhesion of Adrian.

Book III—Episodical, yet elaborated with loving care, and devoted wholly to the guilty loves of Walter and Adeline.

Book IV—The structural climax of the novel like the highly elaborated scene in "Macbeth"—The Triumph and the Pomp! If it be true—what I have said—that this fourth book of Lytton's novel corresponds to the fourth scene of the third act of Shakspeare's tragedy, a comparison between the length of the two will

give an idea of the enforced compression of the drama, i. e., of the relative scale on which drama and novel must be constructed. If Book IV is, as I said, the climax of the novel, certainly the challenge of Rienzi to the northern powers is the climax of the Book. But he, too, had his Banquo. Of the feast that followed the throwing down of the gauntlet, Bulwer says: "Amid the swell of the minstrelsy and the pomp of the crowd, he felt that treason scowled beside him; and the image of the skeleton obtruding, as of old, its grim thought of death upon the feast, darkened the ruby of the wine, and chilled the glitter of the scene."

Book V—The crisis. So far as the headings of the chapters (IV, V and VI) devoted to it are concerned, the fall of the Tribune is treated under a figure. The Hollowness of the Base, the Rotteness of the Edifice, the Fall of the Temple. Sudden and lamentable as was that fall, Lytton amply accounts for it. The array of causes—notably an estranged Pontiff, and a dastardly populace—recalls the able biographer of Harold and historian of the Norman Conquest. Passing over intervening books, let me say a word in reference to Books IX and X.

To the one who has seen Rienzi excommunicated by the Pope, deserted by the people, a prisoner at Avignon, the fear of his ultimate failure has increased to conviction. In view of this Book IX, or "The Return," retarding as it does the catastrophe, become what Freytag calls for the drama, "Ein moment der letzten spannung"—a moment of the final suspense. On the other hand, over "The Lion of Basalt," the book of the catastrophe, the Nemesis of tragedy herself presides.

In conclusion, let me say that the placing of certain works in the highest class must largely remain matter of personal opinion. There are broad principles that govern literary judgment, but in specific cases taste rules. All will not agree with me in the place here given to "Rienzi." Each may choose for himself. It has been used simply as a specimen. One main point is that there is a great storehouse of literature, whose place is irre-

vocably fixed. We do well not to risk waste of time even on the problematically good.

At any rate of this we may be sure, that if, as time goes on, we submit ourselves to the will of those whom the world rightly and persistently calls masters, and if in this submission we also

think *sympathetically* and creatively of the inspiration we in turn may be to our fellows, there will at last be in us not much of noble, not much of lofty but may receive at our hands an expression worthy at once of the message and of ourselves.

W. F. OSBORNE.

NECESSITY OF A COMPLETE EDUCATION

There is a two-fold life possessed universally which every student easily recognizes and generally appreciates. It is not my place nor purpose to emphasize in this paper what College Athletic Societies and Faculties of Professors are daily seeking to teach: the value of a body with strong vital forces and a mind well trained and informed. If this lesson is not learned in the University, an outsider may not hope to teach it successfully, and the student must wait until later years when defeat and misery overtake him in the race of life, and when, alas! it is too late to mend. He then learns to his sorrow that though with sufficient force of intellect to push his way to success, yet he is constantly handicapped by want of physical energy, and although he may have prospects of a heaven after death, there is little hope of enjoying one here on earth. Or, on the other hand, if he has taken heed to the captain of the football team, or the president of the Order of Walkers, and developed a physique vital enough to supply momentum for life, yet if, in the enthusiasm of college sports, and the glamor of social engagements, he ignores the careful cultivation and information of intellectual powers, he may go forth with an appendix to his name, but in the keen competitions of life his degree will avail him not, and may bring upon him, and possibly upon his college, the smile of contempt.

The college student of to-day is to be congratulated on the splendid opportunity afforded for the development of this two-fold life. The bathrooms, dormitories, stair-climbing and campus leave no

excuse for a weakened or nerve-shattered body: and the multiplication of special courses of study during recent years permits each student to work in harmony with task and natural mental ability.

You will kindly permit what has been written as an introduction to what I wish emphasized.

When body and mind are growing from more to more, the whole life of the man has not been covered. Such an education must forever remain an incomplete one and the man be counted unbalanced and largely undeveloped. Within this two-fold life is another fold demanding the *carefullest attention of every student* for its unfolding. There is the soma and the psyche fed, trained and developed by us in our college days, but within the soma is the pneuma or spirit, a distinct chamber, or at least with distinct junctions, where dwell the intuitions, conscience, and the will. No man can be said to have fully begun his education, and must largely make a failure of what he otherwise possesses, unless that spot where moral determinations are formed, and visions of life obtained has vital purifying force within it. Dr. Martin's definition of a liberal education will suffice to further explain our statement: "If I apprehend education correctly, it seeks to develop rightly, to direct and strengthen in full symmetrical proportion every faculty of mind and body which man possesses. The senses to perceive exactly and fully; the memory to record carefully and recall readily; the imagination to weave its flowers so beautiful and bright around earth's daily toil; the intuitions

in healthy exercise to recognize whatever is lovely, good and true; the reasoning powers to reach the right results from data submitted to them; the feelings to respond to a strong tide of emotion and to the enlightened conclusions of judgment; and the will to choose the right and direct and govern all in sweet accord with the will of God—all this enshrined in a casket nobly planned and built and worthy of a spirit thus endowed." To possess such a will as always chooses the right, such sensitive intuition and pure imagination, such self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control as lead life to sovereign power, the man must have God before his eyes, and have the Divine energy breathed through his moral and spiritual powers. One of Benjamin Franklin's great maxims was, "Endeavor to keep alive in your soul that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Keep conscience alive in spite of extinguishers. We need men in our day—men with strong, upright, moral vertebra, and not molluscs without bone or fibre. Only the young knight who binds about his heart with hooks of steel the motto, "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the Christ the King," can efficiently right wrong and guide and raise his fellow-men and fellow-women to higher ideals and better life; and only he can hope to overcome the morning star, the midday sun and the evening star, grim giants in life's path, and finally death, dread monster, and discover him to be "the bright face of a blooming day."

To ignore or treat lightly, or merely to neglect the claims of this inner spiritual life, is to drift almost invariably toward dissipation or intellectual conceit.

Joseph Cook says that he does not know one man who had the reputation of being dissipated in college, who has attained a position of any honor in any profession; and he says further, that if the roll of the dissipated men of any quadrennial were called ten years afterward, seven out of ten of them would be approaching early graves. As Rev. A. C. Courtice, B. D., says, in an address to students: "It is a matter of great importance whether a man goes out of college

a live coal of divine fire, having a place on every pure altar,—on the altars of marriage, and home and state and church, or lives in college like a clinker, absorbing heat, rather than generating it, and goes forth a cinder, a brand burned to ashes, unfit for any altar of service to God or humanity."

On the other hand, there is a culture cold toward God and humanity—destructive to the man as well as to his influence. This intellectual conceit is fully met and rebuked by the warm heart of Tennyson in his "Palace of Art," where, after three years of isolated intellectual pride, his soul expresses a longing for the Divine voice:—

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.

"No voice," she shrieked, in that lone hall;

"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world,

One deep, deep silence all!"

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within."

There comes no murmur of reply:

"What is that will take away my sin.

And save me, lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away;

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,

"Where I may mourn and pray."

But what becomes of the palace?

The last four lines of the poem show that religious faith and hope and prayer are not destructive of culture, but re-entering the Palace of Art, make it a heaven:—

"Yet pull not down my palace towers,
that are

So lightly, beautifully built;

Perchance I may return with others there.
When I have purged my guilt."

It augurs well for our universities, and for our race, that the greatest University Presidents of America possess reverence and spiritual purpose as deep as the profundity of their knowledge—Mark Hopkins, President Woolsey, James McCosh, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Chancellor Burwash, and our own esteemed teachers in the west.

And it is a matter of congratulation that of the 70,000 young men in the colleges of the United States and Canada,

38,000 are reported as Christians, not a few of who have become such through the influence of teachers and fellow-students. Of the 38,000, 27,000 are members of College Y. M. C. A.'s, 20,000 of

these being active members. The remainder opens a large and fruitful field for prayer and Christian effort.

S. R. BROWN.

A MISSIONARY RETROSPECT.

By Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A.

It seems to me I was born with a love for missions, the heritage of a godly ancestry. Among the memories of my childhood many of the brightest are associated with missionary literature and missionary anniversaries. The Indian missionaries from the Red River country of those days were my ideal heroes, in whom blended all the qualities of soldier and of saint. The old library at home was full of the missionary idea, but not so full as the consecrated hearts from whom, as from an open page, I learned life's choicest lessons.

With my second birth came the distinct command to go forth and tell the good news, the ultimate fulfilment of which was reached when I found myself in the regions beyond.

Early in the fall of 1886 I landed in Japan, fresh from college, with the usual emphasis upon the fresh. Of course, I came with my preconceived notions; even the emptiest head has a full stock of these, and very often in direct ratio to the emptiness. Very naturally, therefore, the unexpected happened. Instead of hardship I found comfort; instead of isolation, plenty of companionship, and that of the best; instead of stagnation, keen mental stimulus; instead of hatred and opposition on the part of the Japanese, welcome and blessed opportunities for work.

The difficulties, therefore, came from an unexpected source. Always exceedingly healthy I anticipated no trouble from what quarter. And yet the climatic change resulted almost immediately in the lowering of the vital force, followed quickly by failing vision, oft-recurring sick headaches, nervous debility, and, last of all, by a "Japanese head," which is indeed worse than useless.

Illness was an almost constant experi-

ence in our home, until we wondered if ever we would be well again. And this, of course, had an important bearing upon the continuance of our missionary work. When I went forth it was with no other thought than of making it my life work, and yet even here the unthought of has happened, and I find myself in the pastorate at home, glad and thankful, however, that I am no less a missionary in heart, but more. Never have I read as much missionary literature as I have this year, and never did my heart burn with zeal for that sacred cause as it does to-day. The Guiding Eye that led me out has led me home again, but I hold myself in constant readiness to go again when the call comes.

Another most unexpected phase also very quickly came to light. I expected to find nothing but the most loving harmony among the missionaries, and spiritual conditions that would be heavenly, but to my surprise, I found antagonisms and heart-burnings, and too soon was made acquainted with the fact that this condition of things was of years standing. But pray, do not misunderstand me! This is not confined to any one mission. I cannot say it is absolutely universal, but, as far as my knowledge goes, it is nearly so. If it is asked what is the prime factor in the cause of this, I would point back to the strife in the disciple band of our Lord as to which should be greatest. Ambition is innate in the heart of the best of us, but there is no room for it in the mission field except as sanctified to the actual work of soul-winning. That it is there, however, and is a perpetual source of trouble, is beyond question.

Nor do I wish to be misunderstood on another point. I believe the missionaries

to be above the average, both as to their consecration and deep, heartfelt piety. Indeed, I owe the quickened and heightened spiritual life within me to the blessed associations of those years in Japan. Nor would I insinuate that all are tainted with unsanctified ambition, for there are many wholly consecrated; but it is the old story of the spoonful of tar in the barrel of honey—the mickle marring the muckle. But is there not a lesson for those of us in the vineyard at home in this? Can the stream rise higher than its fountain? A higher state of grace on the part of the church at home is absolutely essential to that of the “sent ones” of that church. Don’t expect too much of your missionaries!

But, now to the brighter and grander side of earnest toil and blessed reward in the service of the Master. I was designated for the evangelistic work, but at first, for the best part of a year, I taught as a supply in the Anglo-Japanese college. Much has been said, pro and con, concerning the advisability of missionary educational work in an enlightened and modernized country like Japan. I myself am a strong believer in it. We must educate our native ministry not only in theology, but in all the necessary branches of a secular education, a duty which cannot be entrusted to a government system wholly heathen, and consequently antagonistic. The work of educating our ministry cannot be accomplished without an equipment large enough to accommodate a much larger number of students; hence we throw open our doors and young men enter. Now for some of the results. During those seven months I taught there I saw upwards of twenty give their hearts to God. The whole senior class, one of whom, Count Hirosawa, is now a graduate of Cambridge University, and is filling a prominent place in the official circles of his own land, was converted. This, too, is but one of a hundred proofs that through the mission schools Christianity has made itself felt upon the very steps of the Imperial Throne.

Another very pleasing phase of this work is that it opens up an immediate

field of usefulness for the newly-arrived missionary. He cannot speak the language, but the boys can talk to him, and thus he has no small joy in pointing souls to Christ. One of the most blessed experiences of those early years was that of shedding the light of hope over the death-bed of one of our students, and to see him reach out and lay hold of the Saviour.

Our first move was ninety miles into the interior to Kofu, where I taught in the government school and superintended our work in that province. Of course, opportunities of evangelistic work in the government school were few indeed, and yet a Bible class on Sabbath sowed the seed, which resulted in the conversion of not less than a half-dozen of the students. The evangelistic work, however, offered large opportunity, even although as yet I could not preach in the language. It is with the native workers that one has his chance. He is the link between them and the outside missionary world and the home society. He has had a broader training and a lifelong experience in the Christian faith, and must, by the help of God, lead his native brethren out into a broader and stronger type of mental and spiritual life. He must be a teacher of preachers and a leader of men without seeming to be either.

For upwards of three years I remained in connection with the work in that prefecture. When I began work there was but one mission station, with two out appointments. The Kofu church was in a deplorable financial condition, and the whole aspect disheartening. In the course of a couple of years all was changed; the church took heart, the givings of the membership were trebled, congregations largely increased, and conversions were frequent. Soon our church building became too small, and by the help of God and my foreign brethren, I made a beautiful new church an accomplished fact.

Outside the city, also, things began to move. At the two outside preaching places, Inadzumi and Katsunuma, churches were erected, while we began to extend our work in every direction. Of course, names like Kusakabe, Ichikawa and Nir-

azaki have no meaning to the reader of these lines, but to one who was there at the very inception of the work, these and a half-dozen others, represent an evangelistic effort which is in operation well nigh all over that mountain-encircled plain. Then, too, from among our converts God gave us evangelists, and these, with others which were sent to us from other parts of the work, made it possible not only to man the work already taken in hand, but to reach out over the mountains to the Yamura plain. It was my joy to settle the first evangelist there, and now to-day we have a circuit right on that ground. All this work is still well sustained with a little band of converts at the different preaching places. Instead of one circuit, there are four, of which Kofu is now a wholly self-supporting station.

The story of the formation of the Kofu girls' school affords also a striking example of how God leads on his workmen. The time had come when the ladies of our W. M. S. were ready to open work in Kofu, but the trouble was to get Japanese of sufficient means and influence to inaugurate the scheme, a move which is absolutely essential to success. However, the Lord was at work opening the way for us, and it is wonderful to see what little things at long intervals from each other become important factors in the consummation of some of our Lord's designs. When I first went to Kofu I was requested by a number of the judges and official prosecutors of the local court to form a class for the study of English. This soon grew in numbers and in influence until I was able to conduct a Bible class on the Sabbath and explain the word of life to men in high position, many of whom never darkened a church door. Among these men was one Christian called Miyakoshi, a man of influence, to whom our church owes much for his quiet, unselfish work, even while not a member of our communion. Then, in the providence of God, it happened that just at the time we were feeling for an open door for our school enterprise, a Mr. Shinkai, one of the wealthiest men in the prefecture, was converted and baptized. It was our quar-

terly meeting Sunday, and in the afternoon we held an open meeting of our Sabbath school out in a beautiful grove, near the city. On our way back I outlined our desire and purpose concerning our school work to my friend Miyakoshi, who in turn laid it before Mr. Shiukai, with the result that within a week a meeting of the leading men of the prefecture was held and the scheme launched in a request being sent for missionary co-operation and a foreign teacher, with the promise that a building would be provided all ready for school work. Since then a fine school building has been built and the school is doing glorious work for God.

Our next sphere of toil was on the west coast of the main island, whither I was sent as the pioneer missionary of Methodism. By this time I was beginning to preach in the language and to get in thorough touch with the work. We began in Kanazawa, the largest city on the west coast, ancient and celebrated in Japanese history. Here, of course, we had to begin without a single Christian, except the teacher we brought with us; but here the Providential Hand was very manifest. We were able to secure, for a mere song, one of the finest pieces of property in the whole city as a centre for our work. There was a fine building on the property, and here we began school work, and at the same time were looking for an opening for a preaching place somewhere in the middle of the dense population of the city. Well do I remember the first time two of us, perfect strangers, started out seeking for a house to rent for preaching in a certain section of the city. This is often a long and trying process, but on this occasion the Lord was especially good in leading us right to the very spot and giving us a building without any trouble; and, what is more remarkable still, that although six years have passed, we still retain the old Shin Tatemachi preaching place, which has become the birth-place of many souls. As to results, inside of two years we had a church membership of between thirty and forty, with several preaching places scattered throughout the city. During this time also mission sta-

tions were established at three of the leading cities in adjoining prefectures under the supervision of our brethren still on the field, and at each of which souls have been brought to Christ and splendid foundations laid for the church of the future. Indeed, no grander heritage was ever given to any church than the territory covered by our mission stations. We build, not for to-day, but for all time, and yet it is not Utopian for even us to look forward to a very large and flourishing self-supporting church in Japan in our own day.

I have only written of my own work for the purpose of showing that, although now transferred to another sphere, I look back on those years as among the most satisfactory of my ministry, and above all my abundant faith in missionary work is experimental. The work cannot fail, the largest faith of God's people will yet have a manifold realization. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ forever.

J. W.

Port Arthur, March 12, 1897.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

On April 2nd the annual open meeting of the Literary Society was held in Convocation Hall. The officers of the Lit. had determined to make the meeting eclipse all former events, and their efforts were crowned with success. The evening was all that could be desired, so that before the opening hour the hall was full. Still, the people came, and before the evening was over scores failed to gain admittance. Convocation Hall, which had been neatly decorated, and now was filled with the elite of the city, presented a brilliant appearance.

Dr. Laird made an ideal chairman, and in his opening address gave a hearty welcome to the friends of the college, at the same time regretting the hall was not larger.

Below is the programme. The ball was set rolling by the hearty encore given the selection by the Quartette Club. The instrumental selection merited the applause given. Miss Bull rendered a solo in her usual artistic style. Miss Crawford was heard to advantage in "Briar Rose." The mixed quartette sang with taste, "Moonlight on the Lake." Miss McCrossan's essay on "Canadian Poetry" reflected great credit on the reader. Mr. Geo. Bailey kindly consented to sing, his deep, rich voice appearing to good advan-

tage. Mrs. Billington acted in the capacity of accompanist.

The feature of the evening was the debate on "Resolved, that the influence of the modern newspaper tends to lower the intellectual and moral condition of the people." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Kinley and Greenway, and the negative by Messrs. A. E. Smith and B. B. Halladay. Mr. Kinley made a strong, clear speech, and won golden opinions for himself and his side. Then followed Mr. Smith, who, in his inimitable style, fairly lifted the audience from its feet. Mr. Greenway supported Mr. Kinley in a concise and telling oration, which added facts to the credit of his side. Mr. Halladay made his maiden (no pun) speech in support of the negative. Of his effort too much cannot be said. The ovation he received ought to stir his ambition for more fields to conquer. Mr. Smith's closing remarks were very telling. With Mr. Kinley's reply the debate was over. After considerable discussion by the judges, Rev. Mr. Brown, Profs. Stewart and Osborne, the decision was given in favor of the negative.

Next came the presentation of the senior stick, when H. Wadge, '97, gave way to Charlie St. John.

During the term a series of debates had

been carried on, in which only those now eligible who had never before debated in Wesley college. Rev. Mr. Post won the Leader's Prize, and Mr. R. E. McCullagh the Supporters' Prize.

PROGRAMME.

Glee Quartette Club
 Address Dr. Laird
 Instrumental selection
 ...Messrs. Howden, Lacey and Carper
 Solo Miss C. Bull
 Reading Miss K. Crawford
 Mixed quartette
 Misses Bull and Harris,

Messrs. Sipprell and Halladay.
 Essay Miss McCrossan
 Solo Mr. Geo. Bailey
 Quartette Quartette Club
 Debate—
 Aff., Messrs. J. Kinley and R. Greenway; neg., Messrs. A. E. Smith and B. B. Halladay.
 Instrumental selection
 Messrs. Howden, Lacey and Carper
 Presentation of Senior Stick.
 Presentation of Prizes to successful debaters of the term.
 Mixed Quartette
 Misses Bull and Harris,
 Messrs. Sipprell and Halladay

THE CLASS OF '92

Rev. W. A. Cooke, '92, bronze medalist in Mental and Moral Science, was stationed, immediately after graduation, at Prince Albert, Sask. From the beginning of his work there until his removal, as a natural result, his earnest and arduous labors were attended by success, though they were interrupted more than once by severe illness, which perhaps was no less the consequence of his anxious desires and ceaseless exertions to promote only beloved by his congregation, but was the welfare of his charge. He was not highly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Cooke labored for two years single-handed among the people of Prince Albert, but after the expiration of that time, both the duties of his ministry and the love of his people were shared by his wife (nec Miss Martha Calling, of Winnipeg). After two more years at Prince Albert, Mr. Cooke was appointed to Young church, Winnipeg, where he is meeting with the same success that attended his efforts in his former field.

Mr. S. E. Clement and Mr. R. A. Clement, brothers, took the Arts course in Wesley College together, graduating in '92. They were among the most popular students of their time. They took a lively interest in football and a prominent part in the Literary Society. After graduation they entered the law office of

Aikins & Culver, Winnipeg, with a view to fitting themselves for the legal profession. They graduated in law in '95, and shortly afterwards opened an office in Brandon, establishing a firm under the name of Clement & Clement. Their business promised from the first to be a success, and during the two years of its operation has been rapidly increasing.

Rev. J. H. Burrow, '92, Governor-General's medallist in the General B. A., entered college in the fall of '89, and during his college course was for three years pastor of Blythfield mission. After his graduation, in '92, he was united in marriage to Miss McGee, of Portage la Prairie. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof. Stewart, whose gravity on that occasion was not surpassed even by that of Mr. and Mrs. Burrow. Mr. Burrow's first appointment after graduating was to Wolseley, N. W. T., and during his four years' ministry there he so endeared himself to the people that they would have been more than pleased to have had him return. While at Wolseley, he enriched the circuit with a beautiful new parsonage. Mr. Burrow's little daughter Una is first in more respects than one. She claims the distinguished honor of being the first grand-child of our esteemed Alma Mater.

Rev. W. A. Lewis, '92, was a good student and the "senior stick man" of his

year. After graduation he was appointed by conference to the Barber circuit, where he shall never be forgotten as a pastor who could tell his people their faults, and at the same time command their respect, which was manifested to him by the presentation of a valuable fur coat. It was on this circuit that he found his "Heritage," of which however he did not assume possession until two years afterwards. The conference year, '93, was spent at Na-

pinka, and '94 at Pearson. At both of these fields he was eminently successful as a preacher and pastor. His large-heartedness and his willingness to help all classes, irrespective of creed or denomination, were always apparent. After the conference of '95 he went to Ontario, and was united in marriage to Miss Mary Heritage. The happy couple now reside in McGregor, where they are doing a good work for Methodism.

LOCAL NEWS

We need a bicycle rack; subscriptions received at Room No. 1. Pay up, or else don't ride.

There is a Theological student in Wesley college who made the discovery (new to himself) that Burns didn't write "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Some of the star lady hand-ball players succeeded in defeating, by a good score, President Halladay the other day. The ladies complain that he has great difficulty in keeping his feet.

Prof., dictating to Prev. class—"What is the cause of that smoke by your seat, Mr. G.?"

Mr. G.—"My pencil is beginning to smoke, I'm writing so fast."

Deathlike stillness then

The closing meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Wednesday evening, April 21st. President Robson presided, and the service took the form of short addresses from several of those who are going out from college this year. Mr. Roberts pointed out the importance of the summer mission campaign work, and urged all who could to take part in the work during the coming summer.

In connection with the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. union meetings, a song service was held on Feb. 24th, conducted by Miss Crawford. During the course of the meeting Miss Bull and Mr. Steed contributed solos, and Messrs. Halladay and

Post a duet. The attendance was unusually large, and Miss Crawford's remarks on the value of music and song in our Christian lives were well received.

The Y. W. C. A. has closed its series of meetings for this year. Throughout the year there has been marked advancement in the interest taken by the lady students in the welfare of the society. Between \$35 and \$50 have been raised by the ladies for the Endicott mission fund. The officers elected for '97-'98 are: President, Miss Ruttan; vice-president, Miss Peacock; secretary, Miss Harris; cor. secretary, Miss Breen; treasurer, Miss Dunfield.

On Tuesday, April 20, John R. Clarke, the famous lecturer and entertainer, paid a friendly visit to Wesley College. He was billed to lecture in Grace church on "The Platform King of His Day—John B. Gough," and the boys were fortunate to get him amongst them for a brief time previous to filling that engagement. After partaking of the hospitality of the Students' Club, an adjournment was made to the Assembly Hall, where Mr. Clarke entertained the students for fully half an hour. Selections were given in the Yankee, Hoosier, Cockney and Yorkshire dialect, with intense delight to the audience, but the height was not reached until, in reply to a vote of thanks, Mr. Clarke sang a negro melody as he had heard it sung when in the Southern States. The mimicry was perfection, and

the hearty cheer given at the close showed how well the boys appreciated it. The entertainer will receive a hearty welcome should he ever come to Wesley again.

One of our dignified professors received a very sudden and severe shock the other day. While inoffensively walking down street, he received a violent check from behind which landed him in the mud. On recovering his equilibrium he discovered one of the rising preliminary students standing, with hair on end, and desperately endeavoring to get control of his knees. It was only another case of mistaken identity. Never have a brother who looks like yourself.

The Senior Stick has this year found its way into the hands of one of the members of the mathematical class, Chas. St. John. Last year it was under the care of a science man, and the year before it accompanied a philosopher in his speculative journeys. Certainly the stick is one of the most learned members of our college. It took the mathematical course in the days of Bennett, so that this year, it will only be a sort of a review, and we will expect to see our gold-headed representative do something, and we all believe he will.

Some one who was possessed with the idea of the versatility of Wesley boys, posted a notice on the Bulletin the other day, announcing the fact that "paying employment" (whatever that is) could be obtained by calling on a certain gentleman at the Leland hotel, hence the following:—"Mr. Wm. Stevenson, late of Wesley college, has taken an agency in the district of Portage la Prairie for stereoscopic views. When last seen he was doing a thriving business. Friends and chums will please accept this intimation. No flowers."

Special mention should be made of the address of Professor Stewart at the association meeting of March 3rd. The subject was "Members One of Another," and the Professor dealt with it in a practical man-

ner that could not fail to impress every one present with the solemnity of living. "Our very thoughts make an impression upon those about whom we think them" is one sentence from the remarks. We hope the substance of the address will appear in a later issue of Vox.

Another attempt was made at the association meeting, March 10th, to revise the constitution in regard to the election of officers, but the necessary two-thirds vote could not be secured, and hence the constitution remains the same. President Thompson submitted his report of the year's work, embodying also the reports of the several committees. Mr. Copeland, formerly field secretary, spoke a few farewell words. He emphasized the necessity of being, and then of acting out our inner life. We wish Mr. Copeland every success in his new field of labor for the Master.

We don't mind cold water, but cold tea knocks us out.

We don't mind a racket from the Prof. now and then, but an everlasting song and dance is "diff."

We don't mind the Med.'s winning the cup, but Manitoba will keep it for us next year.

We don't mind the girls writing letters to him, but they might sign their names.

We don't mind a man being shortsighted, but surely he could tell when he came to the bridge.

We don't mind the boys and girls being sociable, but some of them go a long way round to meet—on the stairs.

We don't mind telling the truth, but when folks won't believe you, what?

We don't mind you having a good time, boys, at clubs, Bible classes, etc., but don't turn out worse than your examples.

We don't mind a man trying to sing sometimes, but if there was only a looking-glass powerful enough to allow a man to see his own ugly voice, why then—

We don't mind passing the collection plate in church, but we have no change.

We don't mind listening to the professors, but some men do more talking in the classes than the Profs.

PERSONAL

Mr. E. B. Walton visited his home in Portage la Prairie at Easter.

We congratulate Mr. C. St. John on his appointment as "Senior Stick Man" for '98.

Mr. F. Wilson has been suddenly called away on account of the severe illness of his father.

J. R. Clarke, the celebrated lecturer, visited Wesley, to which reference is made in another column.

Rev. H. Hull, '93, occupied the pulpit of the Central Congregational church on Sunday, April 24.

Mr. B. Allison, who has charge of the Beresford circuit, is now at Wesley, taking his conference examinations.

Mr. M. M. Bennett, '93, conducted the morning service for Mr. Morgan, of McDougal church, on Sunday, March 27.

Mr. B. Kenner has the sympathy of all in his illness. We trust that the time lost from his studies will be but short.

Prof. Riddell is on the programme of the great Epworth League convention to be held at Toronto in July next. He will speak on "Christ in the Home."

We draw attention to the advertisement of Mr. H. Whitla in another column of this number. We tender Mr. Whitla our hearty well-wishes and bespeak for him success.

We regret to hear of the illness of Miss Kate Crawford, '98. The examinations being so close at hand, every moment is valuable, and time lost now seems to be doubly lost.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Wilkinson, '99, who was suddenly called to Moosomin on account of the illness of his mother, has returned, leaving his mother improved in health.

Rev. Mr. Oaten, of Peirson, who was attending Wesley for some time during the winter, was in town lately. We had hoped for a call from Mr. Oaten, but his attentions were fully occupied elsewhere.

Mr. H. Wadge, '97, taught for some time during March at St. Charles' public school, in supply for the present teacher.

After the close of the present college term, Mr. Wadge will assume regular duties there.

Rev. J. McLean, Ph. D., of Neepawa, recently paid the college a visit, and favored the students with a short address. We were all very pleased to have the opportunity of listening to his interesting and timely words.

Now and then a trunk placed just outside the college door indicates that another fellow is getting away without examination. The ranks of the upper flat have been noticeably thinned by the departure of Messrs. Greenway, Thompson, Oke, Lesson, Dilworth, Stephenson and McGuire.

Dr. Carman, general superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, and Dr. Potts, General Secretary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church, paid Wesley a visit. They are now on their way to attend conference in British Columbia and to look after the interests of higher education in that province.

We were pleased to receive a call from the Rev. Thos. Lawson, of Griswold, when on his recent visit to Winnipeg in connection with missionary anniversary services of Wesley church. Mr. Lawson is one of Manitoba's pioneers, having served the church in this province twenty-two years. That he may be spared for many years service in the church, whose foundations he has assisted so efficiently in laying is the wish of the boys.

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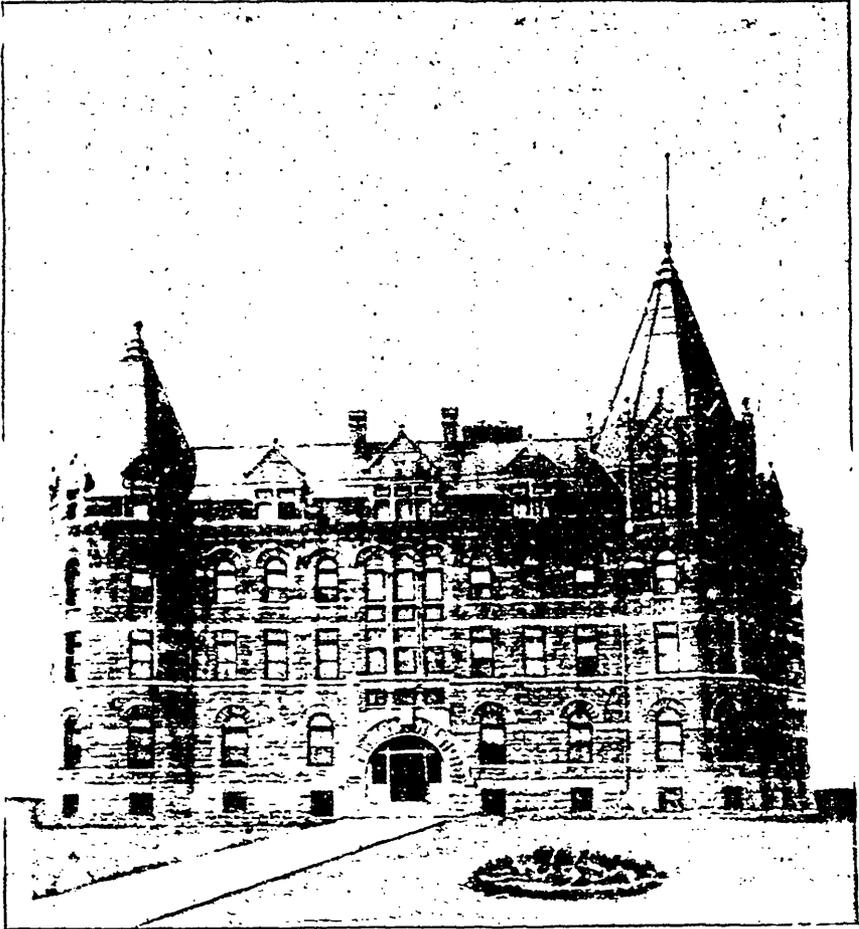
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